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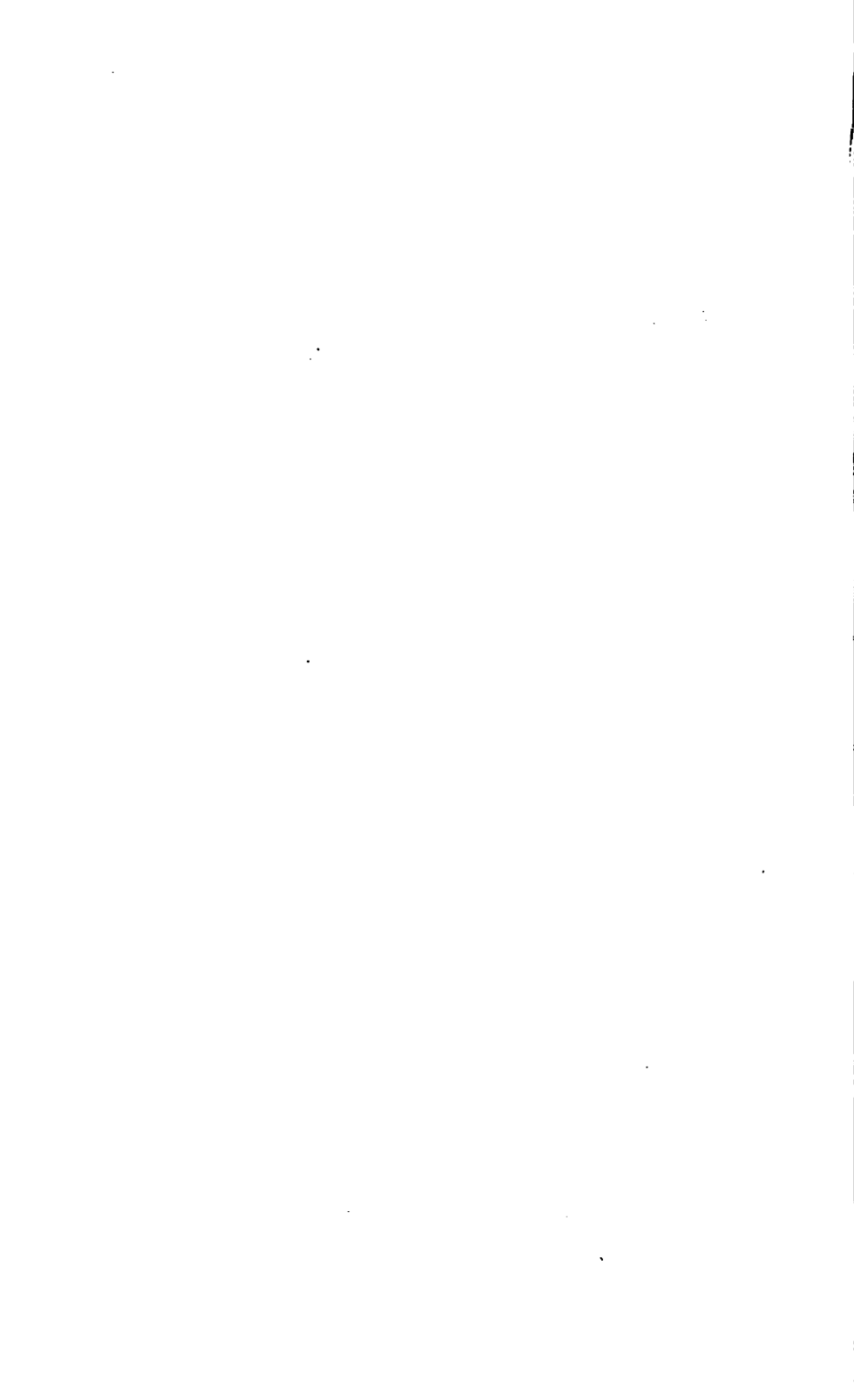
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THE O L I O ;

OR,

MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

—— "A just image of human nature, representing its humour, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind."—DAVIDEN.

"Papers and books, a —— mixed *Olio*,
From shilling touch to pompous folio."—MRS. BARBAULD.

VOL. VII.

[JANUARY TO JULY.]



p. 449.

LONDON:

JOSEPH SHACKELL, 15, WINE OFFICE-COURT, FLEET STREET.

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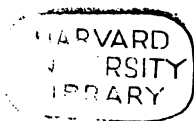
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Ward Lund.



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PREFACE.

To use an artist's phrase, the finishing touch having been given to another volume of "THE OLIO," it affords us a favourable opportunity of again offering our sincere acknowledgments to those friends who have so kindly cheered our exertions by their fostering approval. We have basked in the sunshine of their favour, and hope by following in the same track, to merit both a continuance and extension of patronage.

IN catering for fresh entertainment, we shall leave no path untrodden to discover new mines that will yield gratification to our extensive circle of friends, and additional value to the future pages of "THE OLIO," which we shall endeavour to render superior to those already before the Public.

Whilst pursuing our pleasurable task thus far, we have received and been benefitted largely by the assistance of our writing friends, to whom we are greatly indebted for their exertions: to deserve a continuance of their talented support will ever be our constant endeavour. By thus acknowledging with lively feelings of gratitude the many favours heaped upon us by our fellow labourers in the vineyard, let it not for a moment be supposed that we are unmindful of those who, with the best intentions, have not attained the end desired: if we have had to perform the painful task of rejecting their proffered

services, we venture to say that it has never been done with harshness. Our pages are open to all comers, and the talisman to obtain entrance by alone, is genius.

UPON viewing the contents of the seventh volume, we trust our readers will do us the justice to acknowledge that we have fulfilled the pledge formerly given, that NOVELTY should be the prominent feature of "THE OLIO." In STORY AND SONG—in SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS—in HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION—in the NOTE BOOK, and in fact, in every portion of our labours, have we strictly adhered to the preferring of ORIGINAL to EXTRACTED MATTER, a line of conduct which we shall steadily continue to persevere in.

The ILLUSTRATIONS of the volume just closed, we have endeavoured to keep up to the same standard of originality and excellence found in those which have preceded them, and we hope to be enabled to present the readers of our work in the new volume, with specimens of further improvement in the art.

HEARTILY thanking our friends for bearing us company so far, and, relying upon receiving their support in our continued endeavours to administer to their instruction and amusement, we respectfully bid them adieu for a while, sincerely wishing that health and happiness may attend all.

July 1831.

The Otto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. I.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1831.



See Page 4

Illustrated Article.

THE DOOM OF L'ESPEC : A LEGEND OF RIEVAUX ABBEY.

For the Otto.

Oh ! she who graced his nuptial rite
Shall mourn for him ere come the night !
From Kirkby steep
His steed will take a sanguine leap
His hinds for him shall search the wood,
His vassals duly drag the flood :
The mateless wife will wildly call,
Through soundless grove and silent hall,
And shed the bitter, burning tear
For him who never more will hear !
The Wizard's Prophecy.

It was early on a calm and dewy morning in May, that the Anglo-Norman castle of Upsal, in one of the northern wapentakes of Yorkshire, echoed the joyous greetings of the inmates ; for their young mistress Adeline, daughter of the Lord Scroop, had just been led to the marriage altar, by the gallant youth L'Espec, son and heir of Sir Walter L'Espec. The wassail bowls were on the oaken tables of the hall ; the bride and bridegroom, with their

splendid retinue, had left the castle chapel ; the solemn priest of Kilvington chantry had divested himself of his sacerdotal robes, and the jolly retainers of Lord Scroop had relinquished their battle-axes, doffed their morions and coats of mail, and were giving life and soul to the carousal,—when Quintin Thornborough, the household minstrel, sallied forth from the merry company, to pass a solitary hour in the gardens ; an estrangement for which he could only excuse himself by pleading an unusual and excessive fit of dejection which had that morning overcome him.

The gardens of Upsal Castle exhibited neither sumptuousness in their display nor costliness in their construction, if we confine these terms to their ordinary meaning ; but what art had omitted, nature had amply supplied ; and the rarity and diversity of the plants and shrubs made up for their lack of more flaunting quality. The gardener of Upsal had originally been attached to a monastic fraternity ; and it was mainly owing to his knowledge and skill in his vocation, and to a pri-

vileged selection from the garden of the distant priory, that the grounds of the castle were enriched with plants which, in those days, were gems of botany, and which were the cause of the gardener's preferment to the rank of family physician. The crowded beds of valuable balsamic and restorative roots, however, were heedlessly, and with bad taste, overshadowed by apple, cherry and chesnut trees, grotesquely intermixed with laburnums and some species of the minor oak. The low, broad walls encircling the gardens had in them, at intervals, raised recesses, with rude seats; the exterior of these gloomy alcoves being flanked by clusters of tremendous evergreens.

It was in one of these stony arbours that Quintin Thornborough had seated himself, slowly and thoughtfully consuming his frugal breakfast, a hunch of bread smeared with honey, and moistened by a horn of wassail. The untiring bee, awakened from its wintry trance, was revelling from bud to bud,

"Where hung
Frondfiferous boughs o'er fragrant flowers,"

the honied scents of which were mingled with the balmy breezes wafted from the surrounding meads of cowslips and violets: herds of cattle, well-bred and well-conditioned, were grazing in the rich oxgangs of land surrounding the moat: the distant view, on one side, consisted of the crags terminating the rocky ridge of Hambleton, beyond which the unproductive expanse of naked Cleveland presented itself; on the other side the distant prospect displayed the turrets of Thirsk Castle, the property of the Mowbrays, proudly elevated over the low roof of the neighbouring chantry of St. Mary's; intermediately lay the valley of Upsal, diversified by variously-sized knolls of earth, interspersed with fine woods of hazel-trees, growing in the wildest spontaneity; these being again overtopped in places by patches of forest, some of them of great extent and almost unexplorable intricacy. The sun shone brightly on the fairy lamps of dew suspended from leaf and blade and stem, and the morning was such an one as, at any other time, would have made the heart of the prophetic minstrel leap for joy; but now not the glad scene around him, nor the merry voices of the revelling menials from the castle, could chase away that foreboding sadness which told him that, ere long, the Lady Adeline should be transformed from a laughing bride to a weeping widow.

Having somewhat assuaged his feelings in the composition of some portentous verse, he returned to the lively assembly in doors. At the head of the black oak table, on raised seats, covered with crimson velvet, and topped by a sumptuous dais, edged with a festoon bearing the arms of Scroop, sat the bride and bridegroom, a step below the portly and warlike father of the former, supported by the barons and their ladies, relations by blood of the house of Scroop. On each side of the long table were seated the vassals and retainers of his Lordship, and at their head his trustworthy henchman: their arms and accoutrements were hung from the wall, and glittered in the sunlight streaming through the circular windows, reaching nearly to the massy rafters of the roof.

The Lady Adeline, the betrothed of L'Espec, was tall and stately, uniting in her features the Norman courage and decision of her father to the Roman sweetness and beauty of her deceased mother; and to say that she was revered and beloved by all who knew her, from the peer to the peasant, will portray her better than the most laboured descriptions of her person. Her accomplished bridegroom was like the vigorous though immature oak, fed by the dews of forty springs, in the seclusion of a mountain wood; his limbs possessing the pliancy of the most active juvenility, and his face beaming with the winning expression of approaching manhood. In the laudatory words of Ælred, the third abbot of Rievaulx, "he was a goodly youth, exceeding in sweetness of carriage, with a voice like a trumpet, yet graced moreover with the soft and endearing charms of eloquence."

Quintin Thornborough took a vacant seat, and placed his harp exactly opposite to L'Espec. His master, the Lord Scroop, immediately perceiving him, exclaimed—

"Why, how now, Quintin; this is the first I have beheld of ye since the greeting—you are quite a laggard this morn."

"I have been somewhat sick, your lordship; and obliged the now to walk about in the garden."

"Ah, ah! I see how it is with you; my daughter has been pledged so deeply that you have passed the merry pin, and seen the bottom of the cup, Quintin. Well, well, give us one of your lively ditties, for all tongues have wagged themselves into weariness with talking."

The minstrel, with a gloomy smile at his master's pleasantry, obeyed, and, proverbial for not disguising his feelings, touched his harp to the following rondeau :—

High-born heir of Kirkham dale!
False the bliss that buoys thee now!
Pause to hear a prophet's tale;
Pale to see his dark'ning brow!

Thou art green and I am grey;
Thou art witty, I am dull:
Years have ta'en my strength away,—
Care has fill'd my goblet full.

I have seen the flower-edged rill
Stain'd by gore, and stopp'd with mire;
I have seen the blooming hill
Blacken'd by the beacon-fire.

Though the lightning often smite
To its core the hardy oak,
It the sapling, too, may blight,
Dreading least its direful stroke.

L'Espece, canst thou war with doom?
Don the mail and draw the sword;
Bear that helm of triple plume,
Vassal, to thy valorous Lord!

Boots it not to battle death!
Beauty's pleadings cannot save,
Nor prolong thy passing breath
Yond that hour which scoops thy grave!

The tones of this incoherent and mysterious ditty died away, and a marvellous silence followed, which pervaded the whole assembly: L'Espece waxed pale, and Adeline trembled. Lord Scroop at last rose from his seat, and, looking sternly at Quintin, exclaimed, "Art thou bewitched, and so bereft of thy shallow senses; or hast thou signed thy name in blood to a compact with the wizard of the frith, and art giving us thy maiden prophecy?"

"I hope," ventured Quintin, "that for speaking in the sincerity of a troubled heart, and from the confidence of a lawful divination, which naturally belongs to my office as your lordship's unworthy minstrel and poor poet, that you will not impute to me a league with the devil, or any of his children."

"Go to, then, old dotard," replied the angry lord; "thy face is like the black and troublous sky which heralds a thunder storm; and to look at thee, I cannot but conceit that our marriage breakfast is an arvil-supper. Put on some better visage, or thy absence will be desirable.—Adeline, why so wan? and you, my noble son-in-law, I cannot divine the cause of your grieved look.—Perdition seize that grey-headed driveller, and his meddlesome verses!"

"Speak not thus harshly, dear father!" said the Lady Adeline; "good Quintin is sorely put out of his accustomed mood with something: I am sure

that no one would offend with greater unwillingness than he."

"A murrain upon your wandering wits, Master Quintin!" cheerfully said the young L'Espece: "come, cheer up, my rhyming seer!" Turning to his father-in-law, "Will your lordship please to put an end to the revel for the present," said he, "and let us all to horse, for our intended hawking? I know, from the aspect of the morn, that we shall have right good sport."

His suggestion was attended to; the attendants were ordered to equip, and the whole train were quickly on horse-back, and issuing from the court-yard of the castle, each with a hawk, either furnished them from the superior training of Roger Knayton, falconer to Lord Scroop, or which had accompanied its owner for a temporary sojournment at Upsal Castle.

L'Espece's was a falcon of the first coat, in beautiful feather; and never was hawk so cherished and doted upon by her master. Trained under the judicious watchfulness of his own eye, and schooled occasionally by Roger Knayton, she was unmatched in the field, whether for beauty of plumage or certainty in striking her prey. Her fine and glossy coat, from the downy garbe-feeders of her beak to the thick mantling of her legs, was incomparable. From the drawing of the ruffler-hood she had never been known as a haggard on the one hand, or to ruff on the other. The elaborately-engraved vervelles encircling her ancles, bearing the initials of her owner, bore some testimony to the esteem in which she was held; an esteem which could only be surpassed by that which L'Espece entertained for the Lady Adeline herself.

The Lady Adeline's falcon was a gentle, given, nevertheless, to play the bowess occasionally—a fault for which the Lady had to endure the jokes and jibes of her merry lord, as they rode through the woods of Kirkby-Knowle, his heart dancing like the arching plume which nodded over his brows; whilst the lady's countenance seemed to outlive in lustre the snowy satin which formed a part of her costly dress. They were considerably in the rear of the hawking train, who had gained the neighbouring acclivities, and had partially commenced the sport, when L'Espece and his lady, for a trial of speed, spurred on their horses across the velvet-like sward of an adjoining wood, which was divided by a wide and miry stream; which the horse of

the jibing L'Espece cleared without hesitation, leaving the Lady Adeline on the fearful side, no little piqued at being outdone by her jovial consort. After considerable bantering, he turned his steed in a direction onwards, and throwing himself round on the saddle, he gave a laughing look to his bride, playfully exclaiming—

"Adieu! my love, Adeline; follow me now, and trust me you will earn praise for your horsemanship."

It was the *last* time she beheld him living: he was speedily involved in the hiding intricacy of the wood; and the Lady Adeline, reining back her palfrey, sought to join him at a proximate and more accessible part of the thicket.

(To be concluded in our next)

THE DEPARTED YEAR—1830.

FOR THE OLIO.

Horrible Midnight, on whom mystery
Waits with her brood of horrors, and with whom

Darkness sits pondering, like the raven o'er
Some quaking sepulchre! Dost thou not come,
Ay, even now, upon the northern blast,
Sweeping to earth, as the fierce vulture doth,
To catch the spirit of the dying year,
And bear it to eternity. I hear
A startling murmur from yon turret's top,
At once thy dying tone and passing knell,
That cried thou art no more! Nature is blind
And spreads thee forth a winding sheet of snow!

And those bright icy spears, that glitter in
The starlight, seem lit up like torches for
Thy funeral pageantry! While the deep
moans

And gusty sobbings of the wintry wind,
Are as a plaintive requiem performed
Above the ashes of the dead!—'Tis done,
Proud year! thy glories are but as a dream.
Where, where are now the millions that grew
up

Even in the very spring-dew of thy smiles,
Blythe as the buds of spring, but fell like
flowers

Smote by the summer's hail? Where are now
Thine halcyon hours, that mirth and revelry
Made joyous, and the shrill ecstatic bursts
Of frantic laughter, which the caves profound
Of silent wisdom, like old Echo, dashed
Back to the heart in scorn? Where is thy
pomp.

High monarch, that but yesterday did'st rule
So gloriously?—Borne with thee to the tomb,
And the rank worm scold'd at it, and the laugh,
The hollow laugh of thoughtless ribalds mock'd
The power that was! Where are the holy
things

That draw our spirits from us in the sweet,
Soft summer's prime—oh where, oh where are
they?

Ask not dear Friendship, for her home is not
In this dark, dreary sphere; ask not fond Me-
mory,

For the base world hath clogg'd her heart with
gold.

Go ask Oblivion, in her hollow cell,
Where stygian shades poison the healthful day,
For they are here—and thou art here, oh year!

But there are things that were not born like
thee.

To pass away—the triumphs of the brave!
Thy triumphs, glorious nation! whom the yoke
Of despots would have bow'd to infamy
Worse than old Rome's, when a proud Tar-
quin's foot

Trod on her with a spurn!—Glorious chief,
Father of Liberty, whose mailed arm awoke
The moral thunders of the world to deeds
Eternal! and who, in the rugged hour
Of desolation, when insulted Freedom
Rose up in blood, and stalked in ghastly ven-
geance

Before the nations, like a thing of terror,
Making the wide world tremble, and the hearts
Of millions shake like the eastern groves
Of aspen at the tempest breathings! Thou
Didst sacrifice thy heart, and all its dreams,
To heaven's first law, to *order*, and didst
triumph

More in that act—in that undying act,
Than in the marshalling of sanguine hosts
Amid the cannon's thunder! Oh, for this
Before thee let the blazon standards wave
Victoriously, be laurel branches strewn
Before thy path, when moving mid the roar
Of out-poured millions thro' the giddy streets
Of Freedom's own dear city! yea, more than
this,

The spirits of the deathless dead, who saw
The Phryic phalanx clasp the young and old,
And feed them with the blood that fell from
tyrants;

And nurture them with war, and who closed
Round Cæsar with their angry daggers out,
To let the regal red tyrannic stream
From his proud heart—a glorious libation
To *LIBERTY*!—and his, who madly plunged
The knife into the bosom of his child,
And dash'd the base Decemvir down! and his,
Child of the mountain-tops, whose arrow took
The whirlwind for its platoon, and found out
The Austrian in the storm!—Yea, the brave
spirits

Of all these patriot natures clasp thee round,
Instilling courage and high virtue; while
Nations look on, and long to follow thee!
And Freedom spreads her phoenix wing aloft
Appearing from her own quick ashes, proud
In every smiling vale or mountain-top,
Whose high unshackled grandeur echoes still
Her deathless voice! And shall these things
pass

Away with thee, dear year? Oh, no, they give
Thee an eternity not thine own. Time
Cannot flee with them from this sphere, nor
change

Imprint them with decay. E'en Religion, full
Of heavenly love, rejoices like a bird
Over the lightning broken meshes. Faith,
Whose eyes are ever heavenwards, drops a
tear

Of rapture in the sacred cause, while hope
Waves soft her rosy arm on high, and lures
The soul to brighter issues!—Then we owe
Thee much, departed year! and thy stern
march

Ought not to cast a shadow on one brow,
Though the horizon may seem big with storm,
And dim futurity look drear. For thou,
In ages hence, wilt to the deathless page
Be as a thing of glory. Some may deem
The tokens thou hast given us preface
The wreck of holiness—the savage reign
Of dire licentiousness. Dear to me
Is the proud piety that boldly wakes
To honest action, when the altar's blaze
Might be defiled; and dear the jealous zeal
That lives in frowns upon the brow high flush'd
With virtuous indignation, and would brave
A thousand perils for religion's sake,
And stand above her when exposed to harm,

Like pity o'er an ill-protected babe!
 Thrice glorious Pleiad, who in ages past
 Dared the apostate tyrant on his throne!
 Though your cold ashes long have slept in
 peace,
 Ye walk abroad, your spirits cannot die
 in England. And have they not blazed o'er
 thee,
 Eventful year? They have, and thrown a
 splendor
 Upon thy darkest days,—have lit the hearts
 Of honest men with honest prayers. Then,
 Faith,
 Fail not e'en now, for God is faithful still,
 And will not suffer his Eternal Church
 To perish by the pigmy arm of man.
 A thousand spirits stand aloof to gaze
 And prophesy thy downfall. Thousands shoot
 Their poison'd missiles, and would madly
 strike,
 At one blow, thee and the Omnipotent!
 Insidious craft, with lengthen'd visage, strives
 To quote thy precepts and revile thee still;
 While wild enthusiasm, with eyes on fire,
 Stands 'mid the open canopy of heaven,
 In angry rhapsody of curse to thee,
 Like a mild child blaspheming its own sire.
 But yet thou shalt not fall, though all the
 chains
 That bind thee unto this base world may be
 Wrench'd from thee; for in all the rack and
 rage
 Of warring elements, a hand will bear
 Thee up in triumph, as on eagle's wings,
 Beyond the region of dark storm and scorn!
 Will and thy sure foundation not on sands,
 But on the *Rock of Ages*. Time, whose touch
 Withers the power of nations, and o'erthrows
 The might of empires and the pride of kings,
 Will still array thee in fresh splendor gleam'd
 From every passing year, although, like this,
 To which in these few lines I bid farewell!
 They come with tumult and are full of storm.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

RETROSPECTIONS ON GREENS AND THEIR MUTABLE TRANSPOSITIONS.

For the Olio.

"There grew an aged tree on the green."
 SPENSER.

Alas! alas! what has become of that
 aged tree? and, where are the spirits of
 grief, joy, or retirement, that sat under
 its shade? That saw the umbrageous
 limbs reflect their size on the grass,
 measure a wondrous length and magni-
 tude, and shrink into its trunk like a su-
 pernatural visitor in proportion as the
 sunshine came and departed? Where
 are the whistling sons of the morning,
 the feathery bipeds of the passive noon,
 the jocund pairs of the summer's even-
 ing, that joined in each other's desire,
 and hoped by declarations of constancy,
 to release the vows of love, the pros-
 pects of life, and contribute their share
 of the approving customs of the seasons,
 with lays of sweet love, without rebuke
 or blame? All the doings in the vicinity
 of the aged tree are absorbed in the
 past; scarcely a scroll in the church,

or a table over the grave, will be legi-
 ble for the inquiry. The green has left
 no witnesses save the whispers of air;
 and no tokens but the decaying cots,
 emblems of the peasantry which inhabit
 them. To the sons and daughters of
 the Mist; to the heroes and heroines of
 Ossian's mountain-green and sea-green
 waves, in which the mighty feats and
 valorous exertions were eulogised
 by harp and song, must be attributed a
 love of green existence and trees.
 These were far off in the rude limits of
 their clime and kind; these approached,
 like their Alpine peaks, to the ethereal
 heavens, and the sublimity of the mystic
 and fabulous deities; and the memories
 of the harpers and poets, are yet handed
 along the verdure of thought, with deli-
 cate feeling. It is not thus with the
 village green, the town green, the ham-
 let green; these are beset with populat-
 ing circles. The aged tree is plucked
 of her shield; her amour is battered
 into pieces by the axe; and the sword
 of her power that withstood the attacks
 of the skies in battle, beaten into a
 ploughshare. The trunk, like an esti-
 mated patriarchal fabric, is torn down,
 and the roof of its sanctuary forced from
 its shrined fixing place. Is there yet
 left, as a memorial of the better feelings
 of past ages, an 'aged tree,' on the 'vil-
 lage green,' for grey beard mirth and
 cloven chin beauty to repose under?
 Few indeed are existing, and the 'May-
 pole' is reduced to ashes.

Parochial enclosures have given the
 'green' a partial exclusion from the
 roadsides; but no tree is planted, no
 seats are erected, no meetings and part-
 ings of more than common civilities
 are exchanged. A watchhouse, a cage,
 or a blindhouse, thrusts its iron-fea-
 tured countenance instead, and uncour-
 teous broils fill the passing wind. Un-
 imaginably sweet must the 'greens' of
 bygone years have proved, to the sad,
 the sickly, the blessed at heart.* Re-
 tirement from the bustle of trade, the
 clang of arms, the dangerous sea; con-
 templation in converse with the stars;
 admiration smiling over the open pros-
 pects; content in the enjoyment of a
 surrounding playful offspring; wit im-
 parting antidotes of laughter to the lan-
 guid; friendship communing in free-
 dom; committing trusty affiances, by
 exemplar tales of truth; love, winning

* Greens were made popular by Personation
 — Sweet Nan of Hampton Green! — Fair Kate
 of Richmond Green! — and Marian of Robin-
 hood Green!"

affections, beading them round the heart and wearing their constancies like stars of evidence and felicity: nuptials enriched by healthy children, grand-sires proudly instructing their pastime, directing their skill to juvenilities; and eyes and hearts of all ages and capacities seeking the mental leisure, a peaceful green and its 'aged tree' afforded. The 'forest green,' like the 'forest sanctuary,' and the green wood-shade, which always preserved an open picturesque plat of mossy ground, as is yet visible, to those who tread the forest land and cope crowned dell, communicated similar pleasures and festivities to the ruder and more remote recipients,

That sang of love and border chivalry.

The 'town green' is now converted into the 'town hall,' and the 'market' fills the space once a daisied bosom of freshness and beauty. The 'hamlet green,' too, in which the fair was formerly held, has felt the intruding step of spoilation; the 'stocks,' perhaps, cuffed in the corner, and the pond washing its rounds in fame-like ripples to the margin. But, of all the lost appearances of vernal occupation, behold Clerkenwell Green! not far from the spot, as the milestones declare, where Hicks's Hall formerly stood—Stepney Green—Kingsland Green—Camberwell Green—Islington—Mile End Green, with most of others environing the Babel of England, are little better. Exceptions, however, are known to exist, by persons travelling through cities, towns, and villages.—Greens were also in the vicinage of the churches, so that

The mass might be sung
And the bells might be rung,
And the priests and the nuns dance merrily.

The 'cross' was sometimes erected near the green, and alms deeds performed; collections were made in behalf of the poor friars and the nostrum-prescribing mountebanks. Many a lazar groaned in the churchway, and the 'green' was resorted to, with a view to charity, by the deformed and necessitous; for Plenty, in harmonising spirits, scattered the blessings of Providence round the canopies of the 'aged tree' on the green. Alas! alas! what is become of that 'aged tree?' and where are the spirits of joy, grief, or retirement, that sat munificently under its shade?

P.

A FROSTY MORNING.

FOR THE OLIO.

Thump thump thump! "It's past nine o'clock, sir, and breakfast is waiting!" Hast thou ever,—compassionate and sympathising reader!—heard this ominous summons at thy bed-room door on a cold frosty morning? If thou hast not, I care not whether thou wilt take these qualities to thyself. I address me to those only who are acquainted with the horrors of getting up on a sharp morning in January, while the snow is falling thick, and freezing as it falls. Thump, thump, thump, sounds the red fist of Mary at the door of my chamber, (Mary's fist is as red as her cheeks) and I am told my presence at the breakfast table is immediately required.—"Oh very well, I'm coming," is the answer scarce heard from beneath the bed-clothes, which conceal the whole of my visage, except one optic, which serves to survey the clouds of condensed air raised by my hard breathing, falling in showers around me.—"Bring up my shaving can, Mary!"—"It is here, sir."—"Put it down by the door then."—Mary descends, and I—fall into a dose again, from which I am again awakened by the aforesaid thumping—"I'm getting up,"—(what a lie!)—Oh dear, who would wish for winter! whew! the cold clings to me as I rise, I am enveloped in a cloud of steam, and my teeth chatter, like (heaven save the mark!) a thrashing machine. Well, I'm out of bed at last, and my pantaloons mock my frost-nipped legs; I open the door, take my shaving can, and prepare to clear my chin of its superabundant crop; but the water is stone cold, and I am ashamed to ring for more. The lather—such I must call it—is a mockery, and the razor cuts—my face! The devil take him who first brought shaving into fashion!—Did the rogue ever dream of frosty mornings?—Wise men were those longbeards—better wear a beard reaching to your waist, than be flayed alive in a winter's morning. Next comes the towel—horrible application! and my miserable face is peeled like a blanched almond. My shirt, a cold bath of itself, clings to me, and I shiver like one in an ague-fit; but the ordeal is over, and I descend to breakfast and a good fire, before which my boots are placed, their soles turned upwards to receive its genial warmth, ere they encase my feet. Breakfast is dispatched, and I get, with some difficulty, a peep out of the windows—cheerless

sight! the snow is falling fast, the birds fly about and look in vain for their morning meal; coaches pass, covered like the top of a twelfth-cake, and the coachman himself looks like an effigy of "Jack Frost."—Yet I must go to town, but the coaches are all full *inside*, and I don't wish to invite the rheumatism, by riding *outside*; no, courage, I'll *walk*.—"Bring me my great coat and my goloshes, Mary."—The snow has ceased falling; I'll start at once. How noiseless one's feet fall in this weather! The carriages have lost their horrible rattle, and seem to glide rather than roll along. The plums and currants in the grocer's windows look shrivelled and frost-bitten; in vain the haberdasher's shopman displays the tempting colours of his master's wares, the glass is covered with old Winter's silvering; the meat at the butcher's is as hard as horn; and a cod fish on the fishmonger's lead seems to gaze on me with its cold chill opaque eye, its very gills are stiffened into frightful rigidity.—But my blood circulates; the walk has warmed me, and I begin to think a sharp morning may be endured, if it were not for *shaving*!

ALPHA.

CAUSE OF GOITRE.

A writer in the Magazine of Natural History communicates the following remarks on the most generally received opinions as to the cause of Goitre. He says,—“that it is a disease very prevalent in Switzerland, more so, I believe, in that country than in any other part of the world; it is also not uncommon in some parts of England, especially in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Sussex. As to the cause of this malady, there are different opinions; but as, whatever it be, it is more predominant in Switzerland than any where else, it is by examining the physical condition of that country that we should endeavour to discover the nature of the poisonous agent. By some, the swelled necks of the Swiss have been attributed to the air of the deep valleys; and by others to the water, not the snow water. It is this latter element, or rather some mineral substance held in solution by it, that is generally accused in the present day of producing the singular deformity in question. We are told that the food of the inhabitants cannot be the cause of it; for some parts of Switzerland are comparatively free from goitre, while the diet is the same, or very nearly so, throughout the coun-

try. The hypothesis of its being caused by some deleterious quality of the-air, has but few, if any, espousers in our time. It is then ascribed to some unknown influence of the Alpine waters. The facts which are brought forward in support of this theory may be briefly stated. It is observed that the rivers, both great and small, that take their origin in the glaciers and other elevated crusts of ice and snow, become in a short time perfectly *white*, by being mixed with the particles which they wear from rocks and mineral substances in their noisy and precipitous routes to the lakes below. Hence, water taken from any of these streams, deposits, by standing, a prodigious quantity of saline and mineral substances. When it is considered what infinite variety of materials constitute the beds and banks of these Alpine rivers, and the quantity of *detritus* which they carry with them, there can be little doubt that such ingredients, when conveyed into the stomachs of the inhabitants, exert an important influence. This supposition seems to admit of proof, by the fact that goitre gradually and progressively decreases as we descend the Rhine, a river that rises in the Alps, and is chiefly supplied by Alpine waters. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the river deposits, as it increases its distance from the Alps, the ingredients with which it was impregnated, and becomes mixed with auxiliary streams from rivers not Alpine. The same change is also observable in the Rhone. The Upper Rhone, where it falls into the Lake of Geneva, is turbid even to whiteness; but its waters, while nearly quiescent in the lake, become clear, and pass through the city of Geneva like translucent streams of bluish crystal. Among those who inhabit the banks, and drink the waters of the upper or turbid Rhone, there are twenty goitres for one that can be seen in the country adjacent to the lower or filtered Rhone, in its progress, below the Lake of Geneva, to the Mediterranean.

In further proof of the theory which these facts seem to verify, it may be observed, that analogy also would lead us to the same conclusion. As there is a mineral or saline substance found in nature, which is capable of *removing* swelling of the neck and of many other parts of the body (for instance, iodine) why should there not be another mineral or saline substance which is capable of producing the same kinds of swelling? The same valley that sends forth the miasma which causes ague, gives

birth to the tree from which quinine, which cures the ague, is obtained.

Although much has been said by medical and scientific men of former times in opposition to this opinion relating to the cause of goitre, yet it is, perhaps, as likely to be true as any other opinion that might be adduced. The deleterious agent, however, which produces goitre in Switzerland, seems to differ in its effects from that which produces the same disease in England. The general health of those who have swelled necks in this country does not suffer much; on the contrary, the whole constitution of the Swiss falls a prey to the destructive principle. Bronchocele is but one prominent feature of a universal physical and intellectual deterioration, which pervades the inhabitants of one of the most romantic and beautiful countries in the world. Their enormous heads, their imbecility of mind, and their stunted forms, arrest the attention of the traveller at every step of his progress in traversing the Alpine regions. The poet justly exclaimed of Switzerland—

"Man is the only plant that dwindles here."

Mag. Nat. His.

RECREATION.

None but a pompous blockhead or solemn prig will pretend that he never relaxes, never indulges in pastime, never wastes his breath in idle wagging and merriment. Such gravity is the very essence of imposture, where it does not spring, as is frequently the case, from a morbid austerity or morose ignorance. "Let us be wise now, for I see a fool coming," said Plato, when he was once joking with his disciples, and saw a churl of this stamp approaching them. Occasionally playfulness, indeed, seems to be natural to all strong minds. "The most grave and studious," says Plutarch, "use feasts, and jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meat." Agesilaus, as every body knows, amused himself and his children by riding on a stick; the great Scipio diverted himself with picking up shells on the sea-shore; Socrates used to dance and sing by way of relaxation; the facetious Lucian and the grave Scaliger have both confessed the pleasure they found in singing, dancing, and music. Mæcenas, with his friends Virgil and Horace, delighted in sports and games. Shakespeare played on the bass-viol, which he accompanied with his voice; and the witty Swift amused himself with hunting and chasing his

friends, the two Sheridans, through all the rooms of the deanery.

Smith's Festivals, &c.

The Naturalist.

THE PHEASANT.

It appears that all modern naturalists have come to one conclusion, viz: that this beautiful bird is a native of the old world, and, by ancient authors, it is supposed to have been originally found on the banks of the Phasis, a river in Asia Minor, from which its name also is conjectured to be derived. Be these opinions correct or not, so much is certain, that the species has been long spread over the greatest part of the known world, and held in equal estimation for the excellence of its flesh and the brilliancy of its plumage.

Every scholar is acquainted with the story of Solon, the Athenian philosopher, and Croesus, King of Lydia: that monarch, seated on his throne, adorned with all the appendages of terrestrial grandeur, asked Solon if he had ever seen so magnificent a spectacle! The philosopher, unmoved by the pomp with which he was surrounded, coolly replied, that after having seen the plumage of the pheasant, he could not be astonished at the sight of any other finery.

Nothing indeed can surpass the variety and richness of the colours which adorn the pheasant. The eyes are encircled with a ring of bright scarlet, sprinkled with small specks of black, and the *iris* is yellow. The fore part of the head is clothed with blackish feathers, mixed with a shining purple: the top of the head is of a shining blue; and the upper part of the neck appears sometimes blue and sometimes green, as it is differently placed in regard to the eye of the spectator. The feathers of the breast, shoulders, middle of the back, and the sides, under the wings, have a blackish ground, and their edges are tinged with a colour exquisitely beautiful, which appears sometimes black, and sometimes purple, according to the different reflections of the light; under the purple is a transverse streak of gold colour. The tail is about eighteen inches long; the legs, feet, and toes, are of the colour of horn, and two of the toes are connected by a membrane, are furnished with spurs of a black colour, and shorter than those of the cock.

The male is much more beautiful than the female, which is generally of a light brown, intermixed with black.

The ordinary weight of the male is from two pounds and three-quarters, to three pounds and a quarter; the hen, about two ounces less.

The pheasant is much attached to the shelter of thickets, and woods where the grass is long; but, like the partridge, often breeds in fields of clover. She constructs her nest on the ground, with a few dry vegetables put carelessly together, and lays twelve or fifteen eggs, which are smaller than those of the domestic hen. In the mowing of clover, near the woods frequented by pheasants, the havoc made among their eggs is often very great. For this reason, many gentlemen give directions to their gamekeepers to drive them from such situations, until their haunt is broken, and they retire into the corn.

As soon as the young break the shell, they follow the mother like chickens, and the parents remain with their broods in the stubbles and hedgerows, if unmolested, for some time after the corn is ripe. If they are disturbed, they repair to the woods, which they leave only in the morning and evening, to feed in the stubbles. Though they are fond of corn, these birds can, however, procure a subsistence without it, since they often feed on wild berries and acorns.

In confinement, the pheasant neither lays so many eggs, nor tends her brood with such care, as when in the natural state. In a mew she will very rarely form a nest for her eggs, or sit upon them at all; for which reason the domestic hen is generally made a substitute for her, in the business of incubation and rearing the young.

Though pheasants are so shy as not to be tamed without great difficulty, yet, when their natural fear of man has been counteracted, by their having been bred under his protection, and by the habits of seeing him, they will repair to the keeper for food as soon as they hear him whistle. They follow him in flocks, and scarcely allow the peas to run from his bag into the trough placed to receive them, before they begin to eat.

On the approach of winter, the pheasants fly at sunset, into the branches of oak-trees, where they roost during the night, and this they do more frequently as the winter advances, and the trees lose their leaves. On these occasions the male makes a noise, which he repeats three or four times, and which is called by sportsmen, *cackeling*. The hen, on flying up, utters one shrill whistle, and is then silent; by these

notes poachers discover their roosting places, where they shoot them with the greatest certainty. In woods that are not well watched, the poacher finds means to compass his ends; he lights a number of brimstone matches with phosphorus, and the moment the sulphurous fumes reach the birds, they drop overpowered by them into his possession. He likewise resorts to other expedients, such as fastening a snare of wire to the end of a long pole, with which he drags them one by one from the trees, and catches them in nooses of wire, twisted horse-hair, or even with a briar, set in the form of a noose at the verge of a wood. The pheasants have other great enemies not less artful to encounter, great numbers of them being destroyed by foxes.

The males begin to crow the first week in March. The noise can be heard at a considerable distance. It is said, that they will occasionally repair to the farm-yards in the vicinity of coverts, where they abound, and sometimes produce a cross-breed with the common fowls.

A singular fact in the natural history of this bird, is, that the female is sometimes seen to assume the elegant plumage and appearance of the male; but, among pheasants in a state of confinement, those which undergo this change always become barren, and are spurned and buffeted by the rest. From some close observations made upon a hen pheasant, it appears probable that this change arises from some alteration of temperament at a late period of the animal's life.

This circumstance, however, is not peculiar to the pheasant, similar observations have been made respecting the pea-hen. A favourite one belonging to a lady produced chicks eight several times. Having moulted when about eleven years old, the family were astonished by her displaying feathers resembling those of the male, and appearing like a pied pea-cock. In this process, the tail, which was like that of the cock, first appeared. The following year she moulted again, and produced similar feathers; the third year, she did the same, and then had also spurs resembling those of the cock; but she never bred after this change of her plumage.

Pheasants are found in most parts of England; they are not so plentiful in the north, and are seldom seen in Scotland: wood and corn lands seem necessary to their existence; and were it not for the

exertions of gentlemen of property to preserve these birds from the attacks of sportsmen, it is more than probable, that, in a few years the breed would be extinct.

In some respects the pheasant is a very stupid bird; when roused it will often perch on a neighbouring tree, where its attention will be so occupied by the dogs, that it will suffer the sportsman to approach very near. It has been asserted of this bird, that it imagines itself out of danger whenever its head is concealed. From the stratagems, however, which sportsmen relate, that they have known old cock pheasants to adopt in thick and extensive coverts, when they have found themselves pursued, before they could be compelled to take wing, it would appear that this bird is by no means deficient in contrivance for its preservation.

The several places in which pheasant shooting is pursued, the kind of dogs employed for this purpose, and the sport itself, are correctly characterised by the author of the Chase in the following lines:

"But if the shady wood my cares employ,
In quest of feather'd game my spaniels beat,
Puzzling the entangled copse, and from the brake
Push forth the whirling pheasant high in air."

Notices of New Books.

Moore's Life of Lord Byron. London. Murray, 1831.

We look upon this life of the noble author of *Childe Harold* as a piece of inestimable biography; nothing can be of greater value and interest; the volume is worthy a place on the same shelf with the lives of Johnson, Cowper the Poet, and Mr. Moore's *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*.

We regret our not having sufficient space to do justice to its contents; but, alas! it is no very easy task to condense the spirit of six hundred quarto pages within the limits of those of two or three octavo. There are many portions of the book we would wish to transfer to our columns, but the desire of making the first number of a new volume of the "*OLIO*" as various as possible precludes us from giving copious extracts. However, there are two or three passages in his lordship's life which we cannot pass over. The first is "*My Lord's*" touching and beautiful letter to "*My Lady*;" we know not

whether at the time of reading it wrought as powerfully on her ladyship's feelings as it did on our's, but, if it did, we think the separation deed must have been demolished.

TO LADY BYRON.
(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. LEIGH,
LONDON.)

Pisa, Nov. 17, 1831.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of '*Ada's hair*,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why:—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, '*Household*,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—1stly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, 2ndly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about *Ada's* birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her!—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding everything, I con-

sidered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have long ceased to reflect upon any but two things—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

Here is another extract, which, though somewhat melancholy, is not the less precious:

TO MR. MURRAY.

Pisa, December 10th, 1821.

"This day and this hour (one, on the clock,) my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality.

"My mother, my wife, my daughter, my half-sister, my sister's mother, my natural daughter (as far at least as I am concerned), and myself, are *only children*.

"My father, by his marriage with Lady Conyers, (an only child) had only my sister; and by second marriage with an only child, an only child again. Lord Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, &c.

"Is this not rather odd—such a complication of only children? By the way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature.

I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c. B."

The next and concluding morceau from these delightful memoirs, is one which exhibits the value Lord Byron set upon his labours. It relates to the sale of a canto of *Childe Harold*.

"You offer 1500 guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches are indefatigable, and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that he, Mr. Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this Canto than the preceding. —No: but if Mr. Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr. Moore is to have three thousand for *Lalla*, &c.; if Mr. Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer*—very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen mine, and ask less. You shall submit the MS. to Mr. Gifford, and any other two gentlemen to be named by you (Mr. Frere, or Mr. Croker, or whomever you please, except such fellows as your *s and *s), and if they pronounce this Canto to be inferior as a *whole* to the preceding, I will not appeal from their award, but burn the manuscript, and leave things as they are." * *

A beautifully executed whole-length portrait of his lordship at the age of nineteen, in the garb of a sailor, illustrates this splendid volume: but the effect is materially lessened by the studied air of affectation which pervades it.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus; by Washington Irving. pp. 337. London, Murray.

Anything from the pen of Washington Irving cannot fail to arrest the attention of the literary world. There

is a charm in the works of this writer which we look for in vain among those of his contemporaries, and this may with truth be said of the volume before us,—a volume possessing all the attractions of an elaborate work of fiction, and yet a narrative of facts which are corroborated by all the historians of those times. We have been delighted with the perusal of this excellent work, and have wept at the untimely fate of the poor astrologer Micer Codro, and laughed heartily at the author's humorous account of the adventures of Taxmar and Jeronimo. We have only space for the following accounts of the blood hounds which the Spaniards employed in their combats with the Indians.

"Canine Allies.—To aid the slender forces which Vasco Nunex Balboa led to the discovery of the South Sea, he took with him a number of bloodhounds which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare. The Spanish writers make particular mention of one of those animals, named Leoncico, which was a constant companion, and as it were body guard of Vasco Nunez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favourite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong: of a dull yellow or reddish colour, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nunez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him in the course of his campaigns upwards of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight. One of his most effective warriors in Porto Rico was a dog named Berezilla, renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies, from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare, than could have been rendered by several soldiers. His prowess was so highly appreciated, that his master received for him the pay, allowance, and share of booty assigned to a cross-bow man, which was the highest stipend given.

This famous dog was killed some years afterwards by a poisoned arrow, as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian. He left, however, a numerous progeny and a great name behind him; and his merits and exploits were long a favourite theme among the Spanish colonists. He was father to the renowned Leoncico, the faithful dog of Vasco Nunez, which resembled him in looks, and equalled him in prowess."

The Note-book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-pook.
M. W. of Windsor.

GLASS.

Glass does not exist in a natural form in many places. The sight of a native crystal, probably, led men to think originally of producing a similar substance by art. The fabrication of glass is of high antiquity. The historians of China, Japan, and Tartary, speak of glass manufactories existing there more than two thousand years ago. An Egyptian mummy two or three thousand years old, which was lately exhibited in London, was ornamented with little fragments of coloured glass. The writings of Seneca, a Roman author who lived about the time of our Saviour, and of St. Jerome, who lived five hundred years afterwards, speak of glass being used in windows. It is recorded that the Prior of the Convent of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, in the year 674, sent for French workmen to glaze the windows of his chapel. In the twelfth century the art of making glass was known in this country. Yet it is very doubtful, whether glass was employed in windows, excepting those of churches, and the houses of the very rich, for several centuries afterwards; and it is quite certain that the period is comparatively recent when glass windows were used for excluding cold and admitting light in the houses of the great body of the people, or that glass vessels were to be found amongst their ordinary conveniences. The manufacture of glass in England now employs about forty thousand people, because the article, being cheap, is of universal use.

Working Man's Comp.

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND A CENTURY AGO.

In December, 1703, Charles III. King of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way to Windsor, and Prince George of Den-

mark went to meet him there by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states—"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once indeed in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body-coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them; and indeed we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says—"I saw him (the Prince) no more, till I found him at supper at Windsor; for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning), and broke our coach: my Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others."

Ib.

COLOUR OF THE RED SEA.

This subject has for ages given occasion to repeated conjectures and investigations. Professor Ehrenberg (in his report of Travels in Egypt, Dongola, Arabia, &c.) has been the first to preserve, that it proceeds from a minute *Oscillataria*, one of those Lilliputian produce, which holds a place between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

LORD'S ISLAND, DERWENT WATER.

In the summer and autumn of 1820, I resided, with a party, during the Cambridge long vacation, at Keswick, in Cumberland. One of our chief recreations was to navigate the beautiful expanse of Derwent Water, visiting the islands which so gracefully adorn it. We had heard of a tradition amongst the natives, that the ghost of the unfortunate Lady Derwentwater, who is said to have climbed the steep face of Walla Crag, and so doing to have given a

name to the projecting mass of rock called "The Lady's Chair," visited Lord's Island, once the seat of the attainted nobleman every night; and that her spirit, in the shape of a bird, whose melancholy tones were known to all the boatmen, flitted about in the branches of the ancestral trees, as seeking rest and finding none. Popular traditions, doubtless, have an origin; few of them, however, are inexplicable. It was our amusement to visit Lord's Island by moonlight; I have perfect recollection of the notes of the bird alluded to; yet, though we hunted about the island, and hurled stones amongst the trees, no one ever saw any bird fly from the island, notwithstanding we stationed watchers around to notice its departure, having a desire to discover, if possible, what mortal body her Ladyship's spirit deigned to inhabit. This, however, we could not effect. It is many years since I made a moonlight voyage to the islands of Derwent Water; but the remembrance of my happy sojourn there is too agreeable to me, not to make any illustration of its interesting inhabitants desirable; and if you can dissolve the charm which fancy is fond of framing at the expense of reason, I shall be obliged to you.

M. N. Hic.

GEORGE, FIFTH LORD SEYTON.

This gallant nobleman, whose life was chequered by misfortune, was immovably faithful to Queen Mary during all the mutabilities of her fortune.

He was grand master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself, with his official baton, and the following motto:

*In adversitate patiens;
In prosperitate, benevolus.
Hazard, yet forward.*

On various parts of his castle, he inscribed, as expressing his religious and political creed, the legend:

Un dieu, un foy, un roy, un loy.

He declined to be promoted to an earldom, which Queen Mary offered him, at the same time when she advanced her natural brother to be Earl of Mar, and afterwards of Murray.

On his refusing this honour, Mary wrote the following lines:

*Earl, duke, or king, be those that list to be,
Seyton, thy lordship is enough for me!*

After the battle of Langside, Lord Seyton was obliged to retire abroad for safety, and was an exile for two years, during which he was reduced to the necessity of driving a waggon in Flan-

ders for his subsistence. He rose to favour in James VI's reign, and resuming his paternal property, had himself painted in his waggoner's dress, and in the act of driving a wain with four horses, on the north end of a stately gallery at Seyton Castle.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN APPAREL.

The expenditure of great men for apparel in former times was monstrous; we are told that Charles, Duke of Burgundy, had one garment, which alone cost him two hundred thousand ducats. And Sir John Arundel, in the third year of King Richard II., crossing the sea between England and Brittany was drowned, and with him fifty-two new suits of clothes made of cloth of gold and tissue.

The unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, in the height of his prosperity, was exceedingly extravagant, for we find that he wore before her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, on a collar day at court, besides his sumptuous apparel, as many pearls and precious stones on his shoes, as were valued at six thousand six hundred crowns.

R. J.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION OF 'TURN-COAT.'

The Duke of Savoy took indifferently, sometimes the part of France, and sometimes the part of Spain. For this purpose he had a *juste a corps*, or close coat, white on one side and scarlet on the other; so that when he meant to declare himself for *France*, he wore the *white outside*; and when for *Spain*, he turned it, and wore the *red*. JOIDA.

CORSE.

For he was strong, and of so mighty *corse*,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand.
A dead body; a carcase; a poetical word.

That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He reft her hateful head, without remorse;

A stream of cold-black blood forth
gushed from her *corse*. *Spenser*.

Set down the *corse*, or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a *corse* of him that disobeys.

What may this mean?

That thou, dead *corse*, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous? *Shakespeare*.

Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure

The bloody *corse*, and count those glorious wounds. *Addison*.

You heard the groans,
Heard nightly plung'd, amid' the sullen waves,

The frequent *corse*. *Thomson*.

Fine Arts.

SPECIMEN OF LACEWORK.

A most beautiful specimen of 'Lace' is now exhibited at Mr. Hayward's, Oxford Street, which deserves the attentive inspection of all lovers of the unique art of gossamer similitude.—This extraordinary pictorial performance consists of a round oval of, perhaps, three feet in circumference;—in the centre are the arms of the royal family; on the right are two ships with the anchor emblematic of Hope and the Navy, and a hive, significant of industry; and on the left, the insignia of military weapons in the Army, are supported by a variety of tasteful and luxuriant foilage, bordered and illustrated by suitable and ornamental conceptions. So perfect a work may challenge the most classical ages, and raise the fame of the 'single sisters,' we should premise, to an elevation above comparison in the British dominions.

Customs of Various Countries.

PYTHIAN GAMES.

According to some writers, the Pythian Games celebrated near the Temple of Delphi, were instituted by Apollo himself, in commemoration of his victory over the serpent Python; though others maintain that they were first established by the council of the Amphictions 1263 years before Christ. They were originally held once in nine years, but afterwards every fifth year, consisting in their earlier course of a simple musical contention, wherein he who best sang the praises of Apollo obtained the prize; which was a garland of the palm-tree, or of beech-leaves. Hesiod, it is said, was refused admission to these games, from his inability to play upon the harp, which was required of all such as entered the lists. The songs called the Pythian modes were divided into five parts, containing a representation of the victory of Apollo over Python in the following order: The preparation for the fight;—the first attempt;—taking breath and collecting courage;—the insulting sarcasms of the god over his vanquished enemy; an

imitation of the hisses of the serpent, just as he expired under the blows of Apollo. Appropriate dances were introduced, which combining with vocal and instrumental music in the representation of a story, would bear no very remote resemblance to a modern opera; and suggested doubtless to Thespis, as has been already intimated, the first hint of the Drama. The Romans are thought to have introduced these games into their city under the name of *Apollinæres ludi*. *Smith's Festivals, &c.*

Anecdotes.

A LONG-LIVED FAMILY.

Ansonius gives us a relation of a certain Roman lady, named Callicrata, who had twenty-nine children; and, though she lived to be a hundred and five years old, yet none of her family died before her.

J.

JULIUS CESAR SCALIGER.

Though this learned man was near forty years of age before he addicted himself to study, yet he became an excellent philosopher, and a famous Greek and Latin poet. Vossius and Lipsius considered him as "the miracle of nature, and the glory of the age he lived in." Meibomius says "the sun scarce shined upon a more learned person." And that able historian Thuanus, adds, "That antiquity could not shew his superior, nor his own age his equal."

CONSCIENCE.

"Conscience," says a well known writer, "is a terrible punishment to the villain who yet believes in an hereafter."

DEAN JACKSON.

Dean Jackson passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met

some under graduates, who walked along without capping. The dean called one of them and asked "Do you know who I am?" "No sir." "How long have you been in college?" "Eight days sir." "Oh very well," said the dean, walking away, "Puppies don't open their eyes till the ninth day." H. B. A.

A NEW BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a ship like a female?—Because she *wears stays*.

What run is that which stands still?—A *banker's run*.

Why was Naason like the parents of a dainty fish?—Because he *begat Salmon*.

Why is Christmas day like a pulpit?—Because it is *kept* in the churches.

Why is a repentant sinner like a person that falls on the ice?—Because he's a *backslider*. JOIDA.

A GENTLE HINT.

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche-sur-yon to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand."—"Put it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

A pedlar wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand, were made in a cave by the light of a diamond, in the province of Andalusia in Spain.—They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

Diary and Chronology.

Saturday, January 1.

New Year's Day.—The Circumcision.

This day did not always commence the year in this country. Several nations of Europe were before England in beginning the year with

the first of January. In 1565, by an edict of Charles IX, it was ordered that the first day of this month should begin the year. This alteration of the calendar took place seventeen years previous to the alteration of the style by Pope Gregory in 1582.

The practice of giving presents or *New Year's Gifts* on the first day of the new year is very ancient. They were called by the Romans *Strenae*, it is said, because the presenting to Tattius, King of the Sabines, some branches of a tree, consecrated to Strenua, the goddess of Strength, gave rise to the custom.

Forster in his Calendar, informs us, that the Festival of the Circumcision was held by the Scotch in former times as ominous, and as affording a prognostic of the weather of the coming year, of which our poet Churchill makes this month the leader:

Froze January, leader of the year,
Minced pies in van, and calf's head in the rear.

Jan. 1, 1540.—To-day (by the permission of Francis I.) the Emperor Charles the Fifth, entered Paris in great splendour, to pass from Spain through France into Flanders, in order to suppress an insurrection which had taken place there. While Charles was in France, Francis was urged to detain him a prisoner until he should annul the treaty of Madrid, which he had been induced to sign to regain his liberty after the battle of Pavia, and in which treaty the cession of Burgundy was stipulated. Francis, however, refused to be guilty of such a breach of good faith and hospitality; but neither of these monarchs fulfilled their agreements relative to the promised cessions.

We are told, a short time previous to Charles's arrival, that Triboulet, the fool of the French court, wrote on the king's tablets—"If the Emperor run the risk of travelling through France, he is a greater fool than I am." Upon which the King observed, "If I allow him to pass without interruption, what will you say?" "In that case," replied Triboulet, "I shall only erase his name, and put yours in its stead."

Sunday, January 2.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Lesson for the Day, 37 chap. Isaiah, Morn.—38 chap. Isaiah, Evening.

Jan. 2, 1492.—On this day Mahomet Boabdilla, King of Granada, surrendered his capital, which had endured the horrors of an eight months siege, to Ferdinand and Isabella. By this conquest, the Moorish kingdom was re-joined to the dominion of Spain, after a separation of 800 years. Upon the entry of the victorious forces of Ferdinand into Granada, Boabdilla wept bitterly; which, upon being observed by his mother, she severely remarked, "You are like an infant, crying for what you have lost by childish folly."

Monday, January 3.

St. Arterius Pope.—High Water 9m after 5 Morn. 30m after 5 After.

Jan. 3, 1322.—Anniversary of the death of Philip V. King of France, surnamed the Tall. During his reign, Philip had been meritoriously anxious to bring all France into a uniformity as to weights and measures, and had attempted to reform the coinage. He was not, however, successful, nor could even gain the affection of his people, although he appears to have been an honest man, and to have meant well. In Philip's time, girls were allowed to take the veil as nuns even before they were eight years of age. All nuns were compelled to learn the Latin tongue at this period, that they might understand the service of the church: a regulation that lasted from 1100 to 1300.

Mezeray records an act of justice in this reign worthy of imitation. Chapperel (Prevôt of Paris) was executed on the same gibbet which had been the instrument of death to a poor but innocent man, whom that corrupt magistrate had hanged in place of an opulent criminal.

Tuesday, January 4.

St. Titus.—Sun rises 3m after 8—sets 5m after 3.

Jan. 4, 1648.—Died Henry Burton, a puritan divine. This minister was clerk of the closet to Prince Henry, and next to Prince Charles, which station he was deprived of for a libel against the bishops. After this he became rector of St. Matthew in Friday Street; and in 1636 he was prosecuted in the High Commission Court for two seditious sermons, fined five thousand pounds, and ordered to be imprisoned for life. Burton did not recover his liberty till 1640. His writings consist chiefly of pamphlets controversial and abusive.

Wednesday, January 5.

St. Synesius.—Moon's Last Quar: 54m after 10.

Jan. 5, 1477.—Killed Charles the Bold, at the siege of Nancy. The manner of the death of this headstrong prince has been described differently by various historians; it appears that he fell by the treachery of his favourite, Nicholas de Campadossa, who was mainly instrumental in causing his death by the poniards of hired assassins. The Duke of Lorraine, Charles's mortal foe, took pains to show decent regard towards his breathless body; he paid the singular respect of walking in the funeral procession with his beard covered with leaf gold.

Thursday, January 6.

Twelfth Day.—High Water 15m after 7 morn.—41m after 7 After.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for Feb. 1784, a correspondent says that, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, when he was a boy, it was customary for many families to invite their relations, friends, and neighbours to their houses, to play at cards, and to partake of a supper, of which mince-pies were an indispensable ingredient; and after supper was brought in the Wassail Cup or Wassail Bowl, of which every one partook by taking with a spoon out of the ale a roasted apple, and eating it, and then drinking the healths of the company out of the bowl, wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Friday, January 7.

St. Distaff's Day

Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, thus prettily describes the sports practised to-day in the country in his time—

Partly work and partly play,
You must on St. Distaff's Day;
From the plough soon free your teame,
Then come home and fether them;
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burn the flax and fire the tow,
Scorch their pocketts, but beware
That ye singe no maiden haire;
Bring in pales of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night.

Saturday January 8.

Sun rises 99m after 7—sets 17m after 7.

Jan. 8, 1642.—On this day Galileo the astronomer died. This able man, to whom science is so greatly indebted for his discoveries, was persecuted by the inquisition for demonstrating that the sun is immovable, and that the earth revolves round it, and forced to abjure his opinion as a *dammable heresy, erroneous and absurd*. Galileo, after going through the ceremony of this forced abjuration, indignant at the humiliating concessions he had been compelled to make, stamped his foot on the earth, saying, "It moves notwithstanding!"

Sunday, January 9.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Lessons for the Day, 44 chap. Isaiah morn.—46 chap. Isaiah even.

With this Number is published a Supplement, containing, besides other matter, the usual Vignette, Title-page, Preface, Index, &c. to Vol. VI.—Vol. VI. is now ready, and may be had.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. II.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Jan. 15. 1831.



See page 20.

Illustrated Article.

MALVEZZI, THE USURPER OF PISA. A VENETIAN LEGEND.

THE annals of Venice record that towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century there arrived at that celebrated city a lonely stranger; who speedily purchased one of the most gorgeous palazzi, near the Rialto, on the Grand Canal, and hired a train of domestics, whom he attired in the most splendid manner.

At that time a new doge was just elected, and a sumptuous feast was prepared on the occasion. In some of the old chronicles a very minute account is given of the riches of the masquerade, the delicacies of the banquet, the exquisiteness of the music, and the consequent approbation of the numerous guests. Amongst these was our mysterious stranger. He wandered about amidst the crowds of splendid masques with a vacant and careless air, till he approached the lovely Bianca di Gon-

zaga, at that time the loadstar of all eyes of Venice. At the sight of her his hitherto listless features were animated with a dark and fiery glance, and he bent on her a look in which the most powerful interest was deeply expressed.

Bianca di Gonzaga was indeed a lady never to be passed without interest. Even if her figure had been less faultless, her countenance less heavenly; the mournful circumstances of her sad story would have fixed attention. The descendant of a line of the most powerful nobles in Italy, she had at one time been Duchess of Pisa. A rebellion had arisen in her dominions, and a young baron had driven her from her throne to seat himself upon it. Alone, deserted by all her former friends, she had fled to Venice; where her misfortunes met with sympathy, while her beauty excited admiration. But the kindness of friendship could not efface the remembrance of love. Whilst in possession of her ducal dignity, she had been affianced to a prince whose dominions bordered on her own, and it weighed on her heart that

he should coldly desert her when surrounded by her enemies; hence arose the air of sadness that clouded her marble brow when the stranger first surveyed her in the halls of Venice. It was true she had never seen the prince, that he had never knelt at her feet to breathe his passion; but from infancy she had heard him spoken of as one who was to be her future husband, and in that belief had hung on every tale of his growing valour which had reached the court of Pisa. Report spoke him generous, feeling, enthusiastic, noble, and Bianca was in love with his image.

The stranger approached her, and commenced a discourse to divert her melancholy, in which he displayed powers of conversation but seldom rivalled. Bianca's eyes were soon lightened with a smile, and she replied, on her part, in a manner at once natural, easy, and graceful. A young Venetian noble, who had in vain pressed his suit with her since her arrival at the city, was offended at the evident gratification with which she listened to the words of a stranger, and approaching, joined in the conversation, in a manner which partook of the nature of insult. Bianca blushed with indignation; the stranger levelled at the young patrician a biting sarcasm, which, unable to answer in any other way, he replied to with a blow.—Swords were drawn, and ere the gay crowd around them could separate the combatants, the Venetian received a wound in his right arm that disqualified him for fighting for a year at least.

Such hazard undergone in her cause rendered it impossible to refuse giving the stranger a general invitation to her palazzo, even if she had been previously indisposed to the measure. It was given, and the stranger, for the next month, was always at her side. Her partner in the dance, her companion in the song, he displayed a perfection in these accomplishments which few could boast. In a week or two his songs, however, began to turn always on love; his guitar was never touched but to some plaintive tune, in which a despairing knight was the subject, who accused the cruelty of his lady. Bianca began to repent her encouragement of him, for, knowing nothing of him save his person and accomplishments, and being betrothed to another, she was by no means pleased at such close attention.

One evening as she was seated at a

window overlooking the Grand Canal, on which many busy gondolas, in their black coverings, might be seen gliding past, the stranger approached on his usual visit. A short conversation ensued; and, after a few minutes, bending one knee on the velvet footstool of Bianca, he made a declaration of love. The suddenness of the address surprised her: in a hurried manner she stated the many objections to the match; her want of knowledge of his family, his fortune, and his character; the espousals which at an early age had made her the affianced bride of the Prince Adorno. At the end of her speech the stranger's eyes flashed with joy; he implored her to pardon the deception that love alone had caused, and avowed himself the prince.

The single word overruled every objection. It at once silenced every doubt as to his birth—he drew it from one of the loftiest lines in Italy; and though his fortune consisted but of a paternal estate, and a sword that had already gleamed in numerous battles, his fame far outweighed every paltry objection on that account. As soon as Bianca knew that she saw before her the young hero whom she had loved before she saw him, she at once resigned herself to joy, and consented to become his bride.

"And yet," said she, as she surveyed the manly figure before her, "they did not picture thee to me as thou art. They spoke of blue eyes—thine are black as the raven's wing: of light fair hair—how jetty is thine!"

"Doubtest thou that I am the prince?" said the stranger reproachfully: "behold then, these proofs!" As he spoke, he produced a letter to the Prince Adorno, and another signed with his name. The former was from a friend, and informed him of the rebellions by which Bianca had been driven from the ducal throne, concluding with an earnest request that he would return instantly from his travels and assert her rights; the latter stated his determination of replacing her in her dominions.—"This," said the stranger, as he presented it, "I have yet found no means of forwarding."

After a few moments spent in the examination of the documents by Bianca, who recognized the hand-writing, the stranger, again addressing her, besought her to consent to a plan he had formed for the nuptials. As there were so many of her lovers at Venice, he wished to spare them the mortification

of seeing her become his bride, and besought her to consent to set out for his castle. A lingering consent was wrung from Bianca, and it was agreed that next day they should sail down the river, and, landing at some point near his domains, proceed thither as fast as possible.

The next morning was one of exquisite beauty. Never was there a more cloudless sky or a brighter sun. The blue waves of the Adriatic seemed bluer than ever; the river, with its banks clothed with trees and verdure, was a perfect paradise. Embarked in a gallant gondola, with a numerous train of domestics, the stranger and Bianca sailed down towards Pisa; and when evening was approaching, the lady half trembled as she saw, rising on one side the stream, the domains of which she had once been duchess. At length they approached where, from the rocks that frown above, a descent of a hundred steps, hewn in the solid stone, conducted to a broad landing-place. At the sight of this spot the stranger turned from Bianca, with whom he had been conversing, and wound a bugle-horn that hung by his side. A strange suspicion crossed the mind of the Lady di Gonzaga, as, in reply to this sound, another of a precisely similar nature was heard above, and a hundred men, came tramping down the rocky pass, fully armed and weaponed. Alas! these suspicions were but too true! The stranger caught hold of her in one arm, as he drew his sword with the other, and leaped on shore from the prow of the gondola. Safe on the land, he flung Bianca to the newly-arrived soldiers, with a command to load her with chains. "Farewell!" he exclaimed to the domestics in the boat; "and back to Venice as fast as you can. There, if the Doge asks you the reason of my conduct, tell him, that for a month, without his knowledge, his deadliest enemy dwelt within his walls—tell him, to plunge him in despair, that he might have seized, but did not, Malvezzi, Duke of Pisa!"

The wretched Bianca had been at first petrified at the conduct of the pretended prince; his concluding avowal opened her eyes to the misery of her situation. The villainous Malvezzi, so glittering without and so evil within; the unprincipled usurper of a throne to which he had not the slightest claim; had in reality, as she conjectured, intercepted some real letters of Prince Adorno's, declaring his inten-

tion of exciting a struggle in her favour. In the fear of being intercepted, Malvezzi had determined to attempt to gain her affections in disguise, and thus at once destroy every future idea of resistance to his power. A month had he spent in this task, and he imagined that Bianca's heart must have been melted by his numerous attractions. In this belief he declared his love. What was his surprise to hear her confess her affection for Adorno! The strongest dissimulation, a vice which Italian statesmen at that period almost considered a virtue, could alone prevent the hatred he instantly conceived for the duchess from glaring in his deceitful countenance. His presence of mind suggested the thought of counterfeiting the prince. The intercepted letters which he still bore about him readily furnished him with the means of strengthening the imposture, in which he was unhappily but too successful. Information had been instantly dispatched to Pisa, to cause a band of spearmen to await him that day at the hundred steps. The result was such as has already been detailed.

The outlines of this dark and iniquitous scheme flashed across the mind of Bianca, as chains were placed upon her delicate hands, and, guarded by the band of Pisan soldiers, she mounted the hundred steps. As the villain Malvezzi followed, she darted at him a glance that almost, like that of the fabled basilisk, possessed the power to kill, but not a word of complaint burst from her lips, though her heart was full of torture. To what dark dungeon was she now to be borne by her rebellious subjects? Her eye asked the question, though her lips moved not. Malvezzi, as they attained the summit of the lofty rock, pointed to a gigantic castle glooming over the distant woodland landscape elsewhere splendidly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and said, in an accent of scorn, "There is your prison."

Bianca recognised the time-worn fortress. In her youth, her father had once shown her the castle, from battlement to donjon keep. It contained the most loathsome dungeons in Pisa—dwellings, where the wretched state-prisoners, who were confined there, clasping the duke's knees, implored, as a mercy, to be led to execution. Melted with pity, she had implored and obtained that they should be removed to more lightsome prisons, and that no one should henceforth be confined there.

How little at that time had she thought that it would ever be her own lot to be immured in these dreary dungeons! Her heart sank within her as they approached, and she burst into tears. From the mountain which they were descending, the palace of Prince Adorno was visible, and the reflection that perhaps he might at that very moment be within her ken, unknowing her fate, made her tears flow faster.

Malvezzi, meanwhile, was conversing with a soldier, who gave him some important information. The Prince Adorno was in reality returned—report said that he was assembling his vassals to invade Pisa—that he had sent a messenger to Venice to inform Bianca of his arrival and intentions. “The lagging fool!” said Malvezzi, with scorn; “had he but been a day sooner, my plans had fallen to nought—perhaps I might at this moment have been crossing the Bridge of Sighs. By this time the Council of Ten must know Bianca’s disappearance, and be conjecturing the cause—they shall soon be informed.”

Night was now sinking, and the heavy walls of the castle were almost towering above them. As they rode up the rocky path, at whose summit frowned its black battlements, the warder’s voice echoed through the pass “Who comes there?”

“A friend from Venice,” cried Malvezzi, exultingly.

“Welcome!” said the warder, “you have been impatiently expected. By'r Lady, your expedition is miraculous.”

The heavy drawbridge dropped sullenly over the moat, the portcullis was raised with a grating sound, and Malvezzi entered, leading Bianca, trembling, with him. As his band were following he heard a struggle behind.—The portcullis was dropped—the drawbridge raised.—“Some idle quarrel,” fiercely muttered Malvezzi. “This garrison is the worst disciplined in Pisa.” And so saying, he strode haughtily onward through the dark passage that led to the great hall of the frontier garrison.

In the hall a large table was spread, and torches were placed in the immense iron candlesticks, that shed a broad flashing light through the apartment. But no one was as yet assembled at the banquet. “Fellow!” cried Malvezzi to an attendant, striding into a neighbouring room, “send your commander hither.”

The miserable Bianca, whom Malvezzi had never, from the moment of the

warder’s challenge, suffered to escape from his grasp, sunk, overpowered, into a chair, whilst the villain, scarcely concealing his pleasure, surveyed from the great window the rising moon, that, having emerged from the black clouds which had for some minutes obscured it, now cast a bright radiance into the room. Exulting in the success of his treacherous plans, he scarcely heard the door open behind him; but the step of an armed foot in the room aroused him from his reverie. Hastily turning round, what was his astonishment to behold a warrior, in complete steel, stand between him and the entrance, indignation and surprise painted in his noble countenance. At the same moment that the exclamation of “Malvezzi” burst from the lips of the stranger, Malvezzi himself, starting back a few paces, uttered with astonishment the word “Adorno.”

“Yes! Adorno,” cried the prince; “Adorno, who comes to wrest the throne of Pisa from the usurper.”

“By heavens! this exceeds my hopes,” shouted the treacherous bravo: “Yield thyself, for it is impossible to escape. My guards are all around.”

“They were this morning,” said the prince, “but the strong detachment sent off to the hundred steps enabled me to attack the castle with success. It is now in the possession of Bianca di Gonzaga. Yield thee, or die!”

The astonished Malvezzi, fixed like a statue, heard the fatal intelligence. At length, suddenly rushing forward, he endeavoured to stab Adorno; but the prince, wrenching the dagger from his grasp, laid him prostrate at his feet. With a groan of agony the wretch expired, whilst Adorno supported the fainting Bianca.

The news of Malvezzi’s death opened the gates of Pisa to the duchess. She long and happily swayed the sceptre of her paternal dominions, and was not the worse princess that she had once known adversity. There are few persons who cannot picture to themselves, without assistance, the festivities attending her entrance into the city, and the magnificence of her nuptials with the Prince Adorno, still more worthy in reality than fame proclaimed him.

Landscape Annual.

THE TRI-COLOR.

Again o’er the vine-cover’d regions of France,
“See the day-star of Liberty rise!”
The plaudits of nations shall hail its advance
To its own native place in the skies.

O'er her patriot regions behold—as of yore—
The Tri-colour banner unfurled;
'Tis the banner whose glory Napoleon bore
To the uttermost ends of the world.

The Red is the flush on the cheek of the brave,
As they tell of the deeds they have done;
And the Blue is the soft eye of Pity—to save,
When the battle of Freedom is won.
The White is the robe virgin Innocence wears,
France's triumphs are innocent now,
For unnurtured by blood, and unwater'd by
tears,
Is the wreath that encircles her brow.

But though freshly and fairly the laurel may
bloom

For France in this hour of her pride,
And the voice of her martyrs proclaim from
the tomb,

"'Twas in Liberty's cause that we died;"
Shame to those! who, unconscious of Liberty's
worth,

Sound the tocsin of groundless alarm,
Nor know, that, when brought from the land
of its birth,

The Tri-color loses its charm.

For the Red is Rebellion's appropriate hue,
The Blue, livid Envy's foul stain;
And the White is pale Terror, that trembles
to do

The deeds the base heart can contain;
But the red rose of England, and Scotland's
brown heath,

Twined with Ireland's green shamrock we
see,

Then let's bind them the closer with Loyalty's
wreath—

That's the Tri-color, Britain, for thee!

Blac. Mag.

THE PANTILE POET AND ATTIC FLEA.

A FABLE FOR GARRETTEERS.

For the Olio.

It was the solemn hour of midnight.
The evening had been glowing with the
sultriness of summer's extremest heat;
but now the grateful rain descended
with a deluging plenty; loud thunders
shook the earth with continued concus-
sions, and lightnings flashed from firm-
ament to firmament, from heaven to
earth.

It was in this awful hour, when the
hearts of worldlings alternately were
now courageous, and now fearful, and
the wicked were groaning under the
memory of undivulged crimes, that a
patronless poet lay in calm contempla-
tion—through his curtainless lattice—of
the subtlimities of the storm, and medi-
tating in his mind how best to turn it
to the next day's account in poem or
paragraph. A solitary rushlight, placed
in the long neck of a champagne bottle,
winked an ineffectual light, and with
its small modicum of lustre slightly di-
luted the darkness which succeeded to
each vivid flash of lightning. The
wind, which had been blowing for some

time at the rate of ten thousand tons of
tiles a minute, now moderated a little,
and like a violent virago, become play-
ful when her first fit of passion is par-
tially exhausted, now flapped with gentle
wings against the diamond paned win-
dow of his attic elevation; and anon,
like the same virago under a fresh pa-
roxysm, now shook out a jangling pane,
now burst through the oiled foolscap
which his care to keep out the flaw
substituted where the glass was not,
and now knocked down, with the sa-
vageness of a critic, two or three of the
poet's own unsaleable duodecimos, with
which he had filled up other gaps in
the same light-admitting source. The
poet, however, like a true martyr, smiled
only at the wreck of paper and the
crush of glass; his thoughts were partly
engaged with the difficulty of keep-
ing his feeble rushlight still burning
within. His galligaskins, — (which
were somewhat of the old Spanish
fashion, only that they were slashed in
places where the proud Senors of Spain
never particularly prided themselves
on having their nether garments slash-
ed) — hung on the back of the only
chair that upholstered his airy retire-
ment, his eye "in a fine frenzy roll-
ing," glanced on them, and a thought of
earth and its vanities mingled for a
moment with his contemplations upon
the heavens, and rendered his philoso-
phical reflections of a mingled yarn.
Flicker, flicker, still went the rushlight,
therefore he turned the chair which
held it round—(it was a brilliant thought
which would not have occurred to star-
pointing Newton at such a pinch),—
and now it blazed with a steady aspir-
ing blaze, illuminating a circle of some
two yards in circumference, and casting
"a dim, religious light" over the rest
of the silent sanctuary of his thoughts.
Two manuscripts lay on a small table
of undisguised deal (a deal too large
for the terrestrial cates which every
other day or so were spread upon it,
and served to keep a soul not altoge-
ther fitted for this substantial world
lingering and loitering here, and flic-
kering feebly, like an ill-fed lamp, which
it had been happier for him if he had
suffered rather to go out at once, and
mount on its own wings to regions of
empyrean enjoyment; and the felicity of
everlasting futurity,)—two manuscripts,
I repeat, lay on the table; they were
duplicate reviews of one work by Lord
—, who wished to be thought a wit;
one was for his lordship's eye, and in-
tended for the — Review, if his lord-

ship thought the flattery thick enough laid on, and paid the usual fee in a handsome manner; the other for the Thick-and-Thin Anti-aristocratical Gazette, if his lordship did not, on the contrary, come down. A few verbal alterations made the entire difference between unmerited praise and merited censure. Do not despise our honest poet for thus balancing between two opinions, which might, it is true, be called scoundrelly, ruffianly, &c.;—his stomach, that rebellious common council, and not his spirit, consented to the sin: his betters, as to the possession of the good things of this life, have done the same, for fees not so tangibly felt—from necessities not so immediate, and from motives not half so exculpatory as such conduct.

On the same chair also lay a set of complimentary verses, laudatory of the Lord he had reviewed with such even-handed justice; and suspended by a pin to the dingy curtain of his crazy tester, hung the preordinum of a Satire against lords in general who write:—the last was sure to hit if the other failed. What more devotion could be expected of a starving good plebeian poet for a well-fed bad patrician poet, who had declined to patronize all wit but his own, but who liberally patronized pugilism? Flesh and blood, which the best of bards are made of, could not bear such neglect; how then could skin and bone?

The wind and the rain again beat fiercely against the shattering lattice, and the friendless poet drew his ragged rug still closer about him, and throwing himself back on his pillow, caught sight of one of those skipjack, lively little creatures, the Fleas, crawling carefully up the wind-wafted curtain.

"Hilloa, my friend," quoth the merry wit, "you surely run some danger in mounting so high! Do, prithee, allow me to help you down; for otherwise, I fear you will have a terrible fall, which will dislocate those lively little limbs of yours."

The Flea, however, being rather vain of his vaulting powers, and somewhat conceited in many minute matters besides, answered him rather cavalierly. "My dear poet! your humanity reflects the highest honour on your heart and head; but I assure you, I stand in no need of your assistance—for, were it twenty times as high, I could leap down, and no bone be the worse. To show you that I am in no strait of difficulty, move but your learned head a

little aside, and you shall see me alight like a fairy on your pillow, without in any way endangering those limbs which you think so valuable (and truly they are so), or my life, which is of much more consequence."

He was preparing to jump, when the poet interrupted him: "Nay, Sir Flea, I fear that you hold your powers in jumping at too high an opinion; therefore I again entreat that you will suffer me to lift you safely down. It is our duty to help and aid each other in danger and distress, and to be as tender and careful of our friends and fellow-beings as the Gods are careful and re-gardful of us."

"Sir," quoth the inspired insect, looking expressively oracular, serious, and sentimental, "I admire the largeness and liberality of your sentiments, which are exceedingly creditable to your heart as a man and a fellow-creature. *We*," (continued the Flea, looking rather consequential,) "*we*, sir, I repeat it, are all links in the great chain of existence that encircles the earth like a body-belt, (if I may use an expression so familiar), the last links approximating to the first, and each particular one being necessary to sustain the other. Yonder buzzing and wheeling fly, who wings his giddy circles round your taper, to the evident danger of his frivolous wings, he, sir, enjoys his little life, and is as much a part of the care of the Gods as you and I. Yes, excellent wit, I fully agree with you, that it is our first duty to assist our brother beings, and to be as kind, being to being, as the good Gods are kind to us."

"Intellectual creature!" exclaimed the poet, "surely the soul of a philosopher lives in that *little* body!"

Here the Flea exhibited symptoms of being nettled at the epithet *little*; but the compliment paid to his philosophy pleased him too well to make that of much pain to him.

"It is true, sir," he replied, "I am a philosopher: I have lived with philosophers; and I have lived some time with you, who are a wit and no philosopher, although you have not till now deigned to notice me; but modest merit is sure to be known some day or another, and the Gods regulate when."

"You interest me," returned the poet, "and I should indeed exceedingly regret that a creature so rare in mind should be hurt in limb or body whilst I can prevent it; and therefore, my very philosophical friend, do, for the love of Heaven, let me lift you down

to a nearer connexion with your excellent spirit."

"Sir," replied the insect, tickled to the core that his limbs and safety should be of so much consequence to a man of wit and learning, "merely to humour your extreme humanity, and to give you the generous gratification of thinking you have done me a service, and although I must again assure you that I could leap down from the Tarpeian rock itself without injury to any precious part of me, I will allow you (from the respect with which you have inspired me) to lift me down; but on this condition only, that you do it with the finger and thumb of your right hand—those ingenious digits which have pressed the eagle-pen of inspiration, and have made this melancholy world mad with too much wit. Now, my fine friend, your right finger and thumb, if you love me!"

"Dear, intellectual creature!" quoth the subtle poet, "my best and most inspired finger and thumb are entirely at your service."

Saying this, he moved them with much gentleness to the hem of the dingy curtain, where still hung the unsuspecting Flea, and laid hold of him with much seeming tenderness; but no sooner had he safely secured him between his "learned finger and thumb," than, giving them a nip together like a smith's vice, he roared out with savage rage and exultation,

"So, rascal, skipjack, scoundrel—I have caught thee at last! Was it not thee, sirrah! who made me believe there was indeed a Flea in my ear o'Sunday?—and was it not thee who took me by the throat o' Monday?—thou midnight vampire!—thou infinitely small assassin!—thou nightly surgeon, that hast gotten drunk with my blood, and now over my very nose hast dared to preach thy musty and maudlin maxims! But these shall be thy last philosophisings in this world, for ere thou hast time to say a pair of Ave-Marias, thou shalt drown in this ewer of water,—thou bloody-minded night-robber!"

"Nay," quoth the Flea, in a panic, "surely you will not betray one who has confided in your humanity, and relied on your professions of benevolence?"

"Indeed but I will!" retorted the enraged wit.

"My blood, then, be upon your head!" exclaimed the Flea, with much bitterness of execration.

"And if it were, villain, it would be

but mine own restored to me; for thou hast filled thy rascally veins pretty frequently from mine! But to have done with parleying; die thou shalt, and so shrive thyself o' the instant, and commit thy soul, if thou hast one, to the Gods!"

Saying this, he paused a moment, as if to give him time to make his peace with men; and then, without more ado, he plunged his hand, wrist-high, into some water standing nigh, and holding it there a few moments, and imagining his little foe was dead, he loosened his grip, let him float on the top of the water, and addressed himself to sleep.

Sleep came over him, but he dreamed that his vampiric foe was still alive, and revelling in his blood; when, starting in great terror from his bed, he turned to the ewer, and there, sure enough, beheld him sitting very much at his ease on the rim, on which the morning sun was shining warmly, employed in drying his damped body, and looking as lively and frolicsome as ever.

"Why, thou incarnate thief! will nothing kill thee?" exclaimed the enraged bard.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Flea merrily, "you see that *you* cannot, who art little more than nothing: and know, fool, with all your vaunted wit, that you may crush, but you cannot drown fleas!"

Saying this, with a merry sort of chuckle, he leaped from his station with as harlequin a lightness as ever, and in three bounds, he was out of reach of pursuit, and with every leap the defeated wit heard him utter a "Ha! ha! ha!"

MORAL.

Do not always trust in a man who presses to serve you, and preaches much of the humanity of his motives in offering to do it; and learn this also from the mouth of the great authority just mentioned, that—you may crush fleas, but you cannot drown them! C. W.

Morals from Flowers.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Thou gorgeous flower of the summer's prime,
That follows the path of the glorious sun,
As he journeys on through each distant clime
Till his daily race is run:
And weepst in dew when his ray is set,
As he lingered with thee in fond memory yet.

Thy broad bright disc to the heavens upturn'd,
Seems like reflection flowless and full

Of proud daylight's god thro' earth's mists
discern'd,
Dilated clear and beautiful;
A reflection caught pure from his ray alone,
To be rendered back to his dazzling throne.

Oh, looking on thee I could almost deem
That thou wert engender'd in his rays,
And drew forth form from his morning beam,
And life from his mid-day blaze;
For thy head is rear'd in such august pride,
That thou scarcely doth seem to this earth
allied.

My heart, flower, is charm'd as I gaze on thee
In thy eye-dozing glory and brilliance while
Thou turnest in faith and in constancy
To catch the bright sun's last smile,
Seeming eager to give a fond look of thine
To brighten the hours of his sad decline.

Oh! thus let me imitate thee bright Sower,
And follow still on in a glorious bloom
The sun of his righteousness, whose power
Lies e'en beyond the tomb,
And will beam when thou and thy god are dim
To brighten the spirits that lived for him.

W. M.

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

For the Olio.

(Resumed from p. 426 of vol. vi.)

SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

But I fear I shall grow tedious—even
thy good-nature, my friend, will fail
thee in unravelling this long drawn
thread, ere I come to the 'last scene of
all.'

A strong easterly breeze swept us
rapidly on our way—we were, according
to our reckoning, within eight degrees
of the Mauritius. Doubtlessly, that all
powerful agent, fear, had pictured to
the minds of the refractory men, and in
no very *inviting* colours, the *saving*
mercy they were likely to experience
in a king's ship; and, as they had wil-
fully closed every avenue to accommo-
dation with Captain Green, they deter-
mined on no less a step than seizing
the ship by main force, running her
into some port on the Mozambique
coast, and, having thus secured their
personal safety, again resign her to her
legitimate officers, to pursue the voy-
age, with no other injury than the tem-
porary restraint and loss of time, occu-
pied in carrying this very *notable*
scheme into execution. This (at least
they declared so) was the extent of the
mischief they contemplated; and I have
no wish, nor I'm sure, hast thou, dear
B——, to *doubt* so *plausible* a tale.

Half the first watch had scarcely
expired; and all on deck was quiet,
save the occasional creaking of the
masts, or the hissing rush of the wa-
ters, as the vessel clave her rapid and

steady way through them, when these
men, to the number of about twenty,
made a sudden rush from the fore-castle,
aft. In this instance again, the steady
and active courage of Amber was strik-
ingly exhibited. In the cuddy hung
some two or three dozen pistols—more
for appearance, or placed there for
some whim, rather than any contem-
plated necessity that they would ever
be so suddenly in demand. On the
evening signalized by the *beef-adven-
ture*, however, these had been loaded,
in which state they had since remain-
ed. Amber recollecting this, immedi-
ately he perceived the movement of the
men, with happy promptitude, leapt
from the poop, and dashing into the
cuddy, snatched down, and fired two of
them from the port, at the same time
shouting, "Up, Captain Green,—up,
gentlemen, for your lives!"

So sudden an exclamation, and the
report of fire-arms, in the dead hour
of the night, and in our excited state,
produced by so many harassing cir-
cumstances, aroused us in an instant,
and in no little trepidation and alarm.
Captain Green was the first to rush
from his cabin abaft the cuddy, naked
as he had quitted the bed; "Good
God, Amber," he exclaimed, "what is
the matter?"

A shout of bravado and exultation,
and the trampling of many feet ascend-
ing the poop ladder was answer enough
to his anxious enquiry. A deep and
emphatic oath escaped him, and (as
Amber afterwards told me) he clapped
both his hands vehemently to his fore-
head, as though utterly bewildered.

"They cannot have been so mad—
gentlemen, gentlemen," he continued
in a perplexed tone, (for most of us
were by this time on deck), "secure the
companion ladder, they must not get
below—Amber," (and he reached down
a pair of pistols) "we have but one
course—to save the ship, at all haz-
ards."

We followed him to the quarter-
deck. (These events, it must be recol-
lected, occupied but the space of a few
moments.) Some six or eight fellows
were on the poop—they had taken pos-
session of the wheel and altered the
ship's course; while the remainder, in
obedience to the direction of Bingham,
were preparing to shift the trim of the
sails. As the captain stepped forth, he
(Bingham) issued a command to brace
round the main-yard, and three or four
were hastening to obey him. Appear-
ing at once to recognize the captain,

the wretch exclaimed to the men on the deck beneath him,

"Upon 'em, my boys, you're the strongest—it's neck or nothing—man-of-war or liberty."

The deluded men, wound to a pitch of desperation, abandoned the work to which they were proceeding, and rushed, with a yell upon us, (those on the poop following their example) as the last of our little party issued from the cuddy. Instinctively we retreated beneath the bulwarks and poop-awning; but the furious tide of men rushed upon us with overwhelming force, bearing many to the deck.

But Amber, and five or six more, managed to make good their retreat to the steps of the poop-ladder, from whence they commenced a galling annoyance to their opponents. Poor Green lay prostrate beneath a bulky seaman, who perseveringly maintained his ascendancy, while he uttered every description of malediction on his companions, for their dilatoriness in supplying him with a piece of line wherewith to secure his captive; who, on his side, half choked by the man and his own rage, alternately threatened the latter, or *pathetically* appealed to his party for assistance. Of myself, I say little—I fared but indifferently, be assured. Upon the brawny shoulders of the captain's victorious antagonist, Amber forthwith commenced a vigorous pummelling with the stocks of his discharged pistols, and his companions, taking a hint therefrom, pulled out the brass belaying pins from the poop-rails, which they converted into similar implements of offence—on the persons of the men nearest them.

While this was going on, Terasso, the boatswain, and others, who slept below, alarmed at the uproar, hastily armed themselves with what weapons they could immediately lay their hands upon, and ascended to the rescue.

Bingham and Amber, inflamed with mutual and deadly animosity, struggled in the grasp of each other. The first, a very athletic man, fixed himself upon the throat of poor Amber, who writhed and twisted like a tortured cat, as he vainly attempted to free himself from the powerful gripe of his opponent. Terasso, (though there existed no very cordial feeling between them, from the occasional airs of superiority Amber thought proper to exhibit) seeing the unpleasant situation of his brother officer, muttered something—I believe it was—"O stella muris," and dealt

master Bingham a smart blow on the shoulder with his cutlass, which at once induced him to relinquish his prey, and break into a string of exclamations, the very reverse of pious or edifying.

"Ha, Terasso, thank thee, boy," gasped Amber, recovering his breath, and levelling a blow at Bingham's head.

It missed him; but the fellow tottering back (he was half way up the poop-ladder) lost his balance; and, before any one was well aware, fell over the rail into the water.

"By God! he's overboard!" exclaimed the boatswain, with somewhat excuseable triumph; "Bingham's overboard!" he repeated, in a louder voice, as he leant over the ship's side, at the spot where the wretched man had disappeared.

The effect of his words was electric. The master-spirit who had created all the mischief was no longer present to excite and encourage his blind and unthinking dupes. The spell was instantly dissolved. Panic struck and dispirited, the men slunk forward; their eyes completely opened to the enormity of the offence in which they had been engaged. A few, among whom Hughes was not the least conspicuous, lingered on the quarter-deck, and growled out surly imprecations on their comrades' cowardice, and the "b—— officers;" but these were very summarily dealt with, for in less than a quarter of an hour, they were provided with very *uncomfortable* quarters on the poop, to compare notes, and vent their bile to each other, or the mocking blast that hastened them to their punishment.

The next morning, Capt. Green, as he limped from his cabin, and took his seat at the breakfast table,—he had been severely bruised in the late affray,—muttered with savage sternness, glancing around the cuddy with a smile that rather darkened than illumined his strongly marked features,

"So, gentlemen, the game's up!—how have the fellows deported themselves this morning, Amber?"

"Quietly enough, sir, scarcely one has made his appearance on deck."

"The dastardly hounds!" breathed the captain from beneath his closed teeth, and his rigid eyes gleamed portentously from under their knit brows. The meal passed almost in silence. As the party were about to separate, he addressed me abruptly:—

"Delmore, you've been a witness—

and somewhat an actor in these matters—get me a clear, plain account, of the whole written out—as they occurred, recollect, nothing more or less.”

The commission was none of the most agreeable; but I performed it in the course of the morning. After dinner, at the request of the captain, I read it aloud.

“A precious tale, truly! If this does not hang at least half a dozen, may I never again taste bread,” observed Green, with something very like satisfaction.

“You will not proceed to such extremities with them?” uttered two or three gentlemen.

“And why not?” rejoined the captain doggedly, “they kept no terms with us.”

The arguments of the passengers at length prevailed. Capt. Green consented to abandon any proceedings which would endanger the lives of the mutineers. This could only be done by suppressing all account of the last night's proceedings, but while he thus far yielded, he turned a deaf ear to their prayers that the whole might be buried in oblivion.

“No,” he exclaimed sharply, and in a tone that precluded further appeal: “the gang go on board the first man-of-war we fall in with.”

Before we reached Port Louis, however, his violent ire was yet further mollified. Perhaps, too, he reflected on the hardships the people had endured during the long and stormy passage, and that romantic feeling—I believe I may call it, affection—shipmates, especially in peril, feel for each other, resumed its influence in his breast. He permitted the majority of the poor fellows, who were dreadfully alarmed at the idea of being transferred to a man-of-war, under such circumstances, and who, I believe, sincerely deplored their misdeeds, to resume their duties; reserving the *onus* of punishment for the shoulders of eight or ten, whose *unlucky ambition* had induced them to figure conspicuously in the ranks of mutiny and insolence.

Imagine, then, the good ship *Reliance* at anchor off the Bell Buoy, in the roadstead outside Port Louis harbour, about an hour after sunset.—’Twas a lovely evening. The mild, melancholy beams of the waning moon, shed a sober radiance over sea and land, silvering the tiny waves that danced and splashed, but broke not into foam, under the influence of the

gentle night air, and revealing the dark outline of the numerous and fantastically shaped mountains,—their peaks, cones, tables, and dome-like hillocks—that rise immediately above the town. The hulls and masts of the vessels at anchor in the harbour, and the little promontories and tongues of land that shot into the sea, formed a lovely foreground to the scene; between which, and the magnificent background of hills, *ascending gently from the water's edge, sparkled the numerous lights of the town.*

Well, then, immediately after day-break next morning, we dispatched a boat to H. M. ship *Dryad*, which had just before brought in two *slavers* as prizes; and her captain very shortly sent his cutter, with half-a-dozen marines therein; and she boarded us, and took away those fellows (to the number, I believe, of nine) whose handy-work Capt. Green would not entirely “bury in oblivion.” They departed wonderfully chop-fallen; and an investigation was instituted by Captain Fairfax, but all the glaring facts were kept back; so the said nine escaped with a *gentle reprimand* from the boatswain's mate of H. M. said ship, the *Dryad*, in the shape of “*six dozen*” each; and then they were sent on board the *slavers*, somewhat in the light of convicts.—And so ended our mutiny. H.D.

THE MINSTREL BOY. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that round him hover,
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For, ah! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the song he's singing!
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely;
But unless there be love in that heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparsely.

THE DOOM OF L'ESPEC: A LEGEND OF RIEVAUX ABBEY.

Concluded from p. 4.

L'ESPEC, gradually remitting his pace, cantered on until his career was arrested by the fatal espial of an amorous gormcock from an adjacent clump. Loosing the jesses of, and unhooding his falcon, she made a beautiful rise,

and was considerably higher than her prey, when, making a fine stoop, the bird bore away, and the falcon, not hearing the whistle of her master, got down the wind. In vain were the eyes of L'Espece strained upon the flight of his falcon, he could but console himself with gazing upon the sunny gleaming of her speckled back, and the glittering of her silver vervelles.

"May I die unhouzzled!" said he, "if the jade is not possessed!" and again he whistled with a loudness that rang through the surrounding coppices; but it was to no purpose, for the falcon flew onwards, unconscious of the piteous call of her regretful owner.

"The fiend stop her!" exclaimed he, wiping away a tear; "for, by the rood, it would take one of the toughest ur-synes of Gilbert Knayton to foil her speed!"

Still keeping his aching eyes fixed on the regretted object, he goaded on his impetuous horse, and rode down the woodland side, across the main road, and over the marshy lands at the foot of the rocks, with the rapidity of a torrent: he increased his speed, until the perspiration rained from the sides, and the foam dropped from the chafed mouth, of his spirited beast. Dashing forwards, he attempted to bear across a deceiving quag, in striving to accomplish which his horse slipped, and it was with the greatest difficulty he maintained his seat, the animal extricating himself only after the severest efforts. The lily plume which adorned the cap of the young sportsman was soiled with mud, and his galoshed doublet of green and gold was lamentably bemired. He next struck into a wood, the extended line of which was parallel with the route his bird had taken, the latter of which, to appearance, had then dwindled to a speck in the lucid blue. His headlong course became partially impeded by the unevenness of the hilly forest before him. Now the feet of his horse aroused the hissing hag-worm; then they were death to the croaking toad. Sometimes his way was upon the briery height, at others it was the overshadowed and dried-up bed of a considerable rivulet, which had once meandered through the patriarchal trees of the ancient wood, and was shrouded in the boughs of overarching elms, beneath whose umbrage L'Espece fiercely rode, until a protruding branch struck him forcibly on the forehead, and for a few moments slackened his pace. The blood trickled

down his cheek, mingling with a few tears extorted by pain and vexation. Arrived at a glade, he tightened his horse's rein, and gazed, during the panting pause, at the minute and receding outline of the feathered fugitive; then, suddenly emerging from the patch of dreary and unlevel forest, and still fixing his eyes on the far-off and atomic figure of the flying falcon, he plunged forwards up the acclivity leading to Kirkby heath, which lay above the precipitous scaur called Kirkby Steep.—This perpendicular crag commenced abruptly, and had no wall on its margin, to guide the day-traveller, or check the benighted horseman. Just as L'Espece had reached the summit of the towering hill adjacent to Kirkby Steep, he beheld the hawk make a sudden wheel, and continue her flight in another direction,—that, unfortunately, which led to Kirkby Steep.

"Ah! foul hagar!" cried he, "I will clutch thee yet, though my soul be in jeopardy!"

Thus exclaiming, he gave the rein, and clapping spurs to the side of his reeking steed, set off at full speed in the line described. His attention being fully absorbed by looking upwards, with one hand held over his eyes, to shield them from the glare of the noon-day sun, he saw not the death to which he was hurrying: it was, both to him and his courser, the most pleasant and facile path they had ever traversed; the dry and light earth, overlaid with smooth turf, returned a drum-like echo to the hoofs of L'Espece's horse. Anon they neared the steep, over the edge of which opened the bewitching view of the wild and uncultivated valley, bordered by a horizontal line of beautiful azure; but L'Espece saw it not—his eyes were upturned to track the stayless course of the ominous hawk; nearer, nearer grew the steep—another bound, and a cloud of dust, and a rattle of loosened stones from the top, with a crash of breaking bones, and a smothered death-cry at the bottom, proclaimed that the noble heir of Kirkham, the espouser of Adeline Scroop, had found a rocky bier amidst the huge and pointed fragments of the terrible rock of Kirkby Steep!

The different vassals sent in pursuit of L'Espece had wearied themselves with the search; the day was waning apace, and the many visitors of Upsal were wending their way back to the castle, when the Lady Adeline, frantic with grief and despair, had retired with her sorrows to the apartment which had

wont to be occupied by her husband. Her loud and piteous wailing had exhausted its energy, and with a more calm and melancholy air she was contemplating the furniture and ornaments of the room, which so vividly, though painfully, reminded her of her hapless bridegroom, when her attention was attracted towards a part of the tapestry which represented the youthful L'Espece on horseback, with the identical falcon, and which had been worked by her own direction : she endeavoured to trace with her eye the cherished design, as it was being enveloped in the advancing twilight, but failed in so doing. The setting sun suddenly threw his lambent rays upon the embroidery, and discovered to her the picture. Holy Virgin! what did she see!—not the plumed and sprightly L'Espece on his peerless courser, but the bloody scene of his death! Had the tapestry changed by magic, or did she dream? There, unhorsed and struggling in his blood, lay her beloved lord, his feathered helm caught by the furze, and his sable locks falling over his death-like visage : beside, and partly upon him, was his mangled horse, his jaws distended by the tremors of the last gasp. Was it the work of some hellish necromancy, or the more potent indication of human fatality, supernaturally revealed by Heaven to human ken? The colours of the silken device were the same, though the representation was changed. It was the noble figure of L'Espece, though cruelly mangled, distorted, and bloody. She made an attempt to rise, resolving, by a courageous examination of the tapestry, to fathom the delusion ; but her steps tottered, her senses reeled, and, fainting, she fell before she could retrograde to her relinquished seat.

The Lady Adeline was recalled to animation and consciousness by the paternal solicitude of the Lord Scroop and the attentions of his bustling domestics. The first object to which she directed her opening eyes was the mystic tapestry, which had resumed its pristine appearance, and again showed forth the dauntless idol of her affection, the efflorescence of life mantling on his features. With renewed lamentations did the bereaved Adeline protest against her cheating senses, and account for the shadowy transformation. She was removed to a seat by the window, which was thrown open to admit the air, and through which the varied valley of Upsal could be seen to nearly its ex-

tent. The sun had left the woody scene, and his valedictory beams were fading on the verdurous hills beyond the western moors, as the corpse of L'Espece was being removed to Upsal Castle. The appalling sight was beheld by Lady Adeline, and she was lifted senseless to her chamber.

Alas for love! the bridal chamber of the husband was doomed to contain his lifeless body!—A few months elapsed, and Adeline was on her way to Normandy, having formed the resolution of taking the veil. The Baron L'Espece, in order to perpetuate the memory of so mournful an event, devoted his estates to the erection of Kirkham Priory, and the founding of Rievaulx Abbey ; in the latter of which elapsed the remainder of his days, and before the high altar of which he was interred, with the pomp of waxen taper and midnight requiem. But even the monastic monument of a father's sacred grief may itself be said to want renovation : the Abbey of Rievaulx was sacrificed to the pseudo-reformer, the eighth Henry ; and the ruined church of three noble stories in height, the desecrated chancel and weedy choir, the dark and crumbling walls of the refectory and cloisters, and one of the Anglo-Norman transepts, are all that remain to record the Doom of L'ESPECE.

G. Y. H—N.

NOTICES OF ANTIQUITY, ANECDOTES, &c.

By *W. Tennant.*

ARCESILAUS,

The founder of the Middle Academy, was not only possessed of wealth, but liberal in its distribution. There is recorded one delightful anecdote of his generosity. On learning that Apelles, the celebrated painter, was, in his old age, at once labouring with disease and poverty, he called at his house with a purse of gold in his pocket ; and seating himself at his bedside, "Here," said he, looking round upon the meagre replenishments of the chamber, "here is nothing saving the bare elements of Empedocles—fire, water, earth, and a roomy expanse of empty ether ; my friend, you are not even bedded pleasantly ; your very pillow is unsmoothed and merciless to you : " so saying, he shook up his pillow, as if for the purpose of smoothing it for the head of his sick friend ; and, in so doing, he secretly slipped in beneath the bolster his con-

cealed purse of gold. After his departure, the attendant old woman discovered the treasure, and, in a state of perplexed admiration, announced it to Apelles. "Ah, it is like him," said the languid painter; "it is one of the thievish tricks of Arcesilaus."

Edin. Lit. Jorr.

INVENTION OF MILLS.

Till about fifty years before the commencement of the Christian era, the ancients had no large mills driven by water, but ground their corn in small mills of one stone rolling rapidly over another, which were agitated by the hands of slaves, or women servants; to which reference is made in the New Testament. The morning, before sunrise, was the time allotted, in the domestic arrangements, for grinding flour for the use of the family during the day; and so loud was the sound of the operation within the houses, as to be heard in all the streets of towns and villages; a circumstance which gives beautiful illustration to the expression in Ecclesiastes,—“the sound of the grinding is low.” The Grecian women had a song called the Song of the Mill, which they sung when at that employment, beginning, “Grind, mill, grind; even Pittacus, king of great Mitylene, doth grind.” For it seems that Pittacus, tyrant, as he was called, of Mitylene, but nevertheless one of their seven wise men, had been accustomed to resort for amusement to the grinding mill, that being, as he called it, his best gymnasium—or pleasantest exercise in smallest space. There is a story told of the two philosophers, Menedemus and Asclepades, who, when young men, and students of wisdom under one of the Athenian masters, were enabled to maintain a respectable personal appearance merely by grinding every night at the mill for two drachmæ, or about 1s. 4d. a-night; on hearing which, the Areopagites, in admiration of their frugality and love of wisdom, presented them with an honorary gift of 200 drachmæ.—Mithridates invented and first set up a corn-mill driven by water, in Cappadocia. Thereafter, and probably from this circumstance, the bakers of Cappadocia became celebrated. An interesting particular connected with the Greek and Oriental practice of nocturnal grinding may be quoted from the military history of Julian:—His forces, when besieging some strong place near Ctesiphon, on the Tigris, had wrought a deep mine under

the walls and buildings to the very centre of the city, when his soldiers, on digging the earth upwards to the surface, landed after midnight in the middle of a poor woman's house, who was busily employed in the act of grinding corn for flour-bread, and who was doubtless not a little astonished at the emersion into her solitary chamber of such subterranean visitants. *Id.*

A WORD OR TWO ON AN ODD PHRASE.

For the Olio.

Notwithstanding *Miladi Morgan* has given to the world a good deal of that description of writing which should have remained for ever within the hallowed recesses of her ladyship's portfolio, I will not deny that she has put on record some undeniable truths. Although many of the anecdotes in her “Book of the Boudoir” are “fit only for the tea-table of some Tabby,” yet there are among the contents of that work some facts and opinions with which I confess myself much pleased, and with which I entirely coincide. Her observations upon the phrase “nobody's enemy but his own” are those of a woman who has experienced its utter want of truth. The man to whom this phrase may be applied is absolutely dangerous to society. Can he be depended upon?—no; how then can he be his own enemy only? If such a being were *never trusted*, he would, of course, be harmless; but when we reflect how often such a man may have an opportunity of abusing the trust reposed in him, we shall agree with Lady Morgan that he is a pest to society at large.

He is “nobody's enemy but his own” who borrows money of his friends to spend with idle and dissolute companions; he it is who, while enjoying the reputation of a high-spirited and generous fellow, is preparing himself for a situation which might excite the pity of a slave, and is bringing upon himself one of the greatest of earthly curses—poverty. Can it be supposed that such a man, when reduced to beggary, will call philosophy to his aid, and combat with temptation?—no; how then can he be his own enemy alone? In making those remarks I would not be thought to uphold the character of the miser: I abhor, with all my soul, the stingy and avaricious man, but I consider him less dangerous to society because every one knows him to be

destitute of kindness or sympathy for his fellows; while the other, like an *ignis fatuus*, lures many to their destruction—runs through a life of riot and dissipation, involves his family, kindred and friends in one common ruin, and dies unpitied and, almost, unforgiven? A.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,
M. W. of Windsor.

ARAB WISDOM.

The Arabians have a saying, It is not good to jest with God, death, or the devil: for the first neither can nor will be mocked; the second mocks all men one time or another; and the third puts an eternal sarcasm on those that are too familiar with him.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.

Some have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying *give*, implying a demand of something due; and others, amongst whom is the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon word *dunon*, to *clamour*. Both are wrong. The origin of the word is simply this:—In the reign of Henry VII. a famous bailiff, named Joe Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, *Why don't you Dun him?*—that is, *Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?* And hence the custom of calling a person who presses another for the payment of money, a *Dun*.

TERAPHIMS.

They are translated by the Greeks, 'Idols,' by the Chaldees, 'Images.'—Laban called them 'his gods.' The heathen consulted them as declarers, or manifesters, of hidden things, and others considered them as healers of diseases. By inquiring what were the Teraphims an ancient Rabbine replies, that "they killed a man that was a first-born son, and took off his head and salted it with salt and with oil, and wrote upon a plate of gold the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the tongue thereof; and set it up on a wall, and lighted candles before it, and bowed themselves down to it, and it spake to them, as it is written, 'The Teraphims have spoken vanity.'"

P.R.J.

A GARMENT OF DESIRE.

This garment signified a 'goodly, sweet, precious robe,' or 'fairy stole,' which was of great beauty, long and loose, and worn by distinguished men. It was handed down to posterity as an heir-loom by the mother of the family, and kept in sweet chests from moth and rust. In accordance with this custom, Isaac is said 'to have smelled the smell of his garments.'

Customs of Various Countries.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. ANTHONY.

Mr. Jas. Paul Cobbett, in his amusing *Journal of a Tour in Italy*, thus describes the celebration of the festival of Saint Anthony, which he witnessed at Rome on the 14th of June, 1829.

"To-day is the festival of Saint Anthony, and a procession took place this afternoon in honour of the saint. Holydays and religious processions are very frequent here. 'Le Feste,' said a tailor to me yesterday, 'sono la rovina dell' artista'—(the holydays are the ruin of the artist!)—especially, said I, of those artists who are lazy on working days. The processions are sometimes of great length, and the persons forming them walk through the principal streets of the town; there is a banner with the picture of the particular saint upon it, which is carried in front, and following it are the banners of other saints, images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, crosses, &c. There is always an immense cross, borne by one man alone, which is just as much in weight as to require the whole of one man's strength to support and balance it. The monks and friars join in the processions, the different orders walking separately, one after another.

The Romans were much disappointed this year by the death of the late Pope Leo XII., which prevented their having any *carnival*. It seems that he was not at all popular; and, whatever the people might think of him, he could not have mortified them in any way so much as by *dying* just at the time when he did. Accordingly, he was no sooner dead but the Romans assailed him in their own peculiar way, that is, with a *pasquinade*:

"Tre dispetti ci festi, O Padre Santo:
Accetare il papato—viver tanto—
Morir di carnival per esser pianto!"

[In three ways hast thou offended us,
O Holy Father: in accepting the

papacy,—in living so long, and in dying at Carnival-time, in order to be lamented.]

THE PROCESSION OF CORPUS DOMINI.

Four days after witnessing the doings above described, our author beheld the following scene. He says "at this great ceremony, which took place at St. Peter's, there were thousands of country people present. The Pope was carried from the church round the Colonnade in front of St. Peter's, and back again to the altar, the bishops, cardinals, and priests of different degrees, and the monks and friars, dressed in their various costumes, following in the train. His Holiness was borne on a platform on which he was in a kneeling attitude, leaning on a cushion, and holding in his hands the host. There were temporary stands erected in front of the houses of the piazza, and every window was crowded. Great numbers of ladies, splendidly attired in the costumes of different neighbourhoods. The fineness of this climate, the clear sky, and the brilliant sun, contribute very much to the effect of these grand forms of festivity: how would such things be at Saint Paul's, on a misty day, compared with what they are here!"

Anecdottiana.

THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY.

Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to Europe many years together, confessed to P. du Moulin, that being forced upon many irregularities in his life-time by that which they call *reasons of state*, he could not tell how to satisfy his conscience upon several accounts; and being asked one day by a friend, why he was so sad? he answered, "The soul is a serious thing; it must be either sad here for a moment, or be sad for ever."

AFFECTION'S TRIUMPH.

The Emperor Conrad, when he besieged Guelpho, Duke of Bavaria, would not accept of any other conditions than that the men should remain prisoners; but that the women might go out of the town, without violation of their honour, on foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them: which was no sooner known, than they contrived presently to carry out upon their shoulders their husbands and children, and even the duke himself.—

The emperor was so affected with the generosity of the action, that he treated the duke and his people, ever after, with great humanity.

ANECDOTE OF THE HISTORY OF THE GWYDIR FAMILY.

Catharine, dowager of Henry V. and daughter of Charles VI. of France, fell in love with, and married Owen Tudor. His family was objected to as disgraceful by the nobles, upon which the Queen desired to see some of his kinsmen. He brought to her presence John ap Meredith, and Howell ap Llewellyn ap Howell, his near cousins, men of goodly stature and personage, but wholly destitute of bringing-up and nurture; for when the Queen had spoken to them in divers languages, and they were not able to answer her, she said that they were the *goodliest dumb creatures* she had ever seen!

THE BLESSINGS OF VIRTUE.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity.

FRIENDSHIP.

Cicero used to say—That it was no less an evil for a man to be without a friend, than to have the heavens without a sun. And Socrates thought friendship the sweetest possession, and that no soil yielded pleasanter fruit than a true friend.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

Advises mankind to use a mathematical sieve, to sift impertinencies and superfluities out of their discourse, and out of their writings, and also to avoid excrescences.

AN ORTHODOX TEXT.

The first time that Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge, after his election for the University, all the *clerical host* were, as might be expected, gaping for *lawn sleeves*, and other good things in the gift of their representative. Dr. — preached before the young Premier, from the following text:—"There is a *lad here*, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many."

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, January 10.

*St. Marcian, High Water 26m after 11 morn
52m after 11 After.*

Jan. 10, 1724.—Anniversary of the abdication of Philip the Fifth of Spain. This sovereign had scarcely attained his 41st year, when he surrendered his crown and government to his eldest son Don Louis, and retired to the Castle of Balsin with the Queen, his confessor, and his favourite minister, to devote himself to religion. Don Louis, however, reigned only seven months, and died without leaving any issue by his wife Louisa Elizabeth of Orleans. In consequence of the death of Louis I. Philip yielded to the reiterated solicitations of his subjects, and re-ascended the throne, causing his remaining son Ferdinand, to be proclaimed King of Asturias, or presumptive heir to the throne.

Tuesday, January 11.

*St. Theodosius, A. D. 399—Sun rises 57m after
7—set 3m after 4*

Jan. 11, 1724.—To day the Emperor of China issued his first edict against the propagation of the Christian Religion; by which the Catholic Missionaries were expelled the Empire, notwithstanding that they had to plead in their favour two edicts of the Emperor Kang-Hi; one of which was dated in the year 1692, when the Jesuits first endeavoured to establish themselves in China. The expulsion was occasioned by disputes which had arisen among the Missionaries themselves with regard to the honours paid by the Chinese to their ancestors and to Confucius; some regarding the ceremonies merely as civil rites, and permitting their disciples to practise them, others prohibiting them as idolatrous.

Wednesday, January 12.

*St. Elred, 1109—High Water 0h 41m Morn.
1h 5m Aftern.*

Jan. 12, 1553.—Behooded on this day, the amiable, the learned, and innocent ussress, Lady Jane Grey, after a confinement of five months in that part of the Tower of London known as the Beauchamp Tower. This unfortunate lady had the pity even of Queen Mary; and probably would not have suffered, but for the imprudent insurrection of the Duke of Suffolk. She fell on the same spot as Anna Boleyn, and died with the most invincible fortitude. As she was conducted to the block, she met the headless body of her husband, decapitated just before on Tower Hill.

Thursday, January 13.

*St. Veronica—Sun rises 55m after 7—sets
5m after 4.*

Jan. 13, 857.—Expired the Saxon King Ethelwolf, after a reign of twenty years, leaving behind him four sons and one daughter, who was married to Buthred, King of Mercia. At the time of Ethelwolf's death, Ethelbald, his eldest son, was already in the possession of Wessex; Ethelbert, the second son, had for his share of the kingdom, Kent, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex, comprised under the name of Kent; but Ethelred and Alfred were but ill provided for till they ascended the throne. The subject of our notice was buried at Steining in Sussex.

Friday, January 14.

*St. Hilary, A. D. 368—New Moon 37m after
1 Morn.*

Jan. 14, 1830.—Died after an illness of five days set at 61, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the

Royal Academy. Sir Thomas was justly considered the most distinguished painter of the age, especially in one branch of the art—that of portrait painting. In this he certainly was unrivalled, and his reputation and success were not incommensurate with his great merit. The characteristics of his style were brilliancy of colour, and a delicate mode of conveying a faithful resemblance, with an exquisitely beautiful sense of grace and effect.

Saturday, January 15.

*St. Maurus—High Water 49m after 2 morn.
7m after 3 Aftern*

Jan. 15, 1795.—On this day, the Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, and his family, in consequence of the successes of the French, were obliged to leave the Hague, and effect their escape to England, where they arrived on the 21st of the same month. They sailed from Helvoetsluys and landed at Harwich.

Sunday, January 23.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

*Lessons for the Day—51 chap. Isaiah, morn.
33 chapter Isaiah, Even. 5 Priars Minors
Martyrs.*

These friars were of the Mendicant Order of St. Francis of Assescuri, called Franciscans or White Friars. The five recorded to day were killed by a Moorish King; and their remains are preserved in the monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra.

Jan. 16, 1830.—Expired at Batsford Park, Gloucestershire, Lord Redesdale, after a short illness. His lordship was born on the 18th of August, 1741. Early in life, when Mr. Mitford, he entered as a member of Lincoln's Inn. In due time, he was called to the bar; and in 1788, was returned Member of Parliament for a borough in the west of England. About 1790, he was appointed Solicitor General, and received the honour of knighthood; and in a few years afterwards he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; and in a few months afterwards was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and created Baron Redesdale. His lordship married in 1803, Lady Frances Percival, daughter of the Earl of Egremont. His lordship was always considered a very high legal authority, in appeals and committees of the House of Lords. The benevolent measure of affording relief to men in a state of insolvency, originated entirely with his lordship; and, however much the privilege may have been abused by fraudulent individuals, the insolvent debtors' laws will be a lasting monument of the philanthropy of Lord Redesdale.

Monday, January 17.

*St. Nilgithe, English virgin—sun rises 50m
after 7—sets 10m after 4.*

Jan. 17, 1701.—Coronation of the Elector Frederick III. as first King of Prussia. The ceremony took place at Koningsburg, and Frederick placed the crown on his head himself. The Electress was crowned at the same time.

Tuesday, January 18.

*St. Prisca, virgin, A. D. 375—High Water
45m after 4 Morn, 5m after 5 Aftern.*

Jan. 18, 1719.—Died Sir Samuel Garth, an excellent poet and physician, and author of a most admirable satire, called "The Dispensary." He was born in Yorkshire.

*Vols. I. to VI. are now ready, with 170 Engravings, Price £2 6s. 6d. extra
bds. Also Part XL. containing Six Numbers.*

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. III.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Jan. 22. 1831.



See page 35

Illustrated Article.

TREGURTHA :

A LEGEND IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT CELTO-CORNISH.

By J. F. Pennie.

Author of the 'Tale of a Modern Genius.'

FOR THE OLIO.

Who comes from the hill of the Logan, the stone of divination, the holy circle, the cromlech of sacrifice? It is Tregurtha, the blue-eyed maiden, bright as the ruddy beams of the dawn, beautiful as the opening roses of summer, bathed in the pearly dews of morning. She returns to the strong towers of Tintagel, to the sea-encompassed palace of the kings of the west, to the residence of Dungerth, her sire.

The dungeons of her father's castle have echoed to the death-cry of the prisoner, his hands have been stained with the blood of the captive! therefore her feet, white as the down of swans, have pressed, unsandalled, the mire, and crimsoned with their blood the sharp flint. In pilgrimage hath she travelled

to the awful groves of CARN BREH, there to offer sacrifice for Dungerth on the high-places of the sun, and obtain the prayers of the holy Druids for success on the arms of her lover and her sire.

Darkness hath fallen on the sea, and night covers the mountain as with a thick pall. The waning moon rises in the east, and flings a feeble light across the rough surges of the ocean. The skin-covered currach of the fisherman moves up and down on the rolling billow, as he casts his net for the conger into the midnight wave. His torch flashes like a wandering meteor on a wild and lonely heath, flinging on the sea-foam a ruddy light, while dismally roar the hoarse breakers in the caverns beneath the castle.

War-trumpetings sound from the heathy hills of Bossinie. The horn of the chief of Tintagel rings through the caverns of the cliffs, the banner of Dungerth floats dimly in the wan moon-beam; 'tis stained with the life-stream of the slain. His huge shield gleams feebly to the affrighted star of night—'tis red with the blood of the invading

Roman. Tregurtha descends from her inner chamber in the lofty tower of her father's fortress; she hasteth to meet the Prince of Tintagel: she flies across the court of the palace; the watchmen open the iron-gates at her approach: she crosses the narrow bridge which leads from the isle of the castle to meet her stern father's embrace. Sorrow and indignation rest on his dark brow, he clashes his terrible cly-more* on the thick bosses of his mighty buckler, while his faithful war-dog, that sits beside him in his battle-chariot, howls to the shout of the warrior's return.

The bands of Dungerth enter the tower of his strength disordered and weary. The joy of victory flashes not from their eyes, the song of triumph breaks not from their lips. Few are the downcast chiefs that stand around the lord of Tintagel, and sad leans his favourite Bard on his silent harp. The eye of Tregurtha wandered through the crowd of warriors, like a bright star seen amid the passing storms of autumn. O, virgin daughter of Dungerth, he whom thou seekest is not returned!—Cold he lies on the hills of Cathmorna, where the wolf is howling to the moon o'er the slain. And shall the brave Pencarmo fold thee no more in his warm embrace! Shalt thou behold no more his blue eyes shedding rays of delight on thy beauty, like the young sun illuming the dew-drops on the leaves of the summer rose?

Chief of the line of Tregoza, the valiant Pencarmo, he followed the prince of Kernew to battle, and fought bravely beneath the banners of Tintagel. He met sword to sword the proud king of ships, the monarch of the world, on the wilds of Cathmorna. The roar of combat was as the war of ocean round the rocks of the western Islands of Tin, when the tempest walks forth in its strength at midnight! the clashing of the brazen arms terrible as the rushing of the mountain surge into the deep chasms of Kynance! dreadful as the voice of the thunder-cloud amid the storm-shook and craggy heights of *Carn Breh!*

He fought bravely, the gallant Pencarmo, like the lion of the desert assailed by the hunter's spear! but his chariot was overthrown in the midst of the foe; the sword entered his bosom, and he fell a hero in battle covered with wounds! He lies stretched on his shield; his flowing locks are steeped in gore! The brand of the Roman

prevailed; the battle is lost, and the grim bear of the heath, and the wolf of the forest, are feasting on the slain.

Dungerth descended to the banquet of shells in the halls of Tintagel, where the warriors of Kernew hung up their shields, and strong bows of steel and yew. But joy was not a guest at the silent feast of the chiefs. Care and sorrow pervaded the soul of Dungerth, and the harp of the mournful Bard rung with the hapless fall of the bravest heroes of Kernew, who fought unavailingly for their country's freedom, against the proud stranger from beyond the sea.

Alas! the maiden of woe, the beautiful Tregurtha, is disconsolate and sad, and refuseth comfort; she rends her dark-curling tresses, and flings them on the winds in despair! The voice of lamentation sounds through the lofty chambers of Tintagel.

Tregurtha is lost! Her father, the hoary-headed King of Cornubia, sits desolate in his tower of strength, a prey to many sorrows. Unearthly yells ring through his palace; he starts aghast from his midnight pillow, and beholds the captive's blood-stained spectre glide through his lofty chamber!

But where is the hapless maiden of Tintagel? Hath the fierce wolf devoured her on the mountain of the slain? or doth the remorseless ocean roll her dark billows o'er her sea-weed bier?

What form of paleness and woe sits beside the rock of the mountain circle? 'Tis the daughter of Dungerth—'tis the love crazed maiden, whose tuneful voice is heard on the midnight desert, as she tells the stars her hapless tale, and awakens the echoes of the moonlight forest with wild lays of melodious sorrow.

Lonely, silent, and desolate, is the awful mountain of sacrifice, the hill of *CARN-BREH*, the temple of death! The Druids are returned to their sacred cells. Her hair is wet with the white mists, for the clouds of midnight repose on the mountain. She sits by the red cromlech, the altar of human victims.

The winds sound through the rustling forest that girds the hill of magic, and the wild spirits of night shriek amid its gloomy shades! the rock of divination, — the enchanted Logan, moves to and fro to the hollow blast! dim shadowy shapes of horror hover o'er its cloudy top, and dip their wings in the rock-basins filled with victim

* Pennant.

blood! Tregurtha, unheeded of all around, decks her tresses with the purple heath-flower, while her voice of lamentation mingles with the song of the winds, like a love-touched harp, on the murmuring shores of the moon-illumined deep. The wolf listens in silence afar off—he snuffs the air for his prey, then makes the echoes of the mountain-gorge reply to his angry howlings. The spirits of the departed, whose blood hath been poured forth like water on the stone of death, glide around the lovely mourner, and listen to the disconsolate wailings of her who refuseth to be comforted.

A storm comes rushing on, and wraps the sacred hill in its skirts. Wild and solemn music floats along the dark sky, and comes sweetly over the wood of oaks in the low lapses of the wind. The vision of human sacrifice passes in all its terrible solemnities before her. The vast cromlech trembles over her head! the spectre captive mounts the dreadful altar, his shrieks ring in her ears, the grim shade of the arch-druid brandishes the knife of slaughter, and the bardic harp flings the witch-notes over the mountain of death! The tempest redoubles its roaring—she rushes in terror from the scene.

The youthful prince Derwin comes forth from his strong-hold, his lofty war town, the ancient Phœnician palace of his fathers, on the mountain of Dunheved.* The horns of the hunters fling their shrill music on the morning winds floating round the thymy hills of the Atterie, where the pipe of the herd-groom sounds sweetly as he sits on the solitary cairn, the ancient monument of the dead. The wolf-dog bays with gladness as he leaps around the heels of the eager charger, and the white hounds are joyously clamorous for the merry chase.

The chief of the royal hawks, the Penhebygdd, who sits near the prince at the banquet of mead, whose stirrup, when he returns from the field, laden with the spoils of his warrior-birds, the king holdeth as he dismounts at the palace-gates, and whose entrance in the hall of shields, the king, from his regal footstool of power, ariseth to greet, this honoured chief of the palace now brings forth his well-trained hawks, whose silver bells, as they flutter their wide-spread pinions, sound pleasantly

in concert with the musical chorus of the fleet-footed hounds.

Prince Derwin descended from his circular palace on the hill; the sports of the chase invite him to the freshly waving forest, the valley, and the mountain, he vaults nimbly on his prancing steed, whose mane is white as the untrod snows on the peaks of Craiganeryri, and whose tail streams on the winds like the foaming cataract that tumbles from the dark rocks of Penmorvan. The princely hunter rushes on in his strength and his glory, with all his jocund train, to the woods of Tormotha.

The birds are singing sweetly on the green banks of the Atterie that flows beneath the lofty towers of Dunheved, the ancient palace of kings. The morning winds breathe melody and fragrance in its leafy groves, and the golden-spotted trout leaps gladly in the sun-beam. There wandered a damsel bewildered and sad, plucking the daffodils and yellow cowslips that embroidered the pleasant margin of the winding stream. Her voice sounded through the alder groves like the song of the widowed nightingale.

Prince Derwin, as he returned with his merry hunters from the chase, beheld Tregurtha on the violet banks of the Atterie, and love touched his noble heart. He bore her to the high chambers of his tower, to the bannered halls of Dunheved, which rung with feasting and mirth, with the songs of ancient bards, and the joy-inspiring tones of the harp. But pleasure beamed not in her eye, nor gladness visited her soul. Six months stole away, and reason dawned once more on the darkness of her mind, like the star of night gilding the wild billows of the wintry sea.

Prince Derwin sought her love, but he sought in vain; her heart could not feel a second flame. She sighed to become a vestal Druidess, a holy sister of the consecrated groves, and young Derwin the brave, full of honour, yielded mournfully to her request.

The upswelling flames of the BEALTINE, on the lofty cairns of the mountains, illumine the evening skies of May. Deep amid the oaken woods of CARN BREH, the stately *Tree of Magic* is sprinkled with the blood of victims, and adorned with wreaths of mistletoe, vervain, fox-glove, ruplea, and other sacred plants.

The harps of the azure-vested bards chaunt the rapturous hymn of consecration to the gods; the Druids in their

* Launceston, the keep towers of which are of Phœnician architecture.

rainbow-coloured garments, gleaming with gold, march in solemn procession round the inner rampart of the lofty circle of worship, and the mysterious dance of the vestal Druidesses is begun in many windings about the altar, and along the avenue of the temple of rocks. A white bull is led to the altar of sacrifice; Tregurtha appears with her down-cast sire, amid a long train of Cornubian maidens; she is led by the arch-priest to the central pillar of consecration. Pure water from the sacred fountain of Melcom, and blood from the rock-basin, is brought, and the lustration performed by the priestess of the Sun. The dreadful mysterious words are about to be pronounced, which binds the maiden of Tintagel a perpetual vestal of the sacred groves!

Who rushes down the avenue of rude pillars in splendid armour, like a mountain cataract flashing over its dark rocks in the light of the morning? The tall warrior flings his painted shield on the ground, and Tregurtha, shrieking at his appearance, faints in the arms of her father.

Is it the spectre of Pencarmo risen from its gory grave, that forbids the solemn rites to proceed? No, it is Pencarmo himself! who was found bleeding amid the slain, and borne by the noble Roman to his castrum on the hills of the Danmonii. The captive warrior is released, loaded with honours, and the tears of Tregurtha are dried in the arms of her lover.

Again the voice of mirth is heard in the strong tower of Tintagel. The banquet is prepared in the halls of Dungerth. The flames of love dart from the eyes of Pencarmo, which are reflected in Tregurtha's, like sun-beams in the blue lake of Lynher.

The marriage-hymn resounds over the deep waters of ocean, who joins with a voice of thunder the full chorus of love. The horn of rejoicing is filled to the brim, and the loud din of bridal revelry echoes from rock to rock along the sea-worn caverns and rugged cliffs of Tintagel.

Rogvald Cottage, Jan. 6, 1831.

ELEGY

BY A HALF-PAY OFFICER.

Occhi piangete, accompagnate 'l cuore—PET.

The Horse Guards toll the knell of parting day,
The bleak blast whistles through each leafless tree;

Tired Cockneys homeward bend their weary way,
And leave the Park to darkness and to me.

Now all around is hush'd in deep repose :
Soft warbling sparrows tune their notes no more ;

The drowsy watchman mumbles as he goes
Slow to his post, another hour to snore ;

Save where yon sentry, near Spring-Garden gate

Doth to the Serjeant of the Guard complain
Of tardy Corp'ral ever seeming late,
And cries, ' Turn out Relief,' in clam'rous strain.

Sleep free of care—a bliss to me denied,
Oppress'd by pensive thoughts on days gone past,

When youth and full-pay taught the hours to glide,
And easy gaiety impell'd their haste.

When, with the lark, I rose at early morn,
To tread the windings of the mazy drill;
Roused by the well known sound of bugle-horn,
Sound which, in fancy's ear, awakes me still.

Then the Parade, or Guard, or smart Review,
The flowing banner, martial music's strain;
The Gen'ral deck'd in scarlet's brightest hue,
With prancing staff, and Beauty in his train.

How my full heart has throbb'd as o'er the ground

I've frequent moved amid the splendid show!
In open column, pacing slowly round,
With port erect, and sword saluting low.

Shade of GREAT STANHOPE! sure thy spirit mild

Had own'd, in camps the graces best take root,

Hadst on a birth-day seen thy fav'rite child
March past—a Captain in a Corps of Foot.

Yet, what are these?—Quick gleams that pass
and cloy,

Glitter of arms, proud pomp, and glare of dress!

Pure happiness and true convivial joy,
Your focus is a Regimental Mess.

That scene where festive Pleasure holds her Court;

Where rank and face official laid aside,
Give place to frolic flow—to mirthful sport.
To sounding screw, and fork and knife well plied;

Where oft the ' thrice-told tale,' by Homer blamed,

Still sets the table in a gen'ral roar;
Or bastard wit, by puny punster framed,
Puts gravity to flight in wild uproar.

Where the stern Commandant's stale thread-bare joke

Daily both Majors of a grin beguiles;
While the hoarse Adjutant, with lungs on cock,
Lets off in horse-laugh when the Colonel smiles.

When all's discuss'd by all in various ways—
' Tactics, new Novels, Beauty's power divine,
Fair Ladies' favours, Balls, Appointments,
Plays,
Dogs, Horses, Metaphysics, War and Wine.

Perchance, Gazettes and Brevets,—endless field

Of argument, start wagers or debates,
Some sage, in Army Lists profoundly skill'd,
Traces all pedigrees, all steps, all dates.

Or past campaigns the well pleased ear regale,
The applause of listening Ensigns to command;

Column and square, siege, storm in turn prevail,
War in *Peninsula*, and battles gain'd.

Should vet'ran, brown'd beneath both Indies' shies,
 Tell of mosquitoes, tigers, griffins, snakes;
 With echoing tale, some hoary Sub replies,
 Painting cold Canada's wild woods & lakes;
 Where, 'midst eternal snows, for years confined,
 His life had pass'd in joyless fort remote;
 One drear, unvaried moonshine of the mind,
 'The world forgetting—by the world forgot.'
 From Mess retired, with *first allowance*
 fraught,
 Haply by sadd'ning thought of wine-bill
 move!'
 The cheerful Home of barrack-room is sought,
 To muse on drill, romance or fair beloved.
 There clean the hearth is swept, the neat
 camp bed
 Is placed in corner by the bright fire's blaze,
 And dressing-gown, with slippers green or red,
 The expecting servant all in order lays.
 What though no gilded cornice, raised with
 cost,
 Carpets nor hangings the rough chamber
 wears;
 Furnish'd by Royal bounty, it can boast
 One regulation table and two chairs.
 Lo, here and there, on white-wash'd wall, the
 eye,
 Caricature, or map, or print beholds,
 And trunks do double duty, while on high
 Hang belt with sword, and sash in graceful
 folds.
 Though thinly scatter'd Fortune's gifts appear,
 Content finds competence; and Hope and
 Fame,
 In honour's path, th' advancing soldier cheer—
 Glory his only idol, end, and aim.
 These were thy joys, Full-pay, and these the
 scenes
 Which aching mem'ry fondly loves to trace;
 Ere spent with grief, o'erwhelm'd by dark cha-
 grins,
 I sunk with thousands of Mars' ill-starr'd
 race;
 When grim Reduction, arm'd with scythe and
 glass,
 Mow'd down battalions with unsparring
 hands:
 As Summer swains lay low the meadow's grass,
 So Peace spreads ruin through our warlike
 bands!
 Ah, me! how chang'd my fortune, form, and
 fare!
 The gay laced suit for dingy gray impure;
 The barrack-room for attic up three pair,
 The Mess for *Bedford Chop-house*—dive
 obscure!
 Vain are Memorials, by no Member's voice
 Or interest back'd—'the idle tones of truth!
 Can smiles at levees bid the heart rejoice?
 Will hope the dull cold ear of Half-pay
 soothe?
 Hope of recall, employment—empty dreams!
 Too long indulg'd, here let me pluck ye
 forth;
 Oh, FASHION! warm as are thy sunny
 beams,
 Thy frowns pierce keener than the biting
 North.
 And when, at length, by dire misfortune
 search'd,
 Estate in Craig's Court, cash and credit fail,
 Some neighb'ring poet, high in garret perch'd,
 May thus, in friendly moan, my fate bewail:

* These lines were penned ere the decease
 of 'The Soldier's Friend.'

EPIGRAPH.

Here rests his head, within the dread King's
 Bench,
 A youth to Tailors and to Bailiffs known;
 In field or fashion nought his zeal could quench
 Early a Standard mark'd him for its own.
 Bright was his gorget, and his garters spruce!
 Last at the Mess, and first upon Parade;
 To female heart he ne'er gave peace or truce,
 Fondly caress'd by widow, wife, and maid.
 One morn, an Order from the Horse Guards
 came,
 Nor at guard-mounting nor Parade was he!
 Alas! Half-pay had blasted hope, rank, name,
 Turning to sighs and tears his mirth and
 glee.
 Soon duns assail'd him, and the cross-legg'd
 tribes,
 Leagu'd with attorneys, hasten'd his sad
 end;
 Yet Fame, with all his faults, this truth in-
 scribes,—
 He loved his lass, his bottle, and his friend.
United Service Jour.

GRAVITY AND GAITY.

FOR THE OLIO.

When Montaigne saw his end ap-
 proaching, he called his daughter-in-
 law to his bedside, and after sundry
 admonitions, assured her that a wo-
 man's surest safeguard was *gravity*.
 This was a just and sensible remark to
 a young French girl, but it will not
 apply to English women. I dislike
levity in females, but I by no means
 like to see them always grave; it is in
 most cases a sign that the mind is va-
 cant. Neither am I inclined to think
 men of gravity at all remarkable for
 clearness of intellect. The Turks are
 a proverbially grave people, and yet
 for a nation which has so much inter-
 course with its neighbours, they rank
 but low in the scale of intellect. Mirth
 is a relief to great minds after suffering
 from toil and study. All great men
 have delighted to unbend themselves
 upon occasion; even Cromwell could
 descend to frolic with his troopers, and
 many of our kings, who have shown
 their courage in the field and their wis-
 dom in the council, have not hesitated to
 'play the fool.' Hence, probably, arose
 the saying that "it requires a wise
 man to play the fool." The man who
 can cry at the representation of a tra-
 gedy, is complimented for his fine feel-
 ings, while another, who laughs till his
 sides ache at the humours of a bur-
 lesque or a pantomime, is ridiculed for
 his want of taste. To conclude; there
 is more *sincerity* in mirth and laugh-
 ter, than in sadness and weeping.
 Tears are, indeed, "deceitful water,"
 and can easily be brought to the assist-
 ance of the hypocrite, but no man can
 imitate the spontaneous burst of feeling
 conveyed in a genuine ha! ha! ha!—A.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

WHEN Admiral John Willet Payne, of facetious memory, was first lieutenant of the * *, at that time commanded by the very eccentric Captain James, or, as he was more usually called, Jemmy Ferguson, there often occurred scenes between these two extraordinary characters of so ludicrous a nature, that they not only relieved the monotony of the ship's daily routine of duty in port, but seemed to cheer, by their repetition, many a dull hour at sea, and to arouse the hearty laugh of those to whom they were recounted on board the other ships of the fleet, who all highly enjoyed the practical jokes the senior lieutenant presumed to play off on his hot-headed but warm-hearted commander, while they were equally astonished at the address by which he escaped the punishment his wit and temerity but too often richly merited. One of those feats of dexterity, the genuine offspring of his ever fertile mind, occurred shortly after the breaking up of the frost in the ice-bound harbour of Halifax, where the frigate had been laid up for the winter.

Before she sailed, it was determined by the inhabitants to add one concluding ball to the festivities that had reigned throughout the dreary months of the past year, as a friendly farewell to the officers of the ship, with whom they had lived in an uninterrupted course of hospitality. Preparations were therefore made on a more than usually splendid scale, to render this last fete the most brilliant of all, and invitations were soon after sent on board, and were joyfully accepted. But it so happened that, on the appointed day, Capt. Ferguson and his mad-brained lieutenant had several high words on some trifling occasion, which proceeded, as customary, to epithets of no measured description on the part of the enraged commander, and of calm ironical retort on that of his officer; and as the superior considered his dignity would be more compromised in acknowledging the impropriety of his foul language than in using it, (a very common error,) so he would not condescend to apologise; neither would the inferior yield the point relative to his impertinent presumption and sarcastic replies, both continuing to remain in a temporary state of hostility and cross-purposes, no uncommon case with them.

As the wished-for evening advanced, the Captain, having had leisure to dress himself for the gay scene of revelry and dance, came suddenly on deck, ordered his barge, and at the same time peremptorily directed Meester Payne not to leave the ship on any account whatsoever, but to remain on board, and prepare for sea at daylight. The half-adonized premier, thunderstruck with this despotic and unlooked-for mandate, attempted to remonstrate; but he soon found it was totally in vain, by that infallible token, that ominous sign of settled displeasure, the formal appellation of "Meester Payne; I say, Meester Payne, senlence. Meester Payne, I tull ye, senlence: doe as I tull ye,"—while with importurbable gravity and stateliness he descended into his barge; but no sooner had the boatswain's long, loud crescendo-pipe proclaimed his friend's departure, than Mister Payne, casting a hasty but satisfactory look at his own well-made limbs, already cased in kerseymere and silk, resolved they should not be deprived of the pleasure of exhibiting themselves once more in the mazy dance before they resumed their sea-worthiness; he therefore hastily descended, completed his toilette as a private gentleman, and left the ship in charge of his second, taking care to land at a distance from where the barge had grounded, giving strict orders for the boat's crew not to hold any intercourse whatsoever with the bargemen, and to be ready at a moment's notice; then bending his way towards the assembly-rooms, he requested an interview with the stewards and a few other trusty friends, who had already expressed their surprise at his not appearing, but from the brief and crabbed answers of Captain Ferguson, had easily divined the truth; his unexpected arrival, therefore, gave great pleasure, and they readily agreed to fall in with the humour of his proposal—to personate a stranger from the province, well knowing there was not an individual in the room but would aid in supporting the assumed character, however palpable, as a just revenge for the Captain's ill-humour in depriving them of his officer's company. This preliminary step being taken, he entered the splendid hall of Terpsichore, with that frank, easy, and gallant bearing, which denoted him a true and favoured worshipper at her soul-inspiring shrine. The ladies received his salutations with gracious smiles, the gentlemen with hearty congratulations,

being all of them secretly apprised by the stewards with the reason for his adopting plain clothes.

During his *entree*, and the friendly greetings of the company, he was unnoticed by his Commander, who had entered into a profound dissertation with the Collector of the Customs, on the comparative merits of Scotch haddock and Newfoundland codfish; but no sooner had the new-comer began to flourish away one of the gayest of the throng, than his eagle-eye caught the well-known symmetry and light step of his very obedient first officer. An involuntary feeling of amazement caused him to half rise from his seat, but a momentary doubt, as Payne partially escaped his view while turning his fair partner, as quickly reseated him again; but although the Collector earnestly attempted to recal his attention, it was in vain. Scotland and its salting superiority, the fish and their unrivalled good qualities, were as far and as free from his thoughts, as they were themselves in the bleak northern seas, or on the misty banks of Terra Nuova. His ears, his eyes, his every sense was too insensibly fixed on the real or ideal form of the gay Lothario, now arrived at the head of the set immediately opposite, and within a few yards of himself. He could no longer restrain the forcible impulse that urged him to utter his rage and astonishment, with a convulsive bound he sprang on his feet, and in nearly breathless accent, exclaimed, "By ——! look, te's him, mon! te's Payne! that rascal Payne! haw dar he come here!" and was hastening to a personal attack, when his friend the Collector, the stewards, and others, quickly interposed, and mildly enquired what excited his indignation? "Why, don't ye see, don't ye see that scoundrel Payne?"—"Where, my dear Sir?" said those around, affecting to look in the direction indicated. "Why, there to be sure, at the head of the dance, wei that bonny lassie for a partner;" at the same time advancing in despite of every effort to restrain his impetuosity.

Payne, who was fully prepared, received his first salutation with the greatest *sang-froid*, begging to know (in a well-feigned-tone) whom he had the honour to listen to; at the same time declaring his entire surprise at so rude an address from a perfect stranger. "Weel," said Ferguson, "if e'er in aw my life did I see such impudence! What, not kna yer awn

Captain, ye d——d dog? Didna I tull ye, ye munna come here, and be d——d to ye! out aw the room; on board we ye instantly, and get the ship ready for sea."—"My dear Sir," replied the incorrigible, "your discourse is quite a riddle, you are mistaken in my person, I assure you, Sir! I have neither the honour of knowing you or the Mister Payne you mention; and as to a ship, I was scarcely ever on board one in my life." Lost in utter amazement, Ferguson could hardly refrain from laying hold of the daring impostor; the whole assembly had by this time collected around this diverting scene; and knowing the parties, and the precautions taken to prevent a disagreeable *denouement*, they enjoyed in the highest degree so rich a treat, being barely able to restrain their laughter, while they listened to the following continuation of this extraordinary dialogue; Ferguson nearly choked with rage, while Payne was as calm and collected as a Stoic. "Why, are you not Payne, you rascal? are ye not him? Can ye, dare ye deny it to my face, d—n ye; tell me that, I say!"—"You are, Sir, in an egregious error, and I regret much your importunities and ill-manners should lead you to annoy me, and interrupt the reigning harmony;" then, making a profound bow, resumed his *nonchalance*. "Deed ye ever see the like of his confounded impertinence!" said Ferguson, turning to the company. "Why ye aw ken him as weel as I do myself! look on him, and say is not that my own Payne? Speak an ye would that I should nae burst!" The company thus appealed to, readily acknowledged the resemblance in form and features, but at the same time declared the voice was materially different, and, moreover, that the gentleman's declaration clearly and absolutely negatived the presumption.

But as it was too evident, (however distinct the gentleman was from Mr. Payne, in the pretended opinions of all present) no persuasion could remove the thorough conviction from Captain Ferguson's mind that they were one and the same individual, the company were therefore content to entreat his present forbearance, and to permit the dancing to proceed without farther altercation, hinting, that if the gentleman was not really Mr. Payne, he was acting very unjustly towards him, and on the other hand, he would know the truth when he returned on board;

these pressing instances, added to the confusion of his mind, caused by excessive exasperation at the effrontery and bold denial of his hopeful right arm, induced him to forego all farther contention, but not until he had shook his head, and fist too, at the provoking *incognito*, muttering between his teeth, "that he'd pay him off when he got on board." This farce being ended, the entertainments were gaily renewed till past midnight, when Ferguson, feeling his anxiety too great to wait for supper, hastily arose, and casting a fierce glance at the new Dromio, was followed by the good wishes of the company as he proceeded with hurried steps to his barge, determined to revenge himself on Payne.

The whole room now resounded with applause, at the success of the stratagem, yet mixed with some apprehensions of the final issue, from which Payne soon relieved them by assurances that he had fully provided for his safety, by sending a trusty messenger to the bargemen, with a guinea in the Captain's name, desiring them to enjoy themselves, as they would not be wanted until daylight; and in consequence of such timely precaution, they were all long since too drunk to be collected before he could get on board in his own boat. But as there was now no time to lose, he bade and received the farewells of all his kind and joyous friends, and hurried down to the landing-place, whence he rowed rapidly off to the ship. To hoist up the jolly-boat, and change his ball-dress for his uniform, was but the work of a few minutes, and long before the barge came alongside, he was on deck to receive his impatient and furious Captain, whose face and gestures exhibited an amazement far surpassing what they had done on shore, when he stepped on deck and beheld his supposed disobedient and mutinous first-lieutenant, with a half-suppressed yawn and rubbing his eyes, waiting *in statu quo*, as if just awoke, and determined by his presence to show a more than usual respect towards his imperious Commander.

When Ferguson could recover the use of his speech, his scarcely articulated words were — "Why, Jock! mon,—why, Jock, is that ye yersel? can it be possible! and have ye ne'er been to the ball?"—"The ball, Sir! how could I go to the ball, when you so positively prohibited my leaving the ship? But, Sir, I beg your pardon—I beg to wave this discourse. I see you are inclined

to be merry at my expense, after depriving me of once more enjoying the company of my friends before our sailing, for which I am certainly excessively obliged to you."—"Why Jock, I am quite bewildered, mon. Zounds, I either saw ye or yer ghaist at the dance—gude Lord deliver us aw, it may have been the de'el himself! how I have abused a gentleman there, thinking aw the while it war ye, ye rogue!"—"Not at all uncommon with you, Sir! and I should not be surprised at some very awkward consequences from your rudeness to a stranger," said Payne, while he secretly chuckled at the evident uncertainty and embarrassment of his Captain, and more so at the complete success of his *ruse*. Nor was it until long after that the truth was told to the old commodore, who being an excellent hearted man, laughed heartily at his rascal Jock's trick, and whom he sincerely forgave from that affectionate regard he always felt, as he declared, towards a scapegrace—but who was at the same time a gentleman and an honour to his profession.

United Service Jour.

SIR MIRTH.

From Chaucer's *Romaunt*.
FOR THE OLIO.

In this delicious spot of ground,
Down by a little path, I found
Beds of young mint and fennel green,
Where Pleasure's lightsome shapes had been,
And flowers, by fancy's airy touch,
Were kiss'd in their soft cradles mach:
And as I sought this happy place,
I saw "Sir Mirth" with all his race;
And he was rich with gaiety,
As methought life and love should be;
And I advanced, with wond'ring eyes,
To see their beauties shine and rise!
Unceasing music bless'd the air
And charm'd the scene, so fresh and fair!
These halcyon rings, in realms so gay,
Sweetly the moments pass'd away,—
For they were like as to my sight,
Fond angels that are feather'd bright. P.

A GLANCE AT TETUAN.

THE town of Tetuan is extensive, and contains about 30,000 inhabitants. From situation, it is the most advantageous spot in the empire of Morocco for extending our commerce with Barbary; but that perpetual obstacle in these kingdoms—the sand-bars at the mouths of the river—does not allow any vessel to enter that of Tetuan of above eighty tons burthen. Tetuan is in the vicinity of the beautiful mountain of Rif, whose miserable half-clad inhabitants are the terror of the town. The guards who accompanied us over

the country refused to enter the mountains, saying, "The Rifians had, on the previous evening, forded the river at dusk, and had carried off some Moorish women from a douar, and would most likely think we were come in search of them."

The view southward of Tetuan reaches along a ridge of the lower Atlas mountains. At sight of this mighty chain, the heart throbs to trace the links whose delightful dyes vie with the bright hues of heaven. The broad expanse over which the eye runs is intersected with vineyard-valleys embosomed between the hills;—in the distance, the mountains shoot their blue heads into the skies, and close the extent of horizon.

To the lover of field-sports, this part of Barbary is a most delightful country; for it is impossible to stir a step without starting game of some species. The Moors have no idea of shooting birds flying, and generally take partridges by hunting them down till they are exhausted. There is no obstacle to sporting here all the year round, save the respect naturally paid by sportsmen to the breeding season: but the great quantity of eggs eaten and exported annually, shew that the Moors have no consideration of this sort. The wild boar, which Mussulmen are not allowed to eat, are here most numerous.

Higher up the coast, towards Oran, the wild antelope and gazelle become plentiful; the latter are not easily domesticated; they never live long when taken from their native woodlands; the beautiful eye and symmetrical form, the jet-black tongue and spicy smell of this delicate little animal, has induced many to endeavour to transplant it, but without effect. Except in a state of nature, it is not choice of its food, and generally dies of indiscriminate feeding.

During our stay here, the whole coast was a scene of indiscriminate activity. A Genoese vessel was waiting outside the bar at the mouth of the river, to take a freight of pilgrims to Alexandria. Detained by adverse winds, the Moors had encamped themselves on the sea-beach. The general equipage which serves them throughout their long pilgrimage (which, with the visit to Medina and Jerusalem, lasts a year), is seldom more than the carpets on which they sleep. Those who cannot afford a marquee, sling one of these carpets across a pole, like a gipsy's tent. A leathern scrip and a small bundle con-

tains the remainder of their necessities.

They are generally under the command of a scherif, who regulates the march of the party when they land. Their method of cooking meat is such as to dispense with the use of many utensils. An oblong square hole is cut in the ground, in which a wood fire is lighted; a stick is then cut of sufficient length to reach across the cavity, upon which the meat is stuck as on a spit, one end of which is twirled by the hand until the joint is well roasted.

The force of the Mahomedan religion is perhaps in no instance so clearly seen, as in the number of votaries it leads to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. From the peasant to the prince all are filled with the same hope, the same wish of performing that pilgrimage which is to smooth their path to the grave, to absolve them from their sins in this world, and to be the means of their salvation in the next. The name of *hadjee* is to them a title of nobility, or reverence, which all are anxious to acquire, and to attain which they will employ the savings of whole years of toil.

A great number of stragglers always join the troop of hadjees on their route to the port of embarkation, and await the moment of the vessel's departure to surround and forcibly cling to its sides or rigging, imploring their countrymen, for the love of the holy prophet, not to hinder their pious intention of doing penance for their sins at his tomb. Too late to remonstrate—the vessel is perhaps already under weigh—the poor wretches must either be plunged into the waves, or admitted.

The voyage being one of penitence, harsh feelings are seldom exercised towards brethren in distress. Various are the grounds upon which they claim the charity of their more fortunate companions. One declares he is a scherif,* with royal blood in his veins, and no money in his pockets;—one, that he has committed crimes, the guilt of which must fall on the head of the person who repels him;—another, that he has an aged father, blind and leprous, whose only hope of cure is the accomplishment of the vow of his son—all irresistible arguments, put forward at a moment they cannot be discussed, but which generally saddles the captain of the ves-

* The respect due to a scherif is very great; the anxiety to kiss the skirts of their garments is such, that the Moors will steal along behind them to press the berneous to their lips, or snatch a kiss of their hands.

sel with double the number of passengers he has agreed to take.

Those alone who have witnessed a scene of encampment of hadjees, can form an idea of what a pilgrimage must be, or what is the confusion or inconvenience of this prelude to their task—a sea-voyage. They inevitably endure all the difficulties of long and painful marches, fastings and toil beneath a burning sun, and which nothing but the hope inspired by religion could enable them to support. The fatigue of the journey through Arabia alone would cause Europeans to fall victims to a want of comfort they despise.

A caravan sets out early from Morocco by land, across the desert of Angad, passing by Oran, Algiers, and Tripoly, where they are joined by all the Moors who proceed from these places. This, of course, is a much more serious undertaking, and requires still greater strength and fortitude to bear, than those who proceed by sea to the mouth of the Nile. The pilgrims are likewise often obliged to fight their way through the deserts, as the Bedouin Arabs always reckon upon the robbery of a caravan as they do on a harvest. All these troubles are braved for the mere love of kissing a black stone, and drinking a pitcher of water at the well of Hagar.

Royalty itself does not disdain to participate in the difficulties of these pilgrimages. It is incumbent on every one who can afford the expense to perform the journey to Mecca at least once in the course of his life; but many who have accumulated sins of which they repent, perform it several times; its efficacy in such cases none attempt to deny; and those who cannot go in person, commission others to pray for them.

The return of the pilgrims is an event dreaded by all the British consuls in Barbary, who cannot persuade the Moors of the propriety of putting their vessels into quarantine. Neglect of this precaution has frequently introduced the oriental plague into Barbary, which has often depopulated the country, and, about fifteen years ago, carried off a great number of the inhabitants of this part of the coast. Amongst any other people but Mahomedans, the ravages of the plague might be easily averted; but the Moors think it a sin to avoid any such evil. "Allah Aik-bar!—God's will be done!" is always their cry; and this they repeat whilst they steal the pestiferous clothes from the dead bodies.

Mon. Mag.

Londoniana.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD LONDON.

From Charing Cross to Temple Bar the whole space on the southern side of the Strand was formerly occupied by the mansions and gardens of noblemen. Of all the many noble residences that so thickly studded this part of the metropolis, that of the Duke of Northumberland's is the sole remaining one. The splendid mansion of his Grace stands on the scite of an alien hospital of St. Mary Rounceval, a cell to a priory of that name in Navarre in Spain.—Howard, Marquis of Northampton, having enriched himself by his many intrigues and treacheries, built a house here in the reign of James I., which, with some alterations, is the present mansion.

Scotland Yard is so called from a palace that stood there centuries ago, in which the kings of Scotland were lodged when they came to England, to do homage for Cumberland.

Nearly on the scite of the present York Street stood a spacious dwelling, first used as the town residence of the Bishops of Norwich, from which see it was purchased in 1556, by Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York.—Old Whitehall, the ancient palace of the archbishops, having been alienated by Cardinal Wolsey to Henry VIII. This house afterwards became the property of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom it was disposed of to the builders, who, in naming the streets built on its scite, have been careful to retain every letter of its owner's name.

Eastward of this stood Durham House. The house fronted the river, and the stables alone abutted upon the Strand. In the reign of James I. the Earl of Salisbury built upon the scite of these a stone fabric, first called *Britain's Bourse*, and afterwards the *New Exchange*, filled with stalls or shops, to be let out to traders. It does not appear, however, that this speculation answered long; for the stalls being entirely deserted in 1737, the building was taken down and the present row of houses erected in its stead. Chamberlain, however, in the early editions of his book, speaks of *Britain's Bourse* as "a place excellently furnished with all kind of choice commodities and wares for ladies."

Salisbury and Cecil Streets stand upon the scite of Salisbury House and Gardens.

In the reign of Edward VI. Sir Thos.

Palmer began to build a house of brick and timber, very large and spacious; but afterwards it was far more beautified and increased by Sir Wm. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, when it was then called Cecil House, and afterwards Exeter House; from his son and heir Thomas, created Earl of Exeter in the third year of James I. After Doctor Commons, upon Saint Bennett's Hill, was burnt down in the fire of London 1666, this house was taken by the Society of the Doctors of the Civil Law; where, till the year 1672, the Civilians lodged, and kept their Courts of Arches, Admiralty and Prerogative. Afterwards this noble residence was turned into the Bazaar known to all Londoners as Exeter 'Change, now demolished to make way for the judicious improvements carrying into execution.

An inquisition taken April 23, 1599, after the death of Lord Burghley, says that he was possessed, at his death, "de uno capitali mesuagio, sive domo; vocato Burghley House, cum omnibus atriis, hortis, gardenis, edificis, et omnibus pertinentiis in parochia S. Clementis Danorum et S. Martini in Campis."*

Upon the spot formerly occupied by these gardens till lately stood Burleigh Street, Exeter Street, and some courts now pulled down. R. J.

Foreign Sports and Pastimes.

SWISS AMUSEMENTS.

The amusements of the Swiss peasantry are not very varied, but if there is one more deserving a few lines of description than the rest, it is their peculiar kind of wrestling match called in German *schwingen*, and in French *lut-ter*. There are certain occasions when this amusement becomes the more general object of interest and attraction, besides being an occasional pastime among the young herdsman and villagers in their moments of recreation. These are principally of two kinds: the first, when some landholder, very frequently an innkeeper, obtains permission of the bailiff to advertise a match to take place on a given day on his premises, and gives a sheep or some other prize of like value, as the reward of the combat. This may be, as well understood, only one mode of fishing with a golden hook, and turns out to

the benefit of the innkeeper principally. A match of this description is most frequented by the inhabitants of the valley or the immediate neighbourhood, and the competitors of the same class.

The second kind is upon a much larger scale. These are instituted when distinct communes, or even cantons, challenge competition, as is often the case between the Canton Berne and the Forest Cantons, Oberhasli against Unterwalden, or the Simmenthal against the Oberland. At these the concourse of strangers is very considerable, and the whole conducted with more order and display of national feeling than in other more ordinary cases. The consequence is, that the contests are more obstinate and better contested, and party spirit is carried to a much greater extent.

The place chosen for this species of game is generally a piece of greensward surrounded by higher ground, to give greater facilities for the spectator. When the match is deemed of sufficient importance, the area is enclosed, and cleared of all persons except the umpires and the combatants. The umpires, of whom there are always a considerable number, and for whose interference there would seem to be constant necessity, are mostly old men, once, no doubt, famous in their day and generation; associated with any among the younger peasants whose muscular powers or experience has procured him a name and authority, sufficiently well-established in these matters to command the deferential respect of his neighbours. They always decide whether the fall given be a good fall and valid, and settle any dispute arising from doubtful circumstances, or imputation of unfair play.

Preliminaries adjusted, the first pair of combatants step into the centre of the area, and go through the ceremony of shaking hands, to show that there is no ill-will. If there happen to be several parties upon the list of wrestlers, the minor combatants always take precedence, and the winner is rewarded by a voluntary contribution among the bystanders. These, however, only serve as exhibitions for the encouragement of the young, and as whets to the impatience of the crowd. Then stand forward the rivals, who are chosen, from their known superiority to their brethren, to contest the honour of their Canton, or Commune, in the production of the best wrestler. Both dress in a pair of short drawers, capable of being

* A large estate or house called Burghley House, with courtlage, gardens and fields pertaining thereto in the parishes of St. Clement's Danes and St. Martin in the Fields.

rolled up high on the thigh, and serving as a hold for the left hand of the adversary, while the other hand is placed upon the waistband of the left hip. The art consists in bringing the adversary into an awkward or unaware position so as to take him at disadvantage, and, raising him by main force off his feet to the height of the shoulder, throw him fairly and cleverly upon his back, which decides the victory. Two tolerably well-matched wrestlers may thus be many minutes engaged in the preliminary movements, before there is the slightest probability of judging what may be the upshot of the contest. The first movement, after adjusting the hold, which is coolly and leisurely done, is generally that both go down on one knee, and begin moving round and round in that position, each ready to take advantage of the slightest inadvertency in the other's movement, position, or imagined inferiority in tenacity of gripe, by springing up with the rapidity of lightning on both feet, and in attempting to raise and fling the other by a sudden effort, or, by swinging him round and round in the air, to weaken his hold and footing, when the matter is soon decided.

In case of trivial accidents, or a fall upon the knees or face, the contest is renewed. It is a dangerous but athletic exercise, and patronized by the magistrates as a means of amusing the peasantry. There is yearly a great match between the Oberhasli people and one or another of the neighbouring Communes or Cantons, at which numbers of strangers roaming about the mountains are present.

Les Quilles, a species of skittles, on a very large scale, is a favourite game among the peasantry, and is universal in the west of Switzerland.

In the eastern cantons, principally in Appenzel, every athletic and ancient amusement is still kept up, allied to the game known in some parts of England by the name of hurling. It simply consists in balancing a massive fragment of rock upon the palm of the right hand bent backwards to the shoulder, and, after swinging the body to and fro for some time, with one foot raised from the ground, sending the fragment with a sudden exertion of muscular strength, against a mark, or over a certain limit. The strength and skill in this exercise shown by many of that fine race of mountaineers, the Appenzellers, is almost incredible.

The Naturalist.

ANECDOTES OF A TAME HAWK.

By W. B. Clarke, Esq.

The following interesting particulars we extract from the *Magazine of Natural History* :—

"About 3 years since a young sparrowhawk was purchased and brought up by my brother. This was rather hazardous, as he, at the same time, had a large stock of fancy pigeons, which, in consequence of their rarity and value, he greatly prized. It seems, however, that kindness and care had softened the nature of the hawk, or the regularity with which he was fed rendered the usual habits of his family unnecessary to his happiness; for, as he increased in age and size, his familiarity increased also, leading him to form an intimate acquaintance with a set of friends who have been seldom seen in such society. Whenever the pigeons came to feed, which they did oftentimes from the hand of their almoner, the hawk used also to accompany them. At first the pigeons were shy, of course; but, by degrees, they got over their fears, and ate as confidently as if the ancient enemies of their race had sent no representative to their banquet. It was curious to observe the playfulness of the hawk, and his perfect good nature during the entertainment; for he received his morsel of meat without any of that ferocity with which birds of prey usually take their food, and merely uttered a cry of lamentation when the carver disappeared. He would then attend the pigeons in their flight round and round the house and gardens, and perch with them on the chimney-top, or roof of the mansion; and this voyage he never failed to make early in the morning, when the pigeons always took their exercise. At night he retired with them to the dovecote; and though for some days he was the sole occupant of the place, the pigeons not having relished this intrusion at first, he was afterwards merely a guest there; for he never disturbed his hospitable friends, even when their young ones, unfledged and helpless as they were, offered a strong temptation to his appetite. He seemed unhappy at any separation from the pigeons, and invariably returned to the dove-house, after a few days purposed confinement in another abode, during which imprisonment he would utter most melancholy cries for deliverance; but these were changed to cries of joy on the arrival of any person with whom

he was familiar. All the household were on terms of acquaintance with him; and there never was a bird who seemed to have won such general admiration. He was as playful as a kitten, and, literally, as loving as a dove.

"But that his nature was not altogether altered, and that, notwithstanding his education, which, as Ovid says,

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus,"

he was still a hawk in spirit, was proved on an occasion of almost equal interest. A neighbour had sent us a very fine specimen of the smaller horned owl, which he had winged when flying in the midst of a covey of partridges; and after having tended the wounded limb, and endeavoured to make a cure, we thought of soothing the prisoner's captivity by a larger degree of freedom than he had in the hen-coop which he inhabited. No sooner, however, had our former acquaintance, the hawk, got sight of him, than he fell upon the poor owl most unmercifully; and from that instant, whenever they came in contact, a series of combats commenced, which equalled in skill and courage any of those which have so much distinguished that great hero [?], who to the boldness and clearness of vision of the hawk unites the wisdom of the bird of Athens. The defence of the poor little owl was admirably conducted: he would throw himself upon his back, and await the attack of his enemy with patience and preparation; and, by dint of biting and scratching, would frequently win a positive, as he often did a negative, victory. Acquaintanceship did not seem, in this case, likely to ripen into friendship; and when his wing had gained strength, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, the owl decamped, leaving the hawk in possession of his territory.

"The fate of the successful combatant was, however, soon to be accomplished; for he was shortly after found drowned in a butt of water, from which he had once or twice been extricated before, having summoned a deliverer to his assistance by cries that told he was in distress. There was great lamentation when he died throughout the family; and it was observed by more than one person, that that portion of the dovecote in which he was wont to pass the night was for some time unoccupied by the pigeons with whom he had lived so peaceably even during his wars with the unfortunate owl."

* Softens the manners, nor permits to be cruel.

Notices of New Books

The Mayor of Garratt, with Designs by Seymour, engraved by Nesbitt, &c.
London; Alfred Miller.

We do not know among the whole range of subjects which have been lately chosen as vehicles to introduce a series of humorous designs to public notice, one better suited for the purpose than the witty and laughable extravaganzas now before us of the English Aristophanes. The Mayor of Garratt abounds with droll situations and whimsical incidents; and Mr. Seymour appears to have been thoroughly aware of its fitness for graphic display: his designs are as rich and racy as the author's text, and exhibit the same fidelity to nature. Nothing can be better than the Frontispiece (the Election Scene), or the two cuts representing the "condescending" Major in the act of "performing the amiable" towards the haughty and vain wife of the poor hen-pecked pin-maker. Altogether we view these designs as perfect specimens of the ludicrous;—they are well conceived, cleverly drawn, and spiritedly executed.

The farce itself is also well got up, and prefixed to it is a concise and neatly written historical account of the origin of the mock election, embracing biographical sketches of some of the *worthy representatives* of the "*ancient and independent borough of Garratt.*"

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note Book.
M. W. W.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Lord Bacon, speaking to the king of the Charter House, made the following remarks upon public schools:—

"The great number of schools which are in your highness's realm doth cause a want and likewise an overflow. By means thereof they find want, in the country and towns, both of servants for husbandry and apprentices for trade; and on the other side, there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ, and the active part of life not bearing a proportion to the preparative, it falls out that too many persons are bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they are brought up. Thus the realm is filled with indigent, idle and wanton people, which are but the materials of revolution."

H.B.A.

DAY FATALITY.

The Romans counted the thirteenth of February an unlucky day, and therefore never attempted any business of importance; for on that day they were overthrown at Allia by the Gauls; and the Fabii attacking the city of the Veii, were all slain save one.

With the Jews, the tenth of August was accounted an unfortunate day; for on that day Titus, the son of Vespasian, destroyed the Temple; and it was on this day also that the first Temple was consumed with fire by Nebuchadnezzar.

Upon the sixth of April, Alexander the Great was born. Upon the same day he overcame Darius, won a great naval victory, and died the same day.

o.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.

THOMAS SCROOP.

Thomas Scroop, 'surnamed Bradley,' who lived in the reign of Henry VII. took upon him many orders of religion, and afterwards shut himself up in his house, where, for twenty years, he lived the life of an anchorite. He was subsequently created an Irish bishop, and went in embassy to Rhodes. Upon his return, he travelled about the country barefoot, "teaching the ten commandments," and died at a very advanced age. He was closely related to the noble family of Scroop.

JOHN DUKE OF BOURBON.

This nobleman was made prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and brought to England, where he was detained eighteen years; at the end of which time his ransom (amounting to eighteen thousand pounds!) an enormous sum in those days) was paid, but he died at London on the very day he had regained his freedom.

UNIVERSITIES.

When books were scarce, and students were obliged to attend the professors to make extracts out of their lessons, universities were much more necessary than they are now. Before the invention of printing the universi-

ties were more numerous attended than in the present day.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER ON THE SCITE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Baker says that, in the reign of Edward II., as some workmen were digging the foundation for a house adjoining to St. Paul's Cathedral, they discovered upwards of a hundred heads of oxen, "which confirmed the opinion, that of old time it had been the Temple of Jupiter, and that there was the sacrifice of beasts."

A.

NARROW ESCAPE OF ROYALTY.

We are told that in the reign of Edward I. as that prince and his queen "were sitting upon a bed talking together," during a thunder-storm, a thunder-bolt entered the window and killed two gentlemen who stood near, without injuring their highnesses. This anecdote is doubly curious as being also illustrative of the custom of that period.

A.

CURIOUS FOUNTAIN.

In the "Turkish Spy" we are told that there is a fountain in Tuscany which runs only when the sun is up, and ceases the moment it is below the horizon!

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

Captain John Creighton, in his Memoirs, says, that in an engagement with the Covenanters in Scotland, one Capt. Fowler, who commanded the right wing of the rebels, singled him out; but, while advancing towards him, he (Creighton) dealt him a blow with his broadsword, which, but for the steel cap he wore, would have cleft his skull in twain. Fowler returned the blow, which Creighton parried, and with a back stroke "cut off the upper part of his antagonist's head from the nose upwards."

A.

Customs of Various Countries.

SCYTHIAN FUNERAL HONOURS.

When the Scythians interred a sovereign, they strangled upon his remains his most favourite concubine, his cup-bearer, his master of the horse, his chamberlain, his gentleman usher of the chamber, and his cook; and upon the anniversary of his death they killed fifty horses, on which were mounted fifty pages, whom they impaled alive, and there left them stuck by way of state around his tomb.

DEVOUT ONLY ON HOLIDAYS.

A recent traveller through the north of Europe, says, "that at Serpuchof,

among the merchants and burghesses, a curious custom prevails. The females do not go to church on week days, nor even on Sundays, except they be great festivals, till after marriage. I was led to inquire of a merchant as to the cause of this, whose two daughters always remained at home, while his wife and his daughter-in-law were almost daily attendants on divine service. All the answer I received was truly Russian. "I know not—it is the custom—it is not considered good to act otherwise."

CURIOUS LAW AT STRASSBURG.

By the law of Strassburg no person can be elected a magistrate without a proof of eight descents in which there has been no *nobility*; while, in the church, no one is considered fit for preferment unless he can prove the contrary—namely, eight descents of *nobility*. A.

Anecdotes.

DANTE.

Guiguene relates the following anecdote of this poet:—Dante discovered in the shop of an apothecary at Siennæ, a book which he had long sought. He requested leave to read it, and leaning against a bank opposite the shop, remained there, without moving, from morn till night; not having perceived the procession of a marriage which passed the street.

SIR JOHN HAYWARD.

This ancient historian, by some political reflections in his life of Henry IV. so much offended Queen Elizabeth, that he suffered imprisonment for a considerable time. With this punishment her majesty was not perfectly satisfied, and she asked Lord Bacon whether he discovered any treason in that book? He told the queen that he saw no treason in it, but much felony. She bade him explain himself. Upon which he said, that Sir John had stolen his political remarks from Tacitus. This discovery, it was thought, preserved Hayward from being put to the rack, and thus the learning and recollection of Bacon saved him.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

Bohun, in his character of Queen Elizabeth, speaking of Sir Christopher, says, that he "was a very good dancer, and that was his best qualification, and was the means of promoting him to be

Lord Chancellor of England. Being in that high and undeserved station, he became proud and arrogant, and at last began to favour the popish party more than the queen thought well of. The queen therefore told him that he was too much exalted by the indulgence of his fortune, which had placed him in a station for which he was unfit, he being ignorant of the Chancery Law, and needing the assistance of others to enable him to do his duty. This reproach struck him to the heart, and he resolved to admit no consolation. When he was almost half dead the queen repented of her severity, and did what was possible to retrieve him; but it was to no purpose, for he was obstinately resolved to die."

Camden, in his "*Britannia*," gives a very different character of the dancing Lord Chancellor, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"Hatton was a man (I speak incontestible truth) of singular piety to God, fidelity to the state, incorrupted integrity, and extensive munificence in charitable donations, and (which is not the least part of his praise) gave the kindest encouragement to learning. . . . His praise will live in the annals of literature,—better immortalized than by the splendid monument, worthy of so great a man, erected, at a great expense, in St. Paul's Church, London, by his adopted son, Sir William Hatton."

The personal grace and activity of Sir Christopher Hatton, were not more remarkable than the sensitive delicacy of his moral frame. In both respects he afforded a perfect contrast to more than one of his successors. Lord Thurlow, for instance, would never have danced his way to the woollack; nor would all the queens in Christendom have been able to break his heart, which was not made of penetrable stuff.

The saltatory powers of Lord Chancellor Hatton, as well as the elegance of his costume, with the effect of these combined attractions upon the heart of his royal mistress, are celebrated by Gray, in his "*Long Story*."

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls—
The seal and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
I though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

CHANGE OF STUDIES.

Two gentlemen who had been school-fellows, meeting after a lapse of years, inquiry arose after another companion of their boyish days, to which it was replied, that from the *pulpit* he had taken to the *bar*. Upon explanation it came out that his business was that of an *Auctioneer*, and that he had recently married an *Innkeeper's Daughter*.

A TRUISM.

The present changes of weather experienced in the metropolis, recal the lines of Taylor, the water poet :—
And when the thaw comes on a sudden,
The streets are just like batter'd pudding.

AN APOLOGY FOR RAMBLING.

Ned vows, with consequential air,
He's always on the roam;
And this is really true, I swear,
For Ned's without a home.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, January 19.

St. Martha—Sun rises 4½m after 7—sets 13m after 4.

Jan. 19, 1420.—On this day Henry V. of England, entered Rouen, followed by a page mounted on a beautiful horse, bearing a lance, at the end of which, near the point, was fastened a *fox's brush*, by way of streamer, which seemed to indicate to the astonished citizens, that the victor-monarch would sweep his crafty opposers from their holds and fastnesses.

Thursday, January 20.

St. Fechin, abbot.—Vigil of St. Agnes.—High Water 9m aft 6 Morn.—33m aft 6 After.

Centuries ago, it used to be customary with young maidens to use many charms in order to dream of the man they should marry, to which Ben Jonson alludes :—

“And on sweet Agnes' night,
Please you with the promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.”

Jan. 20, 1745.—Anniversary of the death of Charles VII., Emperor of Germany. He was Elector of Bavaria, and was one of the principal pretenders to the Austrian succession, against the celebrated Maria Theresa, daughter and heiress of Charles VI. With the assistance of France, he obtained possession of Prague, and assumed the title of King of Bohemia. He was afterwards, in 1742, crowned Emperor of Germany, at Frankfurt. His reign, however, lasted only three years, in the midst of a dreadful war, the termination of which he did not live to see.

Friday, January 21.

St. Agnes—Moon's 1st Quar. 29m aft 7 Mor.

The following lines of Barnaby Googe seem to relate to some religious ceremony once observed on this day :—

“For in St. Agnes' church this day the while the mass they sing,
Two lambs as white as snow the Nuns do yearly use to bring.”

Jan. 21, 1188.—THE CRUSADES.—On this day Henry II. of England met Philip of France near Gisors, and kissed the Cross, in confirmation of their intention of uniting in the Crusades against the Saracens. All Europe was incited by their example, to assist in the Holy Wars, which were, for the first time, thus set on foot.

Saturday, January 22.

St. Vincent.—Sun rises 43m after 7—sets 5½m after 11.

Jan. 22, 427.—Death of Pharamond, King of the Franks, at the Castle of Dispargum, which is supposed to be Doesburgh, on the Yssel. According to some of the French historians, Pharamond was not a king, but the military leader of a tribe of Franks; the French Chronologists, therefore, generally commence their list of kings from Clovis.

Sunday, January 23.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Lessons for the Day—25 chap. Isaiah, morn. 26 chapter Isaiah, Even.—St. Clement of Ancyra.

Jan. 23, 1570.—To-day Queen Elizabeth inspected the *Bursa* or Exchange, just completed at the expense of Sir Thomas Gresham, the munificent and enlightened founder of Gresham College. Her majesty was so highly gratified by its appearance and apparent utility, that she caused it, “by an herald and a trompette,” to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*, “and so to be called from thenceforth, and no otherwise.” On that occasion, the Queen, with her attendant nobility, dined with Sir Thomas Gresham, at his dwelling-house, and it is traditionally stated, that during the banquet, her loyal host drank to her Majesty's health in a glass of wine, into which a very costly pearl, reduced into a powder, had previously been thrown. This circumstance is alluded to in an historical play, printed in quarto, 1623, consisting of two parts: the first representing the troubles of Elizabeth, during the reign of her sister, Queen Mary; and the second, the building of the Exchange, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada; Sir Thomas says,

“Here fifteen hundred pounds at one slap goes!
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks this pearl
Unto his Queen and mistress: pledge it, lords.”

Monday, January 24.

St. Suranus, abbot in Umbria.—High Water 15m after 10 Morn.—53m after 10 After.

Jan. 24, 1713.—The journals of Dean Swift to his Stella and her companion Mrs. Dingley, contain for this day the following passage :—“I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see Lord Abercorn bowing to me but not speaking; and Lord Selkirk the same. I dined with Lord Treasurer (Harley), and the *Saturday* club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs, than, I am afraid, others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given.”

Tuesday, January 25.

St. Paul's Conversion.—sun rises 11h 9m—sets 0h 0m.

The festival of our saint has always been reckoned particularly ominous with respect to the future weather of the year; and, what is very curious, this notion prevails in many countries distant from each other. The rhymes here given seem to have been familiar to every body in the early ages.

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
But if, by chance, it then should rain,
It will make dear all kinds of grain;
And if the clouds make dark the skie,
Then Neate and Fowles this year shall die;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IV.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Jan. 29, 1881.



See page 55

Illustrated Article.

THE LAST CRUISE ; OR, THE WARNING FULFILLED.

FRANCIS HARDY was the only son of a half-pay officer, who had resided many years on the coast of Kent, near the Cove. He was brought up to be a gentleman, and at his father's death, found himself a beggar. With little of that steadiness of principle which is the most distinguishing trait in the character of a gentleman, he was yet a fine, high-spirited youth, and perhaps engaged at first in the scenes from which he was not destined speedily to emerge, from a mere boyish love of adventure. The master and owner of a smuggling cutter had been his father's intimate associate, and Frank had been accustomed from childhood to listen with delight to his stories of adventure and vicissitude. It is not surprising, therefore, that when suddenly thrown loose upon the world, he should have had some desire to see with his own eyes,

the wonders so familiar to his imagination.

His first trip to Holland, which might be considered as nothing more than one of the pranks of thoughtless and wayward youth, proved fatal to his prospects of honourable employment. The steady and respectable class of friends threw him off, not as one who had dishonoured himself, but as one who was likely to do no good in regular business ; while the young, the gay, and the careless, admired his spirit and applauded his success. Half proud, and half ashamed of his notoriety—half impelled by necessity, and half by inclination—Frank plunged deeper and deeper into the profession, to which his evil stars had introduced him, till at length, from his wild adventures, daring courage, handsome person, and romantic generosity, he became quite the popular hero of the little town, and around the Cove. It was not likely that the young ladies should scrutinize very closely the morality of a profession patronised by their parents ; and the outlaw, who in an inland town

would have been shunned as a vagabond, was here esteemed the principal attraction either at the ball or the dinner.

But Frank's good fortune went no further. As soon as, in the common process of years, the young ladies laid down their novels and took to reading history and cookery books, it was discovered that, although he might be a hero, he was not *the* hero. Some of them wished, with a sigh, that Frank was not a smuggler, and turning away their heads, looked sharply out for a husband and an establishment; others married officers in the preventive service; and others, dissatisfied with the field, went abroad in search of adventures, leaving their admiration of the handsome outlaw with their virgin aunts and little sisters.

There was an exception, however, to this inconstancy. The father of Jane D'Arcy, although in reduced circumstances, was one of the first men in the neighbourhood. He lived in the family seat—almost the only part of the family possessions he had inherited; and as he had never soiled his hands with traffic, considered himself somewhat superior in rank to the mercantile and trading inhabitants of the neighbouring town. The elder Hardy, however, in his quality of an army officer, could not be looked down upon even by this scion of a line of esquires, and the two gentlemen became intimate and habitual associates. Jane D'Arcy and Frank were thus very early and closely acquainted; and when the latter first abandoned his claims to respectability, and began to herd with the desperate and depraved, Jane was so mere a girl, as to listen with admiration and delight to his tales of peril and adventure. The intimacy, however, was disliked, as she grew up, by her father. He felt ashamed that a daughter of the D'Arcys should be seen dancing and singing with the master of a cutter,—for to this post the young man had been appointed by his late father's friend,—and at length lectured his daughter severely on the vulgarity of her connexions. Parental authority, in this case, had not the effect of dissolving the intimacy, but merely of throwing around it a constraint and difficulty which possess a dangerous charm in the poetical imagination of fifteen; and when Jane D'Arcy left the neighbourhood for three years, to complete her education under the auspices of a relation, she carried with her, in her girlish heart, an image

which all the arts and interests of the world could not desecrate or cast down.

It would be curious to trace, step by step, were it possible, the fate of this object of her lonely idolatry, so far as it was influenced by the extension of her knowledge, and the development of her mind. It must suffice, however, to say, that in spite of all, the outlaw kept his place in her memory, and that even the struggles of reason, after the prejudices of habit and neglected education had vanished, and all the terrible and degrading circumstances of his situation crowded upon her fancy, only served to fix his idea more firmly in her breast. He was ever present to her imagination—at home and abroad, in solitude and society, in amusement and in sadness. His eyes were fixed upon her's, like those of a portrait, from which the spectator, notwithstanding every change of position, cannot escape. By degrees, as the light of truth broke more strongly upon her mind, the expression of these mysterious orbs, that haunted her like destiny, seemed to change. The character of the man seemed to mingle with that of the profession. The mark of the curse was on his brow, and the wild majesty of despair sat in his eyes. There mingled an indescribable fierceness, even with the fondness in his air—an unrelenting resolution; a character of fixing and grappling—which startled and appalled her. But still there was beauty over all, which, in the glorious spring-time of her woman's imagination, seemed more than mortal,—and dauntless courage, and noble generosity, and devoted love; and often Jane, when with pallid cheek and fixed eye she sat gazing on a shadow, that seemed as terrible as the one which pointed to the meeting at Philippi, answered with a sudden gush of tender resolution,

"Why, I *shall* meet thee at Philippi, then!"

It was with no attempt at self-deception, however, that she looked forward to a meeting which she *knew* would be fatal. The presentiment might have been easily accounted for, as having been formed of impressions received by her mind with regard to her lover's dishonourable trade; but to her it was the shadow of coming destruction. It may be inquired, of what nature were the love-passages, that seemed to leave her no alternative, but bound her without recal to a destiny at once disgraceful and miserable? The question cannot be answered. One thing is certain, that the young man himself never

dreamed of the existence of any engagement whatever, but was at this moment lounging as usual through a routine of half-unmeaning gallantries, or consuming his mind in the enjoyment of more sensual gratifications.

The three years at length passed away, and Jane D'Arcy was again at home. Her first wish, after her meeting with her father was over, was to look upon the sea—an object which to one whose native atmosphere has been the breath of its waters, becomes like a passion. She wandered out to the brink of the rocks, and with girlish enthusiasm threw up her arms, and mingled her voice with the breeze, as she saw the vast abyss at her feet. The sun shone brightly upon the waters, that leaped and sparkled at the call of the piping winds. The light at length seemed to break even upon her mind, and the coolness of the waves to drop medicinal influence upon her brow. Fresh, buoyant thoughts, and sun-gilded hopes, for the first time for years danced and glittered in her heart; and as she detected in the distance her lover's little vessel lying at anchor in the bay, breasting proudly and wantonly the rebellious billows—with painted sides, as straight as an arrow, glittering in the sun—and white, folded sails, and rigging, trim and tight—and pennon fluttering gallantly over all—a sudden idea flashed across her brain, and she exclaimed, with a joyous spring—

"He shall still be saved! I will rouse him from his dream of shame and misery; I will easily lure back his noble and gallant heart to the paths of honourable ambition; and his trim little beauty of the waters shall yet walk the high seas as frankly and proudly as a ship of the line!"

She had scarcely spoken, when she saw approaching at a short distance the figure of a man; and the blood, which was mantling in her cheeks, rushed back to her heart. A chilling breath seemed to sweep across her very soul, and in that one instant she lived over again her mind's history for years.—"Does he remember!—does he love me still!—did he love me ever!" These were among the thousand breathless inquiries that flashed through her mind, as she fell undulatingly back a step, and drew up, as unconsciously as the sensitive plant, with virgin pride and beautiful reserve.

The person approaching was indeed Frank Hardy, who, having heard of the arrival of his "little playfellow," had

hastened to welcome her. He seemed to be thunderstruck on finding the girl merged in the woman, and yet with a delicacy of Nature's own inimitable contrivance, as to lose nothing of her identity. The heretofore slight and small figure, that had flitted like a fairy by his side, was now a model of female elegance and graceful dignity.

Frank gazed in silent astonishment. Her neck drawn up, and curved like the swan's—her eyes sparkling with haughty bashfulness through their half-drawn fringes—her lofty, pale, and polished brow—her hair, as black as night, falling in rich clusters upon a skin fair as the morning—her air, in which a timid defiance was mingled with welcoming and remembrance—her hand, almost withdrawn, as if seeking to be demanded—all rushed into the heart—mind—imagination of the spectator. The blood mounted to his forehead; and withdrawing backward a pace, he pulled off his hat, and bowed humbly before the representative of majestic womanhood. The homage was enough for pride, and too much for love. Jane bounded forward; their hands met; their eyes exchanged a tale of fearful confidence; and Frank, reverting in an instant to the privileges of early companionship, clasped his blooming mistress in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her rich and blushing lips.

That day, however, they talked not of love. Frank, in the evening, was observed by his companions to be sullen and reserved; the next, he was absent and thoughtful; and the next, distant and haughty. In the meantime, he continued to meet Jane every afternoon. She touched his pride, shamed his prejudice, and fascinated his heart. Love lent preponderating force to the arguments of honour and reason; and after a struggle, fierce it is true, but short and decisive, he exclaimed:

"You are right; I will, at least, *deserve* you, my admirable Jane! I will quit the trade."

"Do you swear it?" said Jane, in a voice tremulous with eagerness. "Swear it by your honour! swear it by your God!"

"I swear it by the living God!" replied Hardy. "But alas!" he continued, "how, after what has taken place can I subsist? how gain an honourable subsistence for you?"

"I will beg for you through the world!" said Jane, hiding her face on his shoulder, while her heart was relieved by a burst of tears.

The plan was fixed upon; the preliminaries were arranged; and Frank Hardy was to meet his mistress the next morning, to tell her that he was about to begin, for her's and honour's sake, the world anew. When morning and the hour came, however, with some apparent awkwardness and hesitation he approached her, where she stood waiting at the appointed place, to receive him. His face was alternately pale and flushed, and his whole appearance exhibited tokens either of a night spent in debauchery, or in that wakefulness and pre-occupation of mind which disdains attention both to the animal comforts and superficial proprieties of life. Jane gazed upon him with a sickening feeling of expectation during a few moments of silence. At length he said, abruptly,

"Well,—well—all is settled; in two weeks, or at farthest, three, Frank Hardy's occupation will be gone!"

"Two—three weeks;—what do you mean?" inquired Jane, in a voice of terror, unmingled, however, with surprise.

"There is no need for preparing you," replied Frank, "there *can* be no need, with a woman of your strength of mind and propriety of reasoning.—My father's friend, and my friend and patron, has been attacked by sudden illness, which unfits him, just at present, for active duty. Almost his whole fortune has been laid out in the purchase, on the other side of the water, of a cargo now waiting to be received on board. He has no absolute confidence in the skill and prudence of any other living being than myself. He has implored me not to cast him off in his old age to beggary and destitution; and in short, I have promised—I have sworn, solemnly sworn, to make one more voyage in the Beauty. But it will be the last," added Frank, eagerly; "it will be the Smuggler's Last Trip, and not a coin shall cross my hand in reward for services that are now hateful to my soul. So help me heaven, I will be true to my faith and my love!" Jane had not drawn breath during the explanatory speech, and at the end, with a gasp that seemed that of parting life, inquired when he was to sail?

"To-night," was the reply.

"I knew it," said she, with a calmness of voice, which seemed terrible to her lover, when taken in conjunction with her strange wild eyes and bloodless lips. "There will now come—what I do not know, and cannot guess

at—and yet, what my heart has prophesied for nearly three years! Will you be warned?—No, you will not! Shall I throw myself at your feet, and pluck out my hair by the roots, and implore you to desist, for the sake of your soul—and of your God—and oh! pitiful bathos, of your miserable, miserable Jane! No, I will not—for it would be unavailing. You will go, and you will return, and you will—no, you will not!" and laying both her hands upon his shoulders, she looked wildly into his face, and in a whisper so filled with terrible, yet indefinite meaning, that her lover shuddered, continued with almost maniac emphasis—"Say you will not!"

"Jane," said Hardy, endeavouring to control a sort of superstitious thrill which ran through his veins, "I do not understand you. My life has been a series of—call it shame, if you will: but a week or two more added to a number of years, can be of little consequence. The unselfish purpose, beside, of the present expedition, almost sanctifies it—and it is the last; I swear by heaven it will be the last!"

"Only say you will not!" repeated Jane, in the same indescribable whisper; "do say you will not!"

"Jane D'Arcy," cried Frank, in a tone compounded of surprise and horror, "this is frenzy!—I have always had an impression that in your singular enthusiasm there was something allied to madness. Now mark me. I am bound—strictly bound—in honour, gratitude and humanity, to do as I have said. In three weeks, at farthest, I shall return:—open your arms; bid me steadily, but tenderly, farewell—there!" Jane rushed into his arms, clasped him to her breast, and with lips as cold as death printed a kiss upon his; and Frank, determining not to hazard another look till he was absolutely free from the thrall of his accursed trade, after replying to her embrace, turned suddenly round, and rushed from her presence.

The smuggler was correct in his calculation of time, for it was just three weeks after this interview, that the Beauty, loaded with a rich cargo, neared the Cove. It was in the dark, and at low water, the most favourable time for landing goods in the manner intended; and a signal light on a certain part of the cliff informed the commander that his accomplices on shore were ready. Frank Hardy, at this inciting moment, forgot Jane for the first time since he

had left her. The wind, blowing from the land, was in the larboard quarter, in which a high rocky point, running far out into the sea, protected the vessel from the observation of the craft in the distant bay. Every thing was as favourable as could have been wished, and it was now getting quite dark enough for the enterprise; although it blew what the sailors call, with the expressive coarseness of their phraseology, a snoring breeze, and the tide, already beginning to flow, rose, on meeting the opposite wind, in a rough, cross jumble.

"Luff, my lad, luff," cried Hardy, as the vessel plunged into the vast shadow of the cliffs; "keep her away; give her plenty of it—don't you see our lights along shore—there, to starboard!"

"Ay, sir," said the man at the helm, obeying; "but I have just been thinking—look up at that there moon-raker of a peak—if that is not something more than the beam of a tree upon the summit standing against the sky—by George! it is down, and I am right—they are land-sharks astir!"

"True—true!" said Hardy, musing for a second; "but never mind, there is only one; and even if he happen to be an enemy, we shall have our business over, if we manage cleverly, before he can possibly get round to us. Bear right down upon the light!"

The impetus of the vessel was hardly diminished by the precautions of the helmsman and the lowering of the sails, when her keel, towards the bows, grated upon the sand, and stuck hard and fast. The hatches were then thrown open, and the goods handed, piece by piece, to the accomplices, who had by this time gathered round the bowsprit to the number of ten and twelve. This employment had continued for about twenty minutes; during which the cargo, as soon as it quitted the ship, disappeared in the ledges of the rock, being instantly snatched away by the smugglers to a place of safety, by paths known only to themselves. It now became almost absolutely dark, and this, added to the roughness of the sea, which howled along the shore, and dashed on the vessel in angry torrents, rendered the operations of the sailors both difficult and dangerous. Hardy, with his accustomed prudence—and to which, in fact, was owing the success of his usual boldness, had caused the shore-lights to be extinguished the moment his ship touched the beach; but now, when the happy termination of the adventure

seemed so near, and was only rendered doubtful by the increasing darkness of the night, he promptly gave the word for re-lighting them, with several others from the vessel.

The exertions of the sailors were now renewed with double eagerness, and the scene became singularly animated. The lights rushing and flaring along the land, and dancing among the rocks, as if borne by the night-fiends themselves—the strange, wild faces of the men, as they were now illumined for a moment by the red flame, and now disappeared in the gloom—the blackness of the overhanging cliffs, their fantastic summits only faintly observable far overhead, against the dull sky—the rocking and plunging of the vessel, that swung by her bows as if fixed on a pivot—the hoarse roaring of the troubled sea, and the portentous flashing of the spray, as the waves rushed against the ship, mounted, split, and, parting into innumerable fragments, swept over her decks from stern to stem,—all conferred a character of strange interest upon the picture, heightened to intensity by the ideas of terror, mystery, and ferocity inspired by its details.

In the midst of the hurry and confusion, the voice of their young commander again broke upon the ear of that half-savage group.

"Avast!" he cried, in a tone, stern, sudden, and yet subdued. "Out with the lights! Steady!" The lights hissed in the water and disappeared; and for a moment almost the only noise heard was the swinging of the rising storm. At length the sound of voices and hurrying footsteps rose distinctly in the distance. The mate, who had thrown himself down, and put his ear to the sand, jumped furiously up, and exclaimed with an oath, "There are not a dozen of them! There is no need to fly—out with your cutlasses, my lads! Steady—stand fast!"

"Who is he," cried Frank Hardy, "that dares to give orders in my place?" and, springing on shore, he levelled a pistol at the mate's head. "By all that is holy!" he continued, "the first blood shed to-night shall be that of the man who disputes my authority. Jump among the rocks, you land-rascals, and disappear; and let those who belong to the ship shove off!" The voices and footsteps were now close at hand; but so promptly were the smuggler's orders obeyed, that Frank, covering the embarkation, was now the only man on shore, while the cutter, loosened from

the beach, was ready at a moment's notice to swing off. At this instant, however, the leader of the revenue party reached the scene of action.

"In the King's name!" he cried, levelling a blow at the smuggler, which almost knocked him into the sea.—Frank, without an attempt at retaliation, leaped on board, and was followed by his enemy, whose comrades were now at the water's edge. These, however, were an instant too late—the shore was steep, and the vessel already drifting. Frank, half stunned by the blow he had received, and uncertain, from the darkness, how many of the king's officers were on board, grappled with the fated man as he touched the deck. The struggle was furious, but brief. As his enemy's foot slipped upon an oar, the outlaw bent him, by main force, over the gunwale; and the next moment a smothered cry, and a plunge in the troubled waters, told the event. The vessel was by this time a cable's length from the beach—the night was dark, and the wind was off shore!

Frank Hardy remained for a considerable time in the same position, leaning over the gunwale, and fixing a stupefied gaze upon the abyss; and when at length he recovered his recollection, the shore was already far distant, and the vessel standing out to sea.

"To the point!" he shouted, suddenly and sternly—"to the nearest point!" and seized the helm himself, to give effort to his orders. They once more neared the beach, but at a different place, and Frank leaped upon the rocks.

"Mate," said he, "the goods that still remain on board are of little value—I resign the charge of them to you. Land them when you will—my Last Trip is ended—good night!" and so saying, he darted up the cliff, heedless of the tumult which his hasty desertion had occasioned on board.

"His companions were near him," muttered Frank, on his hasty journey, while drops of cold perspiration trickled down his brow—"their boats could not be far distant—and he was a fine, able fellow, one who would not suffer himself to sink without good cause!" The heaviness of his heart, however, gave the lie to his words, and he took the way to Mr. D'Arcy's house, in an agony of soul which it is impossible to describe. It was late when he arrived, and Mr. D'Arcy was from home; but Jane was up, and dressed as if to receive company. When the young pair met, they stood silent for some moments, reading

strange things in one another's faces. Jane's face and figure had lost all their finely rounded proportion. Her features were sharp; her eyes wild and anxious; and not a tinge of colour was visible on her cheek.

"You are unwell, Jane!" said Frank, pressing her sorrowfully to his heart—"but we shall be happy yet. My Last Trip is ended!"

"Indeed!" said Jane, and she looked with deep, strange meaning in his face—"all, then, is over—and well over!"

"I hope so," replied Frank, and they sunk again into silence.

"Come, come," said he at length, with a start; "you infect me with your strange sadness. An accident *has* happened; but a slight one. We were attacked at the Cove, and a man knocked into the sea. A ducking at the worst! My hands are now washed of the business; the Beauty is my own, as my share of former profits; and I tell you, love, we shall be happy still. What is the news? what of your family? are all well?"

"I could almost be happy," said Jane, with a momentary return of former spirits, "when I think that *now* you are no longer what you have been. My only brother has been appointed to a command in the preventive service on this coast?"

Frank started, and turned pale.

"I expect him every instant," she continued—"Oh, I know you will like him! He is so open, and manly, and loyal—so beautiful and brave!" At the instant, a tumultuous noise was heard in the hall, as of numerous persons carrying some weighty object; and soon after, a female servant entered the room, and exclaimed, "A man murdered at the Cove!"

Jane did not shrink, nor start, nor move; but calmly fixed her eyes upon her lover, who sank, pale, faint and soul-stricken, into a chair. "My heart foretold it!" said she, sitting down beside him, and taking his cold clammy hand within hers; "you would not promise not to do it! you could not—for all was ordained!" By the pressure of the crowd in the hall, the room-door was burst open, and Jane suddenly started up, and ran towards the fearful object in the midst. There appeared to be a disposition, on the part of the bystanders, to prevent her approach; and cries of "shut the door!" echoed on all sides; but, with almost preternatural strength, she forced her way through the crowd, and obtained a full view of the

body. She then turned round, without uttering a word, and beckoned to her lover, who still sate oppressed with horror and expectation upon the chair. He rushed towards her through the vista of spectators; clasped her in his trembling arms; and fixed upon her closing eyes a look of love, pity, and despair. He then laid her gently down by the lifeless body of her brother—the dead by the dead! In another moment Francis Hardy had left the house, and was never seen or heard of more.

Souvenir.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

(From a delightful little volume just published, of Minor Poems, serious and playful, by Mrs. Thomas.)

Come, buy my primroses, each morning I cry,
Come, buy my primroses, who'll buy them,
who'll buy?

Dear ladies, who wish for a pretty nosegay,
Come choose from my basket of flowers, I pray;
Here are cowslips, and blue-bells, and violets
so sweet,

The crocus and snowdrop to make it complete;
Or if to primroses the preference you give,
I've plenty, come buy them, my thanks you'll
receive.

Come, buy my primroses, dear ladies, come
buy;

These flowers are all which the season can
hoast,
When the meadows are cover'd with snow and
with frost,
But as Summer advances new beauties you'll
see,

The evergreen myrtle and gay lilac-tree;
The hollyhock, tall, with the poppy so bold,
And the sun-flower still his supremacy hold;
Then to garden's rich treasures the meadows
must yield,

But now the primroses bear sway of the field;
Then buy my primroses, who'll buy them,
who'll buy?

The delicate lily will raise up her head,
And all colours thrive in the gay tulip bed,
The pink and carnation, of various hue,
The buttons, all gold, and convolvulus blue;
The wall-flower, stain'd with a deep crimson
dye,

Librarians and marigolds with rich amber vie;
Yet, where hedges and thickets and meadows
look gay,

The modest primroses will still bear the sway,
Then buy my primroses, come, buy them,
who'll buy?

The ranunculus, auricula, jelly-stock too,
With francies displaying their beauties to view;
The plantain compagna, arch'd like a bower,
The curious cross on the fine passion-flower;
The scented geranium, with larkspurs com-
bin'd,

And round the moss-rose the pea-blossom en-
twine'd;

Though all these rare beauties my theme will
prolong,

Yet humble primroses must now claim my song.
Come, buy my primroses, then, buy them,
who'll buy?

The pride of great London, with love-in-a-mist,
And daisies, though least, not last on the list,
The cockscomb admitted to stand in his place,
With hyacinths, feathers, and the whole bal-
sam race;

* Whittaker and Co.

When tall honeysuckles with jessamine twine,
Jouquilles and sweet-williams embrace colum-
bine,
And pinks join daisies to make up your posies,
Then crown them with laurel, and red and
white roses;
But now I'll return to my pretty primroses,
Come, buy my primroses, who'll buy them!
who'll buy?

GNATS.

For the Olio.

No insect has delighted me more than the Gnat. In my boyhood, the shrill sound of its tiny horn was sufficient to conjure up a thousand visions of elves and fairies, and even now that sound will remind me of those fabulous beings with whom I always identify the Gnat tribe. Low, marshy ground, naturalists say, generate these curious insects, but I have known them to abound in hilly districts, where I have watched them enjoying their endless dance long after the moon has risen. Surely if spirits visit the earth, they come in the form and fashion of Gnats, who, unlike other insects, evidently prolong their revels through the night. Then their form—how light, how delicate, and how elegant! Shakspeare, who saw everything, has not forgotten the Gnat, as we find in his description of Queen Mab and her fairy train,

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated Gnat.

—a fit actor, indeed, in such a spectacle. Like the elves, too, the Gnat delights in tormenting our species,—as my flesh hath ere now testified. If you would have a specimen of their exquisite puncturing, wait till the summer; and if the night be warm, open your chamber window to cool the room. Probably a slight shower of rain may chance to fall before day-break, and if so, be assured of a visit from these little imps, who will not depart without a token of their good will. Your Gnat is an entomological Exquisite; his form is cast in the mould of ultra-dandyism, and no insect appears to be more conscious of its elegant shape. The delicate feathers of his head, by which we are told the aforesaid shrill sound is produced, might be compared to the bruts of a London buck, and his legs are of true aristocratical proportions. Then his dancing! can any one of the insect tribe contemplate it without envy!—Whether in mid air, or on the window-panes, the capering of the Gnat outrivals the posturing of the Italian *Affurantes*. He heeds not the dull motions of the house-fly, the blue-bottle, or the wasp, but leaps over them if they chance

o get in his way. This is a dull season for the Gnat, although a bright and mild day will sometimes mock them; the *Summer* is their carnival-time, and I would not be one to intrude upon their antic gambols, despite of the white lumps which they delight in raising on the fair neck of the companion of my evening rambles.

ALPHA.

EASTERN STORIES.

THE DEAF MAN AND THE PATIENT.

A certain merchant had an acquaintance, a person who was hard of hearing. By the act of predestination, the merchant became sick. The deaf man went to enquire after him, and, while going along in the way, he made up this discourse:—After having saluted his honour, I will first ask this question,—‘Tell me, sir, how is your health?’ He will say, ‘Better;’ and I will say, ‘*Ameen!* may it be lasting!’ Then I will ask, ‘What food do you take?’ He will say, ‘Rice pudding;’ and I will say, ‘Good appetite to you!’ My next enquiry shall be, ‘Who is your physician?’ He will say, ‘The great Dr. Such-a-one,’ and I will say, ‘May God grant a complete cure by his means.’ At length, having entirely made up this plan, he arrived at the house, and, having made the usual *salam*, he sat down near the patient, and began to ask,—‘Tell me, friend, how is your health?’ The patient answered,—‘Why do you ask?—I am dying with a fever.’ Immediately on hearing this, he exclaimed,—‘Amen, may God cause it to be so!’ The helpless sick man was in a complete ferment with his disease, and this speech caused him to be even more so. He next asked,—‘My friend, what victuals do you eat?’ The patient replied,—‘Dirt.’—‘May your appetite be good!’ answered he. On hearing this, he became even doubly enraged. Again he rejoined,—‘Pray tell me, friend, who is your physician?’ In a most excessive rage, the patient replied,—‘The angel of death!’—‘I give you much joy!’ answered he; ‘I hope God will grant a speedy cure by his hand!’”

THE BANKER ROBBED NEAR THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

A certain banker was robbed under the very eye of the emperor, beneath the palace-walls. He went to wait on the emperor, and made representations to him. ‘Protector of the world! robbers have plundered me under the very walls of your highness’s palace.’ The

emperor said to him,—‘Why did you not remain more watchful?’ The banker said,—‘It was not known to your slave that travellers were liable to be robbed under your highness’s very windows.’ The emperor replied,—‘What! have you never heard this common proverb—‘It is dark under the lamp?’

THE MERCHANT'S SON AND THE TYRANT.

One day, an emperor, who was a tyrant, went to the outside of the city by himself. He saw a man sitting under a tree, and asked him,—‘What sort of a person is the emperor of this country? Is he a tyrant or a just man?’ The man answered,—‘He is a great tyrant.’ The emperor said,—‘Do you know me?’ The man said, ‘No.’ The emperor answered, ‘I am the sultan of this country.’ The man was frightened, and asked in reply, ‘Do you know me?’ The emperor said, ‘No.’ The man replied, ‘I am the son of a certain merchant; every month, during the space of three days, I become mad! To-day is one of those three days.’ The emperor laughed, and said nothing to him.

THE HUNGRY MAN AND THE ARAB.

A person was walking along hungry, and saw an Arab who was eating victuals by the side of a pond. He went up to him, and said, ‘I am just come from the neighbourhood of your dwelling.’ The Arab asked him, ‘Are my wife, my child, and my camel, all in good health?’ The man said, ‘Yes.’ The Arab became quite contented, and paid no regard to that person farther. The man then began to say, ‘O Arab! this dog which is now sitting before you, if your own dog were still alive, it would be just such another.’ The Arab raised up his head, and said to him, ‘My dog! how did it die?’ The man replied, ‘It ate too much of the flesh of your camel.’ He enquired, ‘How did my camel die?’ The man answered, ‘Your wife died,—and then there was no one to give it grain or water.’ The Arab asked, ‘How did my wife die?’ The man replied, ‘In lamentation for your son, she wept excessively, and beat her head and breast with stones.’ He asked, ‘How did my son die?’ The man said, ‘The house fell upon him.’ On hearing this account of the ruin of his house, the Arab threw dust upon his head, and, leaving his victuals as they were, went off in the direction of his dwelling. The man, by this device, got the victuals.

Noble's Letters of a Rabbi.

RANDOM GLEANINGS FROM
MOORE'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS
OF LORD BYRON.—VOL. II.

His Lordship's regard for Pope the Poet.—If they had said nothing of Pope they might have remained 'alone with their glory,' for aught I should have said or thought about them or their nonsense. But if they interfere with the little nightingale of Twickenham, they may find others who may bear it, —I won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'That of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry; it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a poet of a thousand years was *Pope*. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature.

Byron's opinion of the Poetry of his own Times.—With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that . . . all of us,—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I,—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong poetical system or systems, not worth a d—n in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way;—I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with *Pope's*, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the lower empire. Depend upon it, it

is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly: Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject; and —is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly.

Byron's Intentions.—If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me.—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out—I have at intervals exercised it most devilishly.

Remarks on Italy and the Italians.—It appears that our noble author was requested to write a work on Italy, which he declined doing on good grounds. The following remarks, however, on this subject, contain more solid thinking than is to be met with in one half of the productions of modern travellers.—"You ask me for a volume of manners, &c. on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen never resided before (I speak of Romagna and this place particularly); but there are many reasons why I don't chuse to treat in print on such a subject. I have lived in their houses, and in the hearts of their families, sometimes merely as 'amico di casa,' and sometimes as 'amico di cuore' of the Dama; and in neither case do I feel myself authorised in making a book of them. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education; the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once *sudden* and *durable*, (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what you would

call so), as you would see by their comedies; they have no real comedy, not in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from.

"Their conversazioni are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The women sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary faro, or lotto reale, for small sums. Their academie are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival balls and masquerades, when every body runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers, they make extempore verses and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into—ye of the north.

"In their houses it is better. I should know something of the matter, having had a pretty general experience among their women, from the fisherman's wife up to the Nobil Dama whom I serve. Their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the *not* out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover.

"If I wrote a quarto, I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted. It is to be observed, that while they do all this, the greatest outward respect is to be paid to the husband, not only by the ladies, but by their Serventi—particularly if the husband serves no one himself, (which is not often the case, however); so that you would often suppose them relations—the Serventi making the figure of one adopted into the family. Sometimes the ladies run a little restive, and elope, or divide, or make a scene; but this is at starting, generally when they know no better, or when they fall in love with a foreigner, or some such anomaly,—and

is always reckoned unnecessary and extravagant."

Outdoings of the Bard.—A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between himself and Polidori, during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. "After all," said the physician, "what is there you can do that I cannot?"—"Why since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol shot, at the distance of twenty paces—and I have written a poem, of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day!"

The manner in which the Poet kept his Diary.—"January 6th, 1821.—Sketched the outline and dram. pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus. I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old—and read over a passage in the ninth volume octavo of Mitford's Greece, where he rather vindicated the memory of the last of the Assyrians.

"Dined—news come—the Powers mean to war with the peoples; the intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it."

"I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillpazzar's Sappho, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest theme* for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I put more love into "Sardanapalus" than I intended. I speak, of course, if the times will allow me leisure. That if will hardly be a peacemaker.

"January 15, 1821.—Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's Greece—wrote part of a scene of 'Sardanapalus.' Went out—heard some music—heard some politics.—More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a sa-

vage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

"I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore—the poet' *par excellence*, and he deserves it—and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray the magnificent—the illustrious publisher of that name—had just sent me a Java Gazette, I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out by way of curiosi'ty, we found it to contain a dispute—the said Java Gazette—on Moore's merits and mine. I think if I had been there, I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But there is *fame* for you at six and twenty. Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

"It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and surely an odd coincidence that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

"Well, the same evening I met Lawrence the painter, and heard one of Earl Grey's daughters—a fine, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patriotian thorough-bred look* of her father which I dote upon—play upon the harp so modestly and ingeniously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence—who talked delightfully—and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together. The only pleasure of fame is, that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after."

Canova's Helen.—The Helen of Canova,—a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I know,—is without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

In this beloved marble, view
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature *could* but *would not do*,
And beauty and Canova *can*!

Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the heart!

There are several very delightful

pieces of unpublished poetry interspersed throughout the volume; and here is one of them:

STANZAS.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory:

And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow
That is wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!

What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover

She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;

Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Snatches from Oblivion.

THE CHARACTER OF A PRISON.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

[The subjoined faithful picture of the abode of misery and misfortune, we extract from that curious and quaint old work by Geoffrey Minshull, entitled, *Essays and Characters of a Prison*, originally published in 1610. From the 'Epistle Dedicatorie' of our author's book, which is dated from the King's Bench Prison, it appears that Master Geoffrey drew his portraits from life, and that although he belonged to an ancient and highly respectable family residing at Minshull in Cheshire, yet he could not, either from extravagance or some other mishap, keep himself from becoming a participator in the scenes he describes with so much effect.]

A PRISON is a grave to bury men alive, and a place wherein a man, for half a year's experience, may learn more law than he can at *Westminster* for an hundred pound.

It is a *Microcosmus*, a little world of woe, it is a map of misery, it is a place that will learn a young man more villany, if he be apt to take it, in one half year, than he can learn at twenty dicing-houses, or bowling alleys; and an old man more policie than if he had been pupil to Machiavel.

It is a place that hath more diseases predominant in it, than the pest-house in the plague-time. It is a little commonwealth, although little wealth be common there; it is a desert, where desert lies hoodwinked; it is a famous city, wherein are all trades, for here lies the alchymist that can rather make *ex auro non aurum*, than *ex non auro aurum*.

It is as intricate a place as Rosamond's Labyrinth, and it is so full of blind meanders and crooked turnings, that it is impossible to find the way out, except he be directed by a silver clue, and can never overcome the Minotaur without a golden ball to work his own safety.

It is your Bankrupt's banquetting house, where he sits feasting with the sweet-meats borrowed from other men's tables, having a voluntary disposition never to repay them again.

It is your prodigal's *ultimum refugium*, wherein he may see himself as in a glass, what his excess hath brought him to; and lest he should surfeit, comes hither to physic himself with moderate diet; and least that his bed of down should breed too many diseases, comes hither to change his bed, where he is scarcely able to lay down.

It is a purgatory which doth afflict a man with more miseries than ever he reaped pleasure.

It is a pilgrimage to extenuate sins, and absolve offences; for here be seminaries and mass-priests, which do take down the pride of their flesh more than a voyage to the Holy Land, or a hair shirt in Lent.

It is an exile which doth banish a man from all contentments, wherein his actions do so terrify him, that it makes a man grow desperate.

To conclude, what is it not? In a word, it is the very idea of all misery and torments; it converts joy into sorrow, riches into poverty, and ease into discontentments.

Notices of New Books.

A Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England, and perpetual Guide to the Almanac, pp. 283, 12mo. London, Effingham Wilson.

This little volume, though intended for the use of "young persons of either sex," will, we are persuaded, be found an useful manual for those of riper years. As a book of reference merely, it may be consulted by those whose

time or whose means will not allow of their seeking the required information in larger and more expensive works; while to young persons, it will be a means of a saving of much toil and study. We agree with the remark of the great Dr. Johnson, that it is to books of this description that most men, who are remarkable for their general knowledge, are indebted. These little compendiums do not overload the mind; their conciseness never tires, whilst the ponderous volumes from which they are drawn require the memory of a Mithridates. This work is arranged in the form of question and answer, and the explanations, with one or two exceptions, are correct and impartial, two things indispensable in the compilation of a work which relates to history. We confidently predict the success of this little volume, and warmly recommend it to the notice of all persons charged with the education of youth.

Illustrations of History.

ELECTION OF SHERIFF.

Formerly the Lord Mayors of London had the power of choosing any person they thought fit, for Sheriff, which was signified by their lordships drinking to him they wished to nominate for the office. In the second year of Henry VII. Sir Henry Collett, at a feast, drank to his carver, John Percival, who immediately covered his head, and took his seat at the table. Thirteen years after Percival was knighted and elected Lord Mayor.

SINGULAR WEAPON.

[By the following extract of a letter from an officer in the Cossian Mountains, dated June 3, 1830, it would seem that the use of the two-handed sword has not been confined to the countries of Europe. Whether the robber chief received the weapon from some member of his family in which it has been a heir-loom, (and it is well known that the inhabitants of Eastern India are in possession of European weapons of all descriptions which must have been manufactured at least two centuries ago), or whether it was forged by his express command, must be left to the speculations of the antiquary, or to those versed in the history of India.—*Ed. of Olio.*]

"I had a skirmish with the famous Moubot, about a fortnight ago, in which he escaped only by a desperate rush, forcing his way through some Burmese

with a large two-handed sword. I came upon the village, where he and about fifty of his followers were, by surprise in the dark, with twelve seapoys and ten Burmese. I had five of my party wounded, and an arrow through my cap (I believe from Moubot himself); the outlaws had seven men killed on the spot, besides wounded. I have got Moubot's sword and shield, taken in the fray; *the former is two-handed and five feet long.*"

COIN OF HENRY V.

When this king held the Regency of France, he caused a coin to be struck, which he named a *salute*. It bore the arms of England and France quarterly.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note Book.

M. W. W.

WOLVES.

In the year 1437 the vicinity of Paris was so infested with wolves, that they entered the city by the river, and devoured fourteen or fifteen persons. In the following year they again suddenly entered the city, killed four women and bit seventeen other individuals, eleven of whom died of their wounds. There was one formidable wolf in particular, called *Courtaud*, because he had no tail, that became an object of universal dread. When any one was leaving, it was said, *Gardez-vous Courtaud*. He was spoken of, says an old author, as a *larron des bois, ou d'un cruel capitaine*. This animal at length was killed, and his carcass paraded through the streets of Paris as a spectacle.

CLERGY IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ecclesiastic whose benefice did not exceed twelve pounds per annum, had permission to follow some trade. Bib. Ang. tom. xiii. p. 315.

EARTHQUAKE AT CHILI.

In the year 1730, a dreadful earthquake and inundation happened in Chili. It lasted twenty-seven hours, and destroyed the town of Sant Iago, with a multitude of people.* As the earth opened, it emitted torrents of water, which flooded the town of Conception, and spread as far as Callao, the walls of which it passed over, and deluged the greater part of the city. A.

* Some writers say eight millions! but the number must be greatly exaggerated.

EXTORTION.

In the early ages, in some parts of France, the clergy pretended that a new-married couple could not sleep together without their permission for the three first nights of their marriage. A decree of the *Parlement* of Paris was issued in 1409, forbidding the Bishop of Amiens, and the curates of that town, to take or exact money from a new-married couple for permission to sleep together for the first, second and third nights of their marriage, as every inhabitant might sleep with his wife, as he pleased, without the permission of the bishop and his officers.

THE DESTROYER DESTROYED.

During the Holy Wars one Turk, in particular, signalised himself by an immense slaughter of the crusaders, shewing himself exposed upon the battlements, and plying his terrible bow, which winged death in every direction. The Christians became so fearful of him, that that most imaginative passion, terror, began to invest him with some supernatural defence. The best aimed arrows proved totally ineffectual, and reports spread rapidly that he might be seen still sending destruction around from his hand, while twenty shafts, each carrying the fate of a common mortal, were sticking unheeded in his flesh. Godfrey of Bouillon, to end the panic that this man occasioned, at length took a crossbow himself, though that machine was considered but a fit weapon for a yeoman, and directing the quarrel with a steadier hand than those which had before aimed at the Turkish archer, he sent the missile directly to his heart.

JOHN BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

This man, who has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Old Mortality," was steward to Archbishop Sharpe, who had discharged him in consequence of some deficiency in his accounts. Balfour immediately conceived the most deadly animosity against the Archbishop, and lying in wait for him, in company with his kinsman Haxton or Hackston, and four weavers, they dragged the aged primate from his carriage, and spite of the prayers and entreaties of his daughter, dispatched him with their broadswords. Disappointment, or the refusal of a favour, says the Earl of Orford, will quickly make a patriot. He might have added, that the same cause makes Sectarians. If Luther had never been offended, we might have still known

but one creed in Europe, and rivers of blood had not been shed in the name of religion! A.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

Aristotle tells us that it was the custom for the people of some countries to choose their king for the comeliness of his shape. Heliogabalus was chosen emperor by the Romans on account of the beauty of his person. A.

INDIAN INK.

The black inky fluid of the cuttle fish, which has often been supposed to be the bile, is a very singular secretion. The bag in which it is contained has a fine callous internal surface, and its excretory duct opens near the anus. The fluid itself is thick, but miscible with water to such a degree, that a very small quantity will cover a vast bulk of water; and the animal employs it in this way to elude the pursuit of its enemies. According to Cuvier, the Indian ink, which comes from China, is made of this fluid. H.B.A.

Customs of Various Countries.

CUSTOMS ENJOINED ON ANCIENT PAWNBROKERS.

For the *Olio*.

When one took a *pledge* of his neighbour, if he were a poor man, and his pledge were a thing in which he stood of need, it was commanded that he restored the pledge at the time when required. For instance, his bedding at night, that he may sleep on it, and his working tools by day, that he may do his work with them. But if he restored not the instrument of the day by day, and the instrument of night by night, he transgressed against this prohibition, "Thou shalt *not* sleep with his *pledge*." The *millstone*, as an exception, was not allowed to be pawned, on any terms, because the corn should be ground for all who required it, in any hour of the day. PYLADES.

Anecdotes.

DOCTOR DONNE.

When this amiable divine became possessed of the first living he ever had, he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave; and, throwing up a skull, the Doctor took it up to contemplate thereon, and found a small headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief; he then demanded of the grave digger whether he

knew whose skull that was? He said he did very well, declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy shop, an honest drunken fellow, who one night having taken an overdose of that comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed the next morning. Had he a wife? Yes. What character does she bear? A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her, because she married the day after her husband was buried; though to be sure, she had no great reason to grieve after him. This was enough for the doctor, who, under pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her. He asked her several questions, and, amongst others, what sickness her husband died of; she giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, and instantly owned the murder.

DEAN SWIFT.

Horace Walpole, speaking of the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, says, that he "was a good writer, but had a bad heart. Even to the last he was devoured by ambition, which he pretended to despise. Would you believe that often finding his opposition to the ministry fruitless, and what galled him still more, contemned, he summoned up resolution to wait on Sir Robert Walpole: Sir Robert, seeing Swift look pale and ill, enquired the state of his health, with his usual good humour and urbanity. They were standing by a window that looked into the court-yard, where was an ancient ivy dropping towards the ground, 'Sir,' said Swift, with an emphatic look, 'I am like that ivy—I want support.' Sir Robert answered, 'Why then, doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?' Swift took the hint, made his bow, and retired.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Grose the antiquarian, in his *Olio*, states that the following advertisement appeared in Lloyd's Evening Post, in 1777:—"Money wanted—when it can be procured—£100. No security can be given for the *principal*, and possibly the *interest* may not be punctually paid. Under the above circumstances, should any one be found willing to lend the desired sum, he will much *surprise*, and particularly *oblige* the author of this advertisement.—Direct for A. B. C. George's Coffee-house, Hay-market."

DAVID WILKIE.

In a recent number of the *Athenæum*, containing a clever article upon the merits of this justly admired artist, we find the anecdotes here given. "We happened sometime ago to be living near Canterbury, when we were accosted by a north country peasant, or wandering gardener, from the county of Fife, who took a paper from his pocket-book, and desired us to read it. This was a certificate of character, written by the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Cults, in Fife, setting forth, that the bearer was sober and so forth. 'I have heard,' said the Scot, 'that the Minister has a son in London, who is grown a great man; I wonder which of his sons it can be.'—'It is David,' we answered, 'and a far-famed man he is.'—'David!' he exclaimed, 'what, wee curly-headed David!—wha would have thought that now!—and what is he great for—can ye tell me?'—'For painting,' we replied. 'Painting!' the man of Fife turned up his eyes,—'painting! now that brings to my mind, that he used to draw the heads of the boys in the school, and me among the rest; and when he saw a boy mounting the furr for no saying his psalm, he just gloried. I maun see him some of these days.'

The other anecdote is this. "A young man—now a painter of eminence—when the fit of art fell upon him, came to London, resolved to commence painter at once. He had a letter of introduction to a member of the Royal Academy, a distinguished one: he was received with politeness, and was emboldened to request some information concerning the mode of making up a palette and employing colours. 'Young man,' said this person, 'there are mysteries in my art, these are of them, which are not to be told, and must be discovered by long study—I wish you a good morning.' Thus repulsed, said our informant, I resolved to be more wary with Wilkie, to whom I had a letter also. I saw him, was received kindly, and as soon as possible I began to hunt for the information I wanted as ingeniously as I could, Wilkie turned sharply round, and said, 'O you want to know how to prepare your palette, and commence on canvass! had you said so at first, it would have saved going round the bush—come with me.' He took me into his painting-room, and would not let me go away till he saw that I had mastered the difficulty to a certain extent. As we parted, he said, smiling, 'Come back, if I can help you further—come back at any rate.'

"At some distant period these anecdotes may be thought not unworthy of mingling in the biography of this distinguished painter."

A CONVERT'S TASTE.

The following anecdote used to be related by General Oglethorpe:

An industrious missionary had taken great pains to impart a knowledge of the Christian religion to an American Indian, and exulted in the probable hope of success; he persuaded himself that the assent of this untutored child of nature was the effect of rational conviction, and thought it his duty to confirm the good work by administering the sacrament. After receiving it, the good father, in the honest triumph of his heart, asked the proselyte if he did not receive a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from the holy cup? "Yes," said the poor fellow innocently, "it was very good, but I like rum better."

PAYING IN THE SAME COIN.

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the punning domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as rent."—"But," continued the gentleman, "as you are fond of puns, I will tell you why you must not charge the wine-glasses I let fall—because they are tumbler's."

NEWS.

During the siege of Boston, in 1775, a negro, who lived in a Tory family, and whose politics were, of course, the same as his master's, met one day with Mr. Edes, Editor of the *Boston Gazette*, a back-bone patriot, and asked him the news. "News! Scipio, there is no news that I hear of." "Well, den, Massa Edes, if you hab got noting new, I spose you print him same oll over agin."

THE TOOLEY-STREET FEATURIST.

For the *Olio*.

I draws your teeth, or puts teeth in,
So's to improve your jaw and chin;
I always minds what I'm about,
If I puts in or pulls them out.
Noses I makes of the order'd size,
And glass-eyes to the blind supplies.

J. R. P.

EPIGRAM—

ON THE FIRST PERSON BURIED IN THE
'NEW GROUND.'

Thou art the *Alpha* in this Burial Ground,
Mayst thou be first to hear the trumpet sound;
Ages shall roll and time in periods flee,
But none can tell who will the *Omega* be.

J. R. P.

EPIGRAM.

'Ben Blunt, as once he was wooing a maid,
She ask'd, 'If he'd made a connection in
trade?'
'No,' he replied, 'but I've got one in view,
I think to become sleeping partner with you.'

THE LATE REV. W. MATURIN.

"If you will write romances, Mr. Maturin," said an Irish prelate to the author of the *Albigenses*, "why will you persist in harrowing of the feelings by depicting scenes of horror?" "My lord," replied Maturin, who knew his lordship's penchant for high seasoned viands, "readers are like epicures;—if you set a plain joint before them, they lose their appetite; but if a piquant dish pleases their palate, they will finish it though they are satiated even to repletion."

THE RETORT.

Believed to have been written by Dean Swift.

Says Cella to a Reverend Dean,
 'What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven?'

'There are no women,' he replied,
 'She quickly turn'd the jest—'
 'Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest!'

AN APOLOGY FOR SCOLDING.

O'erlive fair Sophia, all in all,
 Mild, beautiful and young!
 'Tis true; but their her mouth's so small,
 It cannot hold her tongue.'

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, January 26.

St. Cosmo, Bishop of the Isle of Man.—High Water 0h 4m Morn—0h 36m After.

This evening is the vigil of that day, when, according to the old Calendar, the Romans celebrated the dedication of the Temple of Castor and Pollux.

Jan. 26, 1667.—On this day the signature of the peace of Breda took place. At this peace, which was concluded under the mediation of the King of Sweden, three separate treaties were signed. The first between England and France, the second between England and Denmark, and the third between England and Holland.

Thursday, January 27.

St. John Chrysostom, Archbishop, A.D. 407. Sun rises 36m aft 7—sets 34m after 4.

Jan. 27, 1773.—Birth-day of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.

—1792.—Expired the learned and able prelate, Dr. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich, whose *Sermons* and *Commentary on the Psalms* are highly esteemed; particularly the latter, which, it has been justly observed, "will continue to be a companion to the closet, till the devotions of earth shall end." His Female Character, drawn with exquisite ability, in one of his Discourses, has been much admired; as in that sketch he has paid an admirable tribute of praise to that sex, whose mild virtues contribute so essentially to the happiness of mankind. Bishop Horne was a native of Hotham, in Kent.

Friday, January 28.

St. Paulinus, Patriarch of Aquileia.—Full Moon, 33m aft 7 Morn

Jan. 28, 1725.—Died Peter the Great of Russia, to whom that empire is indebted for much of its present power, and its progress in arts and civilization. The character of this extraordinary man was well given by himself, when, in an excess of passion and mebrity, he drew his sword on his favourite, Le Fort, by whose counsels many of his improvements were accomplished. Ashamed of his conduct, he asked him pardon, saying, "I have reformed my Country, but I have not been able to reform myself."

Saturday, January 29.

St. Gildas of Scotland.—High Water 50m after 2 Morn.—14m after 3 After.

The Jews observed the twenty-ninth of the month *Shebat* as a great festival, to commemorate the death of Antiochus Epiphanus, one of their bitterest enemies. This event happened 164 years before Christ.—See *Macc.* i. vi.

The following are some of the old proverbs relating to January,—

Who in Janiver sows oats, gets gold and groats:
 Who sows in May, gets little that way.

If Janiver calends be summerly gay,
 'Twill be wintery weather till the calends of May.

Jan. 29, 1712.—Opening of the Congress of Utrecht. This celebrated Congress, which gave peace to Europe, sat exactly one year, having closed on the twenty-ninth of January, 1713.

Sunday, January 30.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day—1 chap. Genesis, morn 2 chapter Genesis, Even.

Jan. 30, 1619.—Anniversary of the beheading of Charles I. by Cromwell and his accomplices, who assumed to themselves the title of the *People of England*, a deed by which the nation was exposed to the tyranny of successive factions, while the freedom of Parliament, which was the pretence for the rebellion, was frequently violated by those factions, and especially by Cromwell, who finally assumed to himself despotic power. Pope relates the anecdote here given:—"The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, Lord Southampton, a friend of his, got leave to sit up by the body, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholly there about two o'clock in the morning, they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly up stairs. By and by the door opened, and a man entered, very much muffled up in his cloak, and his face quite hid in it. He approached the body, considered it very attentively for some time, and then shook his head and sighed out the words 'Cruel necessity!' He then departed in the same slow and concealed manner as he had come in. Lord Southampton used to say, that he could not distinguish anything of his face, but that, by his voice and gait, he took him to be Oliver Cromwell." The above vision of Lord Southampton was probably one of those cerebral hallucinations so well illustrated by Dr. Ferriar, in his work on Apparitions.

Monday, January 31.

St. Matdor, Irish Bish.—A.D. 633.—Sun rises 39m after 7—sets 31m after 4.

This day the Romans dedicated monthly, to the household deities, called *Penates*, a festival known by the name of *Parentalia*, because sacrifices were then offered at the graves of their departed relatives; and, as it was an institution of *Æneas*, we may, not absurdly, fix the death of *Æneas* about the present day, in Sicily, B.C. 1183. The *Penates* were certain inferior deities among the Romans, who presided over houses, and the domestic affairs of families.

Tuesday, February 1.

Vigil of Candlemas—High Water 49m after 4 Morn—7m after 5 Aftern.

The weather, during this month, is generally very changeable, though the cold loses its intensity. The first stanza of *Clare's Shepherd's Calendar*, well describes the season.

"The snow has left the cottage top;
 The thatch-moss grows its brighter green;
 And eaves in quick succession drop,
 Where grinning icicles have been,
 Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
 In tubs set by the cottage door;
 While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
 Plunge in the yard-pond, brimming o'er."

And Shakspeare, in the following lines, does not forget to notice the frequent character of this month:—

"You have such a February face,—
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness."

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The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. V.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Feb. 5 1831.



See page 55

Illustrated Article.

THE FRATRICIDE.

For the Olio.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this same grievous guilty murder done!
SHAKESPEARE.

It was on a bleak December evening in the reign of Elizabeth, while the snow fell in unusually large flakes, and the shrewd wintry blast came pattering hoarse and hollow up the narrow straggling street in the little village of S—, in the west of England, that a goodly company were assembled over a comfortable flaggon of March beer, in the spacious kitchen of the only inn it possessed. A large blazing fire roared up the vast chimney, and displayed the jovial features of mine host, nicely reddening under the influence of his frequent and liberal potations, and undergoing their several requisite expressions as he entertained his guests.

"Well, Master Martyn," quoth he, addressing a well-formed and gaily

apparelled youth, "to proceed with my story. Know, that the hatred of this Sir Mark Willoughby towards his brother daily increased, and grew at length to such an extremity, that they rarely ever passed each other without some affray taking place. Now it so befel, that Sir Aubrey of Harpholly should wend him on business of moment to the distant residence of a beloved and wealthy kinsman, and from thence it is pretty generally believed that he never returned with life. Great pursuits were immediately set on foot, and immense rewards were held out for his discovery, but all to no purpose. Meanwhile, suspicion lighted strongly upon Sir Mark, who had always been known to bear him the most deadly hatred. This man, however, not only assisted in striving to discover the cause of Sir Aubrey's disappearance, but laid himself entirely open to the investigation of all who took concern in his fate; as nothing, therefore, could be proved to implicate him in any way whatever, he became the inheritor of his brother's riches, and the sole possessor of Harpholly.

holly Hall. Yet, notwithstanding that he had been acquitted of having had aught to do in the murder of Sir Aubrey (for that he had met with some violent death was the profound belief of all), he was hated by those around him for his fierce and crafty disposition; and, ere a twelve-month had passed over him,—unhappy amid his hoards of wealth, and despised even by his domestics, he quitted the mansion of his fathers for a foreign land, and has never since been either seen or heard of. The old hall was left to decay, and remains to this time in a wretched and dilapidated condition. None dare approach it after nightfall, and few there be, even in broad daylight, bold enough to venture within its gloomy and silent precincts!"

"And for what reason, good mine host?" queried Martyn.

"Marry, fair sir, for this," and his voice dwindled almost to a whisper,— "some say the ghost of Sir Aubrey walks abroad."

"Indeed; now would I fain betake me thither, and parley with this same ghost, an' there be a such thing, which in sooth I very much question. Know ye one bold enough to accompany me, good Master Maurice?"

"Not I, in faith, sir," replied he of the spigot, "and simply to speak my mind, I think ye are far from wise in venturing on any such errand; seeing it is but a sorry change—a warm chimney corner for the damp and dismal chambers of Harpholly Hall."

"Good mine host," answered the sturdy gallant, "thy words are true; but thou hast raised my curiosity;—therefore I would fain wend me thither, or I shall not get a wink of sleep to-night."

"Ye shall not then lack company; I, sir, will on with ye," exclaimed a voice whose deep and hollow cadence startled the whole assembly, not even excepting Master Martyn himself.—Every gaze was instantly turned upon the speaker—a tall and dignified figure, partly wrapped in a dark riding mantle, and wearing his large flapped hat so as to conceal his visage. He had just withdrawn himself from the circle, and now stood in the midst of the apartment. How he had come among them was a perfect mystery to all. The youth however, instantly replied to him,

"Marry, sir, thou offerest fairly,—therefore will I along with ye."

It was in vain that mine host and the rest of the company endeavoured by

many a meaning gesture to persuade Master Martyn off his undertaking; the youth's determination was fixed; he was not easily to be daunted; and he was somehow mysteriously prepossessed in favour of his strange companion. A lantern was therefore procured from Master Maurice, and away they went together.

We shall not remain to witness the various conjectures which were now started by the sapient inmates of the inn, touching the probable fate of the adventurous gallant, but follow the immediate fortunes of that worthy.

Harpholly Hall lay at about the distance of a mile from the village, and the road leading thereto was of the most dreary and desolate description. It extended a greater part of the way through a black morass, and afterwards skirted a chain of bleak sand hills, terminating finally in what had once been a noble and well-wooded park, but which now presented a scant and dreary wilderness. A wide carriage-path, rugged and choked with stones and weeds, perambulated it for about the distance of a quarter of a mile, and brought our adventurers at length before a rambling pile of ruins, which, whitened as they were by the snow, and seen by the dim and ghostly light which flickered from Martyn's lantern, looked not much unlike a vast sheeted spectre, looming to gigantic proportions against the sable background of the winter sky.

It was not without some secret misgivings that our friend Martyn had several times noted the extreme taciturnity of his companion; during their route, he had more than once essayed to start some subject of conversation, but failed in everything, except to elicit now and then a brief monosyllable to his direct and repeated enquiries. Another circumstance which failed not to escape his notice, was the stranger's studied concealment of his visage; not even the slightest glimpse could he procure of it; and now, as they both stood before the gloomy and desolate ruin, another and a more startling fact became apparent. The figure of Martyn threw a long black shadow over the glistening tract of snow, but that of the stranger produced none whatever! The youth's hair was at first fain to bristle beneath his bonnet; his innate courage, however, soon mastered his momentary terror, and since he had so far gone in his enterprise, he resolved to go through with it manfully.

They both went forward and entered

the great archway, the gates of which, partly unhinged, swung to and fro, creaking and gibbering in the blast; from thence they proceeded to the upper apartments, all of which presented the most squalid and miserable appearance imaginable. Traversing a long and lofty gallery, they turned off at length into a small square room, the oak wainscoting of which had been converted by neglect and decay into a profound black; the ceiling was festooned with cobwebs; the hollow blast whistled through the crevices of the closed shutters, and howled and jabbered in the narrow chimney; and the door, as soon as they had entered, slammed to with a loud and echoing jar.

"Here, then," thought Martyn, "I may expect to have my desire gratified, for never did I behold a place better fitted for a ghostly visitant."

And scarcely had the words passed his lips, ere a wild unearthly peal resounded through the whole building, which Martyn afterwards declared resembled the sudden discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery; the floor at the same time appeared to rock and heave beneath his feet, and the apartment was filled with clouds of dust, which perhaps had lain undisturbed for years: then there was a noise as of drawn swords sharply encountering each other, which gradually died off,—a stifled groan or two succeeded, and all was hushed.

"Foul work has been committed here," said the youth, partly to himself and partly addressing his companion. On turning round, however, he found the latter had left him; he elevated his lantern and glanced over the room, but he was no where visible; and Martyn, notwithstanding his natural hardihood, then felt himself alone. Yet was he far from being discouraged, and unused, beside, to give way to anything that wore an air of superstition, he imputed at once his companion's departure to terror at what he had just witnessed. Still, however, there was a train of gloomy and frightful ideas that struggled in his mind and would not be repressed: he reverted to the stranger's singular and mysterious demeanour—his hollow tone—his shrouded visage, and shadowless form, till he was almost tempted to believe that his late companion was indeed no other than the spectre of the murdered nobleman.

The damp and chilling atmosphere of the desolated chamber presently awoke him to a sense of feeling, and wrapping

his mantle yet closer around him, he hurried from the ruin and sought his lodging in the village, determining within himself to subject it on the following day to a strict investigation.

The following day, however, was not fated for it; and the night which was bitter cold, saw our friend Martyn perambulating at about the eighth hour the already silent street of the village. The clear frosty sky was illuminated with stars, and the moon, in her first quarter, threw a lively radiance over the snowy house-tops and down the narrow street. At about midway, the large lattice of mine host's kitchen made itself perfectly distinguishable by the strong red glare with which it was irradiated—prophetic of the jovial fire that roared within, and toward this comfortable beacon the reader will readily imagine our hero to be wending. Long, however, before he had reached it, a distant cry of "Help!" mingled with a violent clash of weapons, arrested his attention. Martyn immediately unsheathed his rapier, and hastened to the end of the street from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, and he there beheld three men, hard pressed, though stoutly defending themselves against twice their number. One of the distressed party lay at the mercy of his adversary, who was about to pierce him with his sword, as our hero came to his relief; but strange to say, in striking aside the levelled weapon, his own became somehow entangled, and glancing on the breast of him whom he strove to assist, it passed through to the very hilt. He was prevented from falling by our hero, who aided by the two others, his domestics, hurried him off to the inn, where surgical aid was immediately procured. All assistance, however, proved vain; it was evident to every one present that the wounded man had not many moments more to breathe.

"Stand off!" he feebly murmured to the crowd that had gathered round him. "And you, sir," (to Martyn) "come near me. I would fain confess me to some holy man, but it may not be—my term of existence is near expired—attend to me—I am Mark Willoughby."

"The lord of Harpholly Hall!" interrupted Martyn.

"The murderer!" replied the stranger, with startling emphasis, "the accursed of God and man; he who like unto a second Cain hath roamed the earth a Fratricide! and who now is fast descending to the hell he merits."

Ha! see there—see—see—horrible phantom! haunt not thus my dying moments. Ha! he beckons me—his bloody fingers gripe my throat, and pull me down—down—”

A frightful yell succeeded, which curdled the blood in the veins of every one present, and the wretched man, who had raised himself from the seat in which they had placed him, his starting eyeballs fixed on vacancy, and with a sudden glide half way through the apartment, fell to the ground—a corse.

The events that we have just recorded were circulated with the rapidity of thought, both far and wide; and, certainly with many exaggerations, reached, with unaccountable speed, the ears of a close and attached kinsman of the murdered Sir Aubrey of Harpholly, who, with several others, his friends, immediately hastened to the spot. He arrived in the course of a day or two after the death of Sir Mark, and took minute investigation touching the arrival and decease of that nobleman, and afterwards made himself acquainted from Martyn's own lips with every particular relating to his recent visit to Harpholly Hall. The following morning, therefore, determined him on causing a strict search to be made throughout the building.

The morning came, and saw the noble kinsman, accompanied by Martyn, mine host, and several others, diligently proceeding with their investigation. Martyn's suspicions, however, attached solely to the small oak chamber on the gallery, and this he hinted to the director of their search. Accordingly, that was next the object of their approach, and prophetic of some fearful deed concealed therein—on reaching it they found the door strongly locked and barred, though Martyn positively averred that when he and his mysterious companion approached it, it flew open at their touch. By dint of hard wrenching with a crowbar and other implements, they at length succeeded in effecting an entrance, and causing part of the floor to be removed, they beheld a heap of mouldering bones, among which they found the fragment of a sword and a long steel hilted dagger, both covered with blood and rust, the implements, doubtless, which had accomplished the doom of Sir Aubrey. Continuing their search beneath the floor, they presently discovered a heap of gold and silver coin of divers value, but which amounted in all to a good round sum, and this in reward for his

services and dauntless behaviour, was instantly presented to our hero.

Little is now left to be added,—the remains of Sir Aubrey Willoughby, under the direction of his kinsman, were removed from their present situation, and deposited with fitting ceremony in the vault of his ancestors, while those of Sir Mark found a private and unhallowed grave! T. F.

MY SINECURE PLACE.

How's this, my Lord Grey, can you mean what you say?

Abolish all sinecures—pause, my Lord, pray! Oh, hear me, my Lord,—is this really the case? Nay, do not take from me my Sinecure Place.

Consider, my Income is small for a Peer, I'm poor, if you take my odd thousands a year; Consider, I pray you, how ancient my race, Its dignity sinks with my Sinecure Place.

My mansion in town has of late been rebuilt, Adorn'd with superb scagliola, and gilt; Pray, how shall I look Mr. Nash in the face, If you now put an end to my Sinecure Place?

My castle must also be kept in repair, One month out of twelve I contrive to be there; One month I devote to the joys of the chase,— My castle would go with my Sinecure Place!

My cottage ornee, on the Devonshire coast, Must also be sold, if my place should be lost; Now, pray, my Lord, do reconsider my case, And let me retain my snug Sinecure Place.

My lady, her opera-box must discard! My lady, the beauty—you'll own 'twould be hard—

My fortune won't pay for her feathers and lace, Then leave me, oh, leave me, my Sinecure Place!

Economy may be discreet, I dare say, Retrenchment is all very well in its way: But there's no occasion for setting your face 'Gainst my individual Sinecure Place.

You must, my Lord Grey, (it is time to be frank)

Uphold the importance of persons of rank; The aristocratic look up to your race—

Support them, and leave me my Sinecure Place.

If beggarly vagabonds will make a row, Be firm, and intimidate—no matter how— E'en flourish a sword in each vagabond's face, I'll do it myself for my Sinecure Place.

I'll stipulate *always* to give you my vote—

Whatever you dictate I'll utter by rote; Your notions—*whatever they may be*—I'll embrace,

And I'll do any job for my Sinecure Place. *New Mon.*

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

LETTER VII. THE RETURN.

For the Olio.

WE tarried a few days off the island to fill up our water, and replenish our long since exhausted live stock, and then resumed the voyage to the Cape. The appearance of the ship at this place

excited no little sensation. The good people of Simon's Town, in the harbour or roadstead of which—I scarcely know how to designate it—we anchored, appeared to regard us, ship and all, as restored from the gluttonous maw of old ocean; so strongly were they impressed with the idea that we had all perished, from the length of time that had elapsed since our departure from Bengal (sixteen weeks); and the circumstance of no “brother way-farer of the deep” having heard or seen aught of us, with the exception of one veritable gentleman (a Yankee) who, some six or eight weeks previous, had brought *positive information* that the old Reliance had proved a coffin to her crew:—whence he derived this *positive information*, we never learnt; our appearance, at least, gave the lie *positive* thereto, very much to the comfort of the hungry inhabitants of H. M.'s colony, and half-a-dozen pains-taking calculators, who anticipated some very snug pickings in the sale of the cargo. This, considering the weather, turned out tolerably dry; and the prices the grain realized, judging from the rate at which bread was sold, long after our arrival, must have been enormous.

What now was to be done with the ship? The captain was anxious to return to England, that the insurances effected on the Glyceria might be arranged; but going thither in ballast (for not a ton of cargo was to be had at the Cape) would have been a poor speculation; while, on the other hand, the passage back to Calcutta was certain and speedy; the season for making shipment would have arrived; and, last of all, some three or four passengers offered themselves, in the persons of a bilious and consequential civilian on the Bengal establishment, and his *suite*, who had quitted India, in the vain hope that the more genial breezes of Southern Africa would dislodge some few of the sun-beams from his crazy carcass and cadaverous visage. The latter course I strenuously advocated, secretly determining on leaving the Reliance, before the preparations for her home voyage were made in Calcutta.

But while the captain hesitated, a ship, laden with sugar from Java, and bound for London, arrived, under juremasts, in Simon's bay. This “*barky*” had encountered a “*teasing nor-wester*” outside, which, besides dismasting her, had played the very deuce with her old timbers—’twas a wonder how she kept afloat with such a cargo,—and a survey

being held upon her, she was declared wholly unseaworthy. Another vessel was consequently required to convey the cargo home; and the Reliance, very much to the satisfaction of Bernard Green, and proportionally to the chagrin of Hugh Delmore, was selected for the purpose.

We accordingly took in the cargo of the condemned Emmeline, and prepared for sea. As the day of departure approached, the captain's gratification became more apparent. He would indulge in his pleasant anticipations with (to me) such provoking warmth, that, but for the habitual respect in which I held him, I could rudely have turned my back upon him. As it was, I would reply to his animated observations in abrupt monosyllables, or by slightly bowing my head, inevitable symptoms, added to the gloom the topic invariably cast upon my spirits, and doubtless extended its influence to my features, of the little participation or sympathy I had in such feelings, which it was rather singular he should have failed to notice.

“Once more upon the waters,”—in other words, we were on our way homeward. But how different was the aspect of every thing in this to our late disastrous passage from India.—No obstinate and tempestuous monsoon, with its murky atmosphere and ceaseless rains, mocked our skill and patience from without,—no factious spirit of insubordination threatened us on board. Sky, breeze, and sea smiled upon us; from the time we were clear of the land of Africa till a day or two previous to making the island of Ascension, (a space of five weeks), we had scarcely occasion to alter the trim of a sail; and with the crew, all now was good feeling and ready obedience to orders; and the officers were the best of fellows—even poor Terasso was half forgiven his Portuguese origin. Oh, Jack, truly thou art a creature of many feelings—but a little while since thou would'st have thought keel-hauling too mild treatment for them!

But this pleasant contagion extended not to me; my repugnance to England was strong as ever. I affected the utmost indifference when by chance I overheard the by no means whispered congratulations of the poor seamen, or their boisterous mirth at the repetition of some past achievement ashore, though, in my heart, I really envied the fellows. Yet so wilfully wayward was my spirit, that it sternly turned away from the contemplation of the happiness—the

self-approving happiness—I might fairly have calculated upon, in meeting my few, but estimable connections. I had left England a disgraced and degraded outcast; I was about to return with retrieved reputation, improved means, and the testimony of my commander and of my own feelings, that I had done my duty—firmly too, and well—in circumstances of no ordinary difficulty; but no, I had lost all, if, indeed, I ever possessed any, *true* relish for the quiet pleasures of domestic intercourse; and the gloomy spirit of fancied degradation and imaginary wrongs, and I know not what, again haunted my imagination. But I shall lose myself in the perplexed labyrinth of such unholy thoughts:—Alas, alas! the unhappy delusion has clung to me through life, will the scales fall from my eyes, even in the struggles of death?

Nine weeks of delightful weather brought us into soundings at the chops of the British Channel; there, nearly in sight of the land, the wind shifted dead in our teeth, (to the S.E.), from which quarter it continued to blow a fresh gale, without half-an-hour's cessation, for more than a fortnight. Outward-bound vessels daily passed us, having but a few hours before quitted the ports we vainly attempted to reach. 'Twas confoundingly tantalizing, I dare say: for myself, I felt the most stoical indifference, only that I was hourly pestered by the fretful impatience of my worthy commander, who seemed to experience singular relief in inflicting his "peevish tediousness" on me. But foul winds, as well as foul luck of every sort, must have an end. After ineffectually "beating to windward," not much weather-way we made, I calculate, the whole time, for seventeen days, lo! a *genuine* Channel mist gathered as the night closed in, and with it a "nor-wester" just stiff enough to enable us to carry single-reefed topsails and a main top-gallant sail. Oh, crickey! as the little boys say, didn't we carry on?—we did. Next day at morn we were off the Start Point; and in eight-and-forty hours more, I had landed at Dover with the mail, and was on my way to the metropolis, to report our arrival to "whomsoever it might concern."

I had quitted England without regret, and I returned with utter distaste. In truth, my mind had undergone a decided change during the last twenty-one months' absence. I was, indeed, the same impetuous, headstrong being, the same creature of the merest impulse,

but my passions had assumed a deeper and sterner character. I recollected my past excesses with contempt and disgust, and I had been the dupe of such sorry and shallow trifles—the reflection was humiliating.

I saw my cousin Jane. She had become a wife and a mother. The brightness of her maiden beauty had given place to the mild, matured loveliness of the matron. She locked her hand in mine, and warmly expressed her pleasure at my return; but there was nothing of constraint or confusion in the open cordiality of her manner. I confess I was disappointed and vexed. 'Twas unjust; 'twas wicked. She was the wife of another, and I should have felt joy that his image alone occupied her pure heart; that she could meet me, after our long separation, with the calm affection of a cousin only.

Her husband was present—the good Samaritan who ministered to my misery in my bitterest trial—when all else had deserted me.

"I knew, Mr. Delmore," said he, "you would do well; but, faith, I hardly expected you'd have accomplished wonders in so short a period."

There was sincerity and good will in all he said or did. I knew it, and respected him; yet an emotion the most unmanly—was it not even criminal!—envy, Satanic envy, chilled and deadened my heart against him. I was polite, barely polite, and my words, in reply to his inquiries and congratulations, were few and abrupt. His wife soon perceived the *brusquerie* of my manner, and her broad pale temples reddened with slight resentment.

"You seem quite abstracted, Hugh," said she, coldly; "or, perhaps, you're not yet recovered from the fatigues of your voyage?"

Recalled to a sense of the impropriety of my behaviour, I coloured, and stammered something of apology to Mr. —. Good, easy soul! that which the keener perception of his wife immediately resented, had not even been noticed by him. I have reason to believe he never knew that his wife had cherished, or *affected to cherish*, a warmer emotion for her cousin than our relationship warranted.

My uncle was perfectly reconciled to me; at least, *he said so*. A life of activity and usefulness, he said, became every one; 'twas a duty we owed society. He hoped—he believed, I should never again forget this important truth. I bowed, thanked him for his good opi-

nion, and we parted with mutual coldness and mutual indifference.

All this was unpromising enough: there was, however, another little sphere, in which I moved a star of some brilliance. I mean the family of my worthy commander. Green was married, and his English, warm-hearted wife received me, on my introduction, absolutely with maternal warmth. Her husband was, in her simple judgment, the first and best of created beings; any one, therefore, who enjoyed his good opinion, much less so *important* a personage as Hugh Delmore, was certain of "finding favour in her eyes."

"Come, sit down, child," she exclaimed, fairly pushing me into a chair; "you've found your way to us at last; Mr. G." (she never would style him Captain,) "has often spoken of you—well, to be sure," and she surveyed me from head to foot; "so the old ship's gone, and Harris, too," a shake of the head, and a look, more of pity than of anger, "ah, he was an unfortunate fellow;—then the mutiny; dear, dear, how you contrived to get through it all safe and sound, I cannot think. 'Twas somewhat a puzzling matter, indeed. But, dear'ee me," continued the voluble matron, after a breathing pause; "here have I been running on without as much as asking you to take a glass of wine."

I assured her it was wholly unnecessary. Such a thing as a denial the good lady would not hear of; it was directly opposite to her ideas of right. She arose and rung the bell.

"And you hav'nt seen Emma," she continued, "you *must* see Emma;—I expect you here often—*very often*. If the old people are dull and stupid, perhaps the daughter may be more attractive."

I vehemently rejected the possibility of such a thing.

"Poo! pooh!" said she, with an amiable laugh, "we know what young men are." The servant entered with a tray. "Now, do help yourself—there's wine on the sideboard—while I fetch my phoenix," and her eyes glistened with maternal delight, as she arose to leave the room.

Captain Green often spoke of his daughter, and in the tenderest terms; but, from his manner of expressing himself, I expected to see (making allowance for a parent's feelings) merely a good-looking child. My surprise, therefore, was extreme, in the appearance of a creature of perfect and dove-

like beauty, just bursting into womanhood, who, tremblingly, and with down-cast eyes, held forth her small white hand, and curtsied and smiled, in reply to my few and scarcely intelligible words of pleasure and happiness, and such common-place nothings we so foolishly apply to each other on these occasions.

Emma Green was indeed lovely, "Fashioned by nature in her gentlest mood, Almost for human brow too fair, too good." She seemed rather the denizen of a purer and brighter sphere, than one fitted to encounter the sorrows and tempestuous passions of human life. Retiring and delicate, even to childishness, no unhallowed thought, no impure wish, mingled with the chastened and tender interest her beauty and simplicity inspired. Yet was she by no means deficient of cultivation; her's was the simplicity of a guileless heart, unsuspecting in its purity of the blighting influence of the world; its woes, its struggles, and its crimes.

Hours imperceptibly passed away. The greatest portion of the conversation, I suspect, was monopolized by myself; but then "mamma" listened with such accommodating attention, and so good-naturedly wondered, and pitied, and sympathised; and her daughter looked so sweetly interested, that he must have been little less than a stoic, who could have resisted such temptations to be garrulous, even at the expense of a *portion* of that modesty moralists have laid down as becoming a man, when speaking of himself.

Thus the captain found us engaged, on his return to dinner, from his daily visit to the city. He good-humouredly rallied me on my partiality for the petticoats, and a "long yarn," and insisted on my remaining to dine. I did so.

To be continued.

THOUGHTS ON POETS AND THEIR SNOW SCENES.

By Christopher North.

POETRY, one might imagine, must be full of beautiful Snow-scenes. If so, they have almost all dissolved—melted away from our memory—as the Snow-scenes in nature do, which they coldly pictured. Thomson's Winter, of course, we do not include in our oblivioness—and from Cowper's Task we might quote many a picturesque description—none more so in poetry. But have frost and snow been done justice to by many poets? They have by two—Southey and Coleridge, of whose most poetical

compositions respectively, "Thalaba," and the "Ancient Mariner," in some future rhapsodical mood, we may speak. Thomson's genius does not—very, very often—though often—delight us by the exquisite minute touches in the description of nature—like that of Cowper. It loves to paint on a great scale,—and to dash objects off sweepingly by bold strokes—such, indeed, as have almost always marked the genius of the mighty masters of the lyre and the rainbow. Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson before your imagination. Which do you prefer? Both. Be assured that both poets had pored day and night upon nature—in all her aspects—and that she had revealed herself equally to both. But they, in their religion, delighted in different modes of worship—and both were worthy of the mighty mother. In one mood of mind, we love Cowper best, in another Thomson. Sometimes the Seasons are almost a Task—and sometimes the Task is out of Season. There is a delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the Bard of Olney—glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the Bard of Ednam. Cowper paints trees—Thomson woods. Thomson paints, in a few wond'rous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Barampooter—Cowper, in many no very wond'rous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall. But a truce to antithesis—a deceptive style of criticism—and see how Thomson sings of snow, in the following lines:

"The cherish'd fields
Put on their tender robe of purest white,
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow
melts
Along the mazy current."

Nothing can be more vivid. 'Tis of the nature of an ocular spectrum.

Here is a touch like one of Cowper's. Note the beauty of the epithet "brown," where all that is motionless is white:

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants."

That one word proves the poet. Does it not?

The entire description from which these two sentences are selected by memory, a critic you may always trust to, is admirable—except in one or two places where Thomson seems to have striven to be strongly pathetic, and where he seems to us to have overshot his mark, and to have ceased to be perfect natural. Thus,

"Drooping, the ox
Stands, cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toll."

The image of the ox is as good as possible. We see him, and could paint him in oils. But, to our mind, the notion of his "Demanding the fruit of all his toils," to which we freely acknowledge the worthy animal was well entitled—sounds, as it is here expressed—rather fantastical. Call it doubtful—for *Jemmy* was never utterly in the wrong in any sentiment.

ON MODERN BUILDINGS AND BUILDING LEASES.

'This ground,' quoth Tom, 'thus wealth increases!'
I've let on snug, short, building-leases;
Ere long, these houses, new and fine,
By right will every one be mine.'
'If that's your scheme, you're safe,' says Naddy;
'For, see!—they're falling in already!'

ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

WHAT most forcibly strikes the stranger in Brazil, is the extraordinary melange of antitheses in the character of its people. Singularly blended with the most artless simplicity he discovers consummate hypocrisy, the basest superstition with the most frightful latitudinarianism, and abject servility with an impatience of control bordering on savage independence. Unlike the old countries of Europe, morality in Brazil is at a lower ebb in the country than in the towns, in the interior than on the sea-coast. In the latter, by means of commerce, the inhabitants have been kept up to a certain degree of civilization, though, it must be confessed, of the lowest ebb; but in the interior, where the restraints of religion can no longer be observed, the only preservative has failed, and the descendants of the first settlers have fallen into a state infinitely below that of the aborigines they have displaced. Accustomed, almost from the cradle, to wander at will over their extensive and boundless plains, they naturally imbibe ideas of independence, which spurn at all social control, and which but too often betray them into fits of lawless passion, productive of the most fatal results. Of this singular state of manners, I had myself a melancholy example, while in the interior of the province of Bahia. A *Senhor d'Eugenho* (a planter) of high rank and influence, on his return from the chace, stopped at the house of a *lavrador* (a

farmer) and requested refreshment and shelter from the burning heat of a vertical sun. The farmer was from home, but he was, in the mean time, hospitably received by his wife, who administered to his wants with the best her humble residence could afford. The *senhora* was a remarkably pretty woman, and her interesting appearance caused her guest to forget the better feelings of his nature. The proposals thus made were indignantly repelled: and, baffled in his criminal designs, the brutal ruffian precipitately quitted the house, breathing revenge—which he was not long in executing; for, on the night of the same day, he returned at the head of a band of hirelings, set fire to the house, inhumanly butchered the husband, and carried off the unfortunate wife. His high rank and influence locked the wheel of justice, and enabled him to enjoy in triumphant impunity the fruits of his atrocious crime.

In this world, the merits of every human conception, whether on a narrow or an extended scale, must be measured by the success of its practical application. Those institutions which, in the improved state of European society, are found to be so prejudicial to its best interest, and dangerous in their operation, were, at the hour of their birth, and during a long subsequent period of years, attended with results as beneficial as they afterwards proved vicious.

No one, who is not blinded by bigotry or hurried away by feelings of romance, will regret the abolition in Europe of the Society of Jesus; but I know not if he can view with equal complacency the abolition of this celebrated order in South America. The many vices so justly charged to the disciples of Loyola must not prevent our acknowledging the numerous benefits which both literature and science have received from them. It is here, in South America—for the discovery of most of the valuable productions of which Europe is indebted to the Jesuits—that the lover of humanity may be permitted to mourn over their fall. Their singular system of government at the missions—the subject of such contending opinions—will be best estimated by comparing the present deplorable state of morals in those districts with the period when they were subject to the jurisdiction of their order. To the absence of all religious instruction is to be attributed the singular state of manners which so strongly marks the interior province

of Brazil. The clergy are in number few, while their flocks are scattered over benefices which in extent, at least, will rival a European province. Although I have witnessed some splendid instances of religion and piety among the clergy, the major part of them are totally indifferent to the spiritual weal of their flocks. Thus it but too often happens that those great scenes of life—birth, marriage, and death,—pass unhallowed by the rites of religion, and fail to excite those finer feelings which embellish our existence.

If the interior provinces of the empire are so miserably provided with spiritual pastors, the remark does not apply to the sea coast, in the towns of which the church militants, from the haughty Dominican to the dirty Franciscan, literally swarm. I have often been forcibly struck with the exquisitely fine taste for the picturesque displayed by these reverend fathers in the choice of the sites of their convents. In fact, all the ceremonies of the Romish church are on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, admirably calculated for the purpose of dazzling the imagination of an ignorant people.—On one occasion, I lionized, in company with a party of British officers, the city of Bahia. Among other objects, we visited the convent of St. Francis, which, for its extent and the splendour of its internal decorations, powerfully elicited the admiration of the late king on his first arrival at Brazil—a sovereign whose ideas of conventual magnificence were certainly fixed at an elevated point. After devoting some time to its numerous chapels and richly-decorated shrines, our attention was forcibly arrested by a most singular spectacle. In a small glass case was a wax figure of the infant Jesus, but dressed in a style so singularly *outré*, as would have provoked the risibility of a Santon. Picture for a moment the infant Saviour in a wig *a la Taille de pigeon*—a court dress of *la vieille cour*; blazoned with stars and orders—a cocked-hat and sword completed the toilette—certainly calculated to produce a laugh at the expense of our *cicerone*, who apparently guessed what was passing in our minds; for he said to us—

“Senhores, in religion, as in every thing else, fashion will assert her empire. Formerly, the image of the Saviour, arrayed in the simple tunic of the East, was sufficient to command the reverence of the multitude; but

now," he added, with a smile, "nothing goes down with them but a full court-dress."

The revenues of the convent would, I have no doubt, have borne ample testimony to the justice of the reverend father's remark. As we were quitting the convent, one of our party, a youngster, indulged in a jest on the ridicule of some passages in the life of St. Francis, which were rudely delineated in Dutch tiles on the walls of the corridors. To our surprise, he was sharply rebuked—though I thought, at the moment, more in jest than earnest—by the lay-brother, in our own vernacular tongue. On our eagerly questioning him as to where he had acquired his knowledge of English, he told us that he had been for ten years a mizen top-man in the British navy; and, at the close of the war, being paid off, he returned to Portugal, where he exchanged the blue jacket for the flowing robes of St. Francis. Judging from his appearance, he had now no reason to be dissatisfied with his new mode of life. As the door of the convent swung heavily on its hinges after us, the aphorism "from the sublime to the ridiculous" forcibly occurred to me.

Mon. Mag.

A GREAT THAW.

THERE is a lack of comfort felt everywhere. In real winter weather the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye at night a scene of pure and sublime splendour in the lofty and intensely blue sky, glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated with the placid moon. There was a sense of vigour, of elasticity, of freshness about you, which made it welcome: but now, most commonly, by day or by night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapour; the earth is sodden and splashy with wet; and even the very fire-side does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity. Every thing presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts, and the whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet; it hangs upon the walls like a heavy dew; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of your warmest chambers; and you are surprised at the unusual dampness of your clothes, linen, and, in short, almost every thing you have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to

stand upon. To this source, and in fact, to the damps of this month operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions, so prevalent in England. Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors and gates, and your gravel-walks resemble saturated sponges. Abroad, the streets are flooded with muddy water, and patches of half-thawed ice and snow, which strike through your shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect; and clouds of dim and smoky haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country the prospect is not much better: the roads are full of mire. Instead of the enchantments of hoar-frost, you have naked hedges, fallow and decaying weeds beneath them, brown and wet pastures, and sheets of ice, but recently affording so much fine exercise to skaters and sliders, half submersed in water, full of great cracks, scattered with straws and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw—such are the miserable features of the time.

Hewitt's Book of the Seasons.

A CHANGE OF SEASON AND ITS SPORTS.

Bright Snow, pure Snow, I love thee well,
Thou art a friend of ancient days;
Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise;—
Far—to remotest infancy—
My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
I watch'd to earth your mazy track.

SNOW! Beautiful as it yet is to our eyes, even through our spectacles, how grey—in imagination—it looks beside the snow that used to come with the long winters that glorified the earth in our youth, till the white lustre was more delightful even than the green—and we prayed that the fine fleecy flakes might never cease falling waveringly from the veil of the sky. No sooner comes the Winter now, than he is away again to one of the poles. Then, it was a year in itself—a whole life. We remember slides a quarter of a mile long, on level meadows; and some not less deep, down the sides of hills that to us were mountains. No boy can slide on one leg now—not a single shoe seems to have sparables. The florid style of skating shows that that fine art is degenerating; and, except in a Torrey, we look in vain for the grand simplicity of

the masters that spread-eagled in the age of its perfection. A change has come over the spirit of the curler's dream. They seem to our ears indeed to have "quat their roaring play." The cry of "swoop-swoop" is heard still—but oh! a faint, feeble, and unimpassioned cry, compared with that that used, on the Mearns Brother-Loch, to make the welkin ring, and for a moment to startle the moon and stars—those in the sky, as well as those below the ice—till again the tumult subsided—and lo! all the host of heaven above and beneath serene as a world of dreams.

The following stanzas from a poem by Delta, in the same *Maga* for the present month, from which we borrow our article, may be viewed as a pleasing illustration of the scene so correctly sketched.

Hollo! make way along the line:—

Hark how the peasant scuds along,—
His iron heels, in concord fine,
Brattling afar their under-song:
And see, that urchin, ho-laroo!
His truant legs they sink from under,
And to the quaking sheet below,
Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

The skater there, with motion nice,
In semicirque and graceful wheel,
Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
His chart of voyage with his heel;
Now skimming underneath the boughs,—
Amid the crowd now gliding lone,—
Where down the rink the curler throws,
With dextrous arm, his booming stows.

THE MOLE-CATCHER.

A *Mole-catcher*, Miss Mitford has said, "is of the earth earthy;" but he is of the green fields, of the solitary woodlands. We observe him, especially in the spring and autumn, a silent and picturesque object, poring under hedges and along the skirts of the forest, or the margin of a stream, for the traces of

The little black-a-moor pioneer,
Grabbing his way in darkness drear.

We have met him in copses and hazle-shaded lanes, cutting springs for his traps, and we not only love him, and look upon him as one of the legitimate objects of rural scenery, but have often found him a quiet but shrewd observer of nature, and capable of enriching us with many fragments of knowledge. In the winter by his fire he makes his traps. These are very simple machines, which almost any one may construct. We have made and set many a one ourselves, and have been up by the earliest dawn of day to discover their success. Many moles may be caught in

one place, if the trap be judiciously set in a main burrow. It is better near a hedge, or in a plantation, than in the middle of a field, where it is liable to be disturbed by cattle. A strong hazle stick for the spring, two pieces of brass wire, a little string, a few hooked pegs, and a top, made of the half of a piece of willow pole, about six inches long, and three in diameter, hollowed out, are all the requisites for a mole-trap.

Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

Illustrations of History.

DISCOVERIES OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

The Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, &c.—The compass, one of the properties of the magnet, gunpowder, and the properties of convex glasses, are discoveries that belong to these centuries. The most complete description of the compass is in the book of Guyot de Provins, known under the name of the *Guyot Bible*, published in the reign of Philip Augustus. Its utility to mariners is also spoken of by other poets and writers of the same age. The discovery of gunpowder is attributed to a German monk: the much more ancient description of it by Roger Bacon would seem to give the credit of the invention to England. He says, in his work *De Nullitate Magie*, "in order to imitate thunder and lightning, take some sulphur, nitre and charcoal, which when separate produce no effect, but when mixed together discharge themselves the instant a light comes in contact with them, from any hollow machine in which they may have been shut up, with an explosion which equals the report and flash of thunder." As early as the year 1200, the Arabs used this mixture in order to shoot stones and balls from tubes. Nevertheless the first mention made of the employment of this powder in France is in an account of the year 1368, of Barthelemy de Drake, treasurer of war, in which is registered a payment to Henry de Faumehon for powder and other things necessary for the cannon employed at the siege of Puy-Guillaume. To Roger Bacon are also attributed the principal discoveries in optics; such as the first idea of the *camera obscura*, spectacles, telescopes, &c. In a manuscript of 1299, the author complains that he is no longer able to read without spectacles; and in a sermon preached in 1305, it is said they were invented about twenty years before.

Astronomy.—The celestial sciences made also some progress under the more exact and rational observations of Roger Bacon. His labours on the magnitude and refraction of the heavenly bodies, on the equinoxes and the solstices, prove that his mind had taken the only right direction in philosophical inquiry, the procedure by experiment. He rectified numerous errors in the calendar then in use, and proposed to Clement IV. that it should be remodelled; but the time had not then arrived for that change. The ordinary writings of the times betray the prevalence of the most absurd ideas on this subject. Alberic, the monk of Trois Fontaines, speaks of leaps which he has seen the sun take, (Chronic. add. ann. 1212). The chroniclers tell us, with perfect implicitness, that the sun passes the night in lighting up Purgatory: that the earth is sustained by water, water by stones, the stones by the four Evangelists, and they by the fire of the spirit. The universe was compared to an egg—the earth is the yolk, the water the white, and the air the shell.

Geography.—The little geography that was known in these centuries was derived from the Arabs. The chronicles abound in the most absurd mistakes. The blunder of Shakspeare, who speaks of the sea shore of Bohemia, probably after some old chronicle, may be taken as a specimen of the notions of a prior age. Paradise is found in their writings in the centre of Asia, whence flow the four great rivers—the Nile, the Ganges, the Tigris and the Euphrates. Gautier de Metz occupies a whole book with the description of the island of Meroes, where there is six months of day and six months of night. "As for us," says Gervase of Tilbury, "we declare the world to be a square placed in the middle of the seas." The *Speculum Naturelle* of Vincent de Beauvais must be distinguished from the ignorant descriptions of his contemporaries. His work contains a tolerably exact picture of the state of geography in the middle ages. He gives a methodical list of the different countries of Asia, Africa and Europe. Concerning Palestine, as his information was founded on the observation of pilgrims, his report is pretty accurate. When he comes to the north, then but very little known, numerous errors occur. He supposes that Europe is terminated by the ocean at the 60th degree of latitude, beyond which islands only occur.

For. Quart. R. v. for Jan 1831.

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.
SIR E. CORE.

THE POET THOMSON.

A correspondent to the Edinburgh Literary Journal states, that the following very curious letter of the author of the Seasons, was written by him to his friend Paterson, the author of "Armenias."

London, 19th March, 1745.

My Dearest Friend.—You have been remiss in not answering my last, but I cannot refrain from acquainting you with my good fortune, more especially as to you I am indebted for many hints, which I turned to good account, in dramatising the old story from Gil Blas, which you so much admire.

Well, thank God, it is over; Tancred and Sigismunda has been acted with unlooked-for success. My friend Garrick did wonders, although, as you will afterwards see, his success was wormwood to one of my oldest and truest friends, a worthy fellow for all that, and, like myself, of social habits. Quin, who was with me during the performance, was but a Job's comforter; and while he told me the characters were finely imagined, added that the actors, including little Davy, had not mind enough to understand my conceptions; and their bad acting would infallibly ruin the play. However, he admitted that Mr. Cibber had some merit, but that Garrick strutted about too much like a Bantam cock, and that he had not a particle of tenderness in his composition. This was bad enough, and you, my dear friend, must have pitied me; but I was rewarded at last, for my play was rapturously received, and even Quin, prejudiced as he is, obliged to admit that little Davy had acquitted himself almost as well as he could have done himself. Doddington joined us in the course of the evening, and attempted to mitigate the severity of Quin's observations, but without effect, for he continued game to the last, and contended that the success of the tragedy was owing entirely to its own merits, and was very little promoted by the efforts of the actors.

At last, Quin's natural benevolence conquered his spleen, and he rejoiced as much as I could possibly have done at my triumph. I had previously agreed to sup with him, be the event what it might; he very justly remarking, whether Tancred was *damned* or not, supper was a *damned* good meal, that could not be dispensed with, and that a glass of sack punch would exhilarate my spirits if depressed, or heighten them if

elated. Accordingly, off we set, and took Doddington with us, and I have not passed so pleasant an evening for many years. Quin was in the best of spirits, and Doddington in excellent humour, laying aside his usual pomposity of manners. Quin became amazingly affectionate; first of all it was "Doddy," and then "Bubb,"—a freedom which the courtier, who is indeed a good creature, pocketed. When the evening had advanced, I ventured to propose the health of Garrick, to whom I am under great obligations, and Quin, without hesitation, pledged a bumper to the toast, confessing that Davy had something in him after all; "but had I been Tancred," said he, "by G—, I would have electrified them!" and with that he gave us some exhibitions, which nearly made Doddington and myself die with laughter, for the love speeches he had selected were given in the same manner as if he were about to address the Roman senate. Fortunately for us, he was too much taken up with himself to attend to us. We left him spouting at four o'clock, and I slipped home with Doddington in his chariot.

I have already said so much of myself, that I have only room to add, that I am in treaty for sale of the copyright, for a sum that will astonish you, and which I will tell you about in my next. With kindest love to Tom, believe me your attached friend, JAMES THOMSON.

(Addressed,) Mr. Wm. Paterson,
at Mrs. Nichol's, Rochester, (Kent.)

The Gate Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,
M. W. of Windsor.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF THE CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—The unbounded power of the Church under Pope Innocent III. is strikingly displayed in the treatment experienced by Raymond, Comte de Toulouse, in the year 1209, "when Provence, which was a fief of the King of Arragon, was invaded by the crusading barons, bent upon destroying the Albigenses with fire and sword. When this powerful prince—for such was the Comte de Toulouse—saw that it was impossible for him, with his vassals and allies, to make head against the Frank seigneurs under Louis of France, he determined on making his peace with the Church, which charged him with heresy, or the protection of heresy. After promising to give up into their hands seven of his strongest castles, and taken an oath to

confirm it, the Comte was admitted to make his abjuration. Advancing towards the sanctuary, an altar covered with relics, naked to the waist, a rope was drawn tight round his neck, and two bishops held the ends of it, as if they were holding a beast of burden; the Comte then pronounced an oath, beginning thus:—"In the twelfth year of my lord, the Pope Innocent III., I, Raymond, in presence of the holy relics, the host and the wood of the true cross, swear that I will obey all the orders of the Pope, and yours, Master Melon (the legate) touching the articles for which I am excommunicated," &c. When the ceremony of reconciliation commenced, the legate put a stole on the neck of the Count instead of the cord, and taking the two ends, he took him into the sanctuary, whipping him with a rod. The Lord Count cried out, and was red with shame: at last the legate gave him absolution. The crowd in the church was so great, that they were obliged to send him out of the church all covered with blood by the subterranean passage leading into the fields." *For. Quar. Rev.*

THE EXPLOITS OF A FIGHTING BISHOP.—In one of the engagements between Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip of France, styled the *Dieu Donne*, "the Bishop of Beauvais was taken prisoner; he was found by the side of Philip, with his helmet on his head and a lance in his hand; and in the course of the battle had made great carnage among the English. Richard treated him harshly, and locked him up in a fortified tower. He wrote a bitter complaint to the Pope that a churchman should be so treated: the Pope answered rationally enough:—"You quitted the peaceful rule of the shepherd for the turbulence of war, the mitre for the casque, the pastoral crook for the lance, the cup for the cuirass, the ring for the sword, and you write me word that evil has befallen you. I am not astonished: you sought—well! you have found: you struck, and, lo! you are stricken in your turn. However, I shall write to Richard to ask your deliverance." At the great battle of Bovines, the same bishop was again in arms, and distinguished himself greatly by his marvellous prowess. The venerable prelate fought with a massive iron club, for he had no scruple of conscience about taking life away by an effusion of blood. The chance of the fight brought him in contact with the Earl of Salisbury, upon whom he fell with his club, and quickly brought him

to the earth. The bishop had by him a *châtelain*, the Sire de Nivelles. 'John de Nivelles,' said he, 'drag this Salisbury along for me: say it was thou that struck him, for I am doing unlawful work. I should not change my staff for this club.' Saying these words, he went forward gaily upon the English, knocking them down with his club, right and left. *Id.*

A CRUSADE OF CHILDREN.—The spirit of an age may be indicated by the turn of the infantine mind: in a country engaged in a popular war, the children will always be found playing at soldiers. But the religious duty of the crusades had taken such universal hold of men's minds, that it produced a movement, even among the children of Europe, of a kind unparalleled in the history of the world. In the year 1212, many thousands of boys and girls abandoned their homes, not only in France, but in Germany and in Italy, giving out that they were bent upon delivering the Holy Land. The eldest were not more than eighteen years of age. It was in vain that their parents attempted to restrain them. They watched opportunities of escape, and got away by making holes in the walls, and sallied forth from the paternal mansion with as much joy as if they had been going to a festival. The fate of these unhappy children, as may be supposed, was most unfortunate; they were entrapped in numbers by merchants of Venice, Genoa and Marseilles, who were at the time engaged in the infamous traffic of supplying the seraglios of the East with children. A great number were shipped in the Mediterranean ports, and many died of hunger and fatigue in the long journeys to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves, but for which their strength was utterly inadequate. *Id.*

AN ACTIVE SCHOOLMASTER.—According to the German *Pædagogic Magazine* (vol. 3, p. 407), died lately in Swabia a schoolmaster, who, for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertion he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes of the ear, and 22,700 tasks, to get by heart. It was further calculated, that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fool's cap, and 1700 hold

the rod.—How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse pedagogue! *H.B.A.*

LAMENTATION.—Marmontel, in his delightful memoirs, speaks of Panard as a man of high talents, but where genius was made useless by intemperance. He tells us, that sympathizing with him on the death of a friend, Panard concluded a mournful expression of his affliction by saying, "You know he died at the Temple, I went there to weep and lament over his tomb! ah, sir, they have laid him under a water spout; him, who, since the age of reason, never tasted water." *AIDE.*

DIFFIDENCE.—In Morgan's concise but pleasing *Memoirs of Dr. Price*, a remarkable instance is recorded of the effect which was once produced by his diffidence. Having detected an error of the famous M. de Moirre, but doubting his own accuracy, he puzzled himself so much in the correction of it, that the colour of his hair, which was naturally black, became changed in different parts of his head into spots of perfect white. *H.B.A.*

AN ODD COUNTRY.—Pliny speaks of a country, where, in consequence of the sweetness and salubrity of the air, the lives of inhabitants did never end but by their own consent; but that, being weary of life and old age, they were wont, after partaking of a banquet, to precipitate themselves into the sea from the top of a rock destined for that particular service. *A.*

CURIOUS LAW.—"There was kept in former times, in our city of Marseilles, a poison prepared from hemlock at the public charge, for those who had a mind to hasten their end, they having first, before the Senate, given an account of the reason and motives of their design. It was not, otherwise, lawful for the citizens to do violence to themselves." *Montaigne.*

"*The Pig can see the Wind.*"—The hedgehog has his burrow open in several places opposite to various points, and whenever the wind blows into one, he fills up the hole and uses another, till the wind has changed. Might not this have given rise to the saying, "pigs can see the wind." *A.*

EPICURUS.—This philosopher, once writing to a friend, told him that he lived upon biscuit and water, and entreated him to send a little cheese to lay by him, against the time that he might wish to make a feast. *A.*

MUSIC is the language of love; it is the vehicle of a man's conversation; a crotchet has caught many a heart, and a semiquaver has cracked many a brain. It is dangerous to listen to the music of pretty lips; there is something catching about it—I never see a young Miss at her piano, playing one of those melting, languishing airs, but I think of the bird that is taught to sing sweetly in its cage to decoy others into the trap—a piano is a perfect man-trap. **AIDB**

SABBATICAL PASTIME.—The clergy have always doubted whether the precept, "Keep holy the Sabbath day" is a command to make holiday by playing, or by abstaining from play. Some think it ordains joy and game, and sport, gaiety and festivals; others consider that it enjoins fasting, mourning, penance, silence, meditation, gloom and austerity. Of the former description of prelates was Aylmer, Bishop of London, under Queen Elizabeth, "who, upon the green at his country-house at Fulham, used to play bowls on a Sunday with his clerical and other guests." (Vide Strype's Life of Aylmer, p. 215.—James the First and Charles the First favoured, by their proclamations, this Sunday hilarity; and More, in his work "On the Name and Notion of the Sabbath," defended learnedly the practice. Of late years, a proclamation, ascribed to the celebrated John Bowles, has been regularly read in courts of justice, which invites the magistracy to repress the enjoyments of the people.

EXCOMMUNICATION.—The singular extent to which the sentence of the Church in this respect was sometimes carried is curiously exemplified in Bloomfield's History of Norfolk:—"Hugh de Albany, Earl of Arundel and Sussex, at the coronation of Eleanor, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Provence, then married to King Henry the Third, deputed the Earl of Warren to serve his office of the botelry, he being incapacitated to serve that office himself, as being then excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, because when the Archbishop was hunting in the said Hugh's forest in Sussex, he took away his dogs; the Archbishop claiming it as his right to hunt in any forest in England whenever he pleases which matter was then determined.

ANECDOTES.

RICHARD CROMWELL.—This gentleman, who succeeded his father (Oliver) in the Protectorship, was produced as

a witness at the age of ninety, at Westminster Hall, in a civil suit. From Westminster Hall he had the curiosity to enter the House of Lords, and standing at the bar, Lord Bathurst, then one of Queen Anne's twelve new-created peers, went to the bar and conversed with Mr. Cromwell, and happening to ask him how long it was since he had been in that house? "Never, my lord," answered Richard, "since I sat in that chair," pointing to the throne. **J.W.B.**

LORD ERSKINE.—This nobleman used frequently to compose short epigrams, which often contained much point and humour. As a specimen, may be mentioned four lines he wrote on hearing that the spurs of Napoleon had been found in the imperial carriage after the battle of Waterloo. Lord Erskine said they ought to be presented to the Prince Regent, with this inscription:—

These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind;
Needless to him when buckled on,
Wanting no spur but Wellington!"

THE CARES OF THE WORLD KICKED OUT.—A young man, who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affections, that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, where some economical fears arose in his breast, which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he, therefore, waited on his destined bride, talked of hard times, household expenses, &c. till her patience being exhausted, she very politely turned him out of the house. Her mistress, hearing the noise, called to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," replied she, "but kicking the cares of the world out of doors." **AIDB.**

A PICTURE BUYER.—Some years ago, a gentleman sold the greatest part of his family pictures at a very small price, the size of them not suiting his rooms. In his travels round an auction room hung with pictures for sale, a short time back, he saw the head of an old man which pleased him so much, that he gave a very large sum for it. On inquiry of the dealer whose property it was, and as to the manner in which he came by the picture, he found out that he had, without knowing it, bought his own grandfather's portrait. **J.W.B.**

THE MISTAKE.

'Alas! with this despair I die!'
Emma one day o'erheard me sigh,
And like a fury flew:
'Villain how dare you to aspire?'
'Kind nymph,' said I, 'restrain your ire,
'I'm not in love with you.'

GEORGE THE THIRD.—A gentleman belonging to the King's household, having engaged himself to some friends to shew them the Queen's Palace, thought there could not be a better opportunity than when their Majesties were to be at St. James's on the day of a royal christening. It happened that her Majesty went before the King, so that when the visitors had indulged their curiosity with every thing else, and were just sur-

vying her Majesty's bedchamber, they were surprised by the King's unexpected appearance. His Majesty discovered something like displeasure at the apparent want of respect, but told them very mildly, that they were extremely welcome to view every part of the house, but that he made it a point to keep the *Queen's bed-chamber* for his own services only. J.W.B.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, February 2.

Purification of B. V. Mariae—Candlemas Day.

Sun rises 25m after 7—sets 34m after 4.

"The custom of lighting up candles in churches," says Forster, "on the Feast of the Purification, is very ancient; and it seems that an imaginary power over the elements was by superstitious people ascribed to those waxen tapers, similar to that which some of the early Greeks and Romans attributed to torches."

The Romans of old are well known to have carried about candles and torches in processions in honour of Februa, a rite which coincides as to time of year with the festival of Candlemas.

A paraphrase of Barnaby Googe's on some Latin lines by Nargeorgus, says,

Whose candelle burneth cleere and bright, a wond'rous force and might
Doth in these candells lie, which, if at any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storme or tempest dare abide,
Nor thunder in the skie be heard, nor any diuel spide,
Nor fearful sprites that walk by night, nor hurt by frost and haile.

Some of the ceremonies described by that sweet poet, Robert Herrick, are the following:—

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till saune-set let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up again,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

Thursday, February 3.

St. Blaise, B. of Sebaste, A.D. 216.—High Water 59m after 5 Morn—17m after 6 Even.

Feb. 3, 1014.—This day records the death of Swayne of Denmark, who having driven Ethelred II. from his throne and his dominions, was proclaimed King of England in 1013. His reign was too short to afford even time for a coronation, and it may be said, that the only act of sovereignty he exercised was the imposition of a tax to pay his troops. He died suddenly, and the monkish historians very gravely affirm, that he was killed by the shadow spear of Edmund, King of the East Angles, whose spirit he had offended by laying the abbey of Bury, which contained his remains, under military execution.

Friday, February 4.

St. Jane, Q. of France, A.D. 1505.—Moon's Last Quart. 13m after 8 Morn.

Feb. 4, 1810.—Expired to-day, in his seventy-ninth year, Mr. Cavendish, the celebrated chemist. When he found himself dying, he gave directions to his servant to leave him alone, and not to return till a certain time which he specified, and by which period he expected to be no longer alive. The servant, however, who was aware of the state of his master, and was anxious about

him, opened the door of the room before specified, and approached the bed to take a last look at the dying man. Mr. Cavendish, who was still sensible, was offended at the intrusion, and ordered him out of the room with a voice of displeasure, commanding him not by any means to return till the time specified. When he did come back at that time, he found his master dead.

Saturday, February 5.

St. Agneta, Bish. of Venice.—Sun rises 21m after 7—sets 39m after 4.

William Howitt, in his very interesting and delightful "Calendar of Nature," states, that in February, "The wood-lark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, often begins his note at the very entrance of the month. The thrush now commences his song; and, torn-tits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses; particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks now revisit their breeding-trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel-thrush is now heard towards the end of the month; and, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow renews its chirping note.

Sunday, February 6.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day, 3 chap. Genesis, Morning—6 chap. Genesis, Evening.

Feb. 6, 1510.—On this day, Alphonso Albuquerque took Goa, which laid the foundation of the Portuguese greatness in India.

Monday, February 7.

St. Theodorus of Heraclea.—High Water: 8m after 9 Morning—44m after 9 Afternoon.

Feb. 7, 1662.—The establishment of hackney coaches at Paris took place on this day, in which the French, as in most improvements of utility and comfort, were behind this country. In London, the use of hackney coaches commenced in 1634, when a Captain Bailey set up four. They were, however, prohibited in the following year, but in 1657 fifty were allowed. In 1652, ten years before their establishment in Paris, the number in London was 200. In 1694, when they were first licensed, the number was raised to 700: in 1710 to 900: in 1771, it was increased to 1000; and the number since has been greatly augmented, without mentioning the establishment of cabriolets within these few years. In France, hackney-coaches were called *Fiacres*, it is said because those who first set them up had the figure of St. Fiacre for a sign.

Tuesday, February 8.

St. Paul of Verdun.

Sun rises 16m a 7—sets 36m a 4.

Feb. 8, 1656.—The great Gustavus, of Sweden, on this day crossed the Strait on the Baltic, called the Little Belt, on the ice, at the head of his army, and attacked and defeated the Danish forces opposed to him. While pursuing his march across, the ice separated, splitting in a line along the middle, which caused some squadrons to sink. In the midst of the calamity, Gustavus calmly ordered his troops "to deploy more to the left."

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No. VI.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1831.



See page 83.

Illustrated Article.

LOVERS' PERILS.

By Christopher North.

UP in the Highlands of old Scotia, lived the families of two brothers, one family dwelt in Glen-Creran, and the other in Glenco. The families of the two brothers seldom visited each other on working-days, for their sheep mingled not on the hill; they seldom met even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish-kirk; and they seldom came together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home-felt wilderness, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together. That in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock—lown in all storms—with green-sward and garden on a slope down to

that rivulet, the clearest of the clear, (oh! once wofully redenn'd) and *growing*—so it seems in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it—out of, and belonging to, the solid earth. That in Glencreran, more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining in his meridian-tower, is darkened by both their shadows, and dark, indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oaklike pines. A little farther down, and Glencreran is truly "a silvan scene" indeed; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase now between you and Glencrative, and, except this old oaklike grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept, by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual green lustré that seemeth "unborrowed from the sun," and to be as native to the grass as its

ed death, and wept, and wept, and wept in the wilderness, thinking how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die! He came—and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids, she felt as if she were in heaven. "Oh! kiss me—kiss me, Hamish—for thy love—great as it is, or never hadst thou travelled so the long snows for my sake—is not as my love: and you must never forget me, Hamish, when your poor Flora is dead!"

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day; and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will—and the same was their loving obedience to its decrees. If she was to die—supported now by the presence of her brother—Flora was utterly resigned; if she were to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her worshipping gratitude! But all at once she closed her eyes—spoke not—breathed not—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in gloom that fell around them like blindness, Hamish almost fell down, thinking that she was dead!

"Wretched sinner that I am! my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold in the snow!" And he smote his heart, and tore his hair, and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Hamish lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of an infant. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off—whether or not they had any roof, he had forgotten; but the thought even of such shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up to the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin! The snow in front was all trampled as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, lo! the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm. And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour, all motion, all breath seemed to

be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine-branches had been flung as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the wood-cutters, who had felled the few trees that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-drift had not forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible she might revive—miserable as it was with mire-mixed snow, and almost cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive, and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon, night-like though it was; and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt his kisses poured over them to drive death-away.

"Oh! father, go seek for Hamish, for I dreamt to-night he was perishing in the snow!" "Flora, fear not, God is with us." "Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch-Phoil; let us go, Hamish, and see them; but no rifle—for why kill creatures that are so beautiful?" Over them where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight of snow; but there it still hung, though the drift came over their feet and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. "Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me, and what noise is this in our house?" "Fear not—fear not, Flora—God is with us." "Mother! am I lying in your bosom? My father surely is not out in the storm! Oh! I have had a most dreadful dream!" and with such mutterings as these, Flora relapsed again into that perilous sleep, which soon became the sleep of death.

Night itself came, but Flora and Hamish knew it not, and both lay now motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions, though earthborn, all divine—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair—had prostrated the strength they had so long supported; and the brave boy, who had been for

some time feeble as a very child after a fever, with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities sore afraid of some nameless ill, had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora's, and soon became like her insensible to the night and all its storms!

Bright was the peat-fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glenco, and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birth-day of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fire-side of the hut in Glencreran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Hamish were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for Fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghostlike visitings, and they had seen their Flora in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes, too, Love, that starts at shadows, as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to things that might well strike it with dismay. So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Hamish had left them in the morning—night had come, and he and Flora were not there; but the day had been almost like a summer-day, and they in their infatuation never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Hamish had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birth-day; and, strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be, that belief prevented one single fear from touching the mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in sleep unhaunted by any woful dream!

What could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit, that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the midst of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart, in that wilderness where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealanumy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black-Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness that lives in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength; and then away over the drift-

bridge chasms toiled that Gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows; in the van, Fingal, the Red Reaver, with his head aloft, on the lookout for deer, grimly eyeing the Correi where last he tasted blood. All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm; and hark! you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the ourie cattle,
And silly sheep;"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves; and now, at nightfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old Grove of Pines. Following the dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by! Not dead, nor dead she who is on his bosom! Yet life in both is frozen—and will the iced blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin, and the frightened sheep know not what is the terrible Shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them at the door-way, and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Hamish and Flora MacDonald, seemingly both frozen to death! Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Hamish, as if he would restore life to his eyes! Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shewn that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen, nor could they have heard each other's voices had they spoke; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand—think-

ing of the Hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets—unpausing turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearless through whirlwinds of life—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house; for God is with the blind: so is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving band had no fear, and therefore there was no danger—on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains shewn momentarily—by ghastly gleamings—through the fitful night and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow—at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall. The dip of the hills—in spite of the drifts—familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then, the dogs in their instinct were guides that erred not, and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way, as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild-fowls feed. And thus Instinct, and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glenco—and at the door of the Hut!

To life were brought the dead—and there at midnight sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they, for a while, to each other's eyes, and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved! Then as if in holy fear they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Hamish; and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees; and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them, but powerless was she as a broken reed, and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving—her voice was gone. Still as death sat all those simple shepherds in the hut, and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

Black. Mag.

JEPHTHA'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY. *For the Olio.*

Arise, Men of Judah!
Unsheathe ye the sword:
And smite ye the heathen,
The cursed of the Lord!
And heed not their cries,
Spare them not in your wrath!
Be the sons of Judah
The terror of Gath.

Shall the yoke of the spoiler
For ever be borne?
Shall we still be a mark
For the finger of scorn?
Shall the chosen of heaven
Sink into their graves—
A nation of bondsmen—
A nation of slaves?

Ye Daughters of Salem,
Who gaze as we go,
To prove our strength
With the strength of the foe—
Shall see us return,
Or shall see us no more,
Unshackled and free
As our fathers of yore!

Up, up, Men of Judah!
Your weapons unsheathe!
Tear from your quivers
The arrow of death!
Strike for your freedom
From fetters abhor'd,
And triumph o'er death
In the name of the Lord! G.N.

LORD BYRON'S VENETIAN MIS- TRESS.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—It is not generally known, that many of Lord Byron's continental adventures—more especially his intercourse with a young Venetian girl of the lower class—have before appeared in print in a work written by the Marquis di Salvo, entitled, "*Lord Byron en Italie et en Grece, &c.*" and published in 1825, by Treutel, Wurtz, and Co. I send you the Marquis's version of the Venetian amour; it varies materially from that of our "modern Catullus," and the name assigned to the heroine is different.

Kennington.

J. H. B.

Lord Byron was walking one day with Mr. S—, on the other side of the Canal Grande, opposite the bank of a Schaivoni, when he perceived two young girls of the lower class; one was tall, the other of the middle size; the latter supported her companion, who leaned on her. Her carriage was decent, her face of dazzling beauty; but she seemed to be proud as she was beautiful. She fixed her eyes for a moment on the two strangers, as if to form an opinion of them; her look had in it something too noble and too commanding not to excite the curiosity of Lord Byron. He him-

self confesses that he was disconcerted by it. He approached the young person, and asked her how she was!

"By what right do you ask?" said she, stopping.

"In the hope of being serviceable to you."

"In what manner?—by giving me money? I do not ask you for it; what can have inspired you with a wish to serve me? My face?—I have never profited by it to gain my livelihood; I make use of my arms; I have no need of any body."

This language completely excited Lord Byron's curiosity, and he immediately resolved to become acquainted with this singular being. Without replying to these observations, which were too strongly marked with the character of independence to be attacked, he asked her if she could read? This question surprised her; she considered a moment.

"What question do you ask me?" said she; "who are you?"

"I am the Englishman who lives in the old abbey of the Moccenigo palace." At these words she looked steadfastly at him, and said,

"Is it you who have given a pension to the family of the poor man who lost his life in attempting to save your dog?" The words greatly affected Byron. His emotion touched the pride of the young person, and, as he did not answer, she hastened to satisfy his curiosity. "I can read," said she, "in my language." She pronounced these words as if she wished to repair the fault of having awakened so disagreeable a recollection.

This conversation in the street was unpleasant to Lord Byron; he requested her to follow him; she went to his house. There was something indefinable in the expression of this young Vejetian; so much pride, that, in the abject state to which she was reduced, she seemed to command, and inspired a sentiment, which could not be respect, but resembled it. As soon as she was in the Moccenigo palace, Lord Byron gave orders to assign her a suitable apartment; he wished to rescue her from the danger she might run in a state of poverty. When the servant withdrew, Celina, casting down her eyes, said, "I must, then, not go again out of this house, since I have come to it." Saying these words, she followed Baptiste. Lord Byron did not see her again that day.

"Never in my life," said the noble

poet, "shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she was leaving." The confusion of modesty gave an inexpressible charm to her features! But, instead of divining a sentiment, he comprehended only a reproach. So much originality rendered Celina very interesting to the poet.

Lord Byron wished to enjoy the metamorphosis of Celina, a poor girl, into Celina, a great lady. He ordered very handsome dresses for her; he hoped he should see her enchanted with them. There would have been something theatrical in this, but it would have given him extreme pleasure. What was his astonishment when she came into his room, and told him, in a very decided tone, that she would accept only the plainest clothes, and that he should take care not to offer her any of those fine clothes which were merely for parade! "Doubtless," said she, "since I am in your house, I ought to be properly dressed; but I came here voluntarily, and have not sold myself. I shall refuse every thing beyond that which is strictly necessary. I ought not to adorn but clothe myself."—"I thought," said Lord Byron, "it was a stratagem to obtain still more."

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, he presented her a handsome watch. Celina snatched it out of his hand, and threw it on the ground with a kind of disdain, saying, "Sir, I do not sell myself! What need have I to know what o'clock it is? I know the hour when you go out and when you return—my time is entirely my own;—why then should I count it?" A very handsome necklace Lord Byron wished her to accept, had the same fate as the watch. "You want to adorn me," said she, "and I desire to remain what I am. When I walked in the streets, I was poor; but I looked at my country, and said, 'She is like me; why seek another lot?'"

The conversation of Celina was interesting; there was spirit in her dialogue, always pride in her language: one would have said she had taken up her abode in Lord Byron's house only to give him an idea of an antique character. She never appeared flattered either by his praises or attentions. When she entered the room, she was always the lady whose appearance announced the regard that was due to her. It was very singular that Celina never appeared disconcerted by conversations that were beyond the reach of her understanding. She had divined the

character of his lordship in the most extraordinary manner. He was her study. Lord Byron exclaimed more than once, "That is a woman who might have been worthy of me!" It was perhaps, because Celina had somewhat of the poetical character in her.

What I am now going to relate will give an idea of this original being. Lord Byron had left the city to take an excursion by sea, out of the Lagoons; a dreadful storm arose; the night was very dark. Celina, alarmed at his absence, ran along the side of the Canal, repeating his name in a voice of extreme distress. "*Come, or I die!*" said she. The rain fell in torrents, but she was insensible to it. At length the gondoliers approach; she listens, and recognizes his voice. "It is he!" she exclaims; but, instead of waiting for him, and making an affecting scene of fainting and sighs, she hastened to her chamber, changed her dress, and endeavoured to appear calm. Lord Byron, on his entrance, observed, "You here! I heard your voice—you were calling me."—"No," replied she, coolly. He could not believe her; he thought, that, as he had often expressed in her presence his dislike of all sentimental scenes, she had desired to avoid making one. He suspected the truth, and divined that Celina had wished to please him, but that she had not been able to conquer her uneasiness. He touched her hair—it was wet; and he was convinced!

This woman exercised, by her character, a magic power: it might be believed that his lordship owed to her his aversion to the pleasures of Venice. "But for her," said he to one of his friends, "I might have been a loungeur in the Florian coffee-house; who knows?—perhaps, also a *cicisbeo*. In this position, I should have been very ridiculous." When he returned home, Celina, by her originality, made him recover the vigour of thought which had become weak and effeminate in the society of Venice. If Celina had had a character less to be dreaded, she might have completely engaged the mind of Lord Byron; but she inspired him with fear, and this in the following manner: Business obliged the noble poet to be absent some days. How great was his surprise, on returning home, to find Celina seated at his writing-table, surrounded by his lordship's letters, which she had opened, and was reading. He was confounded—she was not at all embarrassed; he hardly knew how to

express his anger—she looked at him with indifference. Celina was calm; she did not think herself guilty; and, without being disconcerted, she said, that she was too much attached to him for there to be any secrets between him and her. This was speaking like the heroine of a novel.

"But do you read English!"

"The day after I came to your house, I procured a grammar: when you were not here, your servant gave me lessons. It was necessary for me to know your language; if I had remained ignorant of it till now, you would have been a stranger to me. All my occupations have but one object—that of knowing how to read what you write, and to comprehend what you say to others, and what they say to you. Here is a letter, tell me if I understand it."

From that moment Lord Byron was alarmed at the consequences that might result from such a character. He had the weakness to apprehend a tragical *dénouement*, and resolved to part with her. After she had left his house, he said, "Celina was the only woman he ever knew capable of commanding a man, and of making him tremble."

A portrait of this young person was made at Venice, and they gave her the name of *Fornaretta*.

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

For the Olio.

LETTER VII. THE RETURN.

Continued from p. 71.

My visits at Captain Green's became of frequent recurrence. The freedom and friendliness of the captain, and his wife, the absence of all formality and extra-preparation, when they knew I was to be with them, satisfied me I was neither an unwelcome, or too frequent visitor.

"You are better here than raking about the taverns and play-houses, Delmore," the captain would observe; a decision in which Mrs. G. (who sat nodding over the eternal game of piquet, with which "husband and wife" were accustomed to wile away the evening,) cordially joined, with occasionally a mouthful of very sage, but somewhat antiquated moralizing on the wickedness, fatal consequences, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. Can no good and ingenious Christian invent something new, in the place of these "time-honoured" truisms!—they ought

now, in common justice, to be superannuated.

Meanwhile, Emma and I were left to amuse ourselves as we could. For a night or two I watched her nimble fingers as they fashioned some (to me) indescribable piece of female finery; or volunteered any little auxiliary service, (invariably discharged with even more than ~~manly~~ awkwardness, to provoke a soft expression of affected pettishness,) or tumbled over the contents of her work-box, or ventured upon a conversation, which, though little above "silence audible"—I but parody, from lack of idea, the beautiful, but somewhat paradoxical figure "darkness visible" of our great epic poet—was pretty soon put a stop to by a sharp "How can any one play while you make that noise?" from the damsel's dictatorial sire. At last a resource presented itself, in the shape of a chess-board. I forget, now, with whom the happy idea originated, the lady or myself; no matter, we betook ourselves to it with laudable assiduity. I knew little of the game beyond the moves of the several pieces; the fair Emma was ignorant even of their names; but this stumbling-block, after the due allowance of "How silly,"—"Dear me,"—"I shall never understand it,"—applied to herself, my gentle companion overcame.

Now then we marshalled our forces against each other, and many, many an hour passed rapidly and unheeded, by myself, at least, in this mimic warfare. Oh, what a picture of exquisite and unalloyed, because virtuous, domestic felicity did that happy hearth present, on these long past but still fondly remembered evenings!

The insurance effected on the *Glyceria* and her cargo was recovered without difficulty. The amount was considerable; but the underwriters freely and honorably expressed their conviction, that Capt. Green and the crew had done all that human exertions could to save her; that it was a mercy and a miracle a soul survived to relate the disaster.

The restless spirit of Green, who would as soon have thought of becoming a captain of marines—a body he held even in greater contempt than your "regular" soldiers—as remaining on *terra firma* for a twelvemonth, now contemplated another voyage; the ship was accordingly put up. We had been home two months, and I was well pleased at the arrangement.

"In six weeks, then, or two months," said I, "we shall be off."

"No, no, boy," so he at times familiarly designated me; "I wish it were so, but the London folks do not hurry matters; four or five months will be nearer the period."

At the captain's house I was looked upon rather as one of its inmates, than a visitor. No party or excursion was formed without me, and even his personal friends began to include me in their complimentary invitations. As a natural consequence, a close and familiar intercourse was created between Emma and myself. Cold, indeed, must my bosom have been, had I regarded such a being, and under such circumstances, with indifference. So meek, so stainless, so touchingly beautiful, 'twas not the creature, but the spirit it enshrined, (ordained by a wise and mysterious Providence to exist and suffer in its mortal garb, for purposes known only to its righteous and immutable will), that appealed to the heart with holy and resistless eloquence.

In such "sweet communion," time flew on "halcyon wings." I was happy, for the moody and diseased throbbings, the passionate and unavailing yearnings of my heart were soothed, and at rest. Alas, alas! while I felt but the subdued tenderness of a brother's love, I selfishly forgot the natural and inevitable construction others would place upon my close and undisguised attentions. But the discovery came to overwhelm me with bitter self-condemnation, and to arouse afresh the tempest of my soul.

One evening it chanced that Mrs. Green was absent from home, and the captain, thus deprived of his usual amusement, had, for some time, watched the manœuvres of Emma and myself at chess; till getting weary of this, he threw himself at length on the sofa, and pettishly uttered—

"I wish I was at sea—I'm heartily sick of skulking on the tiresome shore."

"Dear papa," exclaimed the startled Emma, "shall I play picquet with you?"

"No, no, my dear; mind your knights and castles," replied the fond father, resuming his stand at her side, and thrusting his hand into the bright masses of her hair: "I won't rob Delmore of his partner. By the bye," he added sportively, a manner very unusual with him, "I'm thinking, boy, you'll have a hard struggle to leave England; and I guess 'twill cost some one a few tears to part with you."

So little had I dreamt of the possible

misinterpretation of my feelings, that even the meaning of these unequivocal words escaped me, and I slightly observed,—

"Ah, sir, there's no one cares so much for my coming or going."

"Ha, ha!" rejoined he, "what say you, Emma?"

I looked up—her face was crimsoned. A light broke in upon me; and with it a sickness of the soul—a feeling I cannot describe, save that the whole torrent of my blood rushed back upon my heart, and as it resumed its course, there arose a confusion of sad and hideous fancies in my mind, of things and acts I was doomed hereafter to behold and suffer. The captain did not notice my agitation; he had again stretched himself upon the sofa, and was perseveringly trolling, between a grunt and a whisper, a morsel of a sea melody, something like

Heave round cheerily, heave round ho,
Heave round, jolly boys, and away she'll go!

As to Emma, her constraint and confusion were evident enough, (though I did not venture to look into her face,) from her unsteady and heedless play.

As early as with propriety I could, I departed. How, in the hour of conviction, will a hundred corroborative proofs of the existence of that we most dread, or least desire, arise, from circumstances previously unthought of, or unheeded. Now, as I tossed and tumbled on my pillow, I recollected the secluded habits, the timid nature, and dependant mind of this young creature, catching its every impulse from those she most loved. Before she saw me, I had been spoken of as one regarded and trusted by her father: and thus prepared to esteem me, she had been for more than three months, daily and for hours, thrown almost wholly into my society; familiarity had banished all reserve; was it then strange, if, in so single-minded a being, esteem, unconsciously to herself, had ripened into a warmer feeling? And was not that flattering consciousness received by me with transport, and with thankfulness to that divine mercy who had thus graciously held forth so sweet and soothing a home for my wandering and self-wounded spirit? Ah, no! I had too madly fenced the image of my cousin Jane about it;—and could my lips profess that passion for another the heart within belied and rejected—that other, too, beloved as the sister of my blood? I arose feverish, fractious, and ill at ease, yet afraid to analyse its cause,

and little disposed to see any of the captain's family. This, I persuaded myself, arose from proper delicacy; and, glad even of so shallow an evasion, I did not meet the captain in the city, as I was accustomed, nor did I pay my usual visit to his house.

I must hurry over the sequent events. The third morning brought a note from the captain. It imputed my absence to indisposition, but wondered that I had neglected to inform him thereof. To make matters worse, I did not return the immediate reply he requested; the truth is, I knew not what to say; and the next day he came himself in *propria persona*.

Hast thou, dear B—, —I hope not, —but if thou hast ever experienced those *exquisite* sensations of fatigue, disgust, and lassitude, which succeed to an evening and night of any but the *purest* enjoyments, thou canst imagine my *enviable* feelings on that morning. Haggard enough, I dare say, I looked; neckcloth carelessly thrown off—ditto boots—hair in disorder—ditto dress—legs thrown up on an extra chair, folded arms, and vacant eyes; add to all this an untouched breakfast, over which and my own *sweet person*, the glare of a mid-day April sun streamed with inquisitive and flaunting impertinence.

"Why, what the devil does all this mean?" demanded Green, as he entered the room.

I was "on my legs," as the orators say, in an instant; what my lips uttered, I have not the most distant apprehension.

"Have you been ill?" he next enquired, looking about the room, with a half-suspicious, half-puzzled expression.

I had been, and still was, very unwell.

"Thought so," said he, coldly,— "might have let your friends know—might have answered my note."

I was dumb.

"I see how it is, master Hugh," pursued the captain, suddenly altering his manner for that of earnest cordiality; "pooh, pooh! dine with us to-day; Emma will be glad to see you, and you her, if you will but get rid of this d—d modesty." Modesty—*mine!*

"He flattered me."

"Not a bit," said he, bluntly—the matter I was most anxious to *shirk* now uppermost in his mind—she was worthy a prince, but if she liked me, he wouldn't baulk her fancy, especially as he had good cause to think well of me;

I should know the value of such a wife; and then I'd been regularly shore-bred, like a gentleman (poor Green was woe-fully deficient himself, and therefore the more highly rated education in others); though he'd sooner marry Emma to one of his foremost men, than to a skipping, along-shore dandy.

Never were gracious tidings more ungraciously received. He was deceived; the young lady had been attentive and polite to me on *his* account; but I had not the slightest reason for supposing so flattering a preference had existed;—Miss Green was amiable and charming, and I was unworthy the distinguished favour his words conveyed.

"I know it, I know it; the more lucky fellow thou; the girl likes thee well enough, I can tell thee." This was uttered with a show of exulting condescension, that would have been very unpalatable had his daughter been the "star of my idolatry," and which now kindled all the embers of my irritable pride.

"You are *very kind*," said I, with a sullen sneer; "but whether it be as you say, or no, I regret I cannot appreciate the honour as it deserves. I admire—I respect Miss Green; my whole deportment has evinced this—nothing more."

The captain was spell-bound with surprise, incredulity, and anger.

"What, sir, what!" he at length stuttered, for he could not articulate two consecutive words; "reject my daughter—*mine*—like a sailor's trull—after making a fool of her for three months! Don't you think, sir, you're a precious scoundrel?"

I ought to have bit my tongue off ere I uttered the brutal response that succeeded.

"I'm no scoundrel," said I, in a voice of defiance; "neither have I fooled you or yours, or will I be made one myself."

A curse, and a blow from his open hand, that sent me reeling against the wall of the apartment, was the deserved rejoinder. Before I had well recovered the use of my legs, the captain had quitted the house.

You must imagine the nature of my meditations, during the succeeding six or seven hours; they were so unamiable I dare not give them in writing. About dusk they were interrupted by the appearance of a dingy Anglo-Indian, who, having been my servant on board, preferred figuring in that capacity ashore, until the *Reliance* again went to sea, to

the doubtful chance of getting an earlier ship.

"You not want light, sar!" said he, timidly; he guessed something awkward had occurred; "seven o'clock, sar—I not like to come in befo, sar."

I dressed myself and went—no matter whither.

Sitting some three weeks afterwards, in an upper box at one of the royal theatres, a modern *lais, mine*—I mean my constant companion—at my side; in glancing at the company, I beheld my cousin Jane, with her husband and father, in the circle beneath.

The next instant I was in their box. The old man drew up his head after a freezing bow—younger gentleman studiously polite; for Jane, she held out her hand, but her mild, intelligent features were overcast with regretful sadness. I could not mistake these symptoms: they knew all, probably more than all. I was confused, ashamed and humbled. My cousin felt for me.

"You look miserably ill, Hugh," said she, regarding me attentively, and, perhaps, arguing therefrom more favourably than I deserved. "Call upon us to-morrow—I have been wretched on your account—do, pray, take care of yourself."

I promised, pressed her hand, and retired.

[The particulars of this interview are related by Delmore with tedious misuteness. His lady-cousin censures, in the strongest terms, his imprudence and culpability with respect to Capt. Green and his daughter; and contrasts the happiness and consideration he would enjoy in a union with the young lady, to his present unsettled life. The result is thus told.—J. H. N.]

"You are unjust," said I, vehemently*; "I would not cause her a moment's pain for the universe."

"Then what besetting delusion is it thus blinds you to your own happiness?" said Jane, with sarcastic reproach.

"There are feelings that cling to us, despite our better judgment, and over which we have no influence."

She regarded me with severe scrutiny.

"It is impossible," said she, earnestly, "you cannot indulge one thought so weak and wicked—I should despise and hate you were it so."

"Then despise and hate me!" I replied, with desperate bitterness; "I do love, and I feel I always shall love you, and you only!"

I thought it impossible that any, much less her bright and gracious lineaments,

* In reply to a cutting remark from the lady in allusion to Miss G.

could express such utter and derisive scorn.

"Fool, idiot—self-abandoned idiot! pursue the juggling devil thou hast thyself invoked to torture thee!" she said, with ringing vehemence: "suicide of thy own happiness, thou art unworthy even of pity."

As she spoke she rang the bell.

"And do we part thus?" said I, entreatingly.

Still retaining that look of night, she pressed her teeth and lips tightly together, as if resolved not to utter another word. The servant entered; his mistress pointed to the door, and I followed incontinently. Thus we parted, never again to meet in this world!

Strange inconsistency*! I had cast away a priceless treasure for a shadow, a mockery, a sin. I could babble and prate of deathless and single-hearted devotion, and with the cheating accents yet warm upon my lips, listen to the syren wiles and endure the polluted blandishments of mercenary beauty.—And I quaffed deeply—deeply the Circean draughts of luxurious infamy; yet I despised my wretched leman, and laughed at her flimsy shew of attachment for the "poor, easy dupe." I dared not examine my own heart, or reflect on the past and that to come; a gloomy calm settled upon my spirits—the cheerless darkness of one alike indifferent to weal or woe. Mrs. Green—blessings on her!—made a last effort to reclaim me. Pardon me, if I give her kind, kind letter at length:—

"Dear Boy—I have heard such strange things from Mr. Green and others, and you have so long absented yourself, that I am in the utmost pain and uncertainty on your account. Mr. Green has been talking to you in his rough, odd manner, and a misunderstanding and coldness have thence arisen between you; but I will make all pleasant, if you will be guided by me. Come to me at one to-morrow, Mr. G. will then be absent. I believe nothing of the idle and filthy stories they tell to your discredit, and that a *little yielding* on your side will regain his confidence and esteem: for my own part, I have never ceased to regard you very highly, nor has another person, who shall be name-

less. Be advised then, and let us see you. S. GREEN.

"Hugh Delmore, Esq."

"I cannot," said I, involuntarily, as I refolded the letter; "I cannot, in this underhand way, crave to be reconciled to the man who has reviled and struck me." I forgot the galling taunt I had uttered, the parent's feelings, and the respect and gratitude, I owed him. Perhaps, had the overture come from himself, all had been well, and now—psa! fate willed it otherwise, and otherwise it has fallen out. I answered the lady's note very politely, very coldly and very briefly; and so the curtain fell upon our correspondence and good-fellowship: but, if it will relieve thy anxiety on the young lady's account, know, good B., her heart was a tablet from which slight impressions were easily effaced; in less than twelve months, doubtlessly thereunto prompted by her lady-mother, the damsel took unto herself, for better and for worse, a dapper navy-lieutenant, (as I afterwards learnt at Bombay); and, faith, I think she ought to thank her stars, and my caprice that left her at liberty to accept such a jewel of a spouse;—*badinage* apart, he proved an affectionate and indulgent husband,—the lady, as I would have sworn, a tender and devoted wife.

As thou wilt suppose, all idea of another voyage together had long been abandoned both by Green and myself. His resentment was boundless, but it was malignant and unmanly. He represented me in such colours to the captains and merchants of our mutual acquaintance, that, to adopt a vulgar but expressive term, I was "cut dead" by one and all. I confess this greatly annoyed me; the more so as I could offer nothing satisfactory; and after affecting for a time to brave it out with indifference, and all that sort of thing, I quitted altogether the scene of my discomfiture and mortifications.

In due course the Reliance went to sea, and in due course my slender finances, so continually on the ebb, were almost at low water. This gave me little concern: I had made the best use of my twenty-one months' seaman-ship, and I had little fear of finding a ship when I thought proper to look for one. The result proved my calculations were correct. I met somewhere—(not in society the most intellectual or edifying, I fear,)—a wild, harum-scarum sort of fellow, the captain of a schooner in the South American trade. He had

* I think not: subtle and powerful as was this unhappy man's "besetting delusion," (to give it no harsher term), and absolute as long indulgence had rendered it, he could not entirely stifle the whispers of compunction and remorse. To escape from "these still monitions," he flies to "the polluted blandishments of mercenary beauty."

"served his time as mid" in the navy; but his friends, having no interest, were unable to push his fortune higher in the service; so, after two or three years of extravagance and *devilry* on shore, his father was glad enough to compound for his periodical absence by purchasing and fitting out for him the afore-mentioned schooner. The speculation was any thing but lucrative, for Ned Johnson so ingeniously contrived it, that "his lovely little sea-boat," as he called her, on her return to England, was invariably, and to "some tune," in debt, over and above the proceeds of the voyage.

This worthy and myself talked of ships and their qualities, and the best method of working them, until we became mightily intimate, and Ned declared, and enforced his words by a vigorous application of his fist to the table, and a cordial oath, that he "should like to sail in the same craft with such a broth of a boy."

"And why may we not?" said I, seriously.

"Pooh, psha!" said Ned; "you India blades would never trust yourself to sea in such a crab-shell as the little Daphne."

'Twas a long explanation, the substance of which you can guess from what followed; before we parted, Johnson and myself had arranged that I should figure as mate in his next voyage to Rio de Janiero.

H.D.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

For the Olio.

This young Princess, the heiress presumptive to the British crown, becomes an object of increasing interest as she approaches nearer her eighteenth year, when, in case of the demise of his present Majesty (whom God preserve!) she would be entitled to reign without a regency. The Princess now resides with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in Kensington Palace, where her education is attended to with the utmost care; and she has already made such proficiency in her studies, as to be well versed in history and geography, and to speak French, German and Italian with fluency. She is, like her mother, extremely fond of music, in which she has attained an unusual excellence, and sings with great talent. Her countenance is full of intelligence—her eyes very bright, and her beauty excelled by few of her contemporaries. The figure of the Princess is elegant, though she

has an inclination to *embonpoint*. Her health was formerly delicate, but she now looks quite well, though, from the weakness of her ankles and feet (which are remarkably small and elegant), she is not able to walk. When the royal party visited Covent Garden Theatre lately, the Princess Victoria was carried from the carriage to the royal box; and she usually lies on a sofa, on which she is wheeled from one apartment to another. Her lameness causes the more uneasiness, as it does not appear to diminish, and it will probably inconvenience her much with regard to a coronation, or to opening or proroguing parliament. The princess will most likely ascend the throne at an earlier age than any former queen; Mary having been 35, Elizabeth 25, and Anne 37, at the periods of their accession. It was at one time intended that the name of Victoria should be changed to Elizabeth on the Princess's confirmation; but the idea, it is believed, is now abandoned. From the known character of the Duchess of Kent, which stands deservedly high, there is every prospect of our future queen being thoroughly imbued with virtuous principles; and we hope, that, as well as a gay court, a brilliant and prosperous reign may be expected under the sceptre of "Victoria." ϕ .

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

SIR E. COKE.

In Henry's excellent History of England, mention is made of an ode on Drinking, written by Walter Mapes, the jovial and witty Archbishop of Oxford, sometime chaplain to Henry II, as deserving of much praise for its latinity and spirit. We have met with a translation of the piece, and thinking it will afford amusement to our readers, give it a place in this portion of our work.

ON DRINKING.

The tavern's always my delight,
There would I live both day and night;
There let me be, whenever I die,
And leave my bottle always high.
Angels then will meet me mellow,
And bid God bless the jovial fellow.

Without the brisk, enliven'ing bowl,
No spark of fire is in my soul;
But let the cheerful glass go round,
I rise aloft as swift as sound.

When I go to see the prior,
(A visit I don't much admire,)
The butler brings us wine enough,
But then it's ought but rot-gut stuff;
The tavern gives most gen'rous wine,
I must have what is good and fine.

We have all our talents giv'n
One way or other, by kind Heav'n;
For me I'm stupid quite, and dull,
Till I have got my belly full.

The merest boy, who can but parse,
Will beat me then at making verse;
I'd sooner die, I do declare,
Than want my bottle and good fare.

Nature spreadeth wide her juices,
Rich as a pipe of wine produces;
Give me but the heav'nly nectar,
Then I'll shine in sapient lecture.
Just as I eat, and as I drink,
So do I write, and so I think;
Give me good wine, and you shall see,
I'll Ovid match in poetry.

When engag'd in good potation,
I've the power of divination;
Bacchus mounting then my brain,
Apollo follows with his train;
And then, whether I will or no
The cramboes come, and cramboes go.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,
M. W. of Windsor.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ASTRONOMY.
—When that great discoverer Columbus had the command of the army which Ferdinand of Spain sent to Jamaica, soon after its discovery, he found himself so much straightened for provisions, that he had no hopes of saving his army, and was on the point of submitting himself and followers to the natives. The approach of an eclipse, however, enabled Columbus man to fall upon an expedient to free himself from his perilous situation; he sent word to the savage chiefs, that if they did not bring him every thing he required within two hours, he would call down every evil upon them, and begin by depriving them of the light of the moon. At first, they paid little attention to his threats, but as soon as they saw the moon beginning to be darkened, they were seized with terror, and laying every thing desired at the feet of Columbus, entreated him in the most earnest manner to forgive them.

A MAN THAT HAS A SOUL—is one who gallops in the career of vice, folly, and extravagance of every kind—who has no principle of action but sensuality—no pursuit but self-indulgence and vanity.

HONEST SOULS—are those good, easy men, who consider drinking as the great end of their existence.

A MAN OF FASHION.—This *worthy* member of society—instead of meaning a pattern of dignity of manners, and propriety of conduct—means one who squanders his time and money in frippery, folly, and absurdity; who frequents the tavern and play-house when the play is near done; who changes the dress of his hair, and the shape of his coat, every week, as versatile fashion varies.

A FINE PREACHER.—This sort of divine may be classed as one who deals in luminous words, but who says nothing to instruct the serious, or reclaim the unthinking.

TO LIVE IN STYLE—is to carry every fashionable folly to the extreme; to sport a fine carriage, with footmen dressed in every colour of the rainbow; to be busily idle in the pursuit of show, dress, the luxury of the table, and public and private amusements; in short, to be as unthinking and irrational as possible; to get into debt; and, at last, to die like a dog.

ROYAL MAXIMS.—Almanzor the Great, one of the Moorish kings of Cordova in Spain, was no less famous for his wisdom than for his courage; he wrote a book of maxims, some of which are the following:

"If hungry beggars are whipt through the streets, beggars in fine garments have a right to their proportion of notice, and should be sent to the galleys."

"Pride is as true a beggar, very often, as poverty can be, but a good deal more saucy."

"Power and liberty are like heat and moisture; when they are well mixed, every thing prospers; when they are single, they ever do mischief."

MATRIMONY.—The famous Lord Shaftesbury, after his marriage, having received the usual compliments, very seriously declared to one of his friends, that he verily believed he was *fully as happy as before*. This was thought but cold language in a man so newly married; but his lordship intimated that in his opinion it was a very unreasonable thing in his friends to expect warmer declarations from him on the occasion: he had ventured upon marriage; and he had not been rendered unhappy by it; and he thought that to affirm this was saying much in favour both of his wife and of matrimony.

AIDS.

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.—During the middle ages so great was the ignorance into which Europe was plunged for several centuries, that noblemen of the first rank could not sign their own names. In England, that the nation might be inspired with a taste for study, a criminal who could read and write was pardoned.

In Languedoc, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, when a man or a woman was caught in the act of adultery, the criminal was condemn-

ed to run naked, in the middle of the day, from one end of the town to the other. Little more than two centuries ago, the law in France proceeded against rats in the same manner as it would have proceeded against men. The celebrated Chasseneux, whilst advocate for the King in the Bailliwick of Autun, undertook the defence of these destructive animals, in opposition to a sentence of excommunication pronounced against them by the Bishop of Autun. "He remonstrated," says the historian De Thou, "that the time which had been allowed them to appear in was too short, especially as it was very dangerous for them to set out, because all the cats in the neighbouring villages were laying in wait to seize them." He obtained, therefore, that they should be again summoned, and that a longer time should be given them to appear.

In Poland, those who were accused and convicted of eating meat during Lent, had their teeth plucked out. A slanderer was condemned to walk on all fours, and to bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. It is said that Charles the Fifth, of France, introduced this punishment at his court, and that on certain days nothing was heard but barking for whole mornings.

Anecdotaux.

A FEARLESS AMBASSADOR.—John Basilowitz, or Joan IV. Grand Duke of Muscovy, was so cruel and ferocious a prince, that he ordered the hat of an Italian ambassador to be nailed to his head for presuming to be covered in his presence. The ambassador of the Queen of England, however, was bold enough to wear his hat before him; upon which Basilowitz asked him, if he knew how he had treated an ambassador for the like behaviour. "No," replied the intrepid Englishman, "but I am sent hither by Queen Elizabeth; and, if any insult is offered to her minister she has spirit enough to resent it." "What a brave man!" exclaimed the Czar; "which of you," added he, to his courtiers, "would have acted and spoken in this manner to support my honour and interests."

ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.—This Pope, in passing through the Romagna with his hopeful Cæsar Borgia, after a contested election for the Popedom, in which at first he was unsuccessful, observing the inhabitants of some petty town very busy in taking down the sta-

tue of his unfortunate rival from a pedestal, and placing it upon a gallows, which they had erected for the purpose on the spur of the occasion very near it, said very coolly to Cæsar, "Observe, my son, how short the distance is from a statue to a gibbet. Upon how slender a foundation then does that man build, whose foundation of fame or honour is the breath of the rabble."

STERNE.—Soon after this celebrated and benevolent man had taken possession of the living of Coxwold in Yorkshire, to which he was presented by the then Earl Fanconley, a poor but worthy widow, at the point of death, desired that he would immediately come to her, in order that in her last moments she might receive the sacrament. The sentimental Yorick obeyed the summons, and when the solemn ceremony was concluded, said with a benevolent smile, "What do you intend to leave me in your will for this trouble?"—"Alas, sir," answered the dying parishioner, "I am too poor to give a legacy to my own relations."—"That excuse," replied Sterne, "shall not serve me; I insist upon inheriting your two children; and, in grateful return for the bequest, I will take such care of them, that they shall feel as little as possible the loss of an affectionate and worthy mother!" The expiring parent, at once comforted and surprised, assented, and Sterne religiously kept his promise. J.W.B.

COURT JOCULARITY IN COLD WEATHER.—King Henry II. lived on terms of familiarity and merriment with his great officers of state. In cold and stormy weather, as he was riding through the streets of London, with his chancellor, Thomas a Becket, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the king saw coming towards them a poor old man, in a thin coat, worn to tatters. "Would it not be a great charity," said he to the chancellor, "to give this naked wretch, who is so needy and infirm, a good warm cloak?"—"Certainly," answered the minister; "and you do the duty of a king, in turning your eyes and thoughts to such subjects." While they were thus talking, the man came nearer; the king asked him if he wished to have a good cloak, and, turning to the chancellor, said, "You shall have the merit of this good deed of charity;" then suddenly laying hold on a fine new scarlet cloak, lined with fur, which Becket had on, he tried to pull it from him; and, after a struggle, in which they had both nearly fallen from their horses, the king prevailed, the poor man had the cloak,

and the courtiers laughed, like good courtiers, at the pleasantry of the king.

Upon a Miss Mark, an Old Maid.

If Cupid aim'd and miss'd your breast,
The gods must be confest,
A rueful blunder in the spark,
Who never had a fairer Mark.

EPITAPH

On a Tomb-stone in Cornwall.

Here lies the body of Joana Cartbew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Cae:
Children she had five—
Three are dead, and five alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother, than live with their
father.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, February 9.

*St. Nicephorus, Mart. A.D. 260.—High Water
11A 33m Morn—0A Om Even.*

Our saint was an inhabitant of Antioch, who volunteered himself a martyr in the third age, instead of the apostate Sapricius, who had refused to give Nicephorus an injury, and who, in consequence, could not meet death with the firmness of a Christian. The whole history of these two men is particularly instructive and entertaining, and is related by Butler, vol. 2, p. 107.

Feb. 9, 1596.—On this day, a young man, named La Ramie, who had pretended to be the son of Charles IX. of France, was executed at the Place de Greve, in Paris. He asserted that the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medicis, had carried him off immediately after his birth, and exposed him in order that he might perish; but he was preserved and had been brought up by a gentleman of Poitou, called Gilles la Ramie, whose surname he had assumed. He therefore put forth his claim to the throne of France, of which he asserted he was the legitimate heir. Some persons of distinction believed, or affected to believe, the assertions of the impostor, who even proceeded to Rheims to be crowned. In a more tranquil period, this pretender would perhaps have been confined in a mad-house, but in the then convulsed state of France, the slightest commotion excited alarm, and the Parliament of Paris confirmed the sentence of death pronounced by the Royal Court at Rheims.

Thursday, February 10.

St. Euthroph, Ep. Mar.

Sun rises 13m after 1—sets 42m after 4.
“About this time,” says Forster, in his Calendar, “all nature begins, as it were, to prepare for its revivification. God, as the Psalmist expresses it, renews the face of the earth; and animate and inanimate nature seem to vie with each other in opening the way to Spring. The Woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note; Rooks begin to pair; the Thrush sings; and the Yellow-hammer is heard. The Chaffinch sings; and the Redbreast continues to warble. Turkey-cocks strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair; the house Pigeon has young; field Crickeys open their holes, Missel Thrushes couple, and Wood Owls hoot, Gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the Stone-Curlew clamours, and Frogs croak.”

Friday, February 11.

St. Theodora, Em. A.D. 307.

High Water 2m after 1 Morn—33m after 1 After.
Feb. 11, 1323.—Anniversary of the coronation of Charles IV. of France, at Rheims. Edward II. not having attended the ceremony, was afterwards summoned in order to do homage to the French king, as his vassal, for Guienne. Edward abhorred the expedition, and to avoid it he sent his Queen, Isabella, to Paris, to make interest with her brother on the subject, who so far prevailed upon Charles, that he agreed to receive the homage of the Prince of Wales in lieu of his father's, providing that Edward would make over his French dominions to the prince his son, which he agreed to do; and the Prince of Wales was sent directly to Paris, to join his royal mother, with full powers of every kind.

Saturday, February 12.

St. Antony Celsus, Patron of Constantinople.

New Moon, 59m after 4 Morn.
Feb. 12, 1554.—Behatted Lady Jane Grey. This illustrious personage suffered through the towering ambition of her parents, who contrived to have her proclaimed queen, and attempted thereby to set

aside Mary's accession. The Lady Jane met her destiny on a scaffold on a green within the Tower, with fortitude and composure only equalled by the unsullied innocence of her life. Her execution was preceded by that of her ill-fated husband, on Tower-hill; and, as if to consummate her wretchedness, she saw his headless corpse being conveyed to the chapel, its final resting-place, as she was approaching the block. The deaths of these unfortunates was shortly succeeded by the executions of the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Jane's rash and imprudent father, and Lord Thomas Grey, her uncle.

Sunday, February 13.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day, 9 chap. Genesis, to verse 20, Morning—12 chap. Genesis, Evening.

Feb. 13, 1691.—The horrible and inhuman massacre of Glencoe took place to-day; when eight and thirty persons were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity, before they had time to implore the divine mercy. This horrid butchery was, however, never sufficiently scrutinized, nor did the king severely punish those who had artfully made his authority subservient to their own base and cruel revenge. Glencoe is a vale in Argyshire, famous as the birth-place of Ossian, as appears by the poems of that bard; and many of the places are accurately named and described. In the middle of the vale runs the stream of Cona; hence Ossian has been styled the Bard of Cona.

Monday, February 14.

St. Valentine's Day.

The rites of this day remind us of the old custom of gussing sweethearts, and of drawing lots for girls, a practice reprobated by St. Francis of Sales, who was aware that Valentine customs originated in the rites instituted in honour of Juno, of Hymen, and of Februato Juno by the Romans.

Specimen of an Ancient Valentine.

It is the hour of morning's prime,

The young day of the year,

The day of days before the time

When brighter hopes appear.

It is the time of early love.

When suns but faintly shine;

It is the day, all days above,

The sweet St. Valentine!

The cold snows on the meadows lie,

And not a leaf is green.

Yet here and there, in yonder sky,

A gleam of light is seen.

So Love, young Love, mid storms and snow,

Darts forth a light divine;

So darker days the brightness show

Of thine, St. Valentine!

Tuesday, February 15.

St. Faustina & Jovita, M. A.D. 121.—Shrove Tues.

Sun rises 3m a. T.—Sets 53m a. A.

Howitt, in his Book of the Seasons for this month, gives the following advice to anglers: “Almost every fresh water fish is in season excepting chub, during the latter half of the month, and trout, which continues so till April. Roach and dace are deemed to be this month in prime. They frequent rivers, and must be sought for at this season in deep shaded holes, in clear waters with gravelly bottoms; dace particularly amongst weeds, and under the foam caused by eddies. The best baits for them now are paste, gentles, or larvae of beetles, got by digging up the roots of plants. The flies of this month are plain hackle, great dun, great blue dun, and dark dun.”

In our next “The Incendiary” and in early numbers “A Fancy or two on Flies,” “The Legacy,” “The Homicide Discovered,” and “A Night of Romance.” Our Essex friend is quite wrong in his conjectures; the circumstance he complains of was purely accidental and unavoidable.

The Ohio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Illustrated Article.

THE INCENDIARY:

A TALE OF HANTS. \

For the Ohio.

Peasant of England! misery-bowed and worn,
Thy med'cine floats not in the drunkard's bowl.

Revere thy home—for though through every
chink

In roof and wall the wind of famine blow,
There still remains enough to serve a man
To bold endurance till the storm be past—

Thy partner's patient smile, though dimmed
by tears;

Thy children's innocence, though hinged by
want:—

With all the household loveliness of life,
What mad revenge, then, thine, when judgment falls

Upon that home thy felon death bereaves!

JOE HUNSFORD was a youth the most admired in all Totton. His obliging disposition, agreeable looks, and uncommon good-nature, caused his society to be coveted by almost every girl in the village, though he was but a farmer's servant. Induced by a rakish whim, in his boyish days, to try a sea life, he went on a voyage to Spain,

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which to the ruddy hardihood of the manly peasant had added the ease and elasticity of the sailor, and contributed materially to his captivating qualities. On a Sunday he wore his blue jacket and trowsers, and jaunting straw-hat; in which dress he regularly attended the parish church, where he was the admired of every gazer. So merry-hearted a mortal, however, was Joe Hunsford, that it was every maiden's opinion that he would never marry; but love, at last, spread a mesh subtle enough to ensnare the heart of the sailor ploughman; and the jingling chime of the parish bells, on the morning of an Easter Monday, gave noisy note of Joe Hunsford's marriage with Jane Hester-ton, the pretty housemaid of the Hall.

The news of the wedding did not circulate without censures; for, truth to say, Jane had been an usual toast amongst the rustics of the neighbourhood; and every rejected wooer and gossiping old woman contributed their modicum of criticism on the unexpected occurrence.

"I never imagined," said cautious

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James Twist, who kept a huckster's shop, "that so well-behaved and modest a wench should take up with a loose-hafted fellow like him: when a man is dissatisfied with his own country, and rambles to another, it's all up with him in my eye—"a rolling stone gathers no moss; and a rambling fellow gets no money."

"What will the butler think of himself now?" said the snipe-nosed and skinny Miss Jennings, a spinster of forty; "he was fool enough to make her an offer; but, by jingo, he will find his was a lucky escape; for, if folk say truly, her apron-strings have grown very short already!"

"I pity the girl most, because I know him to be a drunkard," croaked the burly churchwarden Franks, a rubicund and secret soaker, who drank more in one week than Hunsford did in a twelve-month: his allegation was a libel on Joe's character; for there was not a more temperate man in the hamlet. The calumny arose partly from ignorance and want of discernment on the part of the glumpy toppers of Totton. Joe's lively conversation, and talent of rehearsal, threw more interest and attraction around the tap-room table, covered with humble half-pints of beer, than the senseless gabble of twenty dull tradesmen, over as many glasses of brandy-and-water, imparted to the denizens of the more select parlour; and it was for possessing this talent that Joe was branded, by "some few voices," with the epithet of drunkard.

Things now, of course, took a different, but even a more pleasant turn with Joe. He rented a little cottage on the border of the marsh, about a mile from Totton, near to the land on which he was employed; and though his wages were scanty, and his work hard, industry, economy and calculation at home, enabled him to keep up as decent an appearance as any man in the neighbourhood. His toil was sweetened by the beauty and smiles of an affectionate wife, for he constituted the all-absorbing object of her anxiety and love; she deemed no day more short than that spent in his company, and no day so long as that which deprived her of it.

For five years Joe Hunsford was one of the happiest of mortals; for though his earnings but defrayed the expense of what passed "from hand to mouth," and afforded clothing for himself, his wife and two sweet children, unbounded contentment characterised his dwelling.

His day was spent in delving the "stubborn glebe," in housing the golden harvest, or thrashing out its grain; and at night he stretched his toil-tired limbs before his cottage fire, as his rosy babes gambolled around him, or sat with respectful silence as their mother read aloud the "Pilgrim's Progress," or, on evenings of more sprightly relaxation, the moral fiction of "Robinson Crusoe." The strict pietist might have discovered matter for reproof in the cottage of this grateful family, but the philanthropic moralist would there have found subject for his most fervent eulogium.

But time and adversity wrought strange alterations in Joe Hunsford and his affairs. Seasons of unparalleled difficulties in commerce and agriculture, exposed him and his to want and privation, and eventually obliged him to have recourse to that most distressing alternative—the receipt of parish relief. The pittance granted from this source, miserable as it was, was nevertheless so well husbanded by the virtuous wife, that it furnished them with food sufficient to keep them from starving. But the eye-sore to Joe was, the stinging reflection that he had to stand uncovered before a parish overseer, to be sternly questioned, and then have doled out to him the sorry sum to purchase a week's subsistence,—facts, the recollection of which galled him to the quick. To aggravate the grievance, the empty and purse-proud man, a small but monied farmer, who presided in the shape of relieving overseer, made some false and insulting remarks on Joe's character; an offence for which the latter never forgave him. Joe's evenings were now spent anywhere but at home; and his laugh was often heard at the sign of the "Harriers," where he contracted that acquaintance which conduced to his ruin. The fatal friendship which he there formed was with a desperate villain of the name of Wilton, whose daring deeds amongst the deer of the New Forest had rendered him a celebrated character in the county. He had been an inmate of every jail and house of correction for miles around; and his exploits were registered in many a scar upon his back, the effects of reiterated floggings. He had originally been a well-borer, but had long obtained his livelihood in but a dubious manner. His pockets were generally occupied by pistols, bullet-moulds and slugs; and many a noble pair of antlers had been discovered in his house. Report laid at his door the death of more than

one individual; and he was held in dread by the whole neighbourhood. Yet this wretch was selected by the mild and honest-hearted Hunsford as a companion in his misery,—so unworthy associates does despair drive some men to adopt!

The society of poor Jane Hunsford and her infants was now relinquished for that of Wilton, at the "Harriers." The jovial song, the merry tale, and the sarcastic joke, added their enchantment to the inebriating cup: and Hunsford and Wilton, (the latter of whom paid the expensiture,) amongst the illiterate clod-poles which nightly kept up their revels at the 'Harriers,' were the very paragons of good fellowship.

It was during one of these nocturnal riotings at the inn, "bout the chimes at twelve," that a circumstance occurred which laid the foundation of Hunsford's disgrace and misery. Wilton, though short, was a remarkably active and athletic man, possessing an uncommon tact and skill in wrestling with men of his own bulk and weight; and with antagonists of greater capacity, he exercised a trick so dexterous as to render their height and power of little avail. This manoeuvre consisted in running his head between the legs of his opponent, bearing him off his feet, and then with one heave of his head and muscular neck, in which was the strength of a lion, throwing him, with irresistible force, behind him. The consciousness of his dexterity in this unfair expedient, made him the originator of many a brawl. On the night alluded to, Wilton and Joe had been indulging themselves rather more than usual in the foaming potations of "mine host" of the "Harriers," when a stranger, in exciting conversation with Wilton, threw out some hints of his efficiency in the science of wrestling, coupled with an avowal that he should think nothing of engaging Wilton with one hand, the other to be tied up. The blood of the felonious brawler grew hot at the utterance of the stranger's confidence in his own prowess, and, knowing that his unexpected and never-failing method of attack would befriended him, he confidently challenged the man to step out of the box in which they were sitting, and he would do his business.

The stranger, without uttering a syllable, obeyed the call, and stripping off his coat, threw himself into a posture of intimidating defence; but this was not Wilton's method of attack; for, stepping backwards to the very wall, so

as to afford himself the longest run practicable, he stooped his head, and darting forwards, with the force and precision almost of a battering-ram, passed his head between the legs of the unwary stranger, and threw him heavily over his shoulders, the vanquished falling with his forehead against the iron fender of the tap-room fire, which for a few moments caused him to lay speechless. Murmurs of censure, mingled with expressions of compassion for the stranger, now ran through the company: and Hunsford, silent and irritated, sat musing on the cunning cowardice of his newly-elected companion, until at last his manliness prevailed, and he thus expressed himself—

"You have had a noble victory, Wilton, have n't ye! Now I could see you lashed up and have a round dozen, like a lubber as you are!"

"Come on, Joe," answered Wilton; "I'm but a handfull, but I'll do my best at you."

Hunsford instantly leaped on his feet, and giving a sarcastic and pitiful look at Wilton, coolly prepared himself for the onset. Wilton, however, thinking to draw him off his guard, doubled his fists, pretended to try it by fair fighting, and poised himself in the attitude of an experienced boxer. But his ruffled temper would not allow him to wait for the reception of a blow; and, rushing in, he was met by a tremendous facer from Hunsford, which sent him reeling to the floor. Rising in a choking fit of passion, he, without reflection, proceeded to avail himself of his old subterfuge, the tossing his adversary; when, just as he was advancing, Hunsford adroitly evaded him, by quickly stepping aside, and, seizing him by the nape of the neck with one hand, and by the breech with the other, the Samson-like peasant heaved him breast-high, and then dashed him unceremoniously to the floor.

That fatal night led to Joe Hunsford's undoing. As soon as the crafty Wilton recovered from his bruises, he resolved to have revenge for his disgraceful defeat. The luckless pique which existed between the relieving overseer and Hunsford favoured the scoundrel in his project. Again he extended the traitorous hand of pretended friendship to honest but erring Hunsford, and swore sincere compassion for his ill-fortune. Night after night he poured into his ear tirades of abuse of the ignorant overseer; and at last spoke out, offering his counsel and assistance in a plot

to fire his barn. It was a revolting contemplation to Hunsford, altered as he was; but the continual importunities of Wilton, the desertion of home, the renouncing the society of Jane, whose amiable remonstrances might have recalled him to duty and happiness, conspired to work his woe. Honesty of principle, jealousy of character, and reverence for uprightness, all gradually gave way to the demon spirit of revenge—and, in a fateful hour, Hunsford consented to accompany Wilton on the coming evening, to set fire to the overseer's well stocked barn!

It was a fitful and boisterous night; Joe, by Wilton's direction, had sneaked home to possess himself clandestinely of the tinder-box and matches. His wife and her two babes sate mute and sad, looking wistfully at the perturbed Hunsford, now no longer an honest man. He could hold no converse with them, for conscience whispered to him how unworthy he was to approach such innocence and love. Sullenly and uneasily did he await the children's bedtime, which at last arrived. Availing himself of the opportunity, as planned by Wilton, he opened a cupboard, in the bottom shelf of which he groped out the tinder-box and a bundle of matches, with which he decamped, and joined Wilton, who was waiting for him on the outside.

"Bear a hand, my boy," said Wilton, imitating Joe's maritime style; "we'll surprise some on 'em to-night. Here," stripping off his coat, "take my bit o' fustian, and give me your jacket, with the tinder and matches."

"Curse me," said Joe, "if I have much heart to this, after all; it's so like an infernal Spaniard coming up to you in his blood-stained cloak, and, while he is giving you a friendly grasp with one hand, striking you dead with the other."

Wilton, however, argued away his apprehensions, and they proceeded, by a by-path, to the overseer's barn. The wind burst, at times, with sweeping fury on the stilly farmhouse and its out-offices; but, choosing an interval when it was more calm, Wilton, leaving the guilt-stricken Hunsford at a field's distance, advanced to the barn, entered it by a hole in the roof, and, striking a light, set fire to a portion of detached straw thrown into a corner of the thrashing-floor, and then made a precipitate escape. Leaping down into the fold-yard, he threw off the jacket belonging to Hunsford, in which

were the tinder-box and matches, and pulled out of a bag he had with him a coat of his own, which he put on, and then ran hastily across the meadows in quite an opposite quarter to that in which he had left Hunsford. The leaving of the jacket at the scene of the fire, and his desertion of his yielding accomplice, was quite in unison with the villain's plot, which was to have the crime satisfactorily traced to Hunsford.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NIGHT OF ROMANCE.

For the Olio.

"To horse!" cried Sir James, as he donn'd his steel garb,
And mounted full fealty his high-mettled barb,
And drew his bright sword in the bonny moon-shine;

And loudly he cried, "Gallant comrades of mine,
There's a tyrant lord sleeping in Ezzilun's tower,
There's a fair lady weeping in Ezzilun's bower,
To punish the wight, and the captive set free,
Is an action for heroes, and heroes are we!"

Then the Knight threw the reins on the neck of his steed,

And forward they rush'd at the top of their speed;
And soon they beheld Castle Ezzilun rise,
Tall, gloomy, and grim, in the luminous skies.

"Now halt, gallant comrades, draw each man his blade,

And silent abide in yon crag's ebon shade;
Let nought in the tale-telling moonlight appear,
Nor approach till the blast of my bugle ye hear!"

Then alighted Sir James, and to one of his train
He yielded full fealty his steed's bridle rein,
And wrapp'd himself round in his sable capote,
That no wary eye his bright armour might note.
"Boldly on," cried the warrior, "love's lamp
lights the way;

'Tis beauty that calls, and her call I obey."

Wide were the walls, and high was the tower,
And the castle-moat was drear and deep,

Vast was the bridge that spann'd it o'er,
And the flag that wav'd on the donjon-keep.
Eastward the fabric was gloomier far

Than its western wave-washed front did seem;
The moon was down, and only one star
That tremblingly hung on the verge of Heaven,

Discovered its outline vast and grim,
Bulwark and battlement ruin'd and riven.
Deep silence reigned the walls within.

Not a sound was heard but the sullen roar
Of the torrent, that down the fathomless limn
In a sheet of silvery foam did pour.

The rock whereon the castle stood,
To the bed of the dizzying torrent went.

And from thence to the loftiest tower above,
As appeared to the eye one sheer ascent,
Except for a narrow and slippery rim

Which trail'd far up the castle-wall.
The wariest foot must surely fall,
Attempting that treacherous path to climb.

A moment or more in musing mood
Fitz-James on the brink of the ravine stood,
And his mantle from him flung;

With eye firm bent on the shelf of rock,
Unheeding the cataract's thunder-shock,
Across the chasm he sprang:

Around him the torrent whirl'd and flash'd,
And its spray o'er his steely armour dash'd,
As wildly from crag to crag it fell,

Till it reached the bed of its darksome cell.
Fitz-James, with a bold and steadfast eye,
Began the perilous path to try.

Though it tottered and trembled beneath his feet,
And threatened to hurl him fathoms deep;
Though the foam still drench'd him o'er,

He onward went, nor paused to gaze,
Till he'd clamber'd up the fearful maze
To a mid-way postern door.

The adventurer press'd a secret spring,
And the gate at once wide open sprung,

And a lamp that dimly burnt within
 Discover'd a gallery vast and long.
 Boldly onward strode the Knight,
 From tower to tower, from room to room,
 By a taper, whose feeble quivering light
 Could ill the dubious path illumine.
 Anon to a winding stair he came,
 Which he thought to the castle depths must wend,
 For by the taper's fitful flame
 His eye full vainly sought their end.
 Yet down he went by the fitful gleam,
 With a steadfast pace and a fearless mien.
 The lamp a brilliant halo shed,
 And expiring, left him in gloom profound.
 When, lo! as he paused, a soft, sweet strain
 Of heavenly music floated round:
 As onward he went, it louder grew,
 And the witching cadence thrill'd him through:
 'Twas her—he saw her!—like some sweet fay
 Reposing on dew-drank flowers, she lay;
 Her cheek on an ivory arm reclined,
 And her eye with a tearful lustre shined;
 And her locks o'er a brow of marble hung,
 And fondly round her white neck clung;
 O'er her cheek, anon, would wreath a smile,
 And melody stole so sweet the while,
 From lips that rival'd the rose's hue,
 Impart'd by May-morn's earliest dew.
 Fitz-James o'er the notes enraptur'd hung,
 As thus the beauteous syren sung:

SONG.

The moon was bright on Ebron's walls,
 And Birkwood forest green,
 The heart was light in Ebron's halls,
 As Glenna's waves were seen.
 The moon was bright on Ebron's height,
 And in her lustre came
 To Ebron's halls a red-plumed Knight,
 And thus he hailed its dame,—
 Oh, gay are bonny Ebron towers,
 And Birkwood glades are green,
 And fair are bonny Ebron bowers,
 And Glenna's silver stream.
 Ah! winning was the stranger's tone,
 And noble was his mien,
 And gallantly his armour shone,
 Beneath the bright moonbeam;
 He'd ranged around Italia's clime,
 Where beauty reigns supreme,
 Where eyes with burning lustre shine,—
 Yet one he ne'er had seen
 So sweet as she of Ebron's towers,
 And Birkwood forest green,
 And bonny Ebron's mazy bowers,
 And Glenna's silver stream.

Oh, lady fair, the warrior sigh'd,
 Oh, lady sweet, be mine;
 And let me bear thee, o'er the tide,
 Ere morning's sunbeams shine;
 Behold, my pinnace yonder lies,
 With streamers fluttering gay,
 While slumber sits on others' eyes,
 Then, lady, haste away.
 And bid adieu to Ebron towers,
 And Birkwood forest green,
 And bonny Ebron's mazy bowers,
 And Glenna's silver stream.

The lady from her lattice hied,
 A postern-door beneath
 She opened to the warrior wide,
 Who leap'd with sword unsheath'd,
 And followed by an armed throng
 Each tower and turret through,
 And sounds of mirth and joy ere long
 To sounds of sadness grew.
 Then sorrow sat on Ebron towers,
 And Birkwood forest green,
 And desolate were Ebron bowers,
 And Glenna's silver stream.

"My love! my soul!" the warrior cried,
 "Come weal, come woe, I'll quit thee never!
 No grasp shall tear thee from my side;
 No force again our hearts shall sever!"
 Wildly the maiden glanced around,
 That voice she knew full well,
 Yet thought it some delusive sound,
 'Till her eyes on the hero fell.
 In his arms she rush'd, to his breast she clung,
 And o'er her the Knight enraptur'd hung;
 And nectar, such as the wild bee sips,
 He stole the while from her rose-tinted lips;
 A moment so blest, so fraught with pleasure,
 He thought not, he dreamt not in store for him;

'Twas illusion, he thought, and his peerless treasure
 Would fade like the forms in a morning dream.

The prisoner free'd, now strove full fain
 The Knight the castle gate to gain;
 He durst not with his charge descend
 That perilous path,—scarce durst he wend
 Step further down the turret stair,
 For exultations loud beneath
 Arose upon his listening ear,
 Foreboding, at discovery, death!
 Alas! he could not choose but ou,
 For other egress was there none.
 A shout that moment, loud and long,
 Arose amid the hidden throng,
 And now a ruddy glare,
 Through tatter'd arras, loop, and porch,
 Emitted by some brandished torch,
 Flash'd on the broken stair,
 And straightway he espied below,
 Grouped round a fire, whose ruddy glow
 A dismal lustre flung,
 A band of men in rude array,
 Whose ready weapons round them lay,
 Corslets and morion,
 And glinted off the umber glare
 On keen-edged batti—axe and spear,
 That round the apartment hung.

But in the dismal room was one
 Who seem'd the ruffian band to shun;
 A brow deep furrowed, dark and grim
 Eyes haggard, sunk, and ghastly dim,
 And fixed with broad and vacant gaze
 Upon the feeble, flickering blaze;
 A scrawled frame, besmear'd with gore,
 Its scanty raiment patch'd and tore,
 Thin skinny lips, lank raven hair,
 That seem'd death's clammy sweat to wear,
 Completes the picture: eyes might scan
 The wreck of what was once a man.
 All mirth was now in the goblet drown'd,
 And silence 'gan to reign around,
 And sleep her Lethæan dews to throw
 O'er every bronzed and furrow'd brow;
 But vain her sceptre wav'd o'er him,—
 That hideous object, phantom grim,
 Low brooding o'er the fire he hung,
 And oft by its and snatches sung,
 And oft his vacant eyes were thrown
 Across the spacious dismal room.
 Anon, with slow and silent tread,
 He half-way through the apartment sped,
 And pressing on the oaken floor,
 Wide open sprung a secret door.
 Fitz-James full well the feat survey'd,
 And seizing in his arms the maid,
 He boldly ventur'd in;
 The wretch at first sprung back half-scared,
 And wildly on the warrior glared,
 But soon with brandish'd dirk he came,
 With furious leap and fatal aim,
 Full on the knight, who straightway bore
 The ghastly object to the floor,
 And quickly dived beneath;
 And soon was he o'erjoy'd to find
 The gloomy tower left far behind;
 The subterranean passage led
 Far o'er the bordering heath.

Fitz-James then sounded his bugle horn.
 And round him came his clausmen all,
 And swift they rode away:
 For the first dim lights of an Autumn morn
 Began on the eastern lights to fall,
 In wreaths of misty grey.
 Far, far they rode, and stillness hung
 Around them as they scour'd along,
 Till, entering a forest drear,
 A shout came loudly on the ear,
 And "Rescue! rescue!" plain was heard,
 Commingled with the clank of sword
 And clank of mail, and torchlight threw
 Down every glade its ruddy hue,
 And arrows whistled by.
 Fitz-James the scene around to view,
 Stood in his stirrups high;
 "Halt, comrades, halt!" he sortly cried,
 "A numerous host toward us ride!"
 And scarcely had he spake ere one
 Came suddenly in view;
 Upon his crested morion
 Fitz-James's ready weapon rung,
 And cleft it fairly through;
 His steed sprung back; the thundering blow
 Sent sparks of fire around,
 And headlong from his saddle threw
 His rider to the ground.

The rest were quickly put to flight,
And now the breezy evening light
Display'd full clear to every one
The corpse of him
Whose visage grim
Proclaim'd him Knight of Ezsilun!

T. F.

MR. KEAN IN MDCCCXXXI.

For the Olio.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The wav'ring world—ill hath he chosen his
part;
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is at his heart.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

MR. KEAN is dramatically dead; but
"in his ashes live his wonted fires,"
and his ghost still haunts the "where-
abouts" of his histrionic glory. Alas! in
1831, we can but talk of the *Richard*
that was, and pitifully exclaim in the
altered language of Avon's bard—

There was a Gloster once that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state!

Of that triumphant era there remains to
us but the grieving remembrance; and
we behold his *Gloster* of the other day
with the same feelings of choking sor-
row one might be supposed to expe-
rience when looking on the *exhu-*
minated features of some dear and gifted
friend. There walked the semblance
of the mental magician, who once held
domination over the hearts of the motley
multitude—drooping, nerveless and en-
ervated. And who, of the many who
beheld that piteous sight, but *felt* a tear
for the irrevocable fate of the darling of
dramatic genius?—If there exist a man
"with soul so dead," we would not ex-
change emotions with him, though he
should offer us a diadem to boot!

To those who have never witnessed
the performance of Mr. Kean, his acting
would even now be gratifying. There
is still enough about him to extricate
himself and his conceptions from the
concomitant mummery of the scene.
But how must his worshippers sorrow
at beholding his ineffectual attempts to
rally that force and fire which have for
ever deserted him! His physical energy
has played him false, and forsook him
in his prime of manhood. The imagi-
nation to conceive, the soul to feel, are
perhaps as perfect and efficient as ever;
but the animal power no longer gives
its enforcement to utterance. The actor
is obliged to resort to the distressing
alternative of counter-tones in his cha-
racteristic and judicious enunciation—
the vigour of articulation is no longer
left him. The muscular pliability of
trunk and limb has vanished, and he
walks wearily and stiffly over those

boards which erst he trod so inimitably.
The evident pain with which his efforts
are accompanied, elicit regret from the
coldest spectator. A seemingness of
pleasure pervades his altered and ema-
ciated countenance, when, after the fa-
tigue of an arduous scene, he totters off
the stage, and, scarcely clear of the au-
dience, grasps the side-scene for sup-
port,—his weak steps and declining
head plainly telling of the "old man."
The "tent-scene," that was wont to be
the signal for boisterous and universal
applause, is cold in execution, and cur-
tailed in effect. He drops without that
muscular quivering of body so much
in character—feebly and heavily. The
painful idea excited in the audience is,
that he is anxious to "have it over"—
and they, in turn, compassionately de-
sire such consummation. Still, there
are occasional flashes which startle, and
remind you of the lightning which once
transfixed and awed. His midnight and
ghostly fear opposing itself to the en-
trance of Catesby, is in masterly keep-
ing: his transition from the thralldom
of supernatural terror to the sane re-
sumption of reason and self-possession,
is a perfect picture. But in the combat
between the usurper and Richmond,
Mr. Kean displays all the ineffectual-
ness of an actor borne down by infirmi-
ties. The attack is studied, the atti-
tudes forced, and the fencing power-
less. He appears to shrink from exertion,
and tacitly to solicit forbearance. The
combat is cut short, and, seeming
to collect his scattered strength to bear
the shock of the fall, he stands for a
considerable time with his *speaking* eye
bent on Richmond. The transpicuous
thought traceable upon his agitated brow
betrays the consciousness of bodily in-
anity, and he falls compulsively. If there
be one feature of his person which has
escaped the impairing influence of time
and vicissitude, it is his eye—which
yet sparkles with the glow of genius.

"Well, he has had his day," may be
remarked by the carper at Mr. Kean's
peccadilloes. True; but we wish that
day had been less clouded, and that to
it a more genial night had succeeded.
Mr. Kean is now mentally defunct; and
he may draw around him the impervi-
able curtain of private life, bidding "a
long farewell to all his greatness." He
has left no other actor equal to him;
and as to the future, we may confidently
augur, that however he may be rivalled,
he can never be excelled, unless his
competitors exceed even Perfection's
self.

G. Y. H—N.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A
HOMICIDE.(For the *Olio*.)

"Diu non latent scelera."

Although the following story may be supposed by some to be the produce of the writer's brain, the reader may be assured that it is literally true. Lord Byron has somewhere said, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction," and this narrative will attest the truth of the poet's remark. Many of those events which occupy the page of history would, if related in a romance or novel, be condemned as monstrous and improbable; and what I am about to describe is of so singular a nature, is so wild and strange, that I should not attempt to give it to the world, if there were not those now living who could attest its truth.

About sixty years ago, Messrs. —, respectable wine-merchants in London, had in their possession a hogshead of Madeira, which they had endeavoured, but in vain, to render fit for sale. The ordinary methods used to fine wine had been resorted to, but without success; and, as a last resort, the principals desired their cellarman to have it racked off into bottles. This order was immediately put into execution, and a man was set to rack off the wine, whilst the rest were busied up stairs. He who was thus employed proceeded with his work, but had not filled above a dozen bottles when he found the cock suddenly cease running. The cocks used for racking are very large, and the man thought to remove the obstruction with his finger, with which he drew out the cause of the stoppage; but what was his surprise and horror when, on looking at it, he found it to be a *piece of a human scalp with the hair still clinging to it!*

Those who have ever been in a spacious wine-cellar, cannot have failed to notice the dismal appearance of the place, to which the faint light lends additional effect. The poor fellow who had made such a disgusting and terrifying discovery almost fainted at the sight; but with a sudden effort, he dashed down the bottle which he was filling, and fled up stairs in an agony of alarm and terror. All crowded round him to hear the cause of his affright, which he with difficulty explained to them; and one of the partners, with several of the men, descended into the vault, determined to ascertain the truth of this statement, which they attributed either to drunkenness or a diseased imagination.

Without a moment's hesitation, the hogshead was turned up, the head taken out, and the wine poured into another vessel, when a frightful spectacle was presented to their view. Within the hogshead lay a skeleton, to the bones of which the flesh in some places still clung, while a horrible mass of putridity had settled at the bottom!

Shocked at the sight, they replaced the head of the hogshead, and information of the discovery was immediately sent off to the island of Madeira, when an investigation took place, the result of which was the apprehension of a wine-cooper there, who confessed that, being jealous of his apprentice, he had one day picked a quarrel with the youth, whom he killed by a blow of his adze; and that, fearing a discovery, he had immediately crammed the body into a hogshead, which was shipped off at once to England.

Many instances of retributive justice are on record, but none of them can be considered more remarkable than the one above related. W.W.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR THE
SINGLE LADIES OF ANYWHERE!*Affectionately presented to them*

BY THE MARRIED LADIES OF SOMEWHERE.

We're married! we're married! and find, O! ye fair,
Our castles of happiness built but in air!
They were guarded by Cupids, who promised to stay,
Yet on Hymen's arrival the rogues fled away!
Our stores of felicity are but a joke!
And the bright torch of Hymen has ended in smoke!

'Tis true we no longer dread people who say,
"Do look at that *'Old Maid'* just over the way!"

But it's still more appalling for some one to sigh,

And remark "how neglected is poor Mrs. I.
That sweet Mrs. A. makes an excellent wife.
But her husband's so cross, she is weary of life.
What a warm, ardent lover was handsome young B.,

When he courted the rich and accomplished Miss T.

They were married last year, and 'tis plain the connexion
Has brought his regard for her cash to perfection.

Sir John is delightful, his smiles are so bland,
How envied the woman who gave him her hand,
With this bright constellation *abroad* she may roam,

But a *total eclipse* shrouds his radiance at home."

SILLY THINGS! we won't think that these
Lords of Creation,

Who, when single, behold us with such admiration,

Who swear and who vow their existence depends

On a look! on a word! that they'd compass the ends

Of the world, to procure us a moment's repose,
Will, as soon as we marry 'em, tarna up their nose

At our tears, our entreaties, and look on our grief
 With a stoic philosophy passing belief!
 Yes, the gay cavalier, the gallant single man,
 Who so kindly accepts all "*invites*" that he can,
 Who eats Papa's dinner, and drinks Mamma's tea,
 Hands "dear Jane" to the carriage, and flatters all three,
 Will, if caught by a fortune, a figure, or face,
 Prove that strange metamorphoses still can take place.
 For the thousand and one constant, nameless attentions
 Once so freely bestowed, are now quite *condescensions*:
 Superseded by "Here, Mrs. —, take this seat,
 And just give me the stool which is under your feet!"
 The party selected because *she'd* be there,
 Cards and music neglected, to stand by her chair,
 Give place to a careless—"You'll go to the N—s,
 Say I'll come if I can, but I promised some friends
 To look in after dinner, and then, let me see,
 You'll return in the carriage, so cannot wait
 me."
 Of presents the *lover* is always profuse,
 But the *husband* discovers those things are no use.
 "I *must* buy a dress, love, to go to this ball."
 "You must wear what you've got, dear, or not go at all."
 "I'm sure, Mr. —, you can't wish me to stay
 At home, when I'm told it will be so gay."
 "Indeed, Mrs. —, you may go or remain,
 It is not of that you will find me complain,
 But as for this dress you are talking about,
 I can't spare the money, that's flat, so don't pout!"
 "There once was a time, Mr. —, when you swore
 My wishes should ever"—"Pshaw! Madam, no more!
 That nonsense is over, I've had time to cool,
 Married men soon get tired of playing the fool;
 I've just bought that hunter, those dogs, changed my gun,
 And must pay Snip the tailor, that fellow's a dun!"
 A little reflection I'm sure, Mrs. —, ash,
 Would show you 'tis *selfish* to ask now for cash;
 But so thoughtless are you, as I've told you before,
 'T would drive any man mad!" exit, slamming the door!
 Oh! sisters! dear sisters! your liberty prize,
 In true "*single blessedness*" stay, if you're wise.
 Leading *asses* by dozens can never compare
 With the tortures you'd suffer if *led by a Bear*!
 And, howe'er you may flatter yourselves, or each other,
 You'll find courtship is one thing, and wedlock another!

ONLY FOR FORM SAKE.

For the Olio.

THIS expression is of more consequence than it might seem to imply. Every person will do well to consider its full meaning. Light and enticing though the *only* may be at first sight,

when the object of the complete sentence is attained, it is of no use whatever, unless it should prove to be not *only* your ruin, but that of all who, for instance, put their signatures to deeds, bonds, partnerships, assurances, bills and documents, "*only for form sake*!"

When certain persons, interested in getting their sinister views realised, are heard to induce their parties to put their hands to paper just as a *mere form*, which is stated to be *only* for the satisfaction (what satisfaction?) of completing the usage, depend on it more than this is meant and understood, than is at the moment designed to be expressed: this insinuating little sentence of four words is practically, afterwards, in due time brought home—by an arrest—a *scire facias*—a law-suit—ruin and misery. No advice can be given more to the purpose than the adage—"look before you leap."

In another view, also, it would be well marriageable persons were to consider that matrimony is not intended to be consummated "only for form sake!" It is to be feared that in temporal and secular—in serious and controversial concerns, too many may be selected in society who practice in their vocations "*only for form sake*."

Form is, in very many instances, useful, and props method into a system of regularity to the well being of habits and good laws; but, reader, whoever thou art—particularly, if inexperienced—do not reject the advice of a friend, but well weigh the import in all its change of phrase of—"Only for form sake!"

P.A.U.S.E.

ON DUELLING.

DUELS must, from their very nature, have been the oldest species of combats, and it is a mistake to suppose that they were not known to the ancients; for we find in Plutarch that on one occasion, during the Indian expedition, Hephæstion and Craterus drew their swords on each other, and fought till separated by Alexander himself: a duel is also described in the 7th Book of Curtius, to which, without resorting to the Iliad, others might no doubt be added. But, as a practice sanctioned by law and custom, duelling can be traced no farther back than the judicial combats of the Germans. The laws of those nations ordained, that, in all doubtful cases, when the judges were unable to decide and pass sentence, the parties themselves should be allowed the trial

by battle, in order to settle their difference sword in hand, as it was argued that God, from being the ruler of the universe, would take the innocent under his especial protection, and bring the cause of truth to light; thus forgetting, in the justness of the first part of the proposition, the erroneous conclusion which supposed that men had at all times a right to demand such a manifestation of divine interposition. These combats were, therefore, only another and a later species of ordeal; they were unknown in Germany at the time of Tacitus, who makes no mention of the practice; but, owing to the total absence of all just and efficient laws, they appear to have spread with great rapidity over the least barbarous part of Europe soon after the fall of the western empire.—These appeals to the judgment of God, as the combats were termed, were conducted according to very positive rules that were always most strictly enforced. It rested, for instance, either with the judge to tender to the parties the trial by battle, or with the accused or offended party to demand it, and whoever declined the combat was immediately declared guilty; even witnesses were, when called upon, forced to maintain their evidence by force of arms. Umpires of the list were established, whose duty it was to inspect the arms, to post the champions, so that neither sun nor wind might affect the one more than the other, and to see that no unfair advantage was possessed by either of the parties. Whoever submitted or avowed himself vanquished was dishonoured, outlawed, and had his property confiscated; not so those who fell, their fame was unsullied, and they were allowed the rites of sepulture: the conqueror was also allowed to kill a wounded or disarmed adversary who did not beg his life, &c. &c. This privilege of trial by battle was not confined to nobles, but extended to all persons free by birth: even women, ecclesiastics and those who, from age and infirmity, were incapable of personally entering the lists, had the right of appearing by champion. The Emperors of Germany even established courts (*Kamph-gerichte*) purposely empowered to preside and to take cognizance of all matters connected with the trials by battle. The most celebrated of these courts, and the one that remained longest in existence, was held at Halle in Suabia.

If the Papal Decretals, particularly those of 1235, and the improvement and better administration of the laws led,

on one hand, to the gradual abolition of the ordeals and regular trials by battle, the spirit of chivalry, which had begun to extend itself about the eleventh century, gave rise, on the other hand, to extra-judicial combats, fought before judges selected only for the occasion, and often intended to settle mere points of honour. These combats, as long as they were exclusively confined to knights and nobles, were generally fought

'On foaming steed in full career,
With brand to aid when as the spear
Should shiver in the course.'

but this mode of settling private quarrels did not long survive the flourishing period of the institution that gave rise to it; and in the middle ages we already find duels fought with every description of arms, and in every imaginable manner. Entire parties called each other to the field, as in the case of the thirty English and thirty French knights, and the combat between the clan Chattan and the M'Phersons. The office of second was highly esteemed and courted, as they generally took a part in the fight; and when hostile arms lay inactive near each other, it was not unfrequent for officers of the contending parties to meet by appointment, each attended by a certain number of friends, in order to settle some private feud, or merely to fight, as they termed it, to "keep their arms from rust." Thus the French Capt. Briaute was challenged by a Belgian officer of the name of Gerhard, to meet him and twenty of his friends with an equal number. The parties met accordingly on the heath near Furnes, all armed in proof, and each combatant provided with a sword and a brace of pistols: Capt. Briaute and fourteen of his countrymen were killed on one side, and Lieut. Gerhard, together with his brother, and three Belgians on the other. Soon after the invention of fire-arms, pistols became a favourite weapon for deciding private quarrels, till the Emperor Maximilian put a stop to the practice, by directing that such arms were to be employed only against the enemy. Fronsberg tells us, in consequence, that all duelling with *fire-arms*, lances, or halberds, was strictly prohibited in the Imperial army; with side arms, however, gentlemen might cut and thrust at each other as much as they pleased, provided always that the encounter took place at a decent hour in the morning, and beyond the precincts of the camp. But, though long allowed in Germany, the practice

was nominally prohibited by law both in France and Spain, particularly in the former country, where Henry the Fourth issued some severe decrees against it, and certainly not without good reason; for if Lomienne may be believed, no less than 4000 were killed in duels in that country alone, from the accession of Henry in 1594, down to the year 1607. No one ever carried the mania of duelling to a greater degree of extravagance than the celebrated Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, who, when a very young man, was in the habit of sallying out at night in disguise, and challenging to single combat all those whom he met in the streets. It was his practice, on such occasions, to look out for those who were distinguished for strength or courage, and if any man enjoyed a particular reputation as a fencer, the Prince never rested till he had measured swords with him. He proceeded with strange good fortune in this manner, till happening one night to engage Count Adrian Tournel, the latter recognised him by the light of a torch that was accidentally carried past, and immediately kneeled down and surrendered his sword, an adventure that of course put an end to the nightly rambles. These were the faulty outbreaks of that noble aspiration for military fame, which the Prince's mother strove with such mistaken, though perhaps, in a mother, natural zeal, to repress during the early days of one destined in after life to perform so many great actions.

All these wild practices yielded, however, in the end, to modern manners, and very generally made way for the simplicity of our present duels, that partake more of the original trial by battle and knightly combats, than of the extravagances of the middle ages; being generally fought to decide cases which the law cannot reach in a satisfactory manner, or for the purpose of settling mere points of honour.

Unit. Serv. Jour.

Illustrations of History.

REMARKABLE TENURES OF LAND IN ENGLAND.—King Henry the Eighth, in the 33rd year of his reign, granted to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the scite and precinct of the monastery of Worksop, with its appurtenances, in the county of Nottingham; to be held of the king in *capite*, by the service of the tenth part of a knight's fee;* and

* A knight's fee in the reign of the second Edward amounted to 20l.

by royal service of finding the king a *right hand glove* at his coronation, and to support his *right arm*, on that day so long as he should hold the sceptre in his hand, and paying yearly £23. 8s. 0½d.

At the coronation of King James the Second, this service was claimed and allowed. And at the coronation of George the Third, the same service was performed by Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, as deputy to the Duke of Norfolk, lord of the manor of Worksop.

At the coronation of James the Second, the lord of the manor of Bardolfe in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a mess of *groat* in the king's kitchen; and therefore prayed that the king's master cook might perform that service. Which claim was allowed, and the said lord of the manor brought it up to the king's table.

The manor of Chettington, in Shropshire, is holden of the king in *capite*, by the service of finding one *footman* in time of war, in the king's army in Wales, with one *bow* and three *arrows*, and one *pale*, and carrying with him one *bacon* or *salled hog*, and when he comes to the army, delivering to the king's marshal a moiety of the *bacon*, and thence the marshal was to deliver to him daily, some of that moiety for his dinner, so long as he stayed in the army; and he was to follow the army so long as that half bacon should last.

The manor of Loston, Devon, is held by the serjeanty of finding for our lord the king *two arrows* and one loaf of *oat bread*, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmore.

In the town of Bockampton in Berkshire, half a yard-land† is held of our lord the king, by the service of keeping for his majesty *six damsels*, to wit, *lewd women*, at the cost of the king.—This was called *pimp-tenure*.

The manor of Brineston, in the county of Chester, is held of the king in *capite*, by the service of finding a man in the king's army to go into Scotland, *barefoot*, clothed with a *shirt* and *breeches*, having in one hand a *bow* without a *string*, and in the other an *arrow unfeathered*.

The manor of Finchingfield in Essex, was holden by one, John Compes, of King Edward the Third, by the service of *turning the spit* at his coronation.

† According to Bracton, yard-land is a quantity of land, different in different places: at Wimbledon in Surrey, it is fifteen acres, in other counties it is twenty, in some twenty-four, and in others thirty or forty acres.

The manor of Seaton in Kent, is held of the king by serjeanty, viz : to provide one man called *Veltrarius a Vautrer*, to lead three *greyhounds* when the king should go into Gascony, so long as a *pair of shoes of fourpence price* should last.

Notices of New Books.

Time's Telescope for 1831; or, a *Complete Guide to the Almanack*, pp. 416. London, Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper.

WE always view with pleasure the appearance of such books as these. They are compiled both for our amusement and instruction, and are seldom received by the public with coldness. "*Time's Telescope*" is too well known to need any eulogy from us, but we may venture to assert that, but few volumes are so well calculated to please the historian, the naturalist, or the lover of light reading, as the one under notice.

Under the head of "Remarkable Days," we find the following particulars relative to Shrove Tuesday, and some customs observed thereon.

"SHROVE TUESDAY, or, as it is more commonly termed, Pancake-day, from the custom of eating pancakes on this day is still observed in many families. Shrove Tide means the time of confessing sins, the Saxon word *Shrive*, or *Strift*, meaning confession. Hence Shrove Tuesday means Confession Tuesday; on which day all the people in every parish throughout the kingdom, in Catholic times, were obliged to confess their sins, one by one, to their parish priests, in their own parish churches; and that this might be done the more regularly, the great bell in every parish was rung at ten o'clock, or perhaps sooner, that it might be heard by all.

"From the practice of piety which it was the intention of the early church to encourage, this day degenerated into one of riot and disorder, distinguished for its idle sports, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and similar barbarous amusements.

"In Fitz-Stephen's account of London, about Henry the Second's time, it is stated, that 'the boys of every school do yearly at Shrove-tide bring game cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent in school in seeing these cocks fight together.' This practice was continued for several centuries; and

even lately, in different parts of the North, and in Scotland. In an account of the latter country, printed in Edinburgh in 1792, the schoolmaster of Applecross, in Ross, is mentioned as having among his perquisites, 'the cock-fight dues, which are equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar.' Dean Colet in his statutes for the government of St. Paul's School, 1518, left this order:—'I will they use no cock-fighting, nor ridging about of victory, nor disputing at St. Bartlemeeve, which is but foolish babbling and losse of time.'

"Another shameful practice at this period was Whipping the cock, or throwing at the cock. Hearne, the antiquary, says:—'The custom of throwing at cocks must be traced to the time of Henry V. and the victories then gained over the French, whose name, in Latin, is synonymous to that of a cock; and that our brave countrymen hinted by it that they could as easily, at any time, overthrow the Gallic armies as they could knock down the cocks on Shrove Tuesday.' The practice, however, prevailed in England long before this period. Carpenter in his Glossary, under the date 1355, mentions a petition of the scholars of Ramera to their master, soliciting him to 'give them a cock,' which they affirm, 'their said master owed them upon Shrove Tuesday, to throw sticks at, according to the usual custom, for their sport and entertainment.'

"Trusler, in his *Hogarth Moralized*, describing the *Four Stages of Cruelty*, says:—'We have several groups of boys at their barbarous diversions; one is, throwing at a cock, the universal Shrove-tide amusement, beating the harmless feathered animal to jelly.'

"Threshing of the cock was another diversion. In *Tusser Redditors*, we are told

At Shrove-tide to shroving, next thresh the fat
Hen;

If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men:

To these lines is appended a note descriptive of the practice:—'The Hen is hung on a fellow's back, who has also some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his Hen and bells, shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his Hen; other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favourably: but the

jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping hole, while the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the Hen is boiled with bacon, and store of Pancakes and fritters are made.' Much to the credit of the present age these disgraceful practices are now almost entirely exploded.

"The custom of eating Pancakes on this day is very ancient. Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, in his *Jacke-a-Lent*, says:—'In the morning, at the entrance of Shrove Tuesday, all the whole kingdom is unquiet; but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called the *Pancake Bell*, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie; then there is a thing called wheeten floure, which the cookes do mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall, magicall enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix, or Phlegeton,) untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a Flip-Jack, called a Pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devoure very greedily.'

"In the North of England, Shrove Tuesday is called *Fasten's Ee'n* or *Fasting's Eve*, from the succeeding day being the first of the Lenten fast."

This pleasing and always intelligent volume is embellished by several copper plate engravings, which are neatly executed, and a number of woodcuts.

A Familiar Summary of the Laws respecting Masters and Servants, 18mo. London; Henry Washbourne.

The usefulness of such a little work as this must be obvious to every one: it comprises abstracts of all the acts relating to apprentices and servants; is small in size, neatly printed, and the price moderate. Every man of business would do well to procure a copy of this summary, which may be the means of saving a deal of time and trouble both to masters and their servants.

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, &c. Third Edition, consider-

ably enlarged, pp. 98. London; Henry Washbourne.

This is another book of the same class as the foregoing. The information contained in it is clear and concise. We are quite sure that such works as these will tend to lessen the number of disgusting squabbles which are so constantly occurring at the Courts of Requests and the Police Offices.

Fine Arts.

Scraps and Sketches, Part III. by George Cruikshank. London; Jas. Robins and Co.

But a few days have elapsed since we noticed this clever artist's illustrations to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and, lo! here is another collection of laughter-moving subjects. The scenes in this series are all excellent, and are etched in his best manner. The subjects which pleased us most are "The Comfortables"—"An African Settlement"—"A Vane Man"—and "Nobody made fun of." In the last sheet the artist has evidently introduced a portrait of himself, which adds considerably to the value of this part of "Scraps and Sketches," as we do not recollect having seen a likeness of this eccentric genius. Surely such a collection of mirth-inspiring subjects cannot lack purchasers at this dull season.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

DANTE AND HIS LADY-LOVE, BEATRICE PORTINARI.—Dante, in allusion to his own personal appearance, used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe,—"Do you see that man?—that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!"—"Ay, indeed!" replied her companion, "very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke; and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!" Dante had not, however, this forbidding appear-

ance when he won the young heart of Beatrice Portinari. They first met at a banquet given by her father, Folco de Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion, which increased with his years, and did not perish even with its object.

Dante died at Ravenna, in 1321, and was sumptuously interred at the cost of Guido da Polenta, the father of that unfortunate Francesca di Rimini, whose story he has so exquisitely told in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*. He left several sons and an only daughter, whom he had named Beatrice, in remembrance of his early love: she became a nun at Ravenna.

PUNISHMENT OF ADULTERERS IN SCOTLAND.—By the law of Scotland, after divorce, a subsequent marriage between the two guilty persons is declared void and null, and the issue incapable to succeed to their parents; (1600, James VI.) 2dly, The offenders are cut off from every benefit of their former marriage; the man forfeits the wife's marriage portion, and the adulteress her marriage provision, jointure, &c. and is turned out to beggary and infamy. Thus, at present, stands the law of Scotland, with respect to adultery.

GIBBETS.—In ancient times it was the custom to suspend upon gibbets without the city, the bodies of criminals who had been executed in Paris. These gibbets were called *justices*. The most remarkable was that of *Montfaucon*. This was an elevated spot situated between the Fauxbourg Saint Martin, and the Fauxbourg du Temple, having upon its summit a solid mass of masonry, about sixteen feet high, forty long, and thirty broad. Upon the surface of this mass were sixteen stone pillars, thirty-two feet in height, which served to support large beams, and from the latter hung iron chains, in which the dead bodies were placed. While this custom prevailed, there were generally fifty or sixty criminals waving in the air. When there was no room for a dead body, that which had been there longest was taken down, and thrown into a cave which opened into the centre of the enclosure. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, this frightful gibbet had fallen into decay, and only three or four pillars remained.

Etienne Pasquier remarks, that the

gibbet of Montfaucon brought misfortune on all those who had any hand in its erection or repair. "Enguerrand de Marigni," says he, "hanselled it; Pierre Remi, *surintendant* of the finances under Charles-le-Bel, had it repaired, and was hanged on it. And in our time, Jean Mormier, *Heutenant civil de Paris*, having ordered repairs to be made to these *fourches patibulaires*, though he did not end his days there, like the two others, was obliged to make an amende honourable."

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE JACK ROBINSON.—What a strange perversion of words will time frequently occasion. "As soon as you can say *Jack Robinson*," is a phrase common in every part of the kingdom; but who could suppose it is a corruption of the following quotation!

A wark it ys as easie to be doone,
As tys to saye *Jack! robye on.* *Old Play.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S UNBOUNDED VANITY.—"In her own court," says the able authoress of the 'Loves of the Poets,' "Queen Elizabeth was not satisfied to preside. She could as ill endure a competitor in celebrity or charms as in power. She arrogated to herself all the incense around her; and in point of adulation, she was like the daughter of the horse-leech, whose cry was 'give! give!' Her insatiate vanity would have been ludicrous, if it had not produced such atrocious consequences. This was the predominant weakness of her character, which neutralized her talents, and was pampered, till in its excess it became a madness and a vice. This precipitated the fate of her lovely rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. This elevated the profligate Leicester to the pinnacle of favour, and kept him there, sullied as he was by every baseness and every crime;* this hurried Essex to the block; banished Southampton; and sent Raleigh and Elizabeth Throckmorton to the Tower. Did one of her attendants, more beautiful than the rest, attract the notice or homage of any of the gay cavaliers around her,—was an attachment whispered, a marriage projected,—it was enough to throw the whole court into consternation. 'Her Majesty, the Queen, was in a passion;' and then—Heaven help the offenders! It was the spirit of Harry the Eighth let loose again. Yet, such is the reflected glory she derives from the Sydneys and the

* Leicester's influence over Elizabeth appeared so unaccountable, that it was ascribed to magic, and to her evil stars.

Raleighs, the Walsinghams and Cecils, the Shakespeares and Spensers of her time, that we can scarce look beyond it, to stigmatise the hard, unfeminine egotism of her character."

FABIAN'S CHRONICLE.—Cardinal Wolsey is said to have procured all the copies of this history that he could meet with to be burned, because Fabian had set forth too plainly the extent of the patrimony of the church.

THE THREE CROWNS OF THE HEBREW NATIONS.—The Ark was, in the times of Israel, called, the "Crown of the Law,"—the "Golden Altar,"—the "Crown of the Priesthood,"—and the "Table,"—the "Crown of the Kingdom."

J. OIDA.

COWLEY.—Great part of Cowley's life having been a scene of tempest and tumult, he formed a resolution to pass the remainder of it in that situation which had ever been the object of his wishes, a studious retirement. One day, in the heat of summer, staying too long in the fields, he caught a violent cold, which, for want of timely care, occasioned his death. "Who," says Dr. Spratt, "can forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes and frail condition of human nature? For as long as our friend was pursuing the course of ambition in active life, which he scarce esteemed his true life, he never wanted constant health and strength of body; but as soon as he found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and enjoy himself in security, his contentment was first broken by sickness, and at last his death occasioned by his very delight in the country and fields, which he had long fancied above all other pleasures."

H. B. A.

THE TERM FINE FELLOW.—In a letter of William Creech's, the publisher of those elegant and classical works, the *Mirror and Lounger*, written December, 1792, to Sir John Sinclair, the writer states, that at Edinburgh, "in 1783, the term *fine fellow* was first applied to one who could drink three bottles; who discharged all debts of honour (or game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his word of honour; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy, (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter, if she was handsome; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would

have cut the throat, or blown out the brains of his dearest companions, offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious selfish pursuits and pleasures."

EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKES.—In 1782, at the time of the dreadful earthquakes in Calabria, the mercury in the barometer in Scotland sunk within the tenth of an inch of the bottom of the scale; the waters in many of the lochs or lakes in the Highlands were much agitated.

THE SWALLOW.—The instinct of the swallow is wonderful: it appears among us just at the time when insects become numerous; and it continues with us during the hot weather, in order to prevent them from multiplying too much. It disappears when these insects are no longer troublesome. It is never found in solitude: it is the friend of man, and always takes up its residence with us, that it may protect our houses and our streets from being annoyed with swarms of flies.

H. B. A.

Customs of Various Countries.

THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS.—During part of the middle ages, particularly in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a very extraordinary ceremony, called *Fete des Fous*, was performed annually in the church of Notre Dame. It began by the *Fete des Sous Diacones*, called in derision *Fete des Diacones Souls*, which was celebrated on the 26th of December, the festival of Saint Stephen, ancient patron of this church. It served as a prelude to the Festival of Fools, the celebration of which commenced on the first of January, and ended on Twelfth Day.

In the first *fete* an *evêque* (bishop) *des fous*, chosen from among the deacons and subdeacons of the cathedral, was consecrated with several ridiculous ceremonies. The clergy then walked in procession towards the church, carrying the mitre and crosier before the new bishop, who, being installed and seated on the episcopal throne, pronounced his benediction upon the people with an assumed gravity, which was the more ridiculous, as the terms of the benediction were the opposite of a blessing.

The ceremonies of the *Fete des Fous* were even more extravagant. The clergy went in procession to the *evêque des*

fous, and conducted him with solemnity to the church, where his entrance was announced by the ringing of bells. Upon arriving at the choir, he placed himself on the bishop's seat, when the high mass began, and at the same time the most ridiculous actions and most scandalous scenes. The clergy appeared in different costumes, some dressed like mountebanks, others as women, their faces blackened with soot, or covered with hideous bearded masks; on which account this and similar *fetes* were sometimes called *Barbatoires*. Thus disguised, the clergy gave themselves up to all sorts of folly and disorder: some sang and danced during the celebration of mass; some played at dice even upon the altar, although it was a game at that time strictly prohibited; others drank, or ate soup and sausages, which they offered to the officiating priest without suffering him to take any; they also burnt old shoes, the smoke of which they caused him to inhale instead of incense. After mass the same orgies were carried on to still greater excess, and were not unfrequently accompanied by quarrels and fighting. At length the performers left the church, and spread themselves through the streets; some, mounting on scavengers carts, amused themselves with throwing dirt upon the crowd which followed them; others, mixed with laymen, ascended a sort of stage, and exhibited the most extravagant scenes.—Many attempts were made in vain, by sober and religious people, to abolish this scandalous exhibition. It was condemned by several councils, and proscribed by royal ordinances; but it continued to exist until the fifteenth century, and appears only to have given way before the progress of manners and knowledge.

Anecdotes.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. — Dr. Johnson has represented the great grandfather of the present Duke of Devonshire as so strictly faithful to his word, that "if he had promised you an acorn, and none had grown that year in his woods, he would not have contented himself with that excuse—he would have sent to Denmark for it. So unconditional was he in his word; so high as to the point of honour."—"This," says Boswell, "was a liberal testimony from the Tory Johnson, to the virtue of a great Whig nobleman!"

H.B.A.

RICHARD CROMWELL.—This excellent man preserved with great care, to the day of his death, two very large trunks, which were crammed full of addresses that had been presented to him when Protector. Many of these addresses were penned by men, who, afterwards, in the reign of Charles the Second, held places of great trust and emolument. These documents Richard Cromwell called, "the lives and fortunes of the people of England!" A.

MICHAEL ANGELO. — This eminent painter, on being asked why he did not marry, replied—"Painting was his wife, and his works were his children." H.B.A.

A PREDILECTION FOR PUNNING.—A friend meeting Sam Rogers the other day, inquired the news. Sam, who is as fond of puns as ever, replied, "Why, if *War-saw* never *saw war* before, it will now!"—"And if Nicholas conquers, what will be the consequence?" "Oh, nothing particular," replied Sam; "the *Poles* will be only brought to the scaffold, that's all!"

GREAT AND LITTLE MEN.—Mr. C. Bell, formerly the printer of the Times, was of a petite figure; and, sometimes played sad tricks with the English language in his speech. He had a great dislike to be thought a little man; and upon an occasion, walking one day down Fleet Street, he was hailed by that ton of a man the elder Astley, with the epithet of 'Little Bell!' repeated half a dozen times in a minute. Astley was on horseback, and had been in search of Mr. Bell to procure the insertion of some critique or advertisement; Mr. Bell was not deaf, but when the fatal appellation reached his ears, he redoubled his speed to escape from the uncourteous proprietor of the Amphitheatre. It was in vain; the equestrian gained ground rapidly, and every passenger on the *pave* arrested their steps at the repeated exclamations of 'little Bell!' Then followed a scene between Astley and Bell which it would be impossible to do justice to in description. The latter complained loudly of the indignity of the diminutive being thus on all occasions applied to his name by his herculean friend. "Why," replied Astley, "I have as much reason to complain as you, for they call me the *great Ass*, and I will call you the *little Bell*!"

THE DUNCE.

'You have no sense!' angry *Magister* cried,
And struck the boy: who, o'er the school-room
reeling,
Mutter'd aloud, 'For once, sir, you have lied,
Unfortunate, I have the sense of feeling.'

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, February 16.

St. Tanco, Bish. Mar. of Scotland.—Ash Wednes.
This is the first day of Lent, on which, in the Roman church, the priests heard the confessions of those who had neglected to conform to the established rules of worship, or who had committed any particular sin. The priest, after confession, clothed them in sackcloth, laid ashes on their heads, then sprinkled them with holy water, and repeated the seven penitential psalms over them, as they lay prostrate on the earth. They then walked in procession barefooted, and were not admitted into the church again till Maunday Thursday, when they received absolution.

The practice of strewing ashes on the heads of sinners, was derived to the Christians from the Jews; and the example of Job's friends is a proof that this was peculiar to the children of Israel. Tertullian's *Treatise of Penance*, and St. Cyprian's *Book of those who Fell*, clearly show that sackcloth and ashes were in the most early times of Christianity made use of as marks of penance, according to the established canons of the church.

The practice of receiving ashes from the hands of the priest on this day became general in the eleventh century, for Rupert, Abbot of Durlitz, who wrote towards the beginning of the twelfth century, observes in his *Treatise of the Divine Offices*, that the church then used that ceremony.

TIME'S TEL. FOR 1831.

Robert Herrick, in his 'Noble Numbers,' gives the following reasonable

Rules to keep a true Lent.

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?
Is it to fast an houre,
Or ras'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and soure?
No! 'tis a fast to do
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.
It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumsise thy life.
To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent!

Thursday, February 17.

Sts. Theodulus and Julian, Martyrs.

High Water 8m after 5 Morn—29m after 5 Even.

Feb. 17, 1773.—On this day Mr. Forster, who sailed round the world with Captain Cook, saw the Aurora Borealis in 56° south latitude, though it appeared with phenomena somewhat different from ours in the northern hemisphere. Before the fact had been thus ascertained, it had been a long time matter of doubt whether this meteor ever made its appearance in the southern hemisphere.

Friday, February 18.

St. Simson, Martyr, A.D. 116.

Sun rises 35m after 6—sets 3m after 5.

The rural occupations of this month are thus set forth by the author of *The Book of the Seasons*:—"Thrashing, tending cattle, early lambs, calves, etc. continue, as in last month, to occupy the thoughts and hands of the husbandman. Measures, too, are carried to grass lands. Ploughing is on the increase, and spring wheat, beans, peas, oats, and tares are sown. In mild weather, hedges are planted; overgrown fences are cut, or plashed. Ponds and drains are made; timber is felled; and tree seeds are sown. Cope-wood is cut, and plantations are thinned. In the garden various operations of pruning, digging, etc. are going on."

Saturday, February 19.

St. Barbasus.

Moon's First Quarter, 59m after 2 Aft.

St. Barbas or Barbatus was born in Italy, during the pontificate of St. Gregory, early in the

seventh century, and died in 692. He is regarded as a chief patron of Benvenuto, his native city.

The following lines we think will not be inappropriate; to us they appear to characterise this period of the year:—

Farewell Frost, or welcome Spring.

Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear,
Recloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper;
Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty Spring
Gives to each mead a neat enameling;
The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.
The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings,
With warbling notes, her Tyrranean sufferings.
What gentle winds perspire! as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pitted nakednesse.

Sunday, February 20.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day, 19 chap. Genesis, to verse 30, Morning—22 chap. Genesis, Evening.

Feb. 20, 1809.—Mr. J. P. Cobbett, in his "Tour in Italy," under this day writes as follows:—"We went last night, at Leghona, to a splendid house warming. It was a ball given by a gentleman who had just finished building a new mansion, in which the entertainment took place. There were five or six rooms on one floor, all full of people. The company could not be less than six or seven hundred in number. . . . A great part of the guests were from Florence, and some had come all the way from Rome. But the mere grand display of this ball is a sort of thing in which countries do not much differ from one another. The thing to be noted by the traveller, on such occasions, is the manners of the people whom he is invited to meet; and these, at the party of last night were such as to give a most pleasing impression. The people of this part of Italy, both high and low, are universally talked of for their affability, gentleness of disposition, and willingness to oblige. And I think, as far as experience has enabled me to judge, that they highly merit such a reputation. I have never seen any people that I should think it so difficult to find cause of quarrel with as these. The French will, I suppose, for ever bear off the palm in the art of dancing. The Italians do certainly not come up to them in this. There was a new kind of dance exhibited last night, which we saw for the first time. They call it *la galoppa*. This, I am sure, was never introduced by a Frenchman, unless it were out of pure burlesque. It may possibly have been brought into Europe from among the savages, by the dancing master whom M. de Chateaubriand humourously describes as teaching the North American Indians to dance quadrilles. Such a dance could have been invented only by 'ces Messieurs sauvages, et ces Dames sauvages, or some such people. Its name is appropriate enough, for the pace is much like a full gallop as any thing that could be performed by ladies and gentlemen in a ball-room. The partners join as in waltzing, and, dancing sideways, go one couple after another in a single line, round and round the room: it is a violent and ungraceful scamper. The by-standers seem to get out of the way, as if it were a race, and for fear of being run over."

Monday, February 21.

St. German and Randaut, Martyrs.

High Water 32m after 8 Morn—11m after 8 After.
Feb. 21, 1513.—Death of Pope Julius the Second, called Giuliano dalla Rovere, who built the celebrated church of St. Peter's at Rome, but who was less distinguished for his love of the arts than for his martial spirit, which he particularly manifested in his wars with the Venetians and the French. His hostility to France was so great, that he proposed to transfer the title of *Most Christian King* to Henry the Eighth. Michael Angelo was ordered to cast his statue in bronze: the keys of St. Peter were to be in the right hand, and the artist asked the Pope, whether he should put a book in his left? "No," replied his holiness: "give me a sword, I know better how to handle it."

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VIII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, Feb 26 1831.



See page 114.

Illustrated Article.

THE LEGACY: A SKETCH.

For the Olio.

"*ALLEZ, allez, vite!*" cried Jean Henri Latour to his mule, as he trotted along the road to T—, under the blaze of an autumn sun. Jean was the only son of an old merchant in the town, and had been absent more than five years; and his eye gazed with delight on the landscape, still as familiar to him as in his boyish days, when his headstrong disposition urged him to seek adventures in another country—far away from the strict discipline of his father, who, for a Frenchman, was one of the most austere devotees that ever mortified a mad-brained son, or offered a bait to a designing batch of monks. Jean resembled his mother, who was possessed of all the natural vivacity of a Frenchwoman: she sung and played with taste, danced admirably, and wrote an elegant letter; but Monsieur was unworthy of such perfection; he loved business and his money better than his wife, and, finding

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remonstrance useless, he suffered her to have her own way; and his plan succeeded, for, when their son was only five years old, Madame Latour over-exerted herself at a ball, caught cold, and came home alarmingly ill, was blistered, cupped and dosed, and—died! Her husband made a decent show of mourning, but bore his loss like a stoic. Many of his neighbours were so uncharitable as to hint that his grief was artificial, or, as the English say, "all my eye!"—be this as it may, the calamity was not great enough to offer a serious check to the speculations of our widower, who became more assiduous than ever, and business increased with his exertions.

Jean Henri was instructed in all the various branches of polite education, until the age of sixteen, when his father resolved to make him a man of business and transferred him to his counting-house; but Jean was incorrigible, and could not bend his mind to business, despite of his father's remonstrances and threats to disinherit him: his handwriting was illegible, and his accounts

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quite unintelligible to any one but himself. This conduct caused his father much chagrin and vexation, for Monsieur loved his son, and wished to make him like himself—a thing morally impossible. At length disgusted with the dull monotonous life he was leading, Jean determined to seek his fortune elsewhere, and not obtaining his papa's consent thereto, he determined to take French leave of his parent, which determination he put in force one morning before the merchant had risen from his bed. Where he went is of little consequence; he was absent five years, and saw many strange things, as all travellers are allowed to see; and when he returned he was a head and shoulders taller than when he left France, had quite as good, or even a better opinion of himself than ever, and, of course, thought every girl in love with him. He had, however, come home almost penniless, and his last louis was expended. Giving the mule a liberal taste of his riding whip, Jean soon reached the town, and hastened to the house of the parent he had abandoned, when he received the chilling intelligence that his father had been dead upwards of six months. This was a bitter draught for poor Jean, who thus suddenly found himself without a friend in the wide world, and his grief was as violent as it was sincere. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the shock which this news had occasioned him, he ventured to inquire how his father had disposed of his large property, and to his horror and chagrin was told that it was bequeathed by the deceased merchant to the monks of a neighbouring abbey. To the abbey the young Frenchman immediately went, and begged an interview with the superior, who confirmed the intelligence by producing an extract from the merchant's will.

"You see, my son," said the father, "that your parent had given you up for lost—what says he:—

'I leave to the good fathers of the convent of S—the whole of my property, after such debts as may be owing by me are paid; but if my son should return, I desire that they give him such a portion as they may choose,' &c.

Jean read over the extract again and again, and then ventured to ask the superior what portion had been allotted to him? The abbot stared at this question, scratched his head, and replied that the whole of the money had been expended; that a new wall had been

built round the abbey; that many hundred poor and sick persons had been relieved; and that missionaries had been sent out to convert the savages in distant lands, by means of the money which the good merchant had bequeathed to them.

During this explanation, Jean eyed the superior with an air of distrust, and found it in his heart to tell him that he lied, but the sanctity of the place checked his indignation, and he quitted the abbey, disgusted at what he had heard and half inclined to turn misanthrope. So much did the strange will which his father had made, and the cupidity of the abbot occupy his mind, that he almost ran over one of his old friends in the street, who greeted him most cordially, and invited him to dinner.

While enjoying his friend's wine, Jean informed him of his ill-fortune, and begged his advice. The advocate looked thoughtful for a moment, and then assured his guest that he would certainly recover, not only the part which the merchant had left to his son, in the event of his return, *but the whole of it*. Our prodigal listened attentively, and assured his friend that he would amply remunerate him if he succeeded in making the monks disgorge the wealth they had so unjustly appropriated to themselves.

Not to tire the reader with an account of all that took place previous to the day on which the cause was heard, we shall proceed to recount what then took place. The advocate, in a long and eloquent speech, inveighed against the rapacity and cruelty of the monks, and concluded with these words:—"The father of my client thus words his will—'I leave to the good fathers of the convent of S—the whole of my property, &c.; but, if my son should return, I desire that they give him such a portion as they may choose,' &c. Now, these avaricious brothers have *chosen the whole*,—is not, then, my client entitled to the whole of his father's property?"

This piece of logic was irresistible; the judge declared in favour of the plaintiff, and Jean Henri Latour was once more a happy man. Cured of his rambling propensities, he devoted his time to business, got married to a lovely girl in the neighbourhood, and lived contentedly to a good old age.

ALEPH.

(The following unpublished Ode, written by Mr. Parry, is intended to be sung by the Boys and Girls of the Welch Charity School on the Anniversary of Saint David's Day, March 1, 1831.)

Boons bestow'd by friends departed
Ne'er by us will be forgot;
Cambria's Prince, the noble hearted,
By his bounty, blest our lot.

Fondly, we his memory cherish
And his generous acts revere;
George's name will never perish,
But to us be ever dear!

In his brother's footsteps treading,
England's Monarch now is found;
While his gracious Queen is spreading
Love and joy to all around.

And the Friends who here surround us,
Shield us with parental care;
Gratitude to you has bound us,
Gen'rous sons of Cambria fair!

AFTER DINNER CHAT.

N.—There are certain superstitions still prevalent, and more so in Catholic countries than elsewhere: I mean the foolish opinion that Friday is an unlucky day—that an undertaking, for instance, commenced on a Friday, will fail.

K.—That accounts, then for the failure of the Xlpaclhuacquilpac Mexican Mining Association, in which, with a view to the moderate profit of fifteen hundred *per cent.* I embarked five hundred pounds: the subscription was opened on a Friday.

N.—Hold by that; I'll answer for it, your Directors never gave you a more satisfactory account of the matter.

K.—And, just now, I recollect two other unlucky events, both of which occurred to me on Fridays. Once, I lost my purse with nineteen sovereigns in it.

S.—That goes to prove Friday to be a *lucky* day.

K.—The deuce it does!

S.—To the *finder*. But what was the other unlucky event?

K.—I was never but once in my life plaintiff in an action: it was tried on a Friday, and I lost it.

N.—But what would the defendant say to that? I suppose *he gained it*?

K.—Why—it did so happen, certainly.

N.—The reason why, in Christian countries, Friday stands "aye accursed in the calendar," is sufficiently obvious. Yet why should that be the case, when, at the same, it is considered that, on that day (by an event to which I shall do no more than allude) the redemption of the human race was achieved! Yet is this calumniated day not without its

partisans, and some amongst them of illustrious name. Sixtus the Fifth—a Pope, mark ye!—considered it a fortunate day; for it was on Fridays he was made a Cardinal, elected Pope, and crowned. Francis the First declared, that whatever he undertook on a Friday succeeded; and Henry the Fourth (of France) preferred that day before all others, because—it is rather a lover's *because* than a philosopher's, I grant—because it was on a Friday he first beheld the Marquise de Verneuil, the mistress he loved more than any other, —except the fair Gabrielle!

H.—There is something beautiful in the superstitious reverence which the Persians entertain for their Wednesday. *That* is with them a white, or fortunate day. There is a dash of poetry in its origin, which excuses—I had almost said ennobles the superstition—it was on Wednesday that *Light was created*.

R.—I once saw General Z—dy, a man of undoubted bravery—he was a Neapolitan in the French service—turn pale at upsetting a saltceller. In vain did we endeavour to reason, or to laugh him out of his alarm. "I entertain only two superstitions," said he; "but those are deeply rooted in my mind. Breaking a glass, or upsetting a saltceller, is the sure prognostic of some grave misfortune to me. You may laugh; but I could relate many instances in proof of what I assert. I will trouble you with only one—but that is no trifle. When we were at Vienna, a fellow in my regiment (I was but a Colonel then) got possession of a cut-glass tumbler, the most exquisite thing of the kind I had ever seen. I bought it of him, intending it as a present to my wife. It was in my baggage through many a hard campaign; and though many other articles of greater value were either lost or broken, I at length got it safe home. I felt, as I gave it to my wife, that if ever she should break it, some serious calamity would befall me, and I told her so. Many months passed away. I had the command of a division, and fixed my head-quarters at ——" [I forget the name of the place he mentioned—it was on the coast of Italy]—"One morning, on coming down to breakfast, Madame Z— told me she had broken the Vienna glass. I expressed myself more angrily to her than ever I had done before, and reminded her of the caution with which I had accompanied my present. Scarcely had I spoken, when an aide-de-camp came with intelligence that an English

frigate was in the offing. I ordered my staff to be summoned, and went out with them to reconnoitre. The vessel was within range of our guns, and I ordered the batteries to be manned, in case she should attempt a landing. It was soon clear, however, that she had no such intention; but, as she made away, she fired one shot—it was a wanton and useless act, unless it were intended as a hint that her passing visit was not a friendly one—that one shot carried away my leg, whilst not another person was hit by it. You see—! within an hour after the breaking of that glass, was I stretched on my bed with my leg off!”

N.—And what then? Say the most of it, it was but an odd co-incidence.

R.—It is as such, only, I give you the anecdote; I am no convert to the General's creed.

N.—The spread of education, should it operate no greater benefit, will render the lower classes happier in themselves, and more useful to the community, by clearing their minds of the foolish, and in some respects, the dangerous superstitions infused into them by their grandmothers.

New Mon. Mag

THE MARCH WIND.

For the Olio.

In Winter's cradle nursed, of mighty strength,
Embracing space in height and depth and length;

From the deep caverns to the templed skies
The *March Wind* comes, and, in his victory,
flies!

Along the ocean in her wrath he roars,
Dives in the surge and agitates the shores;
He smites the rocks, they shake and echoes tell
Where next he goes or comes, in sand or cell:
He bears the cries of shipwreck'd seamen far,
Rings o'er the desolate and spreads the war.
Into the peasant's chimney, when the eve
Demands rest's slumbers, he will boom and grieve;

Swift as a wild horse o'er the desert's track,
Strong as a lion;—forcing armies back;
Whistling in forests, like a choir of birds;
Bellowing in marshes, loud as hungry herds;
Sporting with aspens in their slender spires;
Trifling with evergreens;—extending fires;
Rushing round churchyards with the keenest edge,

And dallying in a stream with matted sedge;
In whirlpools, backwards, forwards, up and down.—

None can declare whom he will blast or crown.
O mighty *MARCH WIND*! whither dost thou roam?

Where is thy resting place? or, where thy home?

Discord and melody alike are borne
In thy shrill trumpet and voluminous horn!
Thou seekest Beauty, but art cold to such.
How violets, Spring's fair children, dread thy touch!

The tenderest, that, like genius, venture thro'
The earth's green bosom, redolent of dew,

The untimely insect, and the daintiest flower,
Die in thy stern and omnipresent power.

Tyrant of Hope, Peace, Unisons and Love!
Thy conqueror Sun! beneath, around, above,
Will calm the heavens prolific of his heat,
Beam thee to mildness, urge thee to retreat:
The clouds will burst as thou departest,—then
Skies will be genial—Spring in joy again,
And the choice blessings of her balcyon kind,
Transform thee to a zephyr—pleasing wind!
The medium of the softest sound, or sigh,
And e'en conducting tears from Pity's eye;
The wedding peals, the chimes, the funeral bells,

Be wafted into silence by thy spells,—
And, in the sweetest tone thy powers subdued,
How dear! how charming, chasten'd Solitude!
P.

ORIGIN OF BOOK COLLECTOR'S CLUBS.

The Roxburghe Club, the Bannatyne Club, and the Maitland Club.

John, third Duke of Roxburghe, who was born in 1740, and died in 1804, was a nobleman whose lofty presence and felicitous address recalled the ideas of a court in which Lord Chesterfield might have acted as master of ceremonies. Youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither rank nor wealth possess a talisman, had cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and given to one so splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gaiety. His court life was limited to the attendance required of him by his duty as groom of the stole, an office which he was induced to retain by his personal friendship with King George the Third,—a tie of rare occurrence between prince and subject. Sylvan amusement occupied the more active part of his life when in Scotland, and in book collecting, while residing in London, he displayed a degree of patience which has rarely been equalled, and never excelled. The assistance of Mr. Nichol, bookseller to his Majesty, was as serviceable to the Duke as to the celebrated library of George the Third, so liberally bestowed by George the Fourth upon the British Museum. It could hardly be said whether the Duke of Roxburghe's assiduity and eagerness were most remarkable, when he lay for hours together, though the snow was falling at the time, by some lonely spring in the Cheviot hills, where he expected the precarious chance of shooting a wild goose, when the dawning should break; or when he toiled for hours, nay, for days, collating and verifying his edition of the Black Acts, or Caxton's Boke of Troy. This latter taste, we

have heard, was inspired by an incident to which his grace had been witness while his father was alive. It is in such cases pleasing to trace that species of impression in youth which stamps the leading point of character on the mind in advanced age; and we may therefore give the anecdote. It seems that Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day at the house of Robert, the second Duke of Roxburghe, when their conversation chanced to turn upon the *editio princeps* of Boccaccio, printed at Venice, in 1471, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of. The Duke was himself no collector, but it happened that a copy of this very book had passed under his eye, and been offered to him for sale at a hundred guineas, then thought an immense price. It was, therefore, with complete assurance that he undertook to produce to the connoisseurs a copy of the treasure in question, and he did so, at the time appointed, with no small triumph. His son, then Marquis of Beaumont, who never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library.

At the death of this accomplished person, his noble collection, after the train of a long litigation, was at length brought to auction, attracting the greatest attention, and bringing the highest prices of any book sale that had ever been heard of in Britain. The number of noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by their taste for this species of literature, who assembled there from day to day, recorded the proceedings of each morning's sale, and lamented or boasted the event of the competition, was unexampled; and, in short, the concourse of attendants terminated in the formation of a society of about thirty amateurs, having the learned and amiable Earl Spencer at their head, who agreed to constitute a club, which should have for its object of union the common love of rare and curious volumes, and should be distinguished by the name of that nobleman, at the dispersion of whose library the institution had taken rise, and who had been personally known to most of the members. We are not sure whether the publication of rare tracts was an original object of their friendly reunion; or, if it was not, how or when it came to be

ingrafted thereupon. Early, however after the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, it became one of its rules that each member should present the society, at such time as he might find most convenient, with an edition of a curious manuscript, or the reprint of some ancient tract, the selection being left at the pleasure of the individual himself. These books were to be printed in a handsome manner, and uniformly, and were to be distributed among the gentlemen of the club, with such overcopies, as they are technically termed, (the regular edition being limited to the number of the club,) as the member who acted as editor might choose to distribute among his own particular friends—regard, however, being always paid to preserving the rarity of the volume. In this respect the gentlemen of the Roxburghe Club displayed the consideration of old sportsmen, who, while they neglect no opportunity of acquiring game themselves, are not less anxious to preserve and keep up the breed for the benefit of others; neither was the effect on the public either useless or trivial. Such rare tracts as fell in the way of the members of this association, and were deemed worthy to be reprinted, would, at best, under other circumstances, have remained shut up within the wires of bookcases, which operate too often, according to Burke's pun, 'as Locke upon the human understanding;' but sometimes they might have been entirely lost sight of, as, in the various changes of human life, they chanced to pass into ignorant or indifferent hands. It is, indeed, equally well known and singular how many books of curiosity appear in the catalogues even of our own day, and must have been disposed of at the sales of remarkable collectors, which are now not known to exist, notwithstanding the watch which is kept upon their fate. Whereas if the original of one of these reprints should disappear, its tenor is ascertained by the fidelity of the club copies; and whatever may be valuable in its contents is preserved by the book being multiplied by the number of at least thirty to one, and the chance of ultimate and total loss of the original diminished in the same proportion. Under this system the Roxburghe Club has proceeded and flourished for many years, and produced upwards of forty reprints of scarce and curious tracts, among which many are highly interesting, not only from their rarity

but also their intrinsic merit. They fetch, whenever accident brings one of them into the market, a high price; and in the only instance where a complete set occurred, it was purchased at the considerable sum of one hundred and thirty pounds.

The example of the Roxburghe Club has not been thrown away upon our neighbours of Scotland, which contain at least two societies adjusted upon the similar form of a convivial meeting, and to the same purpose, the preservation and revival of ancient literature, with national and pardonable partiality to that of Scotland in the first instance.

The eldest of these clubs was instituted in the year 1822, and consisted, at first, of a very few members—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number we believe it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club, from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious clerical effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in the year 1568; the dread of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had ‘the energy,’ says an account of him published by the Club, ‘to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and undisturbed by the universal mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country; thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. His task, he informs us, had its difficulties; for he complains that he had, even in his time, to contend with the disadvantage of copies old, maimed, and mutilated, and which long before our day must, but for this faithful transcriber, have perished entirely. The very labour of procuring the originals of the works which he transcribed must have been attended with much trouble and some risk, at a time when all the usual intercourse of life was suspended; and when we can conceive that even so simple a circumstance as the borrowing or lending a book of
lads was accompanied with some

doubt and apprehension, and that probably the suspected volume was subjected to fumigation, and the other precautions practised in quarantine.’ The volume containing these labours is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist. The pious care of the members of the Bannatyne Club has been able to discover little more concerning ‘him of the unwearied pen,’ save that he was of gentle descent, lived, apparently without sustaining any inconvenience, through the troublesome times of Mary and The Regents, and died in quiet, after he had passed the age of at least three score. Some meagre records give an account of his transactions in business; for there was little of poetical or romantic about the personal adventures of this indefatigable amanuensis. In a word, He was, could he help it, a special attorney.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society. The plan of the Roxburghe Club, we have already said, is restricted to the printing of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member. It follows, as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from the Roxburghe Club; and its range has been thus far limited in point even of utility. The Bannatyne, we understand, holding the same system as the Roxburghe with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies moreover a fund among its members of about £500 a year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual gentleman’s contribution. In this way either a member of the club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the society. In this way, several curious and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public, for the first time, or, at least, with a degree of accuracy and authen-

ticity which they had never before attained. The contemporary history of King James VI. may be mentioned as an instance of the former kind; and as one of the latter, the inimitable *Memoirs of Sir James Melville*, which were not before known to exist in an authentic form, and which—not inferior in interest, information, and amusement, to the very best memoirs of the period—have been at last presented in their genuine shape, from an undoubted original in the author's autograph.* The last we heard of this society was the interesting tidings that the young Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry was preparing for the Bannatyne Club an edition, at his own expense, of the *Chartulary of Melrose*, containing a series of ancient charters from the eleventh, we believe, to the fourteenth century, highly interesting to the students of Scottish history. We need hardly say what pleasure it affords us to see wealth and rank in the hands of a person inclined to devote himself so liberally to the patronage of the literature of his country. It must be seen that in thus stretching their hand towards the assistance of the general public, the members of the Bannatyne Club, in some degree, waive their own claims of individual distinction, and lessen the value of their private collections; but in so doing they serve the cause of historical literature most essentially, and to those who might upbraid them with their departure from the principles of monopoly otherwise so dear to book-collectors, we doubt not the thanes would reply, 'We were Scotsmen before we were bibliomaniacs.'

The plan of the Bannatyne has been adopted by another Society of the same country, termed the *Maitland Club*, from an eminent Scottish statesman and poet of the gifted family of Lethington. The club holds its meetings at Glasgow, and is chiefly supported by the gentlemen of the west of Scotland. It has not subsisted quite so long as the Bannatyne, but has already produced several volumes of much interest, edited and printed in a most creditable style; and the two associations have frequently, as in the instance of '*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*,' combined their exertions when the strength of one of them has been found

unequal to an object peculiarly desirable. The history and success of these institutions must be dwelt on with pride in Scotland, and contemplated with admiration every where.

Quarterly Review.

THE INCENDIARY:

A TALE OF HANTS.

For the Olio.

Concluded from p. 100.

LONG, indeed, did Hunsford wait for Wilton's return. He looked towards the scene of conflagration, and saw the bursting forth of the smoke and flame from the fired barn; guilt and fear seized his conscience-stricken heart, and, turning his back on the appalling sight, he took the road leading to Southampton. There was but little light from the changeful sky, but enough whereby to distinguish objects. The inhabitants of the straggling villas and cottages along the road had retired to rest, and the solitary path-way was free from intruders. Hunsford hurried forward, and cast a longing eye upon the tranquil dwellings which he passed, for willingly would he have exchanged circumstances with the most miserable of their inmates. The fire had now gained a quenchless ascendancy, and lighted up the atmosphere, casting a lurid glow on the fields and woods, the houses and the river. Consternation hastened the footsteps of unhappy Hunsford. The unnatural light awoke the drowsy peasantry, and he beheld them here and there, throwing aside the curtains of, and looking frightfully from, their bedroom windows; some of them actually inquiring of him concerning the fire.

He had by this time reached the remote church-yard, surrounded by fields, in which his father and mother had been interred. He stopped awhile to breathe, and staggered to the little gate, on which he leaned to support him, the perspiration pouring down his agonized countenance. A few withered nettles growing by the graves of his honest parents shook in the night-breeze, and whispered to the guilty son of the virtuous patterns of sterling humanity entombed beneath them. At a short distance from where he stood was the monument of an old miser, whom he had once offended by a piece of ill-timed levity, and who, in consequence, predicted that "Joe Hunsford would die with his shoes on." The circumstance had often served him to laugh at; but it recurred to him at this moment with harrowing

* The autograph was found in the library of the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, and sent to press under that accomplished amateur's permission.

intensity, and drew from him a deep groan. He thought upon the better time when he could truly boast of not having disobeyed his parents in one particular, save that of going to sea. He then reverted to his present guilt—madly rushing from his home, lest he should be apprehended as an incendiary; the resistless element, which had been kindled with his privacy, lighting up the whole country for miles, displaying every secret lane and secluded field-path, and scaring the people from their beds. In vain did Hunsford rack his invention to provide him a hiding-place. Where was he to hide? Suspicion tracked his very footsteps, and he avoided meeting any one, lest, being questioned as to the conflagration, his unseasonable and troubled appearance should betray him. The barking of the startled house-dogs made him tremble, as he turned to gaze again upon the fiery scene. The walls of the barn had become red-hot, and from its interior shot up myriads of sparks into the glowing air, which were scattered by the wind. He could plainly discern the bustling figures of men crossing the furnace-like glare of the consuming building. Fancy supplied the rest, and Hunsford imagined that he heard confused and clamorous voices, all of them assigning the fire to him by name, and calling for vengeance on his head. His feelings could no longer brook the distressing picture in silence; and they broke forth in the bitterest expressions of remorse.

"God forgive me!—what have I done? Oh, Jane! Jane!—had I sailed by your chart, I should not have made this disgraceful wreck! And now, were it not for you and my little ones, I would soon make the shark my messmate! Heaven plague that scoundrel Wilton, and reward him, as he has rewarded me!"

Temporary exhaustion followed these ejaculations, and Hunsford sank to the earth, convulsively covering his face with his hands, and sobbing aloud. Starting up suddenly, he ran for upwards of a mile, and entered Southampton as the streaks of day-break were perceptible over St. Mary's Church. Passing down High Street, and beneath its ancient gateway, he arrived at the beach, along which he proceeded to the creek and ferry dividing the town from the woods of Netley.

"'Morn t' ye, Mister—you are an early traveller," said the boatman, in

answer to Hunsford's request to ferry him across.

"As little of your jabber as possible," said Hunsford; "land me at the opposite wood, and I'll thank ye."

"Strike me civil!" exclaimed the boatman, "you are a crusty chew-bacon. I should suspect from your look, mind ye, that you knew something about yon bit of a light across the water," pointing at the same time to the red streak which the fire cast upon the foaming waves of Southampton Water. Hunsford's eye flashed with fury at this address, and he had half an inclination to give the waterman some castigation for his impudence. But his courage was dormant—his "better half of man" was cowed—and he heard the remark in brooding silence.

Passing through the little village opposite, Hunsford entered the woods of Netley. Here he walked in greater security, and breathed with more freedom; but it was but for a time: in the quiet of his unmolested flight he felt the vulture conscience gnaw him still more keenly. The fire, though at such a distance, reddened the immediate atmosphere, seeming to scare back the approach of morning. The flickering light faintly shadowed forth the woodland oaks in grotesque outline; and Hunsford scowled upon their incorporeal figures as so many demons conjured up to condemn him. Desperation took possession of his despairing soul, and in his madness, he searched the pockets of the coat he had on, and which was Wilton's, for some instrument of death, but his search was fruitless. With a heart bursting with anguish, he came in sight of the mouldering shell of Netley Abbey, in which he expected shelter and privacy; but the old fort of the abbey, which faced the sea, was undergoing repairs, and the noise of the coming workmen (yet scarcely three o'clock) deterred Hunsford from remaining near the spot. Day-break was slowly approaching; the receding clouds dimly unveiled the high land of the Isle of Wight, as the misguided man took his way along the shore,—wandering on which we must leave him, and return to a period full two hours back in the narrative.

With many a sob and tear had Jane Hunsford watched away the night, waiting for the return of her husband. Her candle burned out, and she sought not to light another, but sat by the sinking fire, until its expiry reminded her that it was time to seek her pillow. She had

slept but little, and that little was broken by unquiet dreams. Suddenly she was aroused by loud knockings at the door, and, starting up, she beheld the reflection of the flames playing upon the walls of the cottage; rough and uncereimonious voices without demanded admittance, which Jane, after hurriedly dressing herself, conceded. Unbarring the door with trepidation, two men, whom she knew from their voices to be the parish constables, entered; one of them, a shrewd and active officer, accosted her.

"Don't be alarmed, Jane: where is Joe?—has he been out all night?"

"Gracious God! No, no—he has not—not all night. Why! tell me why?"

"Now, don't be frightened; we'll do you no harm. Strike us a light—where is your tinder-box?"

With a tremulous and indecisive motion did Jane Hunsford search for it, but without success: when the constable, taking it from the pocket of Joe's jacket, of course, unperceived by Jane, put it on the table, and said—

"Here it is, Jane; I will get a light for you,"—which having done, he lit a candle, and then asked her how it was that, having left the tinder-box on the table she went to the cupboard for it. Her lips quivered, her frame shook, and her voice faltered, as she answered him,—

"I know not how it came there, for I left it in the cupboard last night; but, for God's sake, pity a helpless woman, and say what is the matter!—where is my husband?"

The officers replied not, but proceeded to examine the rooms of the cottage for Hunsford, uncertain whether he was hid in any of them; but, seeing no prospect of finding him, they left the place, taking with them his jacket and the tinder-box. The dreadful truth now suggested itself to the wronged and forsaken Jane, as the light from the smouldering ruins of the barn flared into the cottage.

"I see it—I see it," sobbed she, "he has acted sinfully, and he will have to die disgracefully. O, my dear babes! you will see your father no more; they will hang him up like a dog!"

Her utterance was impeded by stifling sobs, and wringing her hands in wild dismay, she shrieked dismally, as the little innocents clung to her tottering knees. In the stupor of distraction, she sank into a chair, and neither spoke nor moved until breakfast time; when a messenger announced to her that Joe

was in custody. He had decided upon surrendering himself; and, not choosing to return by the same route,—a feeling peculiar to the guilty penitent,—he hailed an old fisherman, and crossed Southampton Water with him in his skiff. Landing, he went immediately to the parish constables, and gave himself up. But the contemplation of the subsequent scene at the once delightful cottage of Joe Hunsford would be too distressing; we shall, therefore, omit such review, and hasten to the catastrophe of the narrative.

But a few weeks intervened between Joe's arrest and trial. Wilton had absconded, and was not to be heard of any where. The court was assembled, and had tried some of the prisoners charged with like crimes, when Hunsford, who stood next on the list entered the dock, heavily ironed. The hue of health had left his countenance, and his wrinkled forehead, and fleshless cheek-bones, told that misery and hopelessness had done their work. Pallid and drooping, like a storm-stricken lily, his blighted partner was supported in the court by some kind relations. She had ventured there either to look her last at Hunsford, or—vain and fallacious hope—to clasp him in her arms, a liberated man. How heart-breaking a moment to her! The prison had sorely altered Joe's appearance: his beard was neglected, and his linen dirty. The fetters fastened around his thighs he had suspended from his waist, to partly ease him of their weight, by a handkerchief which Jane remembered to have given him as a love-token, and which he declared he would wear for her sake until death.

The indictment was read, and the solemn question put, to which he answered "Guilty." Enough was elicited during the course of evidence, to convict him. His defence was a simply worded, straight-forward recital; acknowledging his foolish participation in the deed, and how he had been ensnared by the demi-devil Wilton. He delivered it with touching and manly energy, begging of the judge to have mercy upon him, for the sake of those of whose nostrils he was the very breath; and imploring him not to punish with worse than death three innocent beings, in order that outraged justice might be avenged for the guilt of a fourth. Such was the effect of its delivery, that the court was simultaneously moved to weep. The jury retired, and re-entered their box in ten

minutes, the foreman delivering the verdict "Guilty." The judge put on the sable coif, and after addressing the prisoner, his eyes swimming in tears, in an affectionate exhortation to make his peace with Heaven, he passed the solemn sentence of death upon him; but which was commuted into transportation for life. The sound of it, however, was too much for Jane Hunsford—she swooned, and was carried out of court.

Far away in a foreign land, in drudgery and pain, is Joe Hunsford spending an ignominious exile. Of the undeserved lot of the incendiary's family, an untenanted cot, a black and evaded ruin, and, most lamentable of all, a parish workhouse, must tell the "moving story." G. Y. H—N.

THE COMMENTS OF A READER.

Our Village, by Miss Mitford.

(For the *Olio*.)

THE village of Aberleigh must be a somewhat extraordinary spot to present in one focus so many extraordinary characters. It has already "furnished forth" four series of Rural Sketches, together with some contributions to the annual visitants of 1831. It must be a place of peculiar beauty; or, has our fair authoress invested it with charms which belong not to it? The fact is, from whatever quarter Miss Mitford has drawn her views of English landscape, and taken her portraits of rustic simplicity and village character, it must be acknowledged they all bear the impress of truth. Criticism has little or nothing to do on closing her volumes. It may be remarked that her sketches are unequal, at times rather prosy, that she is too fond of entering into detail, that her mine has become exhausted, and much more equally trifling. But what writer, however talented, can always ensure excellency of composition? Surely if occasionally she is inclined to dilate on the fold of a ruffle, or the colour of a gown, let it be remembered it is always characteristically introduced, and also, that it is a female who wields the pen. The merits of many of her pieces would challenge a separate notice. My limits oblige me to associate them, and I am induced to do so more readily as there is a marked similarity between them. They may all be considered of one family.

"——— *Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse
sororum.*"

Indeed, it would be a difficult matter to state the respective claims that *each* presents, and particularly as every reader has his favorite piece; yet each must be admired in his turn. Some are pleased with her admirable sketches of the gossips of the village, as within their own immediate circle they can trace the counterparts. A second, extols her faithful portraits of the cobbler, barber, or parish clerk as perfect; presenting in fact, transcripts of passing men, manners and events. The characteristics of our authoress may be easily summed up, and any of her papers may be referred to in illustration. An easy playfulness of language, and a happy manner of introducing the phrases of every day occurrence, without deteriorating from the force or beauty of her composition. She seems to enter the very *penetralia* of the mind, with the power and skill of Crabbe, but she has taken her views of that *terra incognita*, when the sparkling sunshine of mirth has spread life, gaiety, and joy over the scene. A style decidedly her own—an intimate acquaintance with the minor tones of feeling, and a most happy knack (excuse the phrase) of winding up her tales in an agreeable, friendly manner.

As a votary at the shrine of Melpomene, Miss Mitford has been honourably distinguished, and I purpose noticing, at an early opportunity, those exquisite classic groupings, and pure and impressive scenes, which she has presented us in her tragedies—herein has *she alone* displayed talents sufficient to vindicate the present age from the stigma attached to it, of being deficient in dramatic literature. HENRY INCE.

Science and Art.

[A valuable and highly instructive Essay in the Quarterly Review just issued, upon Herschell's Treatise on Sound, published recently in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, enables us to present our readers with the following interesting facts.]

Air, the vehicle of Sound.—That sound is conveyed to the organ of hearing through the air, is a fact which has been known from the remotest antiquity; but so little notice had this interesting subject excited, that it was not till the beginning of the last century that it was proved by experiment that the air is the vehicle by which sounds are conveyed, and that without its influence, nature would be buried in the deepest silence. This important fact was first established by our countryman

Mr. Hauksbee, by suspending a bell in a large glass vessel. When the air was drawn out of the vessel and the bell rung, the sound gradually grew fainter; and when the vessel was completely emptied of its air, the sound of the bell could no longer be heard, even though the ear was held close to the vessel. Upon re-admitting the air into the vessel, the sound of the bell was again heard; and it became louder and louder, and acquired its original strength, when the vessel was filled with air which communicated with that of the atmosphere. When more air was forced into the glass, or when it was filled with denser or heavier air than that of the atmosphere, the loudness of the sound was found to increase with the density or heaviness of the air.—Hence we discover the cause of that deep silence which reigns in the elevated regions of the globe, and which, when combined with their habitual solitude, produces an impression on the mind at once grand and awful. The busy hum of men, of their voices and their deeds, is gradually extinguished as the traveller rises above the level of human affairs; the ocean's deep swell, and the fitful murmurs of the falling stream, are soon lost in their distance; and even the sounds of animated nature, which, during the stillness of night, and in the pure atmosphere of tropical climates, fall with such clearness and solemnity upon the ear, die away in the attenuated air.

Curious instrument for measuring the velocity of sound.—Although the velocity of light is infinitely greater than that of sound, yet philosophers had determined the speed of the former long before they had measured that of the latter. This arose principally from the want of a proper method of measuring small portions of time, which modern philosophers have been so fortunate as to possess. One of the instruments for this purpose, called a *Chronograph*, and invented by M. Rieussec, is a sort of time-piece, one of whose hands performs a revolution round the dial plate every second. By suddenly pressing a lever at any given instant, the extremity of the hand is made to touch the dial plate, and leave a drop of printers' ink, without its own motion being in any way interrupted. By this or similar contrivances, it was found practicable to determine the interval between the flash and the sound of a gun with such nicety, as to render the measurement of the velocity of sound a compa-

ratively easy experiment. Since the year 1660, when the experiment was first made by the Florentine academicians, various determinations of the velocity of sound have been published; but by taking a mean computation of those which have been made with all the aids of modern science, it appears, that, in dry air, and at the freezing temperature, sound travels at the rate of 1090 feet, or 363 yards, in a second; and that at 620 of Fahrenheit, it travels 9000 feet in eight seconds; 12½ British standard miles in a minute; and 765 miles in an hour. Hence, as Mr. Herschell has calculated, sound moves with the same velocity as a point of the earth's surface in latitude 42° 20' 40"; so that if in that latitude a gun be fired at the moment any star passes the meridian, the sound will reach any other place exactly west of it at the same instant of time that the star reaches its meridian.

The obstructions of sound.—The transmission of sound from one place to another, is often singularly obstructed by the state of the air. Fogs, and falling rain, and snow, produce a very marked effect, which must have been noticed by the most careless observer; but the strangest effect is produced by a deep coating of new-fallen snow. We have heard an officer describe a remarkable fact of this kind, which he observed during the American war. A river separated the British and American lines, and the out-posts were so near that the form of individuals could be easily recognised. His attention was accidentally directed to a drummer who began to beat his drum. The active movement of his arms was distinctly seen, but not a single note reached the ear of the observer. A coating of new-fallen snow had totally obstructed the sound, and produced in perfection the phenomenon of the muffled drum. The opposite effect is however occasioned by a coating of glazed or hardened snow, or by a surface of water or ice. Lieutenant Foster conversed with a man across the ice of Port Bowen harbour, a distance of about a mile and a quarter; and Dr. Young informs us, on the authority of Denham, that the human voice was heard at Gibraltar at the distance of ten miles. When the ground is dry and hard, or rests upon a continuous stratum of rock, the sound is propagated to a much greater distance; and hence it is the practice in many countries to ascertain the approach of horsemen by applying the ear to the

ground. The sound of cannon has been heard at a great distance. Guns discharged at Carlsrona were heard as far as Denmark, a distance of at least 120 miles. In sailing from Asia Minor to Egypt, Dr. Clarke heard the sound of a sea-fight at a distance of 130 miles. Dr. Hearn heard guns fired at Stockholm, in 1685, at the distance of 180 British miles; and the cannonade of a naval engagement between the Dutch and English, in 1672, was heard across England, as far as Shrewsbury, and even in Wales a distance of above 200 miles.

Echoes.—Various remarkable echoes—and some not very credible—have been described by different authors. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. The famous echo at the Marquis Simonetta's villa, near Milan, has been described both by Addison and Keyser. According to the last of these travellers, it is occasioned by the reflection of the voice between the opposite parallel wings of the building, which are fifty-eight paces from each other, without any windows or doors, and perpendicular to the main body of the building. The repetition of the sound dwells chiefly on the last syllable. A man's voice is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol above sixty times; but the repetitions are so rapid, that it is difficult to number them, unless it be early in the morning, or in a calm, still evening.

A curious example of an oblique echo, not heard by the person who emits the sound, is described in the 'Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences,' as existing at Genefay, near Rouen. A person singing hears only his own direct voice, while those who listen hear only the echo, which sometimes seems to approach, and at other times to recede from the ear; one person hears a single voice, another several voices; one hears the echo on the right, and another on the left; the effect constantly changing with the position of the observer.

One of the most remarkable echoes of which we have read, is that which Dr. Birch describes as existing at Roseneath, in Argyleshire. When a person at a proper distance played eight or ten notes on a trumpet, they were correctly repeated, but a third lower; after a short silence, another repetition was heard, in a yet lower tone; and, after another short interval, they were repeated a third time, in a lower still.

Intensity of confined sound.—The intensity of confined sounds is finely exhibited at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. There is here a well 210 feet deep, of twelve feet in diameter, and lined with smooth masonry: and when a pin is dropped into it, the sound of its striking the surface of the water is distinctly heard.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M. W. of Windsor.

LOTTERIES.—The earliest lottery on record took place in the year 1569: it consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were silver plate, and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of Saint Paul's Cathedral, and the drawing, which began January 11, continued incessantly day and night till May 6, in the same year. There were then only two lottery offices in London. J.W.B.

ANNOUNCE OF A GREAT MAN.—The taste for show and splendour was in Otho's time so great, that none who in that age were what we now call people of fashion, chose to appear on the Appian or Flaminian road, or to make an excursion to their villas, without a train of Numidians, mounted on the swift horses of their country, to ride before their carriages, and give notice, by a *cloud of dust*, that a *great man* was on the road.

STONEHENGE.—The masses of stone which compose Stonehenge have not been found in any quarry; they are peculiar to this country, and as peculiar in their formation—they belong to no bed of stone, but have been made by nature singly and alone, and are scattered over many counties. Bagshot Heath abounds with them—some are very large, some are very small—some lie on the sward, and others lie several feet under the surface, where they are probed for with long sharp instruments of iron, and dug up for buildings. They have no beds—have nothing of the sly nature of other sandstone—are soft and easily bruised when in small, but in the mass are difficult to break, and very durable. They must, therefore, have been collected from many parts, unless some maritime convulsion had chanced to whirl hundreds of them into one valley, where they were found by the barbarous architects, who set them up on Salisbury Plain. Dr. Charlton, who attributes Stonehenge to the Danes, dis-

covered in a valley near Rockly, in the vicinity of Marlborough, many great stones standing upright, but at random, as if left by some convulsion of nature, which "all perfectly," he says, "resemble those of Stonehenge in colour, grain, hardness, and branching of veins and many of them also in figure and proportion;" and from among these he imagines the Danish architect selected his materials. That an architect of such natural genius and good sense as Jones should see in Stonehenge the visible remains of a magnificent Roman temple of the Tuscan order, seems almost incredible. But in his day we had had no opportunity to observe, as Hindostan has since enabled us to do, the processes whereby comparatively rude nations are able to heap up enormous structures, which modern eyes would at once pronounce to have demanded all the appliances of art; and this may account for the incapacity of such men even as Inigo, to recognize on Salisbury Plain the primeval efforts of some populous horde of barbarians—on whom the light of science was beginning to dawn, who were not without natural aspirations after grandeur, and the raw germ of whose rude structures and marauding ballads was predestined to find complete development in the York Minsters and the Marmions of some distant age.

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PRESENCE OF MIND.—A Morayshire farmer, who was in the habit of taking his plough oxen every summer to Strathdon to grass, was passing on a fine clear day over a river on stepping stones, in company with a highlander. The highlander had reached the opposite bank, while the farmer was loitering on the stones and looking about him, wondering at a sudden and increasing noise he heard, when the highlander cried out—"Help! help! or I am a dead man," and fell to the ground. The farmer sprang to his assistance, and had scarcely joined him, when the torrent came down, sweeping over the stones with such fury, as no human force could have withstood. The highlander had heard the roaring of the torrent behind the rocks, that intercepted its approach from his view, and fearing the farmer might be panic struck and lost if he told him of his danger, took this ingenious expedient to save him.

J. W. B.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS.—I can offer no conjecture how many of Wren's fifty-three discoveries

and inventions are at present in use amongst mankind. The wonderful improvement in the rapidity of printing, and the invention of copying instruments, have made his double pen unnecessary; the discoveries of Arkwright have superseded his ribbon machine; the steam-engine of James Watt will pump more water in five minutes than Wren's best engine would in an hour: a steam-packet will outstrip all his new ways of sailing; a line-of-battle ship of the days of William the Fourth would blow a dozen of the first-rates of Charles the Second's time to the moon; the harbour of Ramsgate and the breakwater of Plymouth, conquered from the deep sea by the genius and skill of Rennie, are infinitely more laborious and magnificent than any thing the first founders of the Royal Society contemplated; their "easier way of whale fishing" would have small chance beside the gun-harpoon; the speediest ways "of attacking and carrying forts" of the year 1660, would never have sufficed for the investing, battering, breaching, and storming of Badajos in a dozen days. No conveyance of the days of the Stuarts could have had any chance of overtaking a telegraphic despatch; nor would the swiftest coaches that ever traversed the brain of the Royal Society have been formidable rivals to the twelve mile an hour mails of his Majesty's government—to say nothing of the steam coaches of the Liverpool Rail-way. Yet we must not think, inasmuch as we have few or none of his inventions at work with us now, that consequently his labours were vain or unnecessary. Invention yields to invention, and man improves on man in all things which lie within the dominion of ingenuity and labour. It is otherwise in the realm of imagination; English poetry has not risen since Shakspeare and Milton.

Fam. Lib. Vol. XIX.

CHEERFULNESS.—The celebrated Dr. Fothergill observes, that "the due regulation of the passions, perhaps, contributed more to health and longevity than any of the other non-naturals;" and it has been often remarked, that the cheerful and contented generally enjoy better health and live longer than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; whatever, therefore, tends to promote good humour and innocent hilarity must have a beneficial influence in these respects. The Chinese erect triumphal or honorary arches, to the memory of those who have lived a century, think-

DR. PARR.—The worthy doctor had a keen eye, and nothing offended him so much as for any person to take a book from the shelves of his library and neglecting to replace it in its allotted shelf, as soon as they had finished, or were tired of reading. Mr. B. an artist, was one day dining with the doctor,

when the doctor's eye unfortunately happened to rest on a vacant space, from which a book had been taken, and not replaced, by a lady of the party; and he very unceremoniously desired her to rise from table, and return the absent volume to its place.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, February 22.

St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.

Sun rises 5am after 6—sets 11m after 5.

According to Eusebius and other fathers of the church, St. Peter, before he went to Rome, founded the see of Antioch. St. Gregory the Great says that he was seven years bishop thereof: not that he always resided there, but that he had a particular care over the church. If he sat twenty-five years at Rome, the date of his establishing his chair at Antioch must be within three years of our Saviour's ascension, for in that supposition he must have gone to Rome in the second year of Claudius.

Wednesday, February 23.

St. Basil, Prior of Melrose, Confessor.

High Water 20m after 11 Mor—50m after 1 Aft.

Feb. 23, 1477.—This day records the death of Pope Eugene IV. who was declared by the Council of Basle guilty of rebellion, simony, schism, heresy, and perjury. This council published an act, deposing him, and set up as pope, Amadeus, the eighth Duke of Savoy, who had resigned his authority, and lived as a hermit at Ripaille. Amadeus took the title of Felix the Fifth. The two Popes issued bulls excommunicating each other. Eugene died of vexation, while Felix retired to his hermitage at Ripaille, disgusted with the ecclesiastical contests. Nicolas the Fifth, a pontiff celebrated for his taste and learning, was the next who ascended the papal throne, and he put an end to the schisms.

Thursday, February 24.

St. Lethard, Bishop of Sentis, Confessor.

Sun rises 46m after 6—sets 15m after 5.

Feb. 24, 1127.—Anniversary of the assassination of Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, at Bruges, whilst attending mass. The hand of this beneficent Prince was struck off by one of the assassins, while in the act of stretching it out to relieve a man in distress, and the wretch who was guilty of the diabolical act was a person who had taken offence at the Count, in consequence of having been obliged to sell his corn to the poor at a moderate rate during a famine.

Friday, February 25.

St. Victorinus and Six Companions, Martyrs.

High Water 2m after 1 Mor—30m after 1 Aft.

Feb. 25, 1792.—Expired the gallant admiral, Sir Richard Bickerton. This brave English naval officer was promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the 8th of February, 1745. After several removals, he was appointed captain of the Glasgow, of twenty guns, and ordered to the West Indies, where he greatly distinguished himself. In June, 1773, when the king reviewed the fleet at Portsmouth, Captain Bickerton steered his majesty's barge, and on the 24th of the same month, received the honour of knighthood on board the Barfleur. In 1777, he was appointed to the Terrible, of 74 guns, one of the ships attached to the Channel fleet, and was present at the engagement with the Count d'Orville, off Ushant, on the 27th of July. In the May of the following year, he was ordered on a cruise in the bay, and had the good fortune to fall in with thirty French merchant-ships, richly laden, under convoy of three frigates. Eight of the trading vessels were taken; but the war-ships and the remainder escaped. In 1782, Sir Richard sailed with a convoy to India, and arrived in time to join Sir Edward Hughes, and share in the encounter which took place with Suffren, in June, 1783, when the French, after an engagement of three hours, thought proper to haul off. Soon after this action, intelligence of peace arriving in India, hostilities ceased, and Sir Richard returned to England in 1784. In 1786, he was appointed Commodore in the Leeward Island station, from whence

he returned as a passenger in September, 1787, and was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In 1790, he was made Vice-Admiral of the White, and appointed to command as Port-Admiral at Plymouth, which important station he filled at the time of his decease.

Saturday, February 26.

St. Alexander, Patriarch of Jerusalem, A.D. 336.

Full Moon, 50m after 1 Aft.

Feb. 26, 1447.—On this day, through the favour of the people, Francesco Sforza became Duke of Milan, in opposition to the Duke of Orleans, who claimed the dukedom as being the son of Valentine, daughter of John Galeas, a former Duke of Milan. Lewis XI. of France, who hated the Duke of Orleans, assisted materially in raising Sforza from the generalship of the city to the ducal seat. Sforza first obtained the government of Milan, in consequence of its being without its Viscounts, through the death of Philip Galeas, (a man of a nature so timid, that thunder threw him into agonies; so inhuman, that he could enjoy the shrieks of a fair female stretched on a rack). The city, therefore, determined to be a republic, with Francesco Sforza for its general, who was the husband of Blanche, the daughter of the deceased Viscount.

Sunday, February 27.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day, 27 chap. Genesis, Morning.

34 chap. Genesis, Evening.

Feb. 27, 1594.—To-day the coronation of Henry the Fourth of France took place at Chartres, in consequence of Rheims still holding out for the league. For the holy phial of St. Remi, always used in anointing the Kings of France at their coronation, that of St. Martin was substituted, which was brought from Marmoustier. The ceremony was performed by Nicholas de l'hou, Bishop of Chartres, after the form practised at Rheims.

Monday, February 28.

St. Romanus and Lactantius, Abb.

High Water, 17m after 3 Mor—31m after 3 Aft.

Feb. 28, 1012.—Anniversary of the defeat experienced by the Saracens, who had invaded Italy. Their king narrowly escaped, and his queen, who was prisoner, was cruelly put to death for addressing Pope Benedict in a manner which was considered disrespectful. His holiness presented the head-dress of this unfortunate princess, which was richly adorned with diamonds and other jewels, to the Emperor of Germany. The Moorish king, enraged at the death of his wife, sent a large sack of chestnuts to the pope, intimating that their number would be equalled by the troops with which he intended to return to Italy. The pope sent him back a sack of the same size filled with grains of millet, assuring him that he would have as many Christian soldiers as there were seeds, for the defence of Italy.

Tuesday, March 1.

St. David.

Sun rises 36m after 6—sets 25m after 5.

—Winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth;
The grass now 'gins to be refreshed,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And clowdy welkin cleareth.—*Spenser.*

The custom of wearing a leek on this day, according to Lome's Telescope for 1831, by the Welsh, is of very ancient date. In a book printed in 1678, called *Historia Anglo-Romana*, it is stated, that "on this day the Britons do constantly wear a leek, in memory of a famous and notable victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats, for their military colors, and distinction of themselves, by persuasion of their prelate, St. David."

*With this Number is published Part XLII. with four fine Original Engravings.
Our kind friend H. Guilford is informed that his Packet arrived safe.*

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IX.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, March 5, 1831.



See page 131.

Illustrated Article.

THE SILVER LAMP.

A LEGEND OF THE HARZ.

For the Otto.

The wizard spell at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The Knight pursued his steady way,
Till to a holly dome he came
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
It seem'd the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.

Bridal of Triermain.

The Harz Forest, in Germany, or rather the mountains called Blockberg, or Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for witches, dæmons, and apparitions.

Antiquary.

"HERE, then, dear Werdorf, we must part—perhaps for ever! Nay, I beseech thee do not tarry longer—every moment places thy life still more in jeopardy. Farewell, Werdorf!—farewell!—Forget not—forsake not Hermione!"

"Forsake thee, mine own love—never! sooner shall yon planet-forsake its parent sky. No, my Hermione, in the hour of triumph, or in the hour of danger—in the cell of misery, or in the

bower of beauty, whithersoever fate may guide me—come weal come woe, be sure this heart will never cease to love thee!"

The youth wrung the hand of his mistress, who gently disengaging herself, stealthily retraced her steps towards a large castellated building, the lower part of which was closely concealed by several tall heathy hills, leaving only its numerous turrets to the view, and these, in this situation, were only visible when the evening breeze disparted the heavy branches of pine and ash that rose against them. The rising moon was shining beautifully, and enabled the lover to discern the fleeting sylph-like form of his mistress, until she had totally disappeared amid the hills that skirted the castle.

Giving vent to his emotion in a deep impassioned sigh, Werdorf now turned his eyes and his steps in a different direction, and wandered for nearly the space of an hour among the glades and copses of the Harz Forest; now threading some sinuous, and seemingly interminable passage, which, except where

a stray moonbeam found entrance thro' the closely twisted foliage, lay in profound gloom. Now would he pursue the tortuous windings of some rushing rivulet—now traverse the brow of some fearful precipice, and, assisted by his good tough hunting spear, would hold on his course indifferently through swamp and stream. At length, however, he found himself utterly at a stand. Scarcely having given it a thought whither he was wandering, it now appeared to him that he had penetrated into the very heart of the forest, and brushwood, torrent and morass, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself, hemmed him in on every side; while numerous tall, gigantic trees, the aborigines of the wood, shot up around him, and their ponderous branches grasping each other over head, completely shut out every gleam of moonlight. The spot whereon he stood, however, was by no means dangerous, and the sweet mossy sward offered a favourable resting-place for the night. He accordingly stretched himself upon it, and a deep sleep speedily visited his eyelids. This had not lasted long ere an outcry in the forest bade him start upon his feet, when, by some dim exhalation on the swamp before him, he beheld a man furiously attacked by an immense wild boar. Werdorf's spear was levelled in a moment, and the ferocious monster fell, transfixed to the earth. Meanwhile the momentary lustre had passed away, and the swamp was again involved in perfect darkness.

Presently Werdorf's attention was once more arrested by a fluctuating point of light, which seemed to spring up before him,—at first extremely diminutive, but gradually expanding, it formed at length a sort of halo around some singularly dazzling object in human shape. The bronzed and wrinkled brow of the figure was encircled with a beautiful silver diadem, the points of which sent forth incessant and brilliant corruscations of many coloured fires, and a white tunic covering his otherwise denuded limbs was fastened at the waist with a broad silver belt, which likewise emitted brilliant sparkles of flame. Its large dark eyes, glowing like orbs of fire, were fixed on our hero with an expression that seemed friendly, notwithstanding which, however, the latter was so completely astounded and terrified, that not without great difficulty could he at length contrive to stammer out—“Who are ye!—whence come ye!”

The strange figure immediately replied—“Thy friend I am for thou hast befriended me,” and he therewith pointed to the slain monster at Werdorf's feet, “and I come from the centre of the earth, of whose treasures I am master. Hear, therefore, and obey my commands. Return to the dwelling of thy enemy, and here is a talisman which will shield thee from all scathe; present it to his view, he will ask it of thee—nay, will offer thee all in his possession for it—even the hand of his lovely ward, and his castle to boot.”

No sooner were these words uttered, than all again was darkness; Werdorf rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he had not been dreaming, nor could he believe to the contrary, until his eye happened to catch a tiny sparkle of flame that appeared to oscillate around his right hand. On examination, he found it to proceed from a diminutive silver lamp which had just been given him by his singular visitant, and which now revealed to him a narrow vista of the forest that he had hitherto sought in vain. Werdorf instantly pursued it, and to his no small surprise, beheld in a few moments, from a beautiful moonlight glade to which it conducted; the turrets of Von Schloppenhause's castle, the grim guardian of the gentle lady Hermione, peering over the treetops at a trifling distance beyond. Leaving him, therefore, to hold on his journey thither, we will, in the meanwhile, introduce the reader to a few of its inmates.

In a room of considerable extent, which was powerfully illuminated by several massive iron lamps that drooped in chains from the roof, and perambulated by a clumsy oaken table, sat a vast and diversified assemblage, each of whom was diligently engaged in despatching his share of the choice viands it supported. At the upper end of the board sat the Baron Von Schloppenhause, displaying a long gaunt shape loosely enveloped in a dirty murray coloured gabardine, and surmounted by a grim unwieldy head, patched with long black wiry hair, which extended likewise to his chin and eyebrows, well nigh concealing the tiny greyish orbs, which from time to time were glanced around the board. This worthy was profoundly engaged in dissecting the haunch of a wild buck, which having happily effected, he turned his attention to his guests, and thus addressed them—

"Ha, knights!—ha, gentles? how say ye? Is't not a right goodly animal?"

All unanimously agreed that it was certainly of the very finest quality.

"Ay, by St. Hans, is't," replied the baron; "Marry, sirs, 'twas pulled down on the very spot where Merse the Wildgrave met the devil."

All professed their utter ignorance of any such spot existing.

"Then, gentles," said the host, "ye shall have the history on't, and that speedily. Ho, there! Minnesinger—sirrah Mirron, stand forth, and chirrup me quickly the story of the Wildgrave!"

Mirron instantly obeyed the command, and, aided by his instrument, thus began—

THE STORY OF MERSE THE WILDGRAVE.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Shrill the gnome his wild horn sounded,
"Hillo, hii—hii—hillo ho!"
Fast and fierce his wild steed bounded,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Through the Harz-woods' gloomy bowers,
Furious ride the demon-host,
Mid Helvellein's haunted towers,
Man, and horse, and hound are lost.

Whither, Wildgrave, dost thou wander?
Enter not yon dreary walls,
Stay thy pace awhile, and ponder,
Hark, what fearful cadence falls:

Der Wilde Jäger Chorus.

"See the moon is rising red,
Spirits, spirits, hasten here;
Corsees from your earthy bed,
In your winding-sheets appear.

Hasten hither
Ye who bide
Where fiery lavas
Glide;

From sepulchre
And charnel hie,
Where mortal relics
Lie,

And sluggish Acheron
Rolls darkly murmuring on,
Appear! appear!"

Leaped the Wildgrave from his steed,
Swift unscabbarded his brand,
Pass'd the porch with dauntless speed,
And enter'd 'midst the demon band.

Ghast as death the Wildgrave turn'd,
All was dark and dismal there;
Frightful forms around him charm'd,
—And wildly danc'd 'mid earth and air.

In vain, in vain to shout he tries,
His tongue is parch'd, his breath is flame!

Harshly roll'd the muttering thunder,
Lightnings blazed athwart the sky,
Earth and air seemed rent asunder,
As the viewless rout swept by.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

On they dash o'er rock and fell,
Sweeping now the murky air;
Threading forest, maze, and dell,
Mid thunder whoop and levin glare.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Through foaming torrents now they rush,
The hapless Wildgrave still pursue;
From dismal charnels now they gush,
Still hold their fleeting prey in view.

Over heath and over hollow
Still they wend through glare and gloom;
Still their hapless victim follow;
Still pursue till "crack of doom!"

Scarcely had the minstrel ceased, when a confused clamour of voices, seemingly in high altercation, was heard without, whereat the baron, mightily exasperated, started furiously on his feet, and in a tone that completely drowned all others, demanded the cause of this unseemly riot.

"By my beard," cried he, "if ye disturb us thus again, there's not a varlet of ye but shall deeply rue it."

The din continued, notwithstanding, and the baron, in a towering passion, was about to quit the apartment: the goodly figure of the seneschal, however, staggering at that moment into his presence, caused him to halt and listen to the explanation that he seemed eager to render him. It was a proceeding, however, in which the good steward entirely failed, for his voice as well as his limbs, was so completely disordered by the deep potations he had swallowed, that scarce a word could he stammer out. Meanwhile, the drunken air of gravity which he had thought proper to assume on addressing his master, was so irresistibly ludicrous, that every beholder laughed outright; which, serving only to anger the baron still more, he thus exploded his mine of wrath on the trembling retainer:

"Villain! ban-dog! slave! out of my sight; hence, I say—stop, move not from that spot at thy peril! Tell me, varlet—reptile—who and what was the cause of that infernal brawl? Who was't, I say!—answer me, slave, or—"

"My lord—my lord," replied the seneschal, trembling to the very ground, "I—I—my lord—"

"Ha! what!" interrupted the baron, misconstruing his meaning, "thou wert—and hast the audacity to confess it! Take that, sirrah!"—and he therewith hurled a ponderous copper flaggon with all his might at the head of the domestic. Fortunately, however, his staggering drunkenness protected it from the collision that would have otherwise taken place, so truly was it aimed. It will be readily supposed, that the seneschal waited not a moment more to experience a further proof of the baron's gentle treatment.

Scarcely had he quitted the apartment, when a similar clamour again made itself heard, and immediately a tribe of domestics presented themselves on the corridor, striving apparently to force back some refractory wight they had among them. At the command of the baron they immediately desisted, and forth from the group came Michael Werdorf.

Von Schloppenhausen looked upon him somewhat after the manner that a hungry tiger may be supposed to look upon his prey; his fingers clutched the hilt of his dagger, which he suddenly drew forth, and sprung furiously towards him. Werdorf drew back a pace or two, and shewed the silver lamp, when instantly the whole demeanor of the baron changed; the weapon fell to the ground, and he contemplated the singular object with admiration and wonder.

"Sweet youth—sweet Michael Werdorf," he exclaimed, after a while, "I see thou lovest my ward, and 'tis useless to check thee; therefore, take her—take her—but—this bauble—"

"Is thine," replied Werdorf: and he therewith presented it.

The fingers of the baron clutched upon it with such eager vehemence, that every one present, and even Werdorf himself, marvelled that a thing so apparently trifling in their eyes should seem in his of such great worth. He divined their thoughts; and Mirron, at his command, narrated the following legend, which will serve in some degree to elucidate its mystic properties.

THE STORY OF WELZHEIM, THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

In the time of the Emperor Frederick surnamed Red Beard, there dwelt on a lonely heath in the Harz district, a solitary being, who earned a scanty subsistence in charring wood for the smelters. This, however, it was well known, occupied but a small portion of his time; how the rest was spent was a matter of uncertainty. Some say it was devoted to the study of alchemy, and swear to have found him seeking the philosopher's stone. Some having seen him wandering at a late hour round his miserable hut, with his face upturned to the starry firmament, set him down for an astrologer: while others proclaimed him a necromancer, and protest having seen him in confabulation with the devil. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that he possessed some familiar or other. Now it befel

on one black gusty starless night, that the solitary charcoal burner was aroused from a deep reverie over his scanty fire by a loud knocking on the door of his hut. He suffered the alarm, however, to be repeated again and again ere he arose, so profoundly was he buried in thought. At length he bestirred himself, unbarred and threw open the door, and a tall mantled figure entered the dwelling.

"Why did you keep me so long waiting?" was his immediate address to the charcoal burner.

"And why, sir stranger, let me ask, disturbed ye the solitude of a wretch like me?"

"Hush!" said the stranger, "be wretched no longer; here is the boon I promised thee;"—and he forthwith drew from beneath his mantle a small silver lamp.

"Ha! Rhe'—," exclaimed Welzheim, who now recognized his companion; he was interrupted, however, from proceeding by the latter, who thus continued—"this magic beacon will light thee to the deepest recesses of the forest, where shall be revealed to thee the mighty treasures of the earth; the palace of the gnome will appear to thee—enter boldly and fearlessly—and while the spirit sleeps, grasp thou his magic sceptre, and thou art lord of all the earth contains. Away—yet mark me—while thou retainest that mystic lamp, no harm can approach thee; suffer it to pass from thee, and be assured thy life passes with it—follow thy fortunes then—away!"

Obedient to the injunction, Welzheim instantly set forth, and found himself shortly threading the intricate labyrinths of the Harz Forest, under the sole guidance of the mysterious lamp. More than once he was fain to halt in his progress, and listen to the strange hubbub of voices, mingling with the loud yelling of hounds, the winding of horns, and the neighing and trampling of steeds, that ever and anon came ringing in his ear, and which dying gradually away in the extreme distance, would presently give place to the wild melody of the bugle. At one time the words of the Jager chorus

"Over heath and over hollow!"

chaunted apparently by a thousand unearthly voices, were rendered fearfully distinct, and they had scarce ceased when a dazzling blaze of light shooting athwart the profound gloom of heaven, revealed some object darting with almost equal rapidity amid the trees and

copes of the sable wood—'twas the skeleton Wildgrave!

Welzheim still went boldly on, and presently the stupendous Blockberg rose dark and vast upon his view, and as he drew nearer towards it, a ponderous portal, to his utter astonishment, presented itself; he was most familiar with the spot, but never had he beheld that massive entrance before.—The radiance, however, streamed through it, and he entered;—all was profound gloom till he had reached the further end, and then it was that a scene of dazzling magnificence smote upon his view. Here a torrent of molten gold was seen flashing over a huge rock of blazing sapphire into a seemingly unfathomable gulf; here the topaz, the opal, the ruby, and the diamond, sent forth their blaze of splendour, while streams of boiling lavas and alkaline waters, catching and reflecting their myriad hues, poured in almost every direction; millions and millions of tiny globules glittered in the dewy atmosphere, and all around, far as the eye could reach, rocks of precious stones and ores stretched themselves away, till distance rendered them indistinct.

A most insignificant thing amid that scene of mighty vastness, Welzheim passed on uninterrupted, and scarce noticed by the tribes of gnomes that were there busied in their task of gold washing, and extracting the minerals and ores from their strata, until a ponderous portal of rugged gold opened on his view. He entered, and the blaze of splendour which immediately presented itself was so overpowering, that he had well-nigh fallen to the ground. So soon, however, as he could gaze around him, he found himself in a vast hall, the gigantic architecture of which terrified and amazed him; huge pillars composed alternately of crystal, sapphire, jasper, and lapis lazuli, supporting a lofty gallery, extended down either side of the stupendous hall, till the eye could no longer follow them. Welzheim passed on, and having reached the further end, his eyes fell upon a beautiful silver diadem and sceptre, which reposed together on a gorgeous crystal tablet; he instantly ascended the high flight of marble steps which led to them, grasped unhesitatingly the magic sceptre, and encircled his brows with the silver diadem; immediately it changed to flame, and seared his temples through to the bone; in the agony which it

occasioned, both lamp and sceptre fell from his grasp, a burst of unearthly laughter was heard, and a shivering groan announced the fate of the presumptuous charcoal burner.

Mirron had scarce ended his narrative, when a tremendous clang startled every inmate of the castle. Every one of his auditors huddled in a heap together, and presently, to their inexpressible dismay, they beheld the immense stained windows of the apartment wherein they were assembled, shivered to atoms. The baron was not among them, nor was he any where to be found in the castle. No one had observed him quit the apartment, and, indeed, he might well have escaped their observation, so profoundly were they all buried in Mirron's history.

The morning, however, at length dawned; and in searching through the forest, the body of Von Schloppenhause, horribly mutilated, was discovered; whether a similar fate to that of Welzheim had befallen him, we are unable to say; but certain it is, that the palm of his right hand was burnt through to the bone, and his face and body was rent and torn as if he had been beset by a legion of wild cats

T. F.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he, departed.—MOORE.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth

Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.
Guests come hither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies,
When the night ha'h sex'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

SEEST thou where the woodbine-flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,

Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
Thine still meet!
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and banner'd aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while,
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone
Are those sounds and visions known?

Wherefore hath that spell of power

Dark and dread.

On *Aer* soul, a leafy dower,

Thus been shed?

Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,

No strange gift of mystery lies!

She is lone where once she moved

Fair, and happy, and beloved!

Sunny smiles were glancing round her;

Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;

Now those silver cords are broken,

Those bright looks have left no token,

Not one trace on all the earth,

Save her memory of her mirth.

She is lone and lingering now,

Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow.

Midst gay song and children's play,

She is dwelling far away;

Seeing what none else may see—

Haunted still her place must be!

New Mon. Mag.

A FANCY OR TWO ON FLIES.

(For the Olio.)

THESE vagabond ephemera are to the multitude, and more particularly to butchers in the dog-days, a pest worse than an Egyptian plague; to me, who am "withal more restless," the eternal buzz, and the busy idleness of your vagrant Fly is an amusing speculation—one which I can either moralize on, or laugh at, just as the humour changes. I love to watch one of these free denizens of the air, winging from honey-pot to cream-pot, from ceiling to window, from window to wall, from wall to any indifferent thing upon which he can settle for his momentary rest. Upon a porter's hand, as he drowzes away the day in some lordly hall, which, tickled, opens o' the instant, as if the secret spring of self-interest had been touched by his light tread; and he dreams of palming a fee from some poor petitioner for his good lord's bounty, whose doors, but for the turning of that silver key, had never opened unto him. Upon a vicar's nose, who takes it for the tickling of a tithe-pig's tail. Upon a gourmand's flannel-folded foot, at which he swears an oath—perhaps twenty—as if a crab had clutched it. Upon a beauty's lip, who straightway dreams of the handsome colonel's kisses. Upon an alderman's nose, enjoying his after-dinner apoplexy, who starts like "a guilty spirit at a fearful summons," commands another plate of turtle, mutters that the last was excellent, and putting his handkerchief over his eyes, snores into sleep again. Upon a crabbed cur's newly-clipped ear, who, dreaming that he feels again the scissors, barks bitterly, opens one eye drowsily, and, finding that his dream was but a dream, cuddles his tail once more around his nose, and coils himself up in sleep. Upon the nose of a shepherd's dog, who dreams of stray

wethers. Upon the lip of a mongrel, the terror of three hundred yards of street, who, in fancy, bites deeply into the heels of post-horses and the trowsers of teasing school-boys. Upon a cook-wench's eye-lid, as she snatches her forty winks in the larder after dinner, who, cries, in her waking sleep, "Adone, do, John!" and cuffing Monsieur the Fly into the cold soup of yesterday, where he incontinently drowns, she snores again in peace. Upon John Ostler's thievish hand, as he snugly snoozes in the hay-loft, who roars out, "Stand still, wilt thee, beast!" Upon Joe the waiter's ear, buzzing there like a parlour-bell, who starts, and answers, "Coming, sir, coming!" Upon a carrier's whip-hand, as he sleeps in the corner of his cart, who wakes spiteful, and lashing his horses in revenge at being roused, drops himself and his whip once more upon the miller's sacks, and wakes not till he has run against the turnpike, or over an old woman. Upon the cradled infant's innocent lip, disturbing its rosy slumber where a child most loves to sleep—in its mother's arms. Upon the nodding clerk's leaden eye-lid in sermon-time, who, in alarm, twangs through his nose the concluding "A—A—men!" ere one sub-division of the discourse of Dr. Doubledull is done; when, finding out his mistake, he prays that his out-of-time amen may pass as a pious super-numerary ejaculation, and pointing his idle elbow plump into the middle of the afternoon's service, he drops his heavy head upon his hand, and snores discreetly, until Dr. D.'s "Now to," &c., &c. In short, upon any perchable prominence which can be tickled or tormented by a Fly's furtive touch.

It has oftentimes not a little amused me to behold a huge mammoth of a man, who might detain a buffalo by the ears against his will, grow impatient and peevish under the trifling annoyance of a puny Fly, and swear, cuff, kick, and be so spiteful with the innocent guilt of one, as to wage war with the whole race of Flies—flapping them down here with handkerchief or Bavarian broom—destroying them there with most insidious poison-water—and imprisoning them elsewhere with most ingenious Fly-traps,—a sort of Fly penitentiaries.

It must be confessed, that these summer spirits are apt, in their May-dayishness, when the

Young blood runs frolic through their veins,
And *Flyhood* makes them sanguine, *Colman.*

to return too frequently to the same wine-glass from which they were but lately driven; and if there happens to be a sore spot on one's skin, they are too apt to find it out, and will come probing it with their feelers: sometimes, too, they will most pertinaciously persist in remaining at the tip of one's nose, to the manifest interruption of our view of some minuter matter. To say the truth, the Flies of this day do affect too much taste in the fine arts, and will go, poor critics as they are, poring over proof-impressions of costly plates,—changing the *line* engraving into the *dot*, and disfiguring with their mischievous *touch* the nicer beauties of Finden or Heath,—making the white of a beauty's eye black as a brow of Egypt or “farthest Inde;”—and sometimes, too, tipping the fairest graven noses with most “damned spots.” They are, moreover, considerable enemies, though small, to the pomp and vanity of gilded frames—splashing them over with their unsightly stains, to the great disgust of the lovers of the showy, and great delight of the gilders. They are, likewise, too inquisitorial in another matter of taste, and go uninvited about, sipping of this delicious drinkable, and tasting of that dainty eatable; true, they pay for it—sometimes with the loss of the sum total of their lives,—at others, by instalments of their legs and wings, tumbling as they often do, like intemperate toppers, into the inebriating liqueur they meant merely to taste of, and therein drowning. It is not every looker-on who will humanely put in a tooth-pick to help them out; yet a humane man might, since the practice of such small humanities may make us capable of greater: indeed, I should almost doubt whether a man who could look at a Fly drowning in his glass, without being prompted to save him, would, if he saw a larger insect, sometimes called Smith, or Jones, fallen into a deep stream, stir a hand to help him out. Then, if your Flies are caught indulging too much over your daintily-dressed mutton, or experimentalizing in the manner of Accum, upon undressed venison, down comes a flap on them, which either kills them quite, or tears their muslin wings, or breaks their taper legs, rendering them cripples for life, with no possibility of getting admitted into any Hindoo hospital of humanity. But be ye sure of this, ye greedy indulgers in the carnivorous,—where one of these amateur experimentalists blows upon the meat which ye

have larded up, certes that mutton, beef, or venison, had an innate taint ere he touched it, which he merely pointed out to your less sensible nose; aware, as he no doubt was, that man, with his much boasted nicety of instinct, is not, after all, half so acute and discerning in the differences of things in general. And here I must hint, for the benefit of some future lexicographer, some Johnson now in Dilworth, the probability of the phrase “to blow” upon anything in contempt of it, being derived from the peculiar operation performed upon indifferent mutton by these small masters in the difficult art of knowing good meats from bad meats.

To conclude; Flies have, it seems, been privileged, from time immemorial, to take those liberties with the highest and the lowest which they take now. In one of the old morals, or religious plays of the monks, which edified the forefathers of Marlowe and Shakspeare, a certain sacred lady, much worshipped by the Church of Rome, is recommended—

In sommer time, now and then, to kepe away flies, to

Let some of her faire haire hange in her eies.

Imagine the audacity and profanity of the Fly that would dare to annoy so holy a personage! C. WEBBE.

STANZAS TO ELIZA,
(*A Child of Seven Years Old,*)
BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.
For the Olio.

I saw thee in thy childhood, 'mid
Thy visions of delight;
I heard thy heartfelt tones of joy,—
Beheld thy beauty bright:
I mark'd thine open brow so fair,
Thy blue eyes flashing glee,
And thought thy Mother's loveliness
Was pictur'd then in thee.

Pet of many a tender hope!
Thy parents' fondest care,
In mind like some sweet flow'r that grows
Expanding rich and rare;
I've sigh'd to think, as oft I've gaz'd
Upon thee in thy mirth,
That cherub-face would soon assume
The dark cares of this earth.

And that lone world before thee now,
How little dost thou deem,
'Tis but a scene of strife and woe,
Though roses to thee seem!
Yet still may Friendship tend thy path,
Its halo o'er thee fling.
Fond Love watch o'er, and shield thee from
Life's gloom and sorrowing.

And years shall come—will quickly pass—
Of wonder-teeming Time,
And many an eye shall gaze upon
Thy maiden's blooming prime;
But, oh! not one of gay or young
Around thee that may throng,
Can wish thee more than he who now
Enwreaths with thee his song.

The pride and love of all thou'lt be,
 By young and old cared;
 Though many a heart may ache thro' thee,
 Yet one must still be blest!
 Then may each joy on earth, dear girl,
 Fall to thy favour'd lot
 Beloved and happy mayst thou be
 When I've been long forgot.
Temple Place, Blackfriars.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

In the early part of the tenth century when Candiano II. was Doge of Venice, occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite nevertheless very powerful interest, and almost connect History with Romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families at Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the season of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked; and the festive pomp, swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them, in proud display, the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides, proceeded to the Cathedral. The Pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the Arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence, Olivolo was untenanted, except by priests, and its neighbourhood was entirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots, the Corsairs laid there on ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the Cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping and heart-broken brides, and hurried them to their vessels. The Doge had honoured the Festival with his presence, and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such galleys as were in the

harbour, they profited by a favourable wind, and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Lagune* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and such was its fury, that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and on the evening of the same day, the interrupted rites were solemnized with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their completion. The memory of this singular event was long kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the Eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the Doge to the Church of Sta. Maria Formosa.

It was by the trunkmakers (*cassellari*) of the island on which the above named Church stands, that the greater part of the crew, hastily collected on this occasion, was furnished; and Candiano, as a reward for their bravery, asked them to demand some privilege. They requested this annual visit to their island. 'What,' said the Prince, 'if the day should prove rainy?'—'We will send you hats to cover your heads, and if you are thirsty, we will give you drink.' To commemorate this question and reply, the Priest of Sta. Maria was used to offer to the Doge on landing, two flasks of malmsy, two oranges, and two hats adorned with his own armorial bearings, those of the Pope, and those of the Doge. *Fam. Lib.*

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK:

A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

Dining some time back with a friend, whose house is situated in one of those out-of-the-way courts in the City, where one would hardly think of searching for any thing picturesque or beautiful, but which, nevertheless, abound with various rich memorials of the past; while seated with him at his window, overlooking a small yard containing two mulberry-trees at least a century old, I observed, with no small sorrow, that an old stone wall, the rounded gable of which was pregnant with recollections of the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, was being removed, in all probability to be succeeded by a piece of modern, uninteresting brick-work. By this removal, however, another morsel of antiquity, which had previously been concealed, was now exposed to view: this consisted of a hovel or shed, built against one of the interior sides of this

stone wall, and apparently the remains of some more extensive and important building; for though, in many places, the large, irregularly-shaped slates had been displaced, or perhaps had fallen away, and been re-placed by modern tiling, still several of the massy stone pillars, supporting strong oaken arches, were remaining, and appeared as though they were the vestiges of a colonnade or cloister, which at some former period had run round the whole interior of the wall. I mentioned this idea to my friend, who concurred with me that it was probably correct.

"By the way," observed he, "the spot which has attracted your observation, I believe even that very shed, was once the scene of a murder, the perpetration and discovery of which were attended by some very singular circumstances."

This information, of course, led to an inquiry on my part; and that, in its turn, elicited the following Legend of London:—

Towards the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or, in plainer English, about the year of grace, 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendant of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honourable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends, whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemingly bearing, and twenty six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for par-

ticular description, unless one may advert to—what indeed was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey: but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness: some men, he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which shewed their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honourable labour had blanched them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young

man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, *latterly*, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nicenesses were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be!"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands:" whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my

kind, mine honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water: then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand the following—

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, sir,—dear master, farewell: forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if you think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I am going wrong—good bye."

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, "the thankful orphan, Simon."

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, shewed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed, and made no inquiries—and yet he

probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an inuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew any thing, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Good-man's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smith—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said, as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

To be continued.

LEGEND OF THE THREE SAINTS.

In the year 1341, an inundation, of many days' continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the *Riva di San Marco*. The storm was yet raging, when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would ferry him over to *San Giorgio Maggiore*. 'Who,' said the fisherman, 'can reach *San Giorgio* on such a night as this! Heaven forbid that I should try!' But as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed; and having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion and ordered him to row to *San Nicoli di Lodi*. The astonished fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a further confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At *San Nicolo* they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to proceed to the Two Castles at Lido. Though the waves ran fearfully high, the old man, by this time, had become accustomed to them; and moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew, which either silenced his

fears, or diverted them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with Devils, who seemed hurrying with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled; and the strangers, crossing themselves, conjured the Fiends to depart. At the word, the dæmoniacal galley vanished, and the three passengers were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare; and, before parting, he implied pretty clearly that the sight of this miracle, after all, would be but bad pay. 'You are right, my friend,' said the first passenger, 'go to the Doge and the *Procuratori*, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark; my two companions are St. George and St. Nicolas. Desire the Magistrates to pay you; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a Schoolmaster at *San Felice*, who first bargained with the Devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair.' The fisherman, who seems to have had all his wits about him, answered, that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed; upon which St. Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, 'Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing.' The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses, which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial.

Fam. Lib.

Illustrations of History.

ROUGH NOTES ON ARTILLERY.

For the Olio.

HOLLINSHED tells us that the first cannon used by the English was at the siege of Berwick, in the year 1405, and there is no reason for doubting the assertion of that veracious old chronicler. The unwieldy pieces of that period will not, however, admit of a moment's comparison with the ordnance of the present day. The cannon used for a long time

afterwards was heavy, exceedingly unwieldy, and altogether imperfect and dangerous to those who had the charge of them, as is proved by the use of the Balista, the Catapult, the Scorpion, and other engines for casting stones and darts, long after the invention of cannon. Nevertheless, that cannon were used to fortify the walls of castles and towns at an early period, and were pointed with great accuracy by those who managed them, is fully established by the death of Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed by a shot from a piece of ordnance while before Orleans, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. The earl was standing at the window of a tower, which commanded an excellent view of the city, and whilst attentively observing it, a gunner on the walls fired against the window of the tower. The shot entered the window, and dashing in the iron bars that guarded it, drove the pieces in the face of the earl, who was killed upon the spot, and wounded several persons who had accompanied him.

It was formerly the custom to give names to pieces of cannon. One christened "Mons Meg," a celebrated thunderer, now lies, I believe, at Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott, in 'Marmion,' speaks of seven pieces of ordnance cast by one Borthwick, and called his "Seven Sisters."

When the English were in France during the reign of Henry the Eighth, while on a march, a large piece of cannon called "The Saint John the Evangelist," having by accident been overthrown and rolled into a deep pond, could not be got out again. A few days after, the master carpenter, taking with him a hundred workmen, went and got up the cannon; but they had no sooner placed it in a cart, than they were suddenly set upon by a company of eight hundred Frenchmen, who were obstinately resisted, but in the end bore off the gun in triumph to Boulogne, after having killed nearly every one of the English. Baker speaks of a large cannon used by the English at that period, and called "the Red Gun."

While speaking of the more ancient ordnance, it may not be amiss to mention that cannon were originally constructed of wood, strongly bound with hoops of iron, and upon several occasions the English deceived and terrified their enemies, the French, by means of artificial cannon hastily formed of the trunks of trees.*

In the sixteenth century many cele-

brated artists were employed in the casting of cannon, which were made of various sizes, and distinguished by as many names, as the Saker and Demi-Saker, Falcon and Falconet, Culverin and Demi-Culverin, &c. The famous Benvenuto Cellini cast many cannon, and was himself, if we may credit his marvellous relations,† an experienced gunner.

Amongst the spoil taken at the late siege of Bhurtpore, in India, was a well made iron six-pounder, on which was engraved the following inscription:—*Jacobus Monteith me fecit, Edinburgh, Anno Dom. 1642.*

The flash and tremendous report of the cannon, together with the horrible slaughter that ensued, struck dismay and terror to the hearts of the simple Peruvians, when the Spanish adventurers invaded their territories. These tremendous engines contributed, at first, to gain them many conquests; but the frightful excesses of the invaders opened the eyes of the Indians, who had hitherto taken their enemies for gods.

Montluc, in his Commentaries, tells us that, upon one occasion, having a company of Swiss soldiers to support a regiment of his in a charge upon the enemy's cannon, he suddenly found, upon looking around him, that the Swiss had not advanced, and discovered that they were lying on their faces to avoid the effect of a tremendous cannonade, but that the enemy being driven from their post, the Switzers rose up, and, "like savage boars," commenced a horrid slaughter upon the retreating party with their two-handed swords.

Like the arrow, the cannon has frequently been fatal to noble and celebrated men. James the Fifth of Scotland died from a wound received from a splinter of a piece of ordnance which burst near him. The Duke of Berwick, natural son of our James the Second, whilst before Phillipsburg,‡ was killed by a cannon-shot. At the assault of Dixmue by the English, Lord Morley was killed by a cannon ball fired from the town. William, Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, narrowly escaped being killed, just before the commencement of the battle of the Boyne. Having been observed by the enemy, they brought out a fieldpiece, the ball from which, grazing the shoulder of William, killed a horse which stood near him.

* See his Memoirs, forming one of the volumes of *Autobiography*, published by Whitaker and Co.

‡ See Olio, vol. iii. page 368.

* See Olio, vol. 2, p. 238.

There were many pieces of cannon at the fatal battle of Flodden-field, and, to look further back, at the decisive conflict between Edward the Fourth and his rival the stout Earl of Warwick, at Gladmore Heath, cannon was used by both parties.

In one of the many conflicts which took place between the conquerors and spoilers of the new world, one of the leaders discovered that his master-gunner had been bribed by his rival, and that he gave his guns such an elevation that the balls passed harmlessly over the heads of the enemy. Incensed at this treachery, the chief rushed towards the cannoneer and thrust his spontoon through his body, then throwing himself across the piece, he called to one of the gunners to give fire to it. The command was instantly obeyed, and the shot swept down fifteen Spaniards!

These notes are hastily strung together, without time for correction,—but they are, I believe, authentic; and I shall not regret the trouble I have taken, if they should be the means of inducing some one more competent to the task than myself to write a history of this terrible engine. ALPHA.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M. W. of Windsor.

BRIDE'S PIE.—The bride's pie was, formerly in some parts of Yorkshire, so essential a dish on the dining table, after the celebration of the marriage, that there was no prospect of happiness without it. This was always made round, with a very strong crust, ornamented with various devices. In the middle of it, the grand essential was a fat-laying hen, full of eggs, probably intended as an emblem of fecundity. It was also garnished with minced and sweetmeats. It would have been deemed an act of neglect or rudeness if any of the party omitted to partake of it. It was the etiquette for the bridegroom always to wait on this occasion on his bride. *Verstegan* supposes that the term *bridegroom* took its origin from hence.

ORIGIN OF THE COMEDY OF PAUL PRY—Mr. John Poole, the successful dramatist, in some sketches of his life in the *New Monthly*, says:—"The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago, by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in

watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she, at length, acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her reports—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about! don't you hear a double knock at No 9? Who is it?"—"The first-floor lodger, Ma'am."—"Betty!—Betty!—I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54!"—"Why, Lord! Ma'am, it is only the baker, with pies."—"Pies, Betty! what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday!"—"Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jacques, he is "compounded of many *Simplexes*;" and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation."

FRENCH DILIGENCES.—Every body, (says Mr. St. John, in his very delightful and amusing *Tour through Normandy*), has heard of French diligences, but no one, except those who have seen them, can possibly imagine how ugly and lumbering they are. The reader, however, who has beheld those elegant vehicles in which wild beasts are conveyed from one country fair to another in England, will be able to form a conception somewhat approaching the thing, though not, by any means, coming up to it.

PAY AND NUMBER OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.—In France the inferior clergy are placed very little above penury. Even the great dignitaries of the church, compared with our own, are poor. The salary of a cardinal is 30,000 francs (£1200) per annum; and he receives at the outset 45,000 francs (£1800), to defray the expenses of his installation. The salary of the archbishop of Paris, the head of the Gallican church, is 100,000 francs (£4000) per annum; that of the other archbishops, 25,000 francs

(£1000) per annum; with 15,000 francs (£600) to defray the expenses of their first establishment. An ordinary bishop receives 15,000 francs (£600) per annum, with 10,000 francs (£400) at the outset. Of the vicars-general, the first of Paris, 4000 francs (£160) per annum; the second, 3000 francs (£120); other vicars-general from 3000 to 1500 francs (£120 to £60.) The canons of Paris, 2400 francs (£94); other canons, 1500 francs (£60.) The cures of the first class, without pensions, and seventy years of age, 1600 francs (£64); when pensioned, 1500 francs (£60); under seventy, 1500 francs (£60.) The cures of the second class, seventy years of age, and pensioned, 1200 francs (£48); under seventy, 1100 francs (£44); the disservans, or curates, sixty years of age, 1000 francs (£40); under sixty, 900 francs (£36.) The author of the *Code Ecclesiastique* laments the smallness of the number of the clergy in France, as well as the lowness of their salaries. It would, perhaps, be better, however, still farther to lessen their numbers, and to increase their salaries; for, according to Paul Louis Courier, there are already upwards of forty thousand priests in the kingdom, of which twenty-two thousand are *curates*, living upon from thirty-six to forty pounds a-year. M. Heurion states, but I know not upon what authority, that in England there is one clergyman for every 300 inhabitants. In Ireland, among the Catholics, one for every 2750; among the presbyterians, one for every 3300. In Spain, there is one priest for every 270 persons. In Portugal, one for every 345. In Italy, one for every 970. In France, one for every 950. In England and Wales, each person on an average pays annually towards the maintenance of the clergy 15 francs 80 cents (about 13s. 2d.) In Spain, about 5 francs 32 cents. In every other country in Europe, from one to two francs, except France, where the tax for the clergy is not more than 79 cents, that is, little more than 7d.

Tour through Normandy.

ST. LAWRENCE was in past ages considered the patron Saint of idle people. When a person is remarkably idle, he is often thus addressed: "I see long Lawrence has gotten hold of thee."—May not this expression allude to those who are frequently prostrated at the shrine of a saint, when they should be engaged in the useful duties of life? But if an idle person, laid unmoveably at his full length, be compared to St.

Lawrence, fixed with stretched-out limbs upon the gridiron, preparatory to his atrocious and unmerited sufferings, it is a cruel and unfeeling comparison.

MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE PEASANTS OF THE UKRAINE.—The peasantry here are in a more flourishing condition than in Little Russia. This is owing to their industry, as much as to the greater productiveness of the soil. Their houses are well built and commodious, and generally surrounded by gardens and orchards, the trees of which produce excellent fruit. Their cattle are among the finest in Europe. Their corn-fields are sometimes exposed to the voracity of locusts, which come in swarms, and, in the course of a few hours, completely destroy every thing they alight upon; but when they give indications of their approach, large fires of dried dung are lighted near the corn-fields, the smoke of which not only prevents their approach, but also suffocates them if they happen to come within its reach.

The Ukrainian peasants are remarkably expert in the use of the axe. Not only do they employ it in the construction of their houses, their boats, their carriages, and their household furniture, but also in carving a variety of small things, such as little boxes, spoons, and other kitchen utensils. I purchased a very handsome snuff-box from one of them, which had been cut with a hatchet, commonly used for felling timber. In the province of Masovia, they are still better exercised in the art of rendering the axe universally available. I have been assured by several persons, whose testimony I could not doubt, that they have themselves seen peasants, who wore their hair long, go and place themselves against the trunks of trees, raising their hair as much above their heads as it would reach, while others would take aim at a certain distance, and fling their hatchets with so much dexterity, as to cut the hair in two parts, and be driven deep into the trunk of the tree. Similar feats beat William Tell's hollow. They are not, however, the only kind by which dexterity was practised in Poland, at the risk of a tragic end. In former times, it was customary, in the *chateaux* of the nobility, after banquets given on great occasions, for the host to show his guests his skill in firing a pistol, by making the heel of the shoe on his wife's foot his target! I could hardly convince myself that the

higher classes among the Poles, who have always considered devotedness to the fair sex the glory of ours, should have suffered a practice, so directly at variance with every feeling of common humanity, to prevail among them—those men, whose notions of gallantry, in the present day, are apt to carry them to so extravagant enthusiasm, that I have seen them at table take the shoe off the foot of the mistress of the house, drink wine out of it, and pass it round.

Journal of a Nobleman.

LUXURY OF A DOGESE.—In the year 1069, the Constantinopolitan fair one, who shared the crown of Dominico Silvio, Doge of Venice, carried her luxurious habits to such a pitch of refinement, that she banished the use of plain water from her toilet, and washed herself only with the richest and most fragrant medicated preparations. Her apartments were so saturated with perfumes, that those who were unaccustomed to such odours often fainted upon entering; and as the climax of sinful indulgence, in the inordinate pride of her evil heart, she refused to employ her fingers in eating, and never touched her meat unless with a golden fork. Her end was in miserable contrast with these Sybaritic manners. She was stricken with a sore disease, considered, no doubt, as an especial judgment; and her sufferings, which were long protracted, were of such a nature, as to excite rather the disgust than the pity of her attendants.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—Stebbing, in his lecture on Periodical Literature, thus speaks of the present system of reviewing by extracts:—"Whether the extracts be of a lighter or more serious nature, whether they are made from a work on philosophy or the last new novel, they are leaves taken from the great chronicle of the literary world; are impressed with the life and freshness of present feeling and sentiment; are specimens of the intellectual power to which the world is at the time bowing, and are fitted to teach a man in retirement with what success the work of mental improvement, or moral amelioration, is proceeding." H.B.A.

Customs of Various Countries.

THE CEREMONY OF PITCHERING.—This ludicrous ceremony is practised in the West Riding of Yorkshire, when a person goes to see his sweetheart the first time. It is performed thus:—One of the young inmates of the family takes a small pitcher and half fills it

with water; he then goes, attended by his companions, and, presenting it to the lover, demands a present in money. If he is disposed to give anything, he drops his contribution into the pitcher, and they retire without further molestation. He is thus made a free-man, and can quietly pay his visits in future, without being subject to any similar exaction. But, if after repeated demands, the lover refuse to pay his contribution, he is either saluted with the contents of the pitcher, or a general row ensues, in which the water is spilled and the pitcher broken. If any young and frolicsome neighbours should get an inkling of this visit, they will, for the sake of a little mirth, and to annoy the enamoured swain, frequently join in this ceremony.

Anecdotes.

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.—A few days since, L— left town in a great hurry for Brighton, where, passing along the Steyne, he met the king. His majesty, with his usual frank urbanity, accosted him as an old acquaintance. "Ah, L—, how are ye? what brings ye here? how long do ye stay?" L— replied, he came to see a sick relation, and was obliged to return the ensuing day. "Pooh, pooh, pooh," said his majesty, you must dine with me first." "Please your majesty, I am under the necessity of returning immediately." "Nonsense! come to-morrow. Sir Herbert, do you mind, L— does not go away without dining with me." L— whispered to Sir Herbert that it was quite impossible he could avail himself of the honour, for he was deficient in a certain article of dress. Sir Herbert overwhelmed poor L—, by at once informing his majesty of his reason for declining the honour, namely, that he had no breeches. "Nonsense—ceremony—stuff—let him come without—let him come without," said the king.

Litt. Gas.

SIR THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor of England, fell into disgrace with his sovereign, and was committed to the Tower, on which occasion the lieutenant of the Tower kindly made an apology for the diet, lodging, and accommodation, as unsuitable to the dignity of so great a man. "No apology, sir," replied the courtly prisoner, "I don't question but I shall like your accommodations very well; and if you once hear me complain, I give you free liberty to turn me out of doors." H.B.A.

MARCH OF SCIENCE.—The two most remarkable presents which have been recently made to his Majesty, are a light summer waistcoat, made of *Cast Iron*!

and a *New Testament*, of which the letters are in gold, and are impressed on porcelain paper.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, March 2.

St. Joacan, Bishop and Confessor.
High Water 24m after 4 Morn.—33m after 4 Afr.
March 2, 1719.—Anniversary of the decapitation of Count Gortz, Prime Minister of Sweden. Gortz was a native of Franconia, and an immediate Baron of the German Empire. Having rendered important services to Charles the Twelfth, while he was at Bender, he became afterwards the favourite and Prime Minister of that monarch. He had carried on intrigues in France, Holland, and this country. He undertook to reconcile Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth; and the great objects of all his plots and contrivances were to restore Stauslaus, King of Poland, and to place the Pretender on the throne of Great Britain. The unexpected death of Charles the 12th, who was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, rendered all those plans, which might have deluged Europe in blood, abortive. Gortz, who had exercised his ministerial power in a tyrannical and unconstitutional manner, was, on the death of Charles, immediately arrested, condemned by the senate, and executed.

Thursday, March 3.

St. Vinwalde, Abbot, died A.D. 529.
Sun rises 32m after 6—sets 29m after 5.

William Howitt, in his Calendar of Nature, thus pictures the present period of the year:—"March is a rude and sometime boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delights of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness, a burst of freshness and luxury of spirit, possesses us; and let fifty springs have broken upon us, this joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not boys? Do we not breathe by the power of awakened thoughts, into all the rapturous scenes of all our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil,—in the mossy bank,—the balmy air,—the voices of birds,—the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt only in childhood and spring."

Friday, March 4.

St. Roger, Confessor, 1236.
High Water, 26m after 5 Morn—41m after 5 Afr.

March 4, 1820.—Under this date, Marianne Colston, in her very amusing Journal of a Tour through France and Italy, makes the following observations on that monument of fallen greatness, the Roman Coliseum. "This structure is unquestionably the grandest monument of ancient Rome, and its vastness fills the traveller with astonishment and awe; but the mind is lost in amazement when we read in the historic page, that not only this colossal theatre, but likewise the Temple of Peace, the public baths, and the Arch of Titus, and many other edifices, public and private, were built of the demolished fragments of Nero's Golden House! It is scarcely necessary to advert to the well-known history of this celebrated ruin. It was built by order of Vespasian, and by the labours of twelve thousand Jewish captives, who were employed on this great work for many years. This amphitheatre was destined to the exhibition of mock naval battles, and particularly to the combats of wild beasts and gladiators. Thus we may reasonably imagine, that some of the unhappy slaves whose exertions had contributed to raise this mighty edifice, were destined as their recompense to expire within its walls, torn in pieces by beasts of prey."

In our next, 'The Spectre Mask,' and in No. 178, a fifth Tale of the Tapestry will appear. With this Number is published Part XLII. with four fine Original Engravings.

Saturday, March 5.

St. Adrian and Eubulus, Martyrs, A. D. 369.
Sun rises 28m after 6—sets 33m after 5.
March 5, 1597.—On this day was baptized at a *maison* in the Rue Montmorency, Paris, the son of the Constable, Duke of Montmorency. Henry IV. was a sponsor, and the Pope's legate officiated. "Such was the banquet," says St. Foix, "that all the cooks in Paris were employed eight days in making preparations. There were two sturgeons of an hundred ecus. The fish, for the most part, were sea-monsters, brought expressly from the coast. The fruit cost one hundred and fifty ecus, and such pearls were sent to table as could not be matched for an ecu each."

Sunday, March 6.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day, 39 chap. Genesis, morning.
42 chap. Genesis, Evening.

St. Chrodegang, B. of Metz, Conf. A.D. 766.
Moon's last Quarter, 11m after 5 morn.
On the Period called Spring.—"Spring," says Mr. Howard, "commences the 6th of the third month, March; its duration is 93 days, during which the medium temperature is elevated, in round numbers, from 40 to 53 degrees. The mean of the season is 48.94 deg.—the sun effecting, by his approach, an advance of 11.18 deg. upon the mean temperature of the winter. This increase is retarded in the fore part of the spring, by the winds from north to east then prevalent; and which form two-thirds of the complement of the season; but proportionately accelerated afterwards by the southerly winds, with which it terminates. A strong evaporation, in the first followed by showers, often with thunder and hail in the latter, characterise this period. The temperature commonly rises, not by a steady increase, from day to day, but by sudden starts, from the breaking in of sunshine upon previous cold cloudy weather. At such times, the vapour appears to be now and then thrown up, in too great plenty, into the cold region above; where, being suddenly decomposed, the temperature falls back for a while amidst wind, showers, and hail, attended, in some instances, with frost at night. Our own island suffers but little from hailstones, compared with the fine fields of some provinces of France, which from time immemorial have been subject to their destructive visits. Human ingenuity, always exercised, in one way or other, in an uncertain strife with the elements, has here, however, resorted to a bold and singular expedient, and the French actually blow up the nascent storm with gunpowder!" An account of this process practised in the high lands of the districts of the *Maronnais*, is given by Mr. Howard, as an appendix to one of his Meteorological Tables.

Monday, March 7.

St. Paul Anchorite.
High Water 13m after 7 Morn—41m after 7 Afr.
March 7, 1743.—The following curious fact is stated on the tomb-stone of James Parsous, who died on this day, and was buried at Teddington, "that he had often eaten a whole shoulder-of-mutton, and a peck of hasty pudding."

Tuesday, March 8.

St. Rosa of Viterbo, V. A.D. 1261.
Sun rises 22m after 6—sets 39m after 5.
"March 8, 1830.—Expired J. F. Klose, a musical professor and composer of some eminence, born in London. He studied music under the celebrated Francesco Tonich, and was a member of most of the orchestras in London. As a composer, his chief excellence consisted in ballads of a pathetic and sentimental cast, of which his catalogue is very numerous. Lord Byron's *Adam*, *adieu my native Land*, and Lady Lamb's *Canst thou bid my heart forget*, have always been especial favourites
Time's Tel. 1831.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, March 12, 1831.



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Illustrated Article.

THE SPECTRE MASK.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

For the Olio.

ITALY has ever been the land of romance ; the events in her history have far exceeded the wildest pictures of imagination ; her legends are as numerous as they are dark and wild, and although the fiction-mongers of this age are supposed to have overstepped the bounds of probability or possibility, many scenes have occurred in that beautiful country, which in the relation cannot receive additional intensity from the pen of the poet or the novelist.—Much, however, of the romantic in Italy has passed away for ever. The days of the gay Petrarch and his Laura—of the stern Dante and his real or imaginary* Beatrice—of Ariosto and Tasso

and Boccaccio are gone ! The names alone are left of Sforza and Medici, and the proud nobles of Italy have, alas ! but feeble representatives in their descendants.

Italy has always been the theatre of luxury and crime, and the gross superstition of a portion of her children has been shewn in disgusting relief by the monstrous excesses of the rest. Still it would be ungenerous to assert that truth and honour dwell not in Italy, or that her sons were born for dupes and slaves : a recent event has, in some degree, retrieved the national character, and proved her worthy of those mighty legions who once carried dismay and terror even into England herself. But, to our tale.

my unbelief of Dante's attachment at such an early age, even allowing for the climate of his country : the story may match with that of a modern biographer, whose hero had evidently read the Italian poet until he fancied that he, too, had formed an "early attachment." We should not always look to poets for veracity : they are men of imagination, and sometimes get strange crotchets into their heads. There are many people who repeat a lie so often, that they at length believe it to be truth.

* Some have given it as their opinion, that Dante referred to Theology when he spoke of his mistress ; Lord Byron, however, calls it a "commentator's fantasy," and he is, doubtless, right. I must, nevertheless, venture to state

It was a still and cloudless night; not a breath stirred the leaves of the huge trees that shadowed the elegant villa of the Count Minotti on the Lake of Como, when two figures were seen to emerge from a private door that led into the garden surrounding the house, and descend the stone steps to a little boat, in the stern of which sat a figure muffled in a large coarse cloak. Perceiving their approach, the man who occupied the boat immediately arose, and assisted the cavalier and his companion, a female of stately form and features of great beauty, to descend, which they did in silence, and entered the boat, which was immediately pushed off. There was no moon to add beauty and effect to the scene, but the heavens were studded with innumerable stars, and the clear blue lake reflected their more intensely blue rays, whilst the lights from the windows of the different dwellings that skirted the shores were reflected in long lines of gold, and the distant bark of the watch-dogs alone broke the stillness of the night. Not a word was spoken by either party, until the boat reached the middle of the lake, when the lady, laying her small white hand on the shoulder of the cavalier, looked earnestly in his face for some moments.

"Dearest Vincenzo," said she, "why so moody and thoughtful? Yon evening star shines as brightly as on that night you wooed and won my poor heart; but," she continued, mournfully, "you are changed, ay, changed, and now scarcely vouchsafe a word."

"Yes," replied he who was thus addressed, as he cast from his shoulders the cloak in which he was muffled, "I have words for thy ear to-night which may not be pleasing,—Marina, thou hast outlived my love! Hast thou no prayer ready? for here I shall absolve myself from the vow my folly made thee."

The lady stared wildly at her husband, for he was no less, and then attempted to clasp him round the neck.

"Dear, dear lord," she said in supplicating accents, "what dreadful deed dost thou meditate? Think, oh, in mercy, think of what you would do!—Have I offended?—have I said or done aught to—"

"Peace!" muttered her stern and cruel partner, forcibly removing her arms—"Peace, I say, and pray for thy soul, for thou hast not ten minutes to live!"

The lady fell on her knees before her

merciless lord, and in a frantic manner besought him to have pity, but the fiend had steeled his heart, and he harshly bade her prepare for death; when the tone of his victim suddenly changed, and no longer a suppliant, she vehemently upbraided him for his cruelty.

"Vincenzo," said she, as her dark eye flashed wrathfully, "I am in thy power, but my friends will avenge me! I ask thee not for life, for I know thy purpose is deadly; but dread the vengeance of my family, who will demand me at thy hands."

The Count, deigning no other reply than a low and inarticulate malediction, made a sign to his attendant, who immediately rising seized the lady by the arms.

"Hurl her into the lake, Jacopo," said Minotti; and the words had scarcely passed his lips, when their victim, forced, in spite of her struggles, over the side of the boat, fell with a faint shriek and a heavy splash into the water; but she almost immediately rose to the surface, and the Count, seizing an oar, endeavoured to stun her by a blow on the head. The stroke was ill-directed and missed the wretched Countess, who, seizing the oar with both hands, supported herself for a few moments, and thus addressed her cruel husband:—

"Vincenzo Minotti, thy days are numbered—God shall judge thee for this deed—I summon thee to appear before his tribunal ere the moon is out!"

As she uttered these words, the Countess sunk beneath the waters of the lake, and her destroyer instantly directed his attendant to return to the villa.

Remorse never touched the breast of Minotti, who was as subtle as he was revengeful and cruel: he soon spread it abroad that his wife had eloped from him, and the tale was believed, for he had previously circulated stories of her infidelity.

Three weeks and more had passed, when a nobleman on the opposite side of the lake gave a splendid fête, to which many were invited, and among the rest the Count Minotti. The entertainment concluded with a masquerade, and Minotti was the gayest of the gay throng. During the evening he had attentively regarded a lady of exquisite beauty, and he now endeavoured to enter into conversation with the object of his admiration, whom he recognized in spite of her mask and domino; but the lady was coy, and replied to all the

fond things he addressed to her with provoking coldness, and Minotti more than once felt his wrath almost master his ardour. If he handed the beautiful mask an ice, she modestly but haughtily excused herself, and the Count in vain begged that she would partake of some slight refreshment, without which she could not possibly support herself through the evening. Some of the company were in the gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated by innumerable lamps that mocked the stars above them, and song, dance and sprightly conversation were not lacking.

The lovely mask at length appeared to listen to the conversation of her admirer, and at his earnest entreaty consented to accompany him into the garden. As they passed down one of the most shaded walks, Minotti pressed his suit with still greater warmth.

"Dearest lady," said he, "excuse a little gentle force, and let me remove that envious vizor from your lovely face."

His companion made no reply, and Minotti, construing her silence as an assent, playfully raised the mask from the lady's face,—but, oh, horror! what did he behold!—the pale countenance of his murdered wife, who regarded him with a look so fearful, that his very blood was chilled, and his knees bent under him.

"Vincenzo!" said the spectre, laying her cold clammy hand on his, and looking him earnestly in the face, "behold thy wife!"

The Count heard no more; he recoiled from the apparition, and with a gasp fell senseless to the ground. He was discovered a short time after by some of the company in a death-like state, from which, though attended by the most skilful physicians, he did not recover until the morning, when he begged those who attended him to send for a confessor, to whom he unfolded what had occurred; but the remembrance of the scenes in which he had been an actor operated so strongly on his shattered nerves, that fit after fit succeeded, and ere the evening bell had rung, the guilty soul of Count Vincenzo Minotti had fled for ever!

ALEPH.

THE BROKEN HEART. (A BALLAD.)

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.
For the *Olio*.

"Tis said she Italy's pin'd and died
Beneath Italia's sun;
With the lone, with'rd, broken heart,
That early love had won:

She never spoke of bright hours past,
In suffering girlish whim,
The trembling tear in secret told,
She ever thought of him.

They tried the lure of splendour's glare,
The revel, dance and song,
She smil'd upon the light, gay hearts,
That made each giddy throng:
But, oh! that smile was chill despair,
Her once bright eye grew dim;
Her girlish heart was breaking there,
For love, alone, of him.

No lily droop'd so fair as she
Upon its trembling stem,
And yet she never said or look'd
A sad reproach to them.
She knew *THEY* ne'er should meet again,
She felt each falling limb,
Still, in the silent, starry night,
She sigh'd a pray'r for him.

Too late they saw, and tried to keep
Their victim from the grave;
For, ah! she felt she ne'er again
Should cross the far blue wave:
With angel look she ne'er repin'd,
But welcom'd death so grim;
Then, ere she died, she fondly breath'd
A blessing last on him!

Temple Place, Blackfriars.

THE PIXIES.

For the *Olio*.

FAIRIES, bogles, wraiths, and Ben-shée, have each been celebrated in the writings of the most popular authors of the day, and their manners, offices, and adventures, are familiar among people remote from the districts of their appearances, furnishing abundant instruction and amusement to those who feel at all interested in the stories of "days lang syne;" while the *small people* (they sometimes go by that name) which I will endeavour to introduce to the world, have not had the good fortune to appear before the public, except in their own immediate neighbourhood, and lately, from want of support, they have even almost entirely deserted and disappeared from their hereditary estates, the wilds of Devon, and Cornwall. Not very long ago, the Pixies were frequently seen enjoying themselves in the moonbeam, and merrily footing away among the druidical remains which yet exist in the secluded and romantic valleys of the county of Cornwall. From some unknown reason, perhaps the march of that overwhelming giant, Intellect, their visits are now much less frequent; and some bold infidels have even gone so far as to doubt if any such beings ever existed. They have said, that this is one of those popular superstitions of antiquity which have descended from age to age,

from people to people, cherished and regarded as sacred in the midst of thousands of vicissitudes, and when things of much greater import have been entirely effaced from memory. They call this a peopling of wild and romantic places with the creatures of imagination and fancy, associating with them ideas of sanctity effectually to restrain the rude and uncultivated swain from intruding on these supposed haunts of a race of superior beings. I only wish one of these scoffers of good old opinions would have the fortune to fall in with a Pixy on a dark, cold, frosty night in January, and if he does not get cured of his infidelity, then I will be content to be laughed at, by every one who may feel disposed to use his risible muscles at my expense.

I do not scruple to confess that at one time I was among the unbelievers; and should, perhaps, have been so to this day, if some kind old friends had not interested themselves in my welfare, and pointed out the absurdity of my want of belief on so serious a subject; above many others, I must mention my old friend Jemmy Bants, as to him I am indebted for my being firmly established in the orthodox faith of the Pixies.

One fine moonlight night, Jemmy, myself, and another, were placed on board a Dutch smuggling cutter, which had been detained (on suspicion) by one of his Majesty's Revenue cruisers; the month was November, and the wind, blowing a stiff breeze from the northward. We were stowed away in the little fore-castle about four feet by four, and a set of villanous looking Anglo-Dutchmen occupied the whole accommodation in the after part of the vessel. From the nature of our business, we could not sleep, and we passed the whole of the first night talking of hair-breadth escapes from storm and tempest, battle, and some of the jolly freaks of a man-of-war's-man's life, intermixed with many a tale of olden time, and of the Pixies, and among them was the following:—

Jemmy had been on liberty to see some friends in the western part of the county, and was returning to his ship at Plymouth, when at the snug little town of Lostwithiel, being a droughty soul, he hove-to at a little public-house just to whet his whistle; whether the ale or the company enticed him, is a matter of no consequence; perhaps 'twas both; but pint after pint was dispatched, and from one thing to the other,

the conversation rambled, till at last it was absorbed in a violent dispute about the Pixies. My old comrade was staunch in the faith at first starting, but so positive were the assertions to the contrary of his opinion, that in the end he wavered very much from his former belief, and I may say he was among the doubters: unfortunate wight! from what followed that night, he was more than ever confirmed in his original ideas. The company broke up, and Jemmy prepared to recommence his journey, but on reaching the bridge over the Fowey, his attention was attracted by the music of a nightingale, who was singing his night song of love in a bush at a short distance. This was so new to Jem, that he could not, in the delight of the moment, forbear speaking aloud his admiration of it.

"A very fine song that," said he.

"Yes, a very fine song," was uttered by some one close to his side, and looking down he espied a little curious personage, with a physiognomy, which he told me it would be impossible to describe; it was a face irresistibly comic, and which, at the same time, preserved a gravity utterly at variance with his laughter-moving countenance; his dress, too, was in a fashion very peculiar, and like nothing that my old friend had ever seen before—it was so uncommonly fine. Jemmy stared for a moment at this unexpected companion, he did not half like to be so intruded on, but thought he might as well be civil, and so wishing him good night, proceeded on his way. Scarcely had he gone a quarter of a mile, when on the road side, a few yards a-head, he discovered the same little being,—who could this strange fellow be, and how he contrived to pass him without being observed, quite bewildered his senses.

"Good night," said Jem, once more, and walked stoutly on to shew his valour; another mile, and there was again his tormentor; this was too much to bear, and up he walked determined to know who this little fellow was.

"Holloa, my hearty, where d'y'e come from, and where are you bound?" asked Jem, with a voice mighty big.

"Where do I come from, is it you that asks, Jemmy Bant!" said the little man, "what were ye talking about just now in the public house, Master Jemmy? and in that company, too, I'll tell ye, speaking so disrespectfully about me and mine." (Sure enough, now said Jem to himself, and this is one of the *Pixies*.)

"I did not mean to speak any thing disrespectful," said Jem, "and if I did, I ask your honour's pardon for it."

"Well then, Maister Jem, you'll remember me, that's all—and so, good night and a pleasant journey to you," and out of sight he was in a whisper.

Released from his company, Jemmy did not wait to be told twice to proceed—on he went, but by some means or other, the devil a bit did he get forward on his journey; there was right and left, up and down, making circles, semi-circles, and curved lines, any thing but straight forward; what ailed him, he could not imagine, and most marvellously he stared about him to find himself after an hour's hard toiling by the side of the river Fowey, from which he imagined he was at that time some miles distant. All at once, with his old tormentor, he saw a troop of the small people coming towards him; without giving a moment's respite, they began with

"How d'y'e find yourself, my old boy?"

"Mighty bad do I find myself, if that's any comfort to ye," said Jem: "I thought his honour there, that good-looking little gentleman, wished me good night and a pleasant journey, just now; and a pleasant journey I've made of it, sure enough."

To this expletive succeeded a roar of laughter; complaint he found useless; they flattered about, playing all sorts of Merry-Andrew-like tricks, and making faces at him—such faces! Jemmy declared 'twould have made his fortune could he but have taken a mould of some of their features, and sent them as patterns to the Brass Knocker Manufacturers at Birmingham, the demand for them would be universal; no one would ever attempt to knock at a door with such an appendage in a passion; the first glimpse would set him in a roar, and, by the time the door was opened, all his ill-humour would have vanished. At last, tired with their fun, they offered to place poor Jem once more in the right road, and on they went, at a smart pace; but still the love of frolic was unsatisfied; there was something still wanting as a finish; when one of them contrived most adroitly to tumble him into a ditch, and with shouts of derision there they left him.

Fatigued with his night's adventure, with scarce power to move, there he lay, and was soon fast asleep: when the morning sun, with its bright rays darting in his face, woke him up, where

should he find himself, but snug in a corner within a few yards of Lostwithiel Bridge. The whole truth now flashed on his mind: the Pixies, offended, had led him this jaunt to convince him of their existence, and how dangerous it was to meddle in those affairs which were above his comprehension, and, from that day, he would never suffer any one to speak against the small people without telling them of this adventure, and warning them of the consequences. Some wicked disposed persons, to torment Jem, have reported that, intoxicated with the ale he had drank in the public-house, he had fallen asleep on the bridge, and the whole was a dream; but this my old friend would never allow, (certain it was, he bore evident marks of his fall, being bruised and scratched all over), and upon the honour of an old sailor he declared to me, the whole was a fact. I have heard him tell the same story several times without variation, and so thoroughly am I convinced of its truth, that I have no scruple of conscience in giving to the world this adventure of the Pixies. F. S. C.

ENVY AND SLANDER.

For the Olio.

"How innocent is he who takes a life,
Compared with him who takes from life
Its brightest jewel,—a spotless reputation."

If there is anything that indicates a bad heart, it is a slanderous tongue. A slanderer is worse than an assassin, for to destroy the character of another is to blast all his hopes and drive him to despair. Envy is the parent of slander, and it is rare indeed that envious persons do not attempt to injure the character of those who have excited their envy. Yet, it may be said, envy is common to all: true, but it will not rest a moment in the breast of a wise or good man. None but those who are insensible to the finer feelings of our nature, will encourage for a moment this most hateful of all human passions. How many have been rendered miserable through life, in consequence of the slander of a few old gossips in a village! One of the worst traits which foreigners may discover in us is a love of scandal; and, if there is any one bold enough to deny this assertion, I will refer to the public prints, many of which offer, as a bait to their readers, a *dish of scandal*! It may be said by some, that those whose characters are irreproachable cannot be assailed by slanderous attacks; but

I deny this,—I have known those whose lives and actions might serve as a pattern to their neighbours, suffer weeks of torment in consequence of hearing that they had been the subjects of a scandalous story.

Our ancestors provided a proper punishment for those who endeavoured to blast the characters of their neighbours; but it is to be regretted, that the trouble and inconvenience of instituting a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court should deter many from vindicating themselves and bringing to justice their mean and dastardly enemies. I have no hesitation in saying that the slanders uttered at some tea-tables have hurried many to a premature grave, whilst not a few have been deprived of their reason by the scandal of their fiend-hearted revilers.

B.

THE FLOWER AND THE QUARRY.

For the Olio.
BY HORACE GUILFORD.

Two gems I stole from Farness Fane,
Two gems I stole away,
A coloured tile—a costly flower,
A relic of its glorious hour,
An heir of its decay.

The theft of each was sacrilege,
But different far their doom;
The plant I bear away with me
Will die of the indignity,
But those I left behind will be
Each year in nobler bloom.

The quarry with its varnish'd dyes,
Gives to my cabinet a prize
Enshrined in beauty's bow'r.
While its companions will remain,
Decay with the decaying Fane,
Find foes in sunshine and in rain,
And perish every hour.

The plant—a child of light and air—
Brooks not the cabinet tho' rare,
Distinguish'd but to die;
The pavement, plundered of its roof,
Gleaming in gilded hues aloof,
Is left to fade beneath the proof
Of an unshielded sky.

Oh! if some cowl'd Cistercian shade
Frown o'er the pavement disarray'd,
Let him forgive the stroke;
Since the same hand from yonder wall,
This plant, whose roots each shaft enthrall,
Whose flow'rs mock'd each wreath'd capital,
And triumph in the temple's fall,
From its proud station broke.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROMANCE WRITER.

For the Olio.

ALAS, poor Jones! most prolific of romance writers! meekest follower of A. K. Newman and Co. thou art no more! and I would not that one word of this effusion should be construed into ungentle sarcasm towards thy men dry,

or into that which might not be said in good-natured eulogy over thy transatlantic grave.

Who of those who knew Jones can ever forget him? Talk of Scott as a voluminous writer,—why, half a dozen chapters a day, or a two-volume tale a week, was nothing with him. He was a walking epitome of horrid prose; a wholesale manufacturer of mystic terrors; and, like a true dealer, he always carried with him some samples of his trade. His pockets were not adequate to the containing of his lucubrations, and he had habitual recourse to his hat as a depositary for his paper treasures. It was hazardous for him to sally forth on a windy day without strings to his bonnet; for a sudden gust was enough to carry away his toppling “knowledge-box,” and strew the street with his labours. Had any one offended him, trivially or grossly, the way to conciliation and forgiveness was through the commendation and applause bestowed upon his labours. The road to his pocket lay through the same deceptive medium, and many a knave has extorted a crown and a dinner from Jones by listening, with interesting-looking phiz, to the reading of his romances. In the disposal of the chivalric personages of his creative brain, he was often considerably puzzled; for he so multiplied the actors at the outset of a tale, that it defied all his ingenuity, ere he ended, to dispose of them decently: hence I have known his heroes of one narrative described as committing suicide in all possible modes; and many a time has he had “one left,” confessing that he knew not to what end to bring him. I had apartments in the same house with him at Walworth; my bedroom, lucklessly, joined his. With the familiarity of an irreprovable acquaintance did he, night after night, enter my dormitory, and insist upon dosing me with “a new chapter” of his new novel or romance; and manœuvre as I might, it was impossible for me to escape.—But the most torturing of my rencontres with his authorship was after I had quietly settled myself down in bed, with the soothing prospect of sleeping soundly after a day of fatiguing business, when Jones would enter, with his usual expression of—“I hope you are not sleepy to-night, Fred, are you?—I will just run over to you my new chapter, describing the horrible adventures of the crimson knight in traversing the one hundred and fifty dungeons of—” “Oh! Jones, I am quite indisposed—

another evening," I would reply, literally shaking in my bed. "Nonsense, man; I know you will be delighted: the reading will take but two hours—here begins." Then ensued the crazy whirl of the distracted imagination through gloomy forests, dismantled castles, spectre-haunted chambers, armour-invested halls, and charnel-house prisons, with all the dread accompaniment of ponderous clocks pointing to the "witching" hour of twelve; walking skeletons, grasping the hand of the quailing adventurer with their rattling fingers; awful mysteries of discovered corpses, festering in iron shrouds, in the atmosphere of mortal decay, tainted by

"The breath
Of rank corruption from the jaws of death;" doors concealed in panels, leading upwards, over broken stairs, to darkened turrets, lit by narrow windows, across which the cloud-veiled moon was beheld sailing; oaken floors, stained by blood which defied erasure; suits of mail, dropping at midnight from the rusty nails which held them, their steely concussion reverberating through the charmed building.—Nay, I must here pause for breath, for I cannot recite the *whole* of my friend's catalogue of horrors, on hearing a wearying chapter of which I have insensibly sunk to slumber, my dreams as appalling as were those detailed in the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." Jones's voice would gradually subside into monotony; and all at once he would exclaim, in a voice like that of a Scandinavian bear, "Why, Fred, you are asleep! d—n it, man, just at the most particular point,—where Edmund follows the phantom warder, finds the coffin of the countess, and takes from it her golden crucifix—the very cream of the story—and you are asleep!"

"No, no; I am *not*, Jones; go on—I was impressed by your description of the earthquake; so you *thought* I was asleep!"

"Earthquake!—why, I have not mentioned such a thing! I'll fold down the leaf a dozen pages back, Fred, and commence to-morrow night—you should not miss it for the world!"

And this, complaisant reader, is a specimen of my once nightly annoyance by my friend Jones!

He went to America, forswore romance, turned politician, and edited a newspaper. Not long ago I heard of his death, and could not help shedding a tear; for Jones, maugre the *cacoethes*

scribendi with which he was troubled, was a good sort of being—his chief folly consisting in believing every one to be as earnest, open-hearted and candid as himself.

G. Y. H.

A DAY'S ADVENTURES IN THE INTERIOR OF BRASIL.

THE road between Sucuruh and the Diamond Washeries, at the source of the brook Calhao, was fatiguing and dangerous. We lost our way among the innumerable wood-clad hillocks. Everything around us had a foreign aspect, and filled the mind with apprehension. The thick forest looked like one wide grave, for the dry season had stripped both its foliage and blossoms: here and there, indeed, some parasitical flower appeared, but, in general, the huge stems upreared themselves quite naked, waving their giant branches amid the dark blue ether. The thorny acacia grew beside the capivi, with its interlaced branches; and, more striking than either, the chorisia, slender where it springs from the ground and at the summit, but half-way up swollen like a tun, showed its corky rind. Myriads of ants' nests hung upon these trees, many of which were several feet in thickness, their black colour contrasting forcibly with the clear grey of the leafless branches. The unwonted forms of armadillos and ant-eaters met our eyes at every step, and the sloths hung stupidly dreaming on the branches of the ambamba. Occasionally a huge snake would cross our path, and disappear amid the underwood. The harsh screams of periquitos sounded through the sun-dried wood, and herds of the lowing ape were heard in the distance.

Our path led us two several times across the heights, which were only covered with brushwood, and whence we obtained a view over the monotonous and seemingly endless wilderness. When we descended the second time, the sun went down; and, as the sudden darkness fell upon us, we remarked, by the anxiety of our guide, that he had lost his way.

At this perplexing moment, he discovered, in a glen on one side of our road, the house of a family with which he was acquainted, and advised us to seek shelter there during the night. He added, reluctantly, "You had better ride on before, gentlemen; for if the son were to see me first, he would think I came to apprehend him for the mur-

der of his brother, lately perpetrated by him." A cold shudder past through our frames, as we approached the house. An old man, bent more with grief than age, around whose venerable countenance hung long locks of snow-white hair, received us; affirming, in tremulous accents, that he and his maniac daughter were alone in the house. As soon as we had satisfied him regarding the object of our visit, and the guide had ventured to approach, he broke out into passionate wailing, cursing his sons, another of whom, we now learned, had, a few years before, murdered his uncle in a fit of jealousy. We recoiled with horror from the idea of passing the night in this house of blood and grief; and desired our guide to reconduct us into the unstained solitude of the forest. The old man showed us the path which led to the high-road, and, after riding a short way, we arrived at the hut of a deserted cotton plantation.

We soon kindled a large fire. The fatigues of the sultry day had exhausted us, and yet we could not sleep. The image of the unhappy old man haunted us. The guide, too, did his best to keep us awake, by telling us stories of murders, which, according to his account, were of such frequent occurrence in the thinly-peopled district of Minas Novas, that in one year he had counted seven-and-twenty, and in another eighteen. He observed that the Portuguese emigrants more frequently experienced depravity among their children than the native Brasilians; and sought to explain this by their neglect to impress upon them, at an early age, the necessity of a strict morality in their intercourse with the slaves.

Something was yet wanted to sum up the horrors of the day. We had scarcely fallen asleep, when we were again roused by a violent crackling in the fire, and a peculiar sound, something betwixt a snort and a whistle. We seized our fire-arms, and were about to leave the hut; but our more experienced guide anxiously detained us, pointing to an immense snake, which, with infuriated bounds and writhings, sought to hurl the firebrands asunder. It was the surucucu, the strongest of Brazilian poisonous snakes, and on this account doubly terrible in a nightly visit. We fired several times at the monster, but did not dare, when it became still, to seek it in the darkness. Next morning it was nowhere to be found. The horses, which we had left over-night with their fore feet bound together,

stood timidly huddled together at the edge of the wood, whence they had in all probability observed the approach of our dangerous visitant.

Edin. Lit. Jour.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK: A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

Continued from p. 139.

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Miss Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripple-gate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern: a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak: she addressed him, by exclaiming, "Late, Sir!"

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Miss Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper—"I cannot do it."

"God gi' me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot—anything but that!"

"Anything but that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all!—of me? Nay, come, dearest Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing be-

hind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbours and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer," and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as

confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which, in falling, he had borne down out of his slayer's hands, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years, he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head Alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence in person, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose; it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependant on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about

a week before the murder in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him. The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark; as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and, in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began,—

“I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death.”

“Bah! bah! And pray how know you that he is innocent?”

“By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer.—Lambert's murderer stands before you!”

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him

on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said—“No; with your leave, Sir.”

“No; with my leave, Sir! What, mean ye to murder me, with my leave, Sir?”

“I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one.”

He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her: and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him; his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards's house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps! he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse

had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus—

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold, and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain: it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought thee to thy master's court-yard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter; but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time, perhaps, to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lanthorn hanging on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop,

hurried hither—I am not too late—to—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell, Simon started up from the chair, and said, "Ay, I am your prisoner now."

"Yes, Sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Geoffrey! Williams! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin! Ralph! there's your prisoner, Sir," he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot: he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his Father. *Month. Mag.*

Illustrations of History.

MAGIC SPELLS. — Magic spells and imprecations were authenticated by Seutonius, and practised by the ancients with impunity. In the case of the death of Germanicus, livid spots appeared all over the body; and when it was com-

mitted to the flames, the heart remained entire, being, according to the general opinion, proof against fire when tainted with poison. La Bletterie says, "he has been told by English gentlemen, that the heart of Cranmer was, in like manner, spared by the flames;"—but if the fact were so, he is not willing to attribute it to the operation of poison, since it is not probable that Queen Mary, who ordered that prelate to be burnt at Oxford, poisoned him before he was publicly executed.

THE ÆDILES REGISTER.—Women of inferior rank were allowed, in ancient times, to exempt themselves from the penalties of the law by entering themselves as prostitutes in the Register of the Ædiles. This custom, which began in the reign of Tiberius, must have been considered, however, as adopted by women of illustrious birth.

ETYMON OF DOMINUS.—The word *dominus* implied, at first, the *master of slaves*. Tiberius knew how to mask his arbitrary power under the mild but deceitful import of republican names. He was used to say, "I am the general of the army, the first of senators, and lord and master of my slaves only."—In some time after, when the fathers expressed an inclination to give the name of Tiberius to the month of November, "What will you do," said he, "when you have a thirteenth emperor?"—Notwithstanding this, the word *dominus* grew into use as a term of respect to a superior. Seneca says, "when we meet a person whose name we do not remember, we salute him by the title of *dominus*. Martial calls the edict of the emperor, the edict of our *lord*, our *master*, our *god*. Almost every one of Pliny the younger's letters runs in the style of a man addressing his *lord* and *master*. *Domine* is repeated, till the reader, who knows the epistolary style of the ancient Romans, turns from it with disgust.

GEMONIÆ SCALE.—The *Gemoniæ Scale* were a flight of steps at the bottom of the Capitoline Hill, where the bodies of malefactors were exposed, and then dragged by a hook fixed in the throat, and thrown into the Tiber.

ORIGIN OF BEING OUT ON BAIL.—There were at Rome four different ways of detaining the accused in custody, viz. the common jail; commitment to a military guard; commitment to the care of the consuls, or other magistrates, in their own houses; and, lastly, security for the person's appearance, which is what we call *being out upon bail*.

LONDONIANS.

LONDON IN THE SAXON TIMES.—We learn from a circumstance mentioned in the laws of Athelstan, than in his reign London maintained the rank of the first city in the Empire. Upon the occasion of the general coinage which took place throughout the realm, eight moneyers were appointed for London, six for Canterbury, and a smaller number for several other cities.

CURIOUS STATUTE OF ATHELSTAN.—During the sway of this monarch, a remarkable statute was passed, which had for its sole aim the encouragement of commerce. He ordained that a merchant of London, who had made three long sea voyages on his own account, should be entitled to the quality of Thane, or nobleman.

ORIGIN OF THE REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY.—At the close of the reign of Canute, we first find the citizens of London represented at a Wittenagemote, summoned at Oxford, on no less a national occasion than the choice of a successor. Those who attended on behalf of the city, are termed in the Saxon Chronicle, "the Lithsmen*" of London; an expression not easily translated at the present day, though probably meaning merchants: at all events, we may suppose them to have been the men who possessed the highest civic dignity at that period. R. J.

The Note-book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-pook,
M. W. of Windsor.

CARAVANSERAIs, in the East, never implied the idea which we attach to an inn; they consist merely of an empty house, where you are permitted to lodge, and are endowed with a certain sum to keep them in repair. All the accommodation in them is of the traveller's own procuring: his bed, provisions, and kitchen utensils, are carried along with him; and, in a country so much infested by the tyger, and by wandering robbers, even the protection of a house is deemed no small comfort. Forster is the only European who contented himself with the simple fare of the native caravanserai. When this inn is not to be had, the disconsolate

* According to Lye's Gothic Dictionary, the term here used is derived from a Saxon word, implying *navigare*, which is very frequently used in a mercantile sense by the Saxon writers. Maitland and Northwich, in their History of London, have rendered *Lithsmen* by *mariners*.

traveller shelters himself under the shade of some tree; under the same roof he also turns aside to avoid those sudden and tremendous storms of rain, hail, and thunder, which prevail during the hot months of April and May.

THE CASTLE OF ALENCON.—Louis the Eleventh narrowly escaped death on paying a visit to the Duke of Alencon, at this castle. He was entering at the head of his suite through the principal door, when a large stone, detached from the battlements by a page who happened to be there playing with a girl, fell immediately in front of him. The tyrant saw that he had been within an inch of the grave; but, being unable to punish the youth for what he was compelled to consider an accident, he pretended to discover in it a miraculous interference of Providence, and, taking up the stone with much appearance of piety, carried it in procession to Mount St. Michael beyond Avranches.

THE ELEPHANT.—The taking of this animal, in Hindoostan, is attended with considerable difficulty, and sometimes with danger. A number of the natives are employed driving them or frightening them, by lighting fires, in a plain which is intended to be the scene of their captivity. Here there is a large inclosure, leading to others of smaller dimensions, till, at last, they are pushed into one so narrow, that it will neither admit of their turning backwards, nor allow them to proceed. To facilitate this progress, they make use of females already tamed, who entice them forwards by signs too unambiguous to be misunderstood. The Elephant is no sooner secured in his narrow cell, than ropes are gradually wreathed around his body and legs, which preclude the possibility and danger of his escape. By feeding and gentle usage, he, in a short time, admits his keeper with great complacency: thus the sagacity of the elephant induces him to submit with a good grace to a bondage which a cunning, superior to his own, has put it out of his power to avoid. The India Company are supplied with these useful animals by a contract with certain individuals, who make it their business to pursue and capture them. What is remarkable with them is, that those which are taken old are more perfectly tamed than the young. The latter, from the smallness of their size, and the consequent impotence of their resentment, are indulged in playful familiarities with their keepers, which neither the sluggishness of age, nor the maturity of

their faculties, can ever afterwards induce them to lay aside. The account of this animal given by Abul Fazil, is founded on more ample experience than that of any of our naturalists, and would have furnished M. De Buffon with more accurate knowledge than he seems to have possessed on this subject. The natural life of the elephant he states to be an hundred and twenty years; the female goes with young eighteen lunar months; in general she has but one at a birth, but sometimes two. The young one suckles five years, after which time it feeds upon vegetables. At every ten years of its growth it undergoes some change, and has a different name; the price rising from 100, to 10,000 rupees.

R. J.

COURAGE, separated from piety, is not courage, but madness. A complete hero has not only that patriotism, and that imperious sense of duty, before which danger vanishes, but that reverential fear of God, which excludes from the heart every other fear—that testimony of a good conscience, which strips death of his terrors—that faith which looks to a brighter recompense than sovereigns can bestow. Such a warrior might fall, but he would fall in glory; and were the drops of heaven the only tears that bedewed his unburied head, his immortal spirit is safe with his redeemer in Paradise. H.B.A.

LATIMER resigned his bishopric in 1539, on the passing of the "Bloody Act," and retired to his friend Crammer's dwelling. On the accession of Edward the Sixth, he was not restored to the bishopric, but was appointed preacher to the court. In this situation he acquitted himself with incredible intrepidity, sparing neither the profligate minister, the partial judge, the indolent priest, nor even the misguided infant king.

H B. A.

Customs of Various Countries.

GOOD FRIDAY IN NORMANDY.—It is chiefly from the manner in which a nation celebrates the mysteries and performs the ceremonies of its religion, that foreigners, in general, judge of the force and fervency of its piety; and, although I think that nothing can be positively inferred from these things, I am still persuaded, that a careful observation of them may aid us materially in forming our judgment of a people. Good Friday being one of the most holy days of the year in every Christian country, I was curious to discover how it was observed

by the Normans, and walked in to Caen early in the morning. I had been previously informed, that the calvaries were hung with black, in token of the mourning of the land, and that great preparations were making to render the ceremonies of the day peculiarly striking and effective. On approaching the city, I was strongly reminded of an English Sabbath, for a dead silence reigned on all sides. On the road there were extremely few people; none, indeed, but a knot of female peasants hastening to mass, and two or three workmen who imagined themselves too poor to keep a single holiday in the year. On Sundays, the air is alive with the music or the noise of a thousand bells, calling the faithful to prayer; but, on this day, nothing of the kind was heard: in fact, no bells are rung during the last three days of this holy week. On entering the town, however, it became evident that, though the church may be extremely desirous to cause its holidays to be observed, the disposition of the people, seconded by the spirit of the government, prevailed. The hour of divine service had begun; but the shops of all kinds were open, waggons were driving to and fro, and the every day business of life, in all its details, was going on as upon ordinary occasions. Even at the very doors of the churches, the devotees of business were shuffling those of religion, with as perfect an indifference as if they had been of a totally different faith, which, perhaps, they were.—The church of St. Jean, lying exactly in my way, was the first that I entered. Here the service was considerably advanced: the people were thronging towards the eastern end of the building, where the priests, in considerable numbers, were chanting the service aloud. The altar, I observed, was hung with black, the priests were dressed in the same colour, and all the pictures and images, wont to be worshipped on other days, were now covered with red or crimson cloth, in remembrance of the shedding of the blood of Christ. Behind the altar, in a small chapel, was a tomb, representing that in which the body of Christ was laid by his disciples: it was very tastefully constructed and decorated, and hung with crimson curtains fringed with white. About the railings which separate the choir from the nave, there was a continual thronging and ebbing away of people, which strongly excited my curiosity, and, placing myself among those who were crowding with anxious

towards the spot, I soon unravelled,

the mystery: the object of their eager devotion was to kiss a little silver image of Christ fastened upon a cross of ebony. The priest, who presented it to the lips of the devotees successively, carried a small white napkin in his other hand, to wipe the mouth of the image after every kiss.—From this church, I repaired to that of Saint Pierre, where, though the building be more lofty and magnificent, the ceremonies were less splendid, and the people less genteel and less numerous. It was market-day, however; so that, if there were fewer people within this church, there were many more on the outside, with apple-stalls, oranges, cauliflowers, &c. laughing, chatting, and driving bargains as earnestly as Jews.—From this badly situated church I proceeded to that of St. Etienne, where I found still fewer persons than at either of the former, and a more striking want of decency and decorum. The greater portion of the body of the church was empty, and the little mob which crowded the vicinity of the choir consisted chiefly of poor women and dirty boys. The women, whose devotion seemed to be warmer than I had before observed it, thronged, in a very close and almost tumultuous manner, about the choir—the place sacred to the men—and as many as could find room knelt down upon the stone steps; but they were ever and anon compelled to rise, by a fierce, brutal-looking grenadier, or beadle, it is impossible to say which, with a halberd and silver-headed cane in his hand, who spoke to them in the roughest and rudest tone imaginable. Being one of the privileged sex, I entered the sanctuary, and walked up and took my position near the altar.—In a moment or two after this, the whole body of officiating priests, with tapers in their hands, preceded by a troop of little boys, also bearing tapers, put themselves in motion, the principal person among them chanting aloud as they marched. Issuing out of the choir, they defiled between the columns, and sweeping round the body of the church, came up to a small chapel, in which there was a tomb enclosed by white curtains. From this tomb the light of day was as far as possible excluded, in order to give the tapers an opportunity of showing themselves to advantage. Into this chapel I made several attempts to enter with the rest, but having, I suppose, very much the air of a heretic in my face, I was prevented, in the first place by the grenadier-beadle, and in the next by a priest,

who stood sentinel at the door, to repel the profane. At length, after various unsuccessful endeavours, I observed the door unguarded, and, stealing a march upon the priests, stepped in : but there was a crowd before me, and it was at first impossible to perceive distinctly the objects in the interior of the tomb, from which, as I have observed, daylight had been sedulously excluded, in order to render tapers necessary. By degrees, by dint of much elbowing and pushing, and perseverance, I came up to the mysterious entrance, and found two jolly-looking middle-aged women within, attending, I imagine, to the tapers, and performing various other small offices. Upon the threshold, as it were, of the tomb, was placed a small black crucifix, with a tiny figure of Christ, apparently of ivory, fixed upon it, which as many as could squeeze so far, kissed twice, upon the feet and the mouth. I cannot blame the devotion of the catholics, when it is sincere, although I may disapprove of the mode of expressing it; but I certainly could wish that they would be a little less noisy and irreverent in their churches. On this day, for example, when they were assembled to commemorate the most awful event in the history of Christianity, there was no religious solemnity observable in their conduct or countenances: they talked, laughed, and clattered about with their noisy wooden shoes upon the pavement of the church, as if the whole ceremony had been got up purely for amusement. They discovered me to be a stranger by my seriousness; for, while I was looking intently at the movements of the priests, a gentleman in the choir inquired of me, if I were not a foreigner?—"I am," I replied. "We have *Duke William* here," said he. "Indeed!" I exclaimed—thinking that perhaps they contrived to introduce the Duke into the ceremonies of Good Friday—"where is he?"—"In the sacristy," replied my informant; "and, if you will follow me, I will shew him to you."—I accordingly followed him through crowds of women, and when we had reached the sacristy, I saw, not, as I had expected, a statue of the conqueror, the true hero of Normandy, but a picture, one of the many of the same kind and merit which pretend to be portraits of the tyrant. There was nothing new in it: but, as the gentleman had taken the trouble to shew it to me during the most solemn mass of the whole year, I was careful not to seem disappointed. I

therefore looked at it again and again in various lights; and, after having seemed to be vastly satisfied, I politely thanked my conductor, and returned to the choir.
St. John's Tour.

Anecdotes.

HUET, BISHOP OF AVRANCHES—When the portrait of this celebrated man was first published in France, it appears that the prelate's fame was not sufficient to raise a demand for his likeness, and the artist appeared to be in danger of losing his labour. But the man who has but one string to his bow will never make a figure or a fortune in this world: the name of Huet was erased from the plate, and that of St. Exuperius, the imaginary first Bishop of Bayeux, inserted in its place; which being done, the portrait, now become that of a saint, had a great run, and amply repaid the double ingenuity of the engraver. So the honest people of France, we see, who scorned to give their money for the effigies of a learned and virtuous contemporary, were deluded into a good action, as, of old, children were seduced into taking physic, by having the brim of the cup honied over by well meaning imposture.

AN ATTEMPT TO CHRISTEN AN ADULT.—Dr. Buckner, bishop of Chichester, had a footman living with him at one time, whose cognomen was David, but who upon investigation, it appeared had never been baptized. To have the man made a Christian, the Bishop felt was his imperative duty; and, for this purpose, his curate, the Rev. Mr. Croker, was requested to attend him at his residence in Wigmore Street, to perform the ceremony, and the prelate and his niece were to be the sponsors. After tea a basin of water was brought in, and David made his appearance. Mr. Croker and the lady exchanged glances, and, at length were unable to repress their laughter; however, they took their places at the temporary font: but as the Bishop perceived that the ceremony was not likely to be very impressive, wisely deferred the christening till a more favorable opportunity, and left David to his fate.

POLITE RETORT.—"Hold your tongue for a fool," said an Irishman to his wife. "Sure, then, it's yourself, Paddy, that's *goen* to spake," replied his rib.

Why for the gaming-table should we sigh,

When life's a hazard, and its end a die?

E. SNOWDEN.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, March 9.

St. Francis, Widow, A.D. 1340.

High Water 7 1/2 m after 9 Morn.—8 m after 10 Aft.
Our saint was born at Rome in 1384. She showed early a desire for a cloister, but was brutally forced by her parents into an early marriage. The union, however, turned out fortunate, and she was, after many years performing the duties of a wife, permitted to follow her own inclinations. She ate but once a day, and wore a hair shirt and a girdle of horsehair, and used a severe discipline. She founded the Oblates, and gave them the rule of St. Benedict, and put them under the direction of the Olivetans. They received afterwards the name of Collatines, from the quarter of Rome where they dwelled.

March 9, 1770.—Expired William Guthrie, a very laborious writer on History, Politics, and other subjects. He was a writer by profession; and is said to have lent his name to booksellers for publications in which he had no concern. Such is asserted to have been the case with respect to the work called "Guthrie's Geographical Grammar."

Thursday, March 10.

The Ferry Martyrs of Sebaste, A.D. 320.

Sun rises 19 m after 6—sets 42 m after 5.

March 10, 1774.—Died of the small-pox, Louis XV. King of France. This monarch, when he ascended the throne, held forth the most flattering expectations to the French; but being of a weak and timid character, he yielded to the seduction of courtiers. After the death of Cardinal Fleuri, his prime minister, to whom is attributed the decay of the navy of France, he surrendered the government into the hands of one of his mistresses, Antoinette Poisson, afterwards Marchioness de Pompadour, who, from 1745 to the period of her death, in 1764, wielded the destinies of France. The Countess Dubarry became the King's mistress after the death of Madame de Pompadour, and by her the degradation of Louis's court was completed. During the reign of Louis, he enjoyed sometimes the love of his people, and at other times almost their universal hatred; for we find upon one occasion, after his recovery from a dangerous illness at Metz, the happy event celebrated at Paris by public rejoicings, and the surname of *Bien Aimé* given to this monarch. At a subsequent period he was received at the opera with a dead silence. The profligacy of his habits, and his monopoly of grain, which occasioned a great dearth, were the principal causes of his unpopularity.

Friday, March 11.

St. Constantine, Mari.

High Water, 04 00 Morn—04 7 m After.

March 11, 1544.—Born Torquato Tasso, the eminent Italian poet. The author of Jerusalem Delivered was tall and well shaped, his complexion fair, but pale by sickness and study; his hair of a chestnut brown; his forehead square and high, the fore part bald; his eye-brows dark; and his eyes full, piercing, and of a clear blue. His voice was strong, clear, and solemn; he spoke slowly, and generally reiterated his last words; he seldom laughed, and never to excess. It is said of him, that never was a scholar more humble, or wit more devoted, or a man more amiable.

Saturday, March 12.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, A.D. 604.

Sun rises 15 m after 6—sets 46 m after 5.

March 12, 1813.—*Ceremony of walking through the Fire.*—Under this date Colonel Welsh, in his Reminiscences, states, "that being invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because, on our arrival, it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense, that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and had heard much more, of this strange feat, but never had such an

opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly Feast, and I understood the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock before they venture into the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. I have now stated the fact from ocular demonstration; it remains for chymists to be besmeared, for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for a very subtle trick. I never could get any native to explain this, and I suspect that the Mussalmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means used as we are."

Sunday, March 13.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

*Lessons for the Day, 40 chap. Genesis, morning.
45 chap. Genesis, Evening.*

About this period, says Forster, in his Calendar, spiders begin to appear in the gardens, for in winter they are only seen in houses; and this species, indeed, which inhabit our dwellings, is quite distinct from the garden spiders. These are a very interesting tribe of insects, in spite of their ugly appearance, and the great dislike which most persons, especially females, attach to them, in common with earwigs and other unsightly insects. Naturalists have found out this curious propensity in spiders, that they seem remarkably fond of music, and have been known to descend from the ceiling during concerts, and to vibrate when the strain was finished; of which the following old verses, from the *Anthologia Borealis* at *Australis*, reminds us:—

To a Spider which inhabited a Cell.

In this wild, groping, dark, and drearie cove,
Of wife, of children, and of health bereft.
I hailed thee, friendly spider, who hast wove
Thy mazy net on yonder mouldering raft.
Would that the cleanlie housemaid's foot had left
Thee tarrying here, nor took thy life away;
For thou from out this seare olde ceiling's cleft,
Came down each morn to hede my plaintive lay,
Joying like me to heare sweete musick play,
Wherewith I'd feign beguile the dull, dark, flugger-
ing day.

Monday, March 14.

St. Maud of Germany, A.D. 968.

New Moon, 49 m after 5 morn.

March 14, 1799.—Expired at Bath, *Æt.* 89, that elegant scholar and polite writer, *William Melmoth*. Besides Pliny's Epistles, he translated some of Cicero's Works, wrote "Fitzosborne's Letters," and "Memoirs of a late Advocate, and Member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn." The excellent person whose character is delineated in this last performance, was Mr. Melmoth's father, and author of an admirable work, entitled, *The great importance of a Religious Life.*

Tuesday, March 15.

St. Mary, Penitent, A.D. 360.

High Water 46 m after 2 Morn—7 m after 3 After.

Howitt, in his Book of the Seasons, thus speaks of the angling business for the present month. "The fresh water fish, which are about spawning, or are more or less out of season, are trout, salmon, chub, pike, and perch; roach is now excellent, and may be found and baited for as late month. As fine days come out, the angler becomes anxious to renew his acquaintance with his old haunts; and therefore, having his tackle all in good order for the campaign, he issues from his winter quarters. His sport is, however, a good deal confined to bottom, fishing principally with the worm, the warmth not having yet sufficiently rendered the fish on the alert. Fly-bait.—This month the same flies and tackle as in the last, but made less; also the wheeling dun, or bright brown, a whitish dun, the thorn-tree fly, the blue dun, the black gnat."

Our good friend H. Ince is informed that his packet came to hand safe, we shall probably comply with his request in our next.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XI.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, March 19, 1881.



See page 104

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS :

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

For the Olio.

Florin ! what means this tale ? What mintage
Is at work

To coin delusion, that this fair domain
May become holy patrimony ? Thus
Teach you our matrons to defraud their issue ?
I have beheld your juggles, heard your dreams ;
The imposture shall be known ! These sixteen
years

Hath my friend Edmund pined in banishment,
While masses, mumblings, goblins and pro-
cessions

Usurp'd his heritage, and made of Narbonne
A theatre of holy interludes,
And sainted frauds. But day darts on your
spells. *Mysterious Mother.*

I need not seek so far in coasts abroad,
As some men do which write strange his-
tories ;

For, whilst at home I made my chief abode,
And saw our lovers play their tragedies,
I found enough which seemed to suffice

To set on work far finer wits than mine,
In painting out the pangs that made them
plue.

Gascolgne's ' Dan Bartholomew of Bath '
VOL. VII. L

DAYLIGHT was deserting the old woods and solemn spires of Fairwell Priory, after a golden sunset in August 1527-8. The heavens gorgeously enamelled with those streaky colours which follow, like a pageant of courtiers, the sovereign who has entered his palace gates, dwelt in sedate splendour over the secluded scene,—a glowing dewy brilliance soon to be enveloped in the gray weeds of twilight. The venerable convent-tower reflected the tranquil glories of the west, which fell in softer lights and deeper shadows over the aisles, the quadrangle, the nuns cells, and the buildings appropriated to the prioress, that stretched away in the distance, a gloomy though picturesque confusion of turrets, gables and pillared cloisters. A gentle air just stirred the loaded plum and pear-trees in the orchard, whilst the ancient groves of beech and ash, intermingled with huge black pines, cedars and cypresses, partially illumined by the glowing skies, and sighing hollow to the evening breeze, invested the sacred precincts with the solemnity, without the gloom,

of night, the loveliness without the glare of day. Star after star burst trembling on the blue vault, as if intruders on the magnificent wake of sunset. The fierce deep scream and the sailbroad wings flapping from amidst the boughs, proclaimed the presence of several tamed eagles. Gold and silver pheasants, in a perfectly domestic state, might be seen on elm and fir, over whose dark foliage their long feather-trains hung glittering down, and their beautiful red eyes glanced tranquil and undisturbed on two females, who now entered the richly turfed enclosure. It was a wide, smooth lawn, sloping to the east; a deep girdle of various kinds of trees encircled it, forming, with their lofty trunks and arched boughs, a spacious pleached walk.

And for to kepe out wel the sunne,
The croppes were so thick Ironne,
And every braunche in other knaite,
And full of grene levis sitte,
That sunne might there none discende,
Lest that the tendir grasses shende;
There might men does and roes see,
And of squirrels ful grete plete
From bow to bow alwaie leping!
Conas there were also playing,
That comin out of ther clappers
Of sondry colours and maners,
And madin many a tourneying
Upon the fresh grass springing.

Romaunt of the Rose.

Girdling the exterior of this leafy barrier, a broad embattled wall of gray stone rose to a vast height, reminding the unhappy votaress that this paradise was but a prison. Dotted at intervals in the area of this lovely lawn, arose, magnificent fruit-trees—the quince, the chesnut, the walnut, the mulberry, and the medlar,—each claiming for their broad trunks and sweeping branches a proud space of the velvet turf, and disclosing amongst their superb foliage the various colours of their ripening fruit. Exactly in the centre, the sparkling tide of a large well, or rather fountain, leapt from a carved stone basin, and hurrying hither and thither amidst the rich grass, floated, under an arch in the wall, into the pool that supplied the priory mill. A great pair of folding gates opened at the bottom of this enclosure, upon the tall and ample front of the mill, whose various casements, large and small, pierced up and down in its Flemish-fashioned buildings, were intermingled with doors of all sizes, some as high up as the second some as the third story, some with long flights of steps, others with rollers over their sill: a dark green jessamine, with its silver stars, and a holy hawthorn, with its scarlet tufts, almost hid the lower

branches of a noble vine and jargonelle tree, whose amber pears and crimson grapes hung aloft even to the very eaves and chimnies of the steep gables.—Through this leafy matwork the lozenge-shaped windows glistened like diamonds in the golden west; and at this hour, the colossal master-wheel, revolving its black disk on the side of the wall, shewed like some infernal power put in motion by the necromancer; while the sullen boom and ghastly clatter of the multifarious machinery mingled in the shady groves with the evening lays of the blackbird and thrush. A transient view of this old building, with its willow pool lying blue and tranquil, and the soft verdure of the hills beyond, placidly bright, was revealed to the two females already mentioned by the opening of the great gates as they past them, in order to admit the Capellane of Cross-in-hand, confessor to the sisterhood and brother to the prioress: he passed them with a slow step, scarcely raising his cowed head to return their obeisance, with a muttered "*Salvete Filio!*" and taking an opposite direction, was lost in the gloom of the groves, till his black robes were seen at the upper end, as he emerged from the covered walk and entered the wicket leading into the priory quadrangle.

The sisters paused in their walk to gaze on the fair landscape beyond the walls, till the rigidly revolving gates once more recalled them to their melancholy circuit, and to the conversation which this trivial circumstance had interrupted. They were both in the sable benedictine garb, both young and both beautiful, but distinguished from each other, not less by the different character of their beauty than by the full and fair tresses that decked the sunny countenance of the one, and the hood, plaited frontlet and long veil that sate gloomily round the clear cheek and dark eye of the other.

The fiancels of Endymion Arblaster and Cornelia Noble,—the former being the only son of the Dame Maud Arblaster, sister to Sir Lewis Bagot of Blithfield, and the latter sole heiress of the Nobles of Chorley,—had taken place some time back, during the lifetime of his father, Richard Arblaster of Arblaster Hall, near Lichfield. Soon after that gentleman's decease, however, much matter of amazement was furnished to the neighbourhood by the sudden and extraordinary change which affairs exhibited between the betrothed couple. On the very eve, as men thought of his

bridal, Endymion found himself sentenced to a complimentary banishment, by being appointed secretary to the great William Paget, on his well-known mission into Germany, to foment the discords existing between the Emperor and the Protestant Princes of the Diet,—a negotiation requiring so much prudence and delicacy, that it was to be performed in a disguised habit. This took place about a year and half before the opening of our tale; and he had been scarcely gone a third of that time, ere Arblaster Hall and its dependencies were once more plunged in mourning; fresh tears streamed down the cheeks of the widow Maud; and Cornelia Noble buried herself for life in the woody cloisters of Fairwell Priory,—for tidings had come that Endymion was dead of a malignant fever, at Paris, where they had stopped, to receive the directions of the French King, Francis the First. Thus, at the age of eighteen, in spite of her parents' opposition, Cornelia had assumed the veil. Sir Augustine and Lady Cicely Noble had witnessed this measure with grief too affectionate to be termed displeasure; but they were naturally strengthened in their long growing attachment to the New Learning (as the doctrines of the reformers were called) and entertained proportionable aversion to the sullen superstitions that had thus bereft them of their only child.

"Cornelia, then, will no longer deem harshly of her poor Blanche," said the light-haired girl, throwing her arms fondly round her companion's neck, and speaking in low sweet tones as the monk disappeared in the gloomy groves—"will no longer think that any thing less than strict prohibition and severe restraint *could* have withheld her so long from one she loves so well?"

Cornelia replied by an affectionate caress, but the bright smile that accompanied it was succeeded by a sigh, and she remained silent.

"I can interpret that sigh," continued Blanche, "and it was a kind one! it arose for me, did it not?"

"Even so, sweet Blanche, "even for grief that this rugged cage should lure such a bright bird as thou art, because it contains such a melancholy turtle as Cornelia!"

"'Twere pity of my heart," exclaimed Blanche cheerfully, "if it could be merry while thou wert moping; and for the matter of the cage, good sooth! though the walls of Fairwell be grim and high, there be fair bowers within,

and I saw no more at Arblaster; and if the prioress, I wot, be somewhat stern, my lady mother was no less; and, in short, Cornelia, if Dame Elizabeth Hilshaw hath *caged me*, it was not until Dame Maud Arblaster had *clipt my wings!*"

"Fie, fie, thou wild girl; speakest thou thus of thy widowed parent? ah! would that mine had been as willing to immure me; I had not then incurred the guilt of disobedience, and the pain of their displeasure! But tell me, Blanche, how chanced it that thou, a merry girl, with a broad heritage, and a bright life before thee, canst resign all, nay, *smile* as thou resignest them, for a life-long penance in a cloister?"

"Nay," said Blanche Arblaster,—*"give me not such credit for smiles: remember this is the first evening that I have seen the sun set behind these grey spires, and I have not had time to be melancholy; think that this is the first converse I have had for years with you, and how can I chuse but feel glad?—yet heaven knows, had my mother been but kinder, even my love for you, Cornelia, would not!"*—here the poor girl's voice faltered, her sunny countenance was overcast, and her blue eyes brimmed with tears,—*"ever since my brother Endymion went,"* she continued in a lower tone, *"I have been forbidden to see or speak to you; you know that the intercourse between our houses ceased about the same time."*

"Alas, yes!" said Cornelia, "and the obstinate silence that the Lady Maud maintained to all our overtures, incensed my father so highly, that the dreadful tidings which reached Chorley soon afterwards, seemed rather to relieve than afflict him; and though my mother shewed both anguish and alarm at the state into which I was plunged, it was yet evident that *both* considered Endymion's death as releasing them from an engagement with which the Dame Arblaster's inexplicable conduct had rendered them most unwilling to comply. Unriddle, then, my sweetest Blanche, whence sprang this sudden aversion of your mother, so unexpected, and, surely, so unprovoked?"

"All that I *can* I *will*," replied Blanche, "but that all is little. Since my father's death, and even for a space before it, the Capellane of Crossinhand has exercised a daily increasing influence over my mother, and long before Endymion went abroad, I partly conjectured, and partly knew, that something adverse to the completion of your

Fiannels was from time to time agitated between them."

"Holy Saints!" exclaimed Cornelia, "came it from that quarter? nay, then, no wonder all gave way! A bigot to his religion, he would view with hatred my parents' predilection for the new learning; a sordid devotee to the interests of his order, he would gladly alienate the broad acres of Arblaster to the cloisters of Fairwell."

"Oh!" resumed Blanche, "you know not the monkish enginery, the warnings, the dark sayings, the visions, with every subtle device and sleight, by which he won over my mother to his views, views to which an alliance with your family offered an insurmountable obstacle. Of course I knew as little as possible of these operations, nor was I otherwise affected by them than the gloom they threw over the house, my mother's increased austerity, Endymion's departure, and the interdict on your society."

"But how," exclaimed Cornelia,—"how could I be an obstacle? Blind that I am! it must be that the heiress of Chorley was too likely to be tainted by her *heretic parents*, ever to encourage benefactions to Fairwell Priory."

"I can but conjecture, like yourself," said Blanche, "all I know is, that supposing me heartily weary of the gloom of Arblaster-hall, and the mummery of Father Robert, (who, by the way, not unfrequently introduced my poor father's ghost as having appeared to him, to promote some of his *holy* purposes,) finding me wearied, as in sooth I was, with his perpetual presence, and my beloved Cornelia's absence, my mother, with the monk, suggested my entering his sister's priory, holding out to me the prospect of your society, and promising that if, at the end of my noviciate, I felt a repugnance to the monastic vows, I should be at full liberty to return to my family and the world."

"And you consented?"

"With eagerness—I might say, with *rapture*; and from this day I am to enjoy at least for a year, the society of my long alienated friend."

"And that friend will be all she may to thee, sweet Blanche—all she *was* she cannot be! They have made me Sub-Prioress, and, empty as is the compliment, and gross as are their designs on my patrimony, this rank gives me exemptions and privileges; of the *one*, these keys of the convent committed to my care, are a token; and, that we are permitted to be *here* walking and conversing in these twilight groves, after

the hour of complin, is an instance of the *other*."

While Blanche and Cornelia, in this and similar conversation, were pacing and repacing the high and gloomy grove, the attention of the former was arrested by a piece of parchment, folded like a letter; on stooping to raise it, she found that it was directed to the Sister Cornelia; the seal had been broken, and the contents were these:—

"If it be not yet too late to disentangle the snares that have been woven around you and your betrothed, the votaress shall be made free, and the dead alive.—otherwise the convent is not so sure a prison to Cornelia Noble as the grave shall be to

"ENDYMION ARBLASTER."

Any attempt to describe the violent emotions that chased each other in the bosoms of the two damsels, as they perused this strange scroll, would be utterly futile; Blanche, after glancing rapidly over it, sprang to her friend, clasping her with one arm for support, and Cornelia, eagerly taking hold of the letter, they stood some time in this posture, the eyes of both rivetted on its contents, both equally pale, trembling, and silent. It was Endymion's hand and seal; of his existence, then, a rapacious certainty filled their bosoms:—but then arose perplexing and conflicting surmises—had the Dame Mand been herself imposed upon by false intelligence?—or had she forged the report?—a frightful idea, opening a field of bewildering suspicions and alarms, that made their hearts sicken, and their thoughts whirl! But one terrible truth at last broke upon them, absorbing in itself every other reflection—the *letter had been opened*—and by whom? The Capellane of Crossinhand had lately been traversing that very grove: *whose* hand but *his*, from whom they would have most wished to have concealed its contents, could have violated the letter?

The huge red globe of the harvest moon had now sailed up in solemn magnificence over the high gables of the grange, and glared through the clustered foliage of the groves, when the clang of a closing gate, echoing through the cloisters, startled the young recluses from their trance of surprise and suspicion. It was the gate of the quadrangle by which the Capellane had lately entered from the arched walk into the priory. Neither spoke, but Blanche whose trembling increased violently, wondered to find her friend become suddenly quiet, her increased weight on Blanche's encircling arm soon told the cause—she had fainted. The young

novice, instantly forgetting her own cause of alarm in anxiety for her companion placed her on a stone seat in the grove, and hastening across the lawn to the well, filled a small vessel with water. On her return, she found Cornelia revived and sitting upright, while, at her side, the dark, tall figure of the Capellane stood partially revealed by the moonlight as it fell in murky gleams through the ancient trees. He was conversing, or rather *addressing* her, for she listened with mute bewilderment: in his hand he held *the letter*, and, as Blanche approached, she heard him say,

"The Prioress has consented that you shall pause at my oratory in Cross-in-hand to-morrow, when the Benedictine sisters move in procession to the Cathedral at Lichfield. Fail not, daughter!"

With these words, and without noticing Blanche, the Capellan paced down the grove to the great gates, whose sounding valves soon proclaimed that he had quitted the Priory. To her friend's enquiring glance, Cornelia replied, in hoarse, hasty tones,

"He knows it—he knows it all—yet his words, though few and dark, seem not hostile, and if he hath not revealed it to his sister, the Prioress!—but to-morrow will tell us more. Let us in, dear Blanche, I am faint and chill, and would fain seek from prayer and repose some strength for to-morrow."

To be continued.

ANCIENT ALBION: OR, MIDSUMMER EVE.

BY J. F. PENNIE.
For the Olio.

Fair Isle of Freedom! glory of the deep—
Where, sea-weed-tomb'd, thy bravest heroes sleep.
Thy Celtic Tribes were hunters of the wild,
When nature in her dewy freshness smiled,
When o'er the forest's proud magnificence
The skybird poured her tuneful eloquence,
Waking the sun, who through the waving bowers
Shot golden gleams and kiss'd the drowsy flowers,
While to the young rose sang the early bee,
Sipping its nectar for his minstrelsy;
And tripp'd the light fawn down the mossy dell,
And drank the wild bull at the fountain well;
Then twang'd the bow, the feathery arrow sped,
And laid the roebuck in his swiftness dead;
The hawkman flung aside the falcon's hood,*
And cast her off his hand in blithsome mood,
As sought the soaring swan to shun the fight,
While the strong crane her safety found in flight.
Then voice of hunters through the greenwoods rang,
The bound and ban-dog join'd the horn's deep clang;

* We do not like to crowd the pages of the OLIO with antiquarian notes, for the purpose of illustrating the manners described in this poem; suffice it therefore to say, that the art of falconry was well known in the earliest ages in Britain, and wondered at, and adopted, with improvements, by the Romans, on their conquest of this island.

And when at eve those foresters return'd
To where their home-fires 'mid their low tents burn'd.

They bow'd the war-chief's mountain tomb around
And cast a stone upon the hallow'd mound,
Rehears'd the legend of his deathless fame,
His battle deeds, and shouted forth his name.

Others were shepherds, who, when morn's bright eye

Gave day to earth, and glory to the sky,
When the red sun o'er eastern mountains came,
And rein'd his steeds of ruby-colour'd flame,
Their white flocks to luxuriant pastures led
To glade and dingle, primrose-carpeted,
Where the clear river-floods in music roll'd
Through meadows deck'd with flowers of living gold.

Rippling and quivering to the sunny skies,
In all the richness of the dolphin's dyes.
At noon, these skin-clad shepherds, in the shade
Which alder grove and spreading beech-tree made,
Idly reclin'd upon the violet bank.

Where lilies from the blue fount moisture drank,
Or plung'd amid the stream's translucent wave,
Gushing in silver from its rocky cave,
With voice of joyance, breathing freshness round,
Till the wild Briton felt it holy ground,
Where dwell some beauteous spirit of the flood,
To whom he offerings flung of flowers and bud;
Then past the hours in sports of manly strength,
Till through the golden woods the sun at length
Darted his farewell beams, and the tall peak,
Where the fierce eagle cower'd with blood-stain'd

beak,
Glow'd in the western clouds deep crimson light,
Like signal-fires upflashing through the night.

When the dark tempest round the hill-top roar'd,
And all its thickly mingled wrath outpour'd,
Bending the forest with its lion rush,
While onward dash'd the lightning's sapphire

gush,
The frighted Briton in his terrors bow'd
As roll'd the doubling thunders long and loud,
And in the writhing cloud's dark giant form
Beheld the awful spirit of the storm,
High on the mountain's mist-enwreath'd brow;
Then kiss'd his hand and bent his forehead low,
Fearing the Deity, in thunder light,
Should fire the world and blast him in his might.

'Mid thy time-venerated groves of oak,
Where ne'er was heard the woodman's iron stroke,
Britain, thy white-hair'd Druids, proudly stern,
Thy princely sons instructed how to learn

The arts and sciences of that dark age,
To memory given, unstamp'd in roll or page;
Amid the grey-stone circle of the hill,
When, save the headlong torrent, all was still,
Counted the radiant stars that flash'd on high,
And read the scroll of dim futurity.—

By haunted stream, where distant fountains met,
O'er which the self-adoring blossoms leant,
Of woodbine, with the magic foxglove bells,
Of richer dye than India's pearly shells,
By oak o'er-shadowed rock, and cool cascade,
Whose silver waves flashed through the green-
leafed shade,

Down vaulting to their own deep music swell,
That cast o'er wood and glen a mystic spell;
The honour'd bard, amid the youthful quires,
His wild harp strikes, as love or war inspires;
To tales of holy frenzy wakes the strings,
And the loud strife of battle round him rings,
Till feels the passionate heart of youth and age
Religion's fire, and all the warrior's rage!

'Twas then the northern muse in glory shone,
'Mid Britain's groves on her enlaurell'd throne,
Each sacred shade was a Parnassian bower,
That rang with melody at morning hour,
While bright Apollo all his splendours shed,
On the song-raptur'd minstrel's flower-wreath'd head.

Such was the love of song that Celtic chief
From death-pangs sought in poetry relief,
And faded, like the swan, in battle day,
Chanting, with gasp convulsive, life away!

Well might thy isle be deemed the place of rest,
And call'd the bright Elysium of the blest,
Fair Ys Prythian, in the days of yore,
When happy spirits lauded on thy shore!†

'Tis sweet to watch the slowly setting sun,
When his refulgent pilgrimage is done,
And splendours stream o'er British hills and floods,
Lighting with purple gleams the tuneful woods;
While western clouds with gorgeous radiance
shine,

Like flame-lit arches of a diamond mine,
Where ruby towers 'mid plains of roses glow,
And sapphire lakes, and seas of crystal flow,—
Down, down he slinks—lower and lower still—
What transports through the wild bard's bosom
thrill,

To see his worshipp'd god this hallowed even
Spread his last glory o'er the earth and heaven!
While all around is music and repose,
And where the clouds their rich empurpling
throws

On the deep vale, the sounds of trump and drum,
With Bardic eve-hymn on the low winds come;
The sky-god sinks—his disk is half below
Yon lofty hill, embathed in crimson glow;
He disappears—like eastern king in state,
Music and blessings on his exit wait,
His gorgeous train still linger in the west,
In all their pomp of many colours drest,
A brilliant pageant, passing slow away,
Like Heaven's bright visions at the dawn of day.

Silence is in the vale, with solitude,
But stir and hum of gather'd multitude
Sound from Cairn-Lutha's heights through twilight dim,
And round that hill the horn's deep wailings
swim;

And hark!—the shouts of thousands onward come,
With bagpipe chant and swell, cleariot drum.
Up suddenly thousands bright flames gush,
Hill answers hill, as on the sun fires rush!
While every lofty steep an Etna seems,
Illuming earth and heaven with ruddy gleams!

"MIDSUMMER EVE, all hail!—Hail to the Sun!
Thy sacred rites and mysteries are begun!"
Shouted unnumbered voices through the shade,
Where faintly gleamed the grey rock colonnade,
That seemed like magic forms, as on them fell
The sanguine radiance of the fires of Bell.

Amid the temple's inner circle, where
The holy flame outpurs its crimson glare,
The Arch Druid stands, the high priest of the sun,
With streaming beard, like silvery gonfalon,
Half raised by feeble winds, in glittering vest
Of splendid gold, and gem-spells on his breast;
Each by his pillar bowing round him stand,
The chiefs and warlike princes of the land,
He waves a branch of mistletoe on high,
Dipt in the dews which on young May-flowers
lie,

Ere the wild bee awakes, or spotted fawn
Quits her warm moss-bed for the bloomy lawn.
Between the pillars, each with garlands bound,
And blood-besprinkled, move o'er hallowed
ground,

Devoted maids to Bardic measures sweet,
Lifting in mazy dance their nimble feet.
Twin-fires are blazing near the altar-stone,
'Tis twixt which the victims pass with wail and moan,
And, 'mid the grove, a giant image stands,
Of wicker-war with wide-extended arms;
Melcom's colossal image, whose vast womb
Is burthened with a human hecatomb!
The beauteous captive, and the abject slave,
Must perish with the high-born vanquish'd brave,
And sink together in one burning grave!

A Druidess, in robes of shining white,
With dark locks floating on the winds of night,
And glaring torch, and lip where plays a smile
Of frantic rapture, fires the lofty pile!
Hark! what soul-chilling shrieks ring through the
wood,

Waking the prophet-raven to croak for blood!
Up gush the flames, shines out the mountain's head
And the deep forest-bowers gleam darkly red;
The temple-rocks flash crimson in the light,
Like ghastly spectres 'mid the shades of night,
On the foul murderer glaring, whose damp brow
And look of horror, all his guilt avow!
Out bursts the shout of multitudes that throng
The outer barrier, which the woods prolong,
Scaring the eagle, where on craggy peak,
Reckless of storms, she sleeps with wing-veil'd
beak.

Making the heath-bear list with hungry growl,
And wolf-band snuff the air with fiendish howl,

Drowning the last delirious yell and groan,
Of flame-scorch'd victims, and the trumpet's tone,
Which, round the smoke-wreath'd idol-god of hell,
Mingle with other sounds of tuneful swell;
Straius of wild witchery, dash'd from harper's
string,

That o'er the enthusiast's soul fierce rapture fling;
For there the azure-mantled minstrel-quires
Breathe the death-anthem to their magic lyres—
The giant-god shakes in the wav'ring blaze,
As rolls on high the bard's loud song of praise:
Still is the forest with its lustre bright,
And joyous crowds reflect the ghastly light;
Still flash its red beams o'er the minstrel-bands,
Like Israel's flame-shaft on Arabian sands.
Fresh shouts resound—down: rushes that huge
pyre—

Red jets mount up the skies—a storm of fire
Descends to earth, where limbs and bones are
spread,
A frightful mass—the ashes of the dead!

Past are those days of blood—
Silence is on the bard's wild harp of fire;
No hand again shall sweep that magic lyre!
Dust is upon the Druid's awful bed!
The bones of victims are his lonely bed!
Speaking a tale of other years, his tomb
Still on the hill-top stands, where heath-flowers
bloom;

But long the axe hath felled his sacred woods,—
His solemn temple, spirit-haunted floods,
Th' appointed pillars on his holy mountain,
No worship win—unknown his blessed fountain!
Yet many a giant wreck of those dark years,
'Mid heath and desert plain, sublime appears,
Which still proclaim what deeds have there been
done

Of blood and death,—what worship of the sun,
Who now beholds, where bending crowds adored
His rising beams, his benison implored,
The hawk on high, the roebuck on the plain,
Each the proud monarch of his lone domain.

Reynald Cottage, Nov. 30.

HENRY AND EMMA.

For the Olio.

THE belief that the Scilly Islands are inhabited by a race of semi-barbarians is very prevalent throughout the kingdom of Britain, except in that portion of the mainland nearest the isles; with these a communication being frequent, the prejudices which would otherwise exist are dissipated by the knowledge that intercourse supplies of the character and manners of the Scillonians.

The rough and rugged rocks of Scilly, at a distance, certainly have not a very inviting appearance at any time; and when the ocean is agitated by a storm, nothing can be more dreadful than their frowning fronts to the tempest and toil-worn mariner; driven among the rocks, destruction seems inevitable, and death, with all its terrors, stares him in the face; but these are things which the inhabitants have not power to alter. In no country, on no coast are greater efforts made to save the shipwrecked mariner; and if providence blesses their endeavours, every house is opened for the reception of the unfortunate beings rescued from an ocean grave; their sufferings are commiserated, and each tries to efface from the mind of the stranger his recent calamity. The person who visits Scilly under these or other circumstances, will find its inha-

bitants (instead of barbarians) possessing a degree of refinement far superior to many, who, for lack of knowledge, affect to hold them in contempt, and who have pictured them as being disgraced by crime; these persons have asserted that, instead of assisting the distressed, rapine and plunder are their only objects. Could I but place one of those persons on the islands in question, and let him remain there but a very short time, I am convinced at his departure he would be as loud in his praise of the good qualities of the inhabitants as he was before in reproach. Isolated and shut out as they are from the rest of the world, they have an attachment to the place of their birth, which neither change of place nor circumstances entirely efface, and, like the Swiss, very often, after a life of toil and adventure, they return to end their lives on the spot which gave them birth. This similarity of feeling may be owing to situation; the Swiss, by their mountain barrier, are almost shut out from the rest of Europe; the Scilly islanders, by the sea, are excluded from that free intercourse they would otherwise enjoy with the other parts of Britain,—indeed, the islands, in appearance, very much resemble some parts of Switzerland: the rough rocks piled one upon the other in the most fantastic manner, bearing marks of some violent convulsion of nature and doomed to perpetual sterility, on which beats the full force of the storm, sweeping the Atlantic into mountain billows, form a singular contrast to the little peaceful vallies, smiling with verdure and cultivation, which an anchorite would be tempted to choose as a place of rest, or any one tired of the world might fix on, to pass the remainder of his life in peace and seclusion. I would venture to recommend Scilly as a place where the tourist will meet with as many sources of amusement as on any part of the Continent, with this advantage added, he will be able to enjoy all the comforts of an English fireside and English society, at a much less expence than he would abroad; and should he wish to publish his journey, “A Trip to the Scilly Islands” would be sure to strike as a novelty and give him a name.

Beside what I have already written, the Scilly Isles contain another inducement to visitors; tales of adventure, of storm and shipwreck, are to be had *ad infinitum*, as much as the traveller could desire, and that at the very moderate expence of a glass or two of grog, from any of the old weather-beaten hardy

tars who have hove-to in snug quarters at St. Mary's. As it would be ungenerous in me to leave all these good things to those whom wealth or leisure enable to visit our isles, I will even try to recount one of the tales I have heard, though in an humble manner, to the readers of the OLIO.

In the little town of St. Mary's, the capital of the Scilly Islands, resided two families, who were united to each other by more than common friendship; the one was that of General S., governor of the isles and commander of the garrison; the other was Captain T., an old veteran naval officer, who, worn out in the service of his country, had retired upon half-pay and the hard earned gleanings of a long series of toils and adventure; he was a widower, with an only daughter, dear to him as bringing to remembrance days of happiness long gone by, and as being the only offspring of a wife he tenderly loved; his daughter's affection consoled him for the loss of the mother, and this affection he sincerely returned; he was a kind parent, and his child's happiness was the thing most dear to him on earth. Captain T. was not a native of Scilly, his principal, indeed, almost only inducement to reside, was his friendship for the General, with whom he had contracted an intimacy when on service abroad, and which a succession of mutual good offices had afterwards ripened into an almost brotherly affection. The secluded life of the Scillonians render them more dependent on each other for amusement and society than persons inhabiting large towns, and to this may be attributed the social feeling spread throughout the islands; the families of the General and Captain T. were rarely separated: to Emma T., as an orphan, the whole of the household of General S. were particularly kind, but in Henry, one of his sons, she found a similarity of taste which gave a charm to his conversation, and this was much more heightened by the discovery that he regarded her with a warmer feeling than mere friendship.

Henry S. was an officer in one of his majesty's ships, at that time stationed in the Channel, and as Scilly was within the limits of their cruise, he was enabled to pay frequent visits to his friends. In these visits, the goodness of heart and manly boldness which he evinced won the love of Emma, and nothing but filial piety prevented her from blessing the young sailor with her hand; the Captain's infirmities had increased very

considerably, and his daughter considered that without her society the poor old man would be almost destitute; his friends would, she knew, pay him every attention, but who so proper as a daughter to comfort and support his aged head, and she determined never to leave him in the hands of strangers, but remain and minister to his wants and wishes, until death should release him from his sufferings. Knowing the wish of Emma to remain with her father, Henry forbore pressing his suit; he thought, and justly so, that she who had proved so good a daughter, would make him as good a wife,—it was a prize worth waiting for; and in the meantime he would have an opportunity of increasing his fortune, and thus be enabled to offer her something equal to what he believed she deserved; the love of such a woman was a treasure to be purchased at any rate, and he determined by his exertions to show how highly he estimated and prized it.

During the period Henry was stationed in the Channel, the intercourse between the lovers was frequent, but in a cruise during the winter the ship he belonged to received such serious damage as to be obliged to bear up for Plymouth, and, on examination, was declared not sea-worthy and put out of commission. The necessities of the country, then at war with France and Spain, would not allow any inactivity, and Henry was immediately reappointed to another ship, then under sailing orders for the East Indies; a very short interval was allowed him to prepare for his voyage, and he was obliged to sail without seeing either Emma or any of his family. A letter hastily written to apprise his friends of the circumstances in which he was placed was all he could do; to Emma he wrote more particularly, it was a letter in which tenderness was mixed with the manly boldness of the British sailor, expressing hopes and wishes for her welfare and little schemes of happiness, which were doomed never to be fulfilled.

The voyage out was accomplished with safety, and for some time every thing seemed to smile; but fortune, ever wayward, assumed a frowning aspect, and a succession of accidents quickly followed each other. On the change of the monsoons or trade winds, the Indian seas are subject to hurricanes or tornadoes, which blow with a violence scarcely to be conceived by an inhabitant of this country who has not witnessed their effects: trading vessels

usually lie in port until the monsoon begins to blow with its accustomed regularity; but at the period this narrative refers to, war was carried on with vigour in the East, and the government cruisers were obliged to keep to sea, lest the enemy, seeing the coast clear, might embrace the opportunity of throwing supplies of men and arms into their different forts and establishments; the ship in which Henry sailed was thus employed on the watch, when it encountered the fury of one of these gales. From the experience of the commander and the readiness with which his orders were obeyed, joined to the firmness of the ship, very little damage was sustained, but they were driven out of their course a considerable distance, and it became necessary, when the weather cleared, to bear up for some harbour and refit, as well as to obtain a supply of fresh provisions and water. In an attempt to go on shore on one of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, for the purpose of obtaining this supply, Lieut. S. was cut off (after a brave resistance) by some Malay proas lurking about the coast for plunder, who immediately made off with their prisoners with the speed they were so celebrated for, to another island. From the knowledge he had of the cruelty of the Malays, he expected immediate death, or, at most, a very short respite; but, though often threatened on any appearance of impatience of restraint, contrary to expectation he arrived at the port to which the proas belonged, and was delivered up to an agent of the French government, who, with a view to annoy the British interests, had offered a considerable reward for any vessels or prisoners captured.

After waiting several hours for the return of the boat with Lieut. S., the ship, which before had a considerable offing, ran in shore as near as could be done with safety, and another boat was dispatched to ascertain the cause of delay: the search was fruitless, not a mark could they discover on the beach, or any sign of a landing being effected; night obliged them to close the search, and the vessel lay-to, with a light hoisted as a signal: hopes were entertained that the party with Henry were driven to leeward, and in that case the light would guide them in making the ship. The night passed, and search was again made; the boat was at last discovered, nearly broken in pieces by the violence of the surf, and some of the seamen dreadfully mangled lying near

it. As none of the seamen had seen the skirmish, and the reports of the muskets had not been heard on board the ship, the impression on the minds of the crew was, that the boat had been caught in the breakers, and that all had perished; the mutilation of the bodies was supposed to be caused by their beating against the sharp coral rocks common to the Indian seas, and of which an extensive reef ran nearly along the whole shore of the island.

In a few months the news reached England. Poor Emma, who, about this time expected a letter, as usual, full of high hopes and promises, was surprised at the delay; from motives of kindness, the reason was not immediately told her. She was surprised on her visits to the General's to find the family moving about with an unusual solemnity, and though their greeting was equally kind and affectionate as at former times, still there was a restraint in their behaviour which appeared to her as very singular: from the eyes of love it is impossible to hide anything of this nature, and Emma was, at length, told of the sad fate of her lover. Though Emma endeavoured as much as possible to reconcile her mind to the loss she had sustained, the effect of the bereavement soon became visible: the uncertainty of the fate of Henry, the thoughts of her own destitution on the death of a parent now tottering on the verge of the grave, and whose infirmities demanded the whole of her attention, so harassed her mind as finally to bring her health into such a state as to leave very little hope of her being long an inhabitant of this world. Often at night would she start in terror from her pillow, and fancy she saw Henry struggling with the waves, exhausted, and in the agonies of death; sometimes a faint hope would spring up that he was still alive, and that by the next packet she would hear from him as usual, but as time wore away and no farther tidings arrived, this hope disappeared and left a blank in her mind—a heart-chilling vacancy, which the endearments of her friends, who tried all they could to divert her melancholy, failed to obliterate. Some of the young men of the islands, who knew not the strength of her attachment, hoped to gain her love;—they were, one after another, rejected: she thanked them for their kindness, but Henry had been her first, her only love, and the sole wish of her heart was to rejoin him in heaven.

At the time Henry's comrades were lamenting his supposed death, he was

confined in a fort held by the French of one of the native Indian princes. The commander of it treated him with much kindness, and allowed him every liberty he could consistent with the orders of his government, yet slowly and painfully passed the hours of his captivity: the uncertainty of its duration rendered it the more irksome; hours would he pass when all around him were at rest, looking from his prison window on the world of waters which dashed at its foot, and then thoughts of home came fresh in his memory—hours of happiness long since fled passed in review before him, when all was joy and gaiety. Months rolled on, when one morning he was hurried on board a French ship, to be sent as a prisoner to Europe; off the island of Bourbon he had the good fortune to be captured by an English frigate homeward bound, and after a voyage of more than common quickness, the pleasure of which was increased by the joy he anticipated from the society of her he loved best, the shores of Britain greeted his sight, - then

The ripple on the sea, the land afar,
The heavens o'erspread with many a sparkling
star,

The night so calm, so beautiful, so mild,
Made the poor sailor think upon the home
He left, ere forced by destiny to roam
To other climes, and brave the ocean wild.

Safe landed in England, his first step was to secure a passage to his dear, his native isle.

It was a lovely summer evening when the packet hove in sight, and every eye was eager to watch who were its passengers, and inquire the news from England; the arrival of the packet is ever a subject of curiosity to the inhabitants of Scilly, as it is almost the only means they have of hearing what is passing among their brethren on the continent; how many anxious inquiries are made for letters or tidings from those away! what joy is shewn and exultation if they hear that friends are well and will soon be among them!—and how great the contrast between those and the looks of despondency unable to be suppressed by them who are not so fortunate. To parties who have not friends abroad, the newspapers, &c. furnish conversation, and many a warm discussion takes place upon events, which are not unfrequently decided before they are ever heard of by the Scillonians.

Emma's health was at this time very precarious; with all the flattery of pulmonary complaints, her friends little imagined how soon (without any extra-

ordinary event happening) she would cease to be among the living. She had this evening taken a little walk, and had been watching the packet working into the harbour, when Henry, who had then landed, hurried toward her; was it only imagination, or he himself?—a moment, and she was convinced of its reality; but the excitement of that moment was fatal:—the tremor, the agitation on a frame already shattered and weakened by anxiety, was more than nature could bear,—a blood vessel was broken internally, and in less than an hour the world and all its pleasures had ceased to be thought of, and her soul had winged its way, to join its sister spirits in the mansions of the blest!

Schooled as he lately had been by adversity, Henry had hoped that with his arrival at Scilly his troubles would cease, an event so fatal he had never thought of: he was prepared to see her in a low and depressed state, but to have all he loved on earth snatched from him at a moment, when, as a recompense for all his fatigues and troubles, he hoped to be rewarded with the hand and heart of his beloved one, was a death-blow to all his hopes of happiness; he endeavoured to bear up against his evil fortunes, but Scilly had become hateful to his sight; he sought employment from the government, and was appointed to a ship on the coast of Africa, where, in a few months after, a fever terminated his existence, in that grave of Europeans, Sierra Leone.

The remainder is soon told, the General had others who demanded his attention, and time lent its aid in smoothing over and filling up the chasm, but the poor old Captain, missing his daughter's attention and kindness, soon found his resting place and home in his grave. His old friend has caused a small tablet to be erected in memory of him and Emma, and the youths of Scilly often, in the long winter evenings, talk of the mournful end of the lovers. J.B.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A PASTORAL BY HENRY INCE.
For the Olio.

Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.
OVID.

Ah! numbers how faint
The anguish to paint,
Of the man who with love is oppress'd;
His days find no ease,
He cares not to please,
Nor can comfort endure in his breast.
He pensively roves
Along the lone groves,

And with heart rending sighs fills the air;
Or sits on the ground,
Where rivers abound,
Increasing their streams with a tear.

The forest and field
More bliss to him yield,
Than the grandest allurements of court;
More pleasure he meets
In lonesome retreats,
Than in scenes of the gayest resort.

But forests and woods,
Or meand'ring floods,
Where nought but the breezes molest,
Can never regain
The heart of that swain,
Who with Cupid's keen darts is oppress'd.

Oh then, gentle fair,
Whose beauty and air,
Inspire gay youth with a flame,
Be ye propitious,
Slight not their wishes,
Nor treat them with frigid disdain.
St. Margaret's, near Dover.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

For the Olio.

THAT a great bulk of mechanical and scientific knowledge has been distributed, during the last quarter of a century, among the middle and operative classes of society in Great Britain, is a fact which no one can deny; would that I could add, with equal truth—and one which no rational being can lament! But there is yet remaining among our countrymen, especially among those who have been educated in a different era, so much of ignorance, or of prejudice, or of something else which militates equally against the clear viewing of the subject, that we, unfortunately, still meet with individuals, not wanting in the common exercise of reason and impartiality, who cast the sneer of contempt upon the triumphs which science has achieved and is achieving, and who would actually welcome back, if it were possible that it should ever return, the vacuum of contented ignorance in which “the wisdom of our ancestors was delighted to repose!”

Can it be, that in rising from such “blissful ignorance,” ’tis folly to be wise? Can the study of the various wonders which surround our external senses, or that of the deep mines of wisdom which our internal feelings may examine, be, after all, “vanity and vexation of spirit?” I think not; and I give my reasons for so thinking.

I assume, as granted, that our powers of thought are the gift of a wise and good being, and, therefore, are given to us for wise and benevolent purposes, and must tend to our own benefit, and ultimate happiness.

Now, for this end, either it is necessary to *employ* the powers of thought we possess, or it is not. If it is *not* necessary, of what use is the possession of them, or for what purpose were they given? If for the purpose I have assumed, how, without our exercising them, can they lead to such results? It is for those who sneer at "the school-master" to reply.

If it *is* necessary, the question is settled, and my argument is beyond dispute; for, in exercising our thoughts upon any one subject, we admit the expediency of exercising them upon any other, (because, *before we reflect upon it*, one subject appears as worthy of study as another,) become advocates of unlimited research—supporters of "The March of Intellect."

"But," replies one of the old school of ignorant philosophers, who, instead of seeking wisdom "as silver," avoid her as though she would compel them to labour in an unhealthy mine, "it is not necessary or fitting for *all men* to become Newtons, Lockes, or Bacons; let the learned attend to learned matters, and the unlettered to their daily business."

Sagely remarked, truly! Think you not, friend, that if there be any worth in the discoveries or teachings of the illustrious men named, it were as well for *all* to be enriched from the same source, seeing that there is stock sufficient for unnumbered generations! Has it never occurred to you, that if you were to proclaim to the world that you had made some great discovery in the natural or the moral world, and that you kept it to yourself, because you feared that your neighbours, who were *better employed*, might waste their time in following your steps, you would stand some chance of being set down as one of those schemers, who are "wise in their own conceits?" Have you yet to learn, that man should labour to live, and not live to labour; and that, consequently, his hours of recreation should be sufficient to enable him to refresh his mind without stinting his body of necessary sustenance? I am sorry for you, friend; you had better join "The March of Intellect."

"Educate the poor, by all means; but give them no other than a common education; that is, teach them to read and write, and little or nothing else," is the sapient remark of an elderly lady of my acquaintance. Seeing, then, there are, probably, many old women in the world who hold similar sentiments,

it will, perhaps, be as well to trace the notion to its consequences.

If it is fitting that *one* class of human beings should exceed another in the quantity of knowledge acquired, it can only be, because one class has powers of intellect superior to another. That there is such a difference of mental power between the upper and the middle or lower classes of society, is a proposition sufficiently absurd to need no refutation; and, upon what other ground it is contended that the education of the mass of the population should go "so far and no farther," I am at a loss to conjecture. Was the peasant Burns less worthy of being led through the wonders of nature, and the mysteries of art, than the proud lord of hundreds of acres, who has scarce intellect sufficient to calculate his receipts and expences? Can the names of Arkwright, and of Watt, and of a thousand others, which might be brought forward from the ranks of the populace, be mentioned in the same breath with the unnatural and illogical proposition, that education, in its highest and noblest pursuits, is above the enjoyment of any particular class of the human race? Was the mighty mind of Shakspeare one whit the less powerful, because he had no titled foolery appended to his immortal name?

It will be argued that these were exceptions, and that not one in a thousand has equal powers of mind. True, they *were* exceptions, or else we should never have heard of them; for they had to toil through a chaos of ignorance, which education, followed up as far as they were capable of reaching, would have rendered brighter and clearer: but who will deny the right of the hundreds of thousands of men, of respectable, nay, of commanding talents, but who, for want of being led on and encouraged by the voice of education, have been bewildered in their paths, and have died unnoticed and unknown, to as much knowledge as their more fortunate fellow-creatures of no higher mental powers, who have happened to possess a larger portion of this world's goods? The man who can coolly declare, that he believes they ought not to have had as large opportunities of acquiring knowledge as could possibly be afforded, has either a head or a heart which I have no disposition to envy.

But, it will be replied, by those who hold the contrary opinion, that to educate the lower classes of society to an unlimited extent, is to make them dis-

satisfied with their lot in life, and to cause them to have such feelings and ideas, as are incompatible with the cheerful performance of their several duties: and here a most important subject opens before us.

It is the decree of Providence, that man must live by "the sweat of his brow;" and, if education could have a tendency to cause man to repine at his lot, it would certainly be for his happiness to remain ignorant of its teachings; but education, or, to speak more correctly, the expansion of the intellect, does no such thing. That it may raise in the breast feelings of indignation at the excess of toil which, unhappily, too many of our species are compelled to endure, in order to obtain sufficient to satisfy the cravings of nature, is certainly true; but where is the man who will maintain that these feelings should be smothered in the bosom? He must have an interest in the oppression of his fellow men; he must be living upon the labour of others; he must be one of those who rob society by producing nothing, and consuming nearly all. We, who contend for the equality of man by nature, and the equal capability of all ranks to acquire knowledge, contend, also, that where this acquiring of knowledge produces discontent with circumstances, the circumstances should be altered, and not the knowledge which pointed out their defects abandoned. Hiding the faults of a painting in a dark room, does not make it of any more value:—the ignorant man may not see the grievances that oppress him so plainly as the educated, but the grievances will press upon him no less on that account. It would be sheer folly to shut our eyes to the snow storm, and expect to feel the warmth of the summer sun: surely 'twould be wiser to seek shelter from the blast, and to defend our fire-sides from the effects of its violence! The time cannot be far distant, when truths like these must be more generally acknowledged; and when experience shall have taught the world, that

"Social love and self-love are the same,"

may we not hope, that the beautiful prospect which the Hebrew bard has drawn of a happier state of society, will be, in a great degree, realised; and every man "sit under his own vine, and under his own fig tree," while knowledge shall cover the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

But we are immortal creatures; such,

at least, is the general belief. Can it be possible, that education, in its loftiest flights, can militate against the progress of any to happiness in another world? Can "the spirits of just men made perfect," be less perfect because upon this earth they have pondered on the wonders of nature? Must not, in truth, every step which the mind advances here, be a step towards becoming fit society for the blessed inhabitants of heaven?

At all events, virtue is happiness; and it would be difficult to show, that expanding the intellect is derogatory to the growth of virtue. Truth is virtue's firmest auxiliary, and the ignorant must always be farther from it than those whom education has directed in the path. The selfish and the proud man may attempt to explain these facts away, but he cannot deny them; he must, in the end, admit them.

Let any thinking man compare the ignorant, uneducated being, who scarcely knows the shape of the world he lives on, with the man of knowledge, whose mind has been expanded by education, and decide which of them he would wish his son to be like; the decision has more to do with the question than may at first sight appear.

The opponents of Mechanics' Institutes are always the opponents of "The March of Intellect." Now these institutions are no more certain of being perfect in their design than any other human institution; and, in the instructions which are there given to the members, it is possible the instructors sometimes begin at the wrong end, teaching the intricacies of science, or the beauties of literature, before the plain truths of the one, and the simplicity of the other—but what then? Is it right, because a physician errs in his practice, or a surgeon kills a patient he undertook to cure, that physic and anatomy should be deemed pursuits detrimental to the health and well-being of mankind? No! rather correct the errors of the one, and reform the practice of the other—and you cannot do these without education!

To conclude:—Intellect always has progressed, and must ever be on "the March." To know that it has of late years gone in "double quick time," is at once a gratifying proof of the advantages of the present age, compared with those of the past, and a welcome harbinger of the probable superiority of the future over the one we live in.

R. JARMAN.

BARBERS.

For the Ollo.

ERE another ten years are gone, the name of Barber will, I fear, become obsolete; it has already been voted vulgar, and there is not a *friseur* in this over-grown metropolis, from Ratcliff Cross to Tyburn, who does not write himself "Hair Dresser." Alas! the pole of many stripes has disappeared for ever from London, and is only to be seen in remote villages. There was a time when a bill like this would stare you in the face at every turn,—“Shave for a penny, hair cut for three halfpence;”—but now these operators stick up something more genteel; to wit,—“Tweezer, fashionable Hair-cutter: *charge only six-pence!*” This, gentlest peruser of periodical publications, includes “turning,” or, as it was called in the days of our fathers, curling, so that every prentice who can afford sixpence for such a luxury, may appear at church on Sunday with a well-curled and well-oiled top-knot, to the imminent disquiet of the pretty milliners and servant-girls in the parish. Our “Hair-dressers” now sport a variety of fancy labels in their windows, and “Prince’s Genuine Russia,” “The Balm of Columbia,” with a dozen other stuffs written in the annals of Humbug, glare upon you in variegated letters. But soft, I have forgotten the “Bear’s Grease.” Alas for poor Bruin! surely some monster, in sheer spite, discovered this property in the fat of his race. Take up a newspaper wherever you will, and “Bear’s Grease” stares you in the face. There has been more stuff sold under this name than all the bears in Scandinavia could supply. But to return to the Barbers themselves, who are degenerating fast—fast; they talk fine; give you their gratuitous comments on the theatres, and even venture to descant upon the merits of a new novel. Time was when barbers could furnish you with news, but now they solicit information, and give themselves such airs and graces, that make you wish yourself out of their hands, and them at the devil. Oh, for the hand of that honest fellow who was wont to operate upon my harsh locks in the days of my boyhood. He had much of the loquacity so common amongst men of his profession, but he was a mild and gentle being, and though I often teased him by moving my head about when under his hands, he never lost his temper. His shop was a pattern of neatness, and

from his door stretched out that party-coloured pole which had descended as a heir loom through a long line of Barbers! But the hand that has so often relieved my head of its redundant crop of sun-bleached hair, is stilled for ever—and the mildest and most unassuming of Barbers sleeps in “his narrow cell,” in the church-yard at the back of the house he once occupied. E.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M.W. of Windsor.*

CONSTITUTION.—For the Constitution which we now enjoy, we are indebted to many various causes in many successive ages: to the fortitude of patriots—to consequences which fall not within the good or the evil intentions of the primary agents—to the jealousies, as well as confederacies, of powerful classes—to the defeats, as well as successes, of contending parties—to the weaknesses and vices, as well as the talents and virtues, of the ruling powers. But a constitution worthy of remaining, or even likely to remain among a civilized people, never has been contrived, nor ever will be, by any one man, or any one body of men.

CORRUPTION.—Dr. Parr, in one of his discourses, says, “In the body politic, as in the body natural, there is a degree of corruption, which, having reached the first principles of life, no longer yields to the force of expedients injudiciously applied or rashly neglected.

SUPERSTITION.—Superstition, like prejudice, is the offspring of ignorance; they are both rank weeds, and flourish in rich luxuriance where no verdure quickens nor salutary plant takes root. Like the spider, they will live in vacuity, spreading a web over the mind, that confines and entangles its ideas; breathing a poison that infects its purest and most innocent pleasures, and induces a blind submission to customs the most absurd and institutions the most cruel. The right to shed blood was one of the prerogatives of Muley, Emperor of Morocco,—a prerogative which the priesthood confirmed to him. When he mounted his horse, he decapitated the slave who held the stirrup, and in this way is said to have killed thousands of his subjects; while the superstitious belief that they were thus instantly transported to Paradise, induced the deluded victims to struggle for the favour from the hand of their imperial master.

J.W.B.

HINDOSTAN.—Herodotus is the earliest European who makes mention of this country; his work was composed 440 years before our æra. Even then, it had begun to experience the calamities of invasion; for it was partly conquered by Darius Hystaspes. Alexander's expedition to the banks of the Indus, first communicated to Europeans authentic information concerning that part of India which has since obtained the name of Panjab, or the five Rivers, the sources of the Indus, down which part of the Grecian troops were conducted by Nearchus. Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus, during his long residence at Palibothra, transmitted farther; of which Strabo, Pliny, and Arrian, have availed themselves in the accounts they have given in India. Its commerce, which at first centered in Tyre,* was afterwards transferred to Alexandria, when it was conducted by the Greeks, Romans, and Venetians, till the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

R. J.

COACHES.—Carriages were used very early in France. Under Francis the First, or rather about 1550, there were at Paris only three coaches, one of which belonged to the Queen, another to Diana of Poitiers, and the third to Rue de Carvil, lord of Bois Dauphine, a corpulent nobleman, who was unable to ride on horseback. Henry the Fourth was assassinated in a coach; for himself and his queen he had only one, as appears by a letter still preserved, in which he writes to a friend: "I cannot wait upon you to-day, because my wife is using my coach."—Hackney Coaches were first established in London in 1625, when there were only twenty. In Edinburgh they made their first appearance in 1673: about the same time *fiacres* began to ply in the streets of Paris; in Warsaw public *fiacres* were introduced in 1778. In Copenhagen there are two hundred hackney coaches; in Vienna, 260.—During the year 1818, there were permitted in London in addition, three hundred *chariots*. The hackney coaches and chariots now plying in London amount to about 1400. Post chaises were first introduced into England about the year 1664.

J. W. B.

HINDOO SKY ROCKETS.—In the private merry makings of the Hindoos,

* Hiram, its king, was contemporary with Solomon, and the sacred writers frequently mention the wealth of that city.

Vid Esekiet's Proph.

great use is made of musical instruments, as well as vocal performances. The airs are simple and not unpleasant. Fire works have been a principal amusement at public rejoicings from the earliest periods. Fire balls, or blue lights, employed in besieging places, to observe the motions and positions of the enemy during the night, are in use all over India, and in *greater* perfection than in Europe. In those parts that have never been visited by Europeans or Mahomedans, rockets are found a weapon of almost universal use in Indian war. This instrument consists of a tube of iron about eight inches long, and an inch and a half in diameter, closed at one end. It is filled and fastened to a bamboo about the thickness of a walking cane, and about four feet long, which is pointed with iron. At the opposite end of the tube from this point, is the match; the man who uses it, points the end of the shaft which is shod with iron, to the object at which he aims; and setting fire to the match, it flies off with great velocity. From the irregularity of its motion, the rocket is difficult to be avoided, and it sometimes acts with considerable effect, especially among cavalry.

R. J.

CITY GATES AT JERUSALEM.—The gates of the circumference round the wall of Jerusalem were *nine*. First, the *Sheepgate*. This was near the Temple, through which the sheep, which were to be sacrificed, were led, they being washed in the Pool Bethesda near the gate. Secondly, the *Fishgate*. Before this gate Judas is supposed to have hanged himself. Some historians think that these two gates and the *Horsegate* also, were so called because they were in manner of three several market places; and at the one gate, *sheep*; at the other, *fish*; and at the third, '*horses*' were sold. The 'Old Gate' was so called, because it was supposed to have remained from the time of the Jebusites, and not to have been destroyed by the Assyrians. It was near Calvary, and without this gate Christ was crucified. But little is spoken concerning the other gates. But of the gates of the Temple, two were of particular notice. The one for those that were *newly married*, the other for *mourners* and *excommunicated persons*. The mourners were distinguished from the excommunicated persons, by having their lips covered with the skirt of their garment; none entered that gate with their-lip unco-

vered but such as were excommunicated. Now the Israelites, which on the sabbath days sate between those gates, said to the newly married couples: 'He whose name dwells in this house, glad thee with children.' To the mourner: 'He that dwells in this house, glad and comfort thee.' To the excommunicated: 'He which dwells in this house, move thy heart to hearken to the words of thy fellows.' Among the Jews, the gates were places of chiefest *strength*, so that they being taken or defended, the whole city was taken or defended; and they were chief places of *jurisdiction*, for in them judges sat to decide controversies. Hence proceeded those phrases, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee, and thy seed shall possess the gates of his enemies.' Thus, it appears, that in the construction of the gates of the city of London, the authority and purpose of the ancients were consulted, and the walls infinitely impregnable.

JODA.

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR NORMAN CUSTOM.—Mr. St. John, in his very entertaining "Journal of a Residence in Norway," from which we quoted in our last, mentions the following curious fact:—Every year, he says, both at Caen and the village of Mondeville, in Normandy, a custom anciently obtained, takes place. "The lands here, which, like those in many other parts, belonging to corporate bodies, were not permitted to be enclosed, were measured out by a perch, and each person's share allotted to him. This was called the *Livree*; and the monks of Fescamp were bound to furnish a fat cow, a pipe of cider, and a proportionate quantity of bread, to refresh the vassals, priests, and *clerks* of the said parish, engaged in the admeasurement of the lands. The most remarkable part of the business was, that, even so late as the sixteenth century, the length of the perch was not fixed, but varied every year, according to the size of the man's foot which the farmers chose to make the standard of the season."

WHIMSICAL MANNER OF PERSONIFYING LENT AT LISLE IN FLANDERS.—On Shrove Tuesday, the fishmongers dress very pompously a goodly figure representing Lent, and begin to pay their court to this emblematical being, by crowding round him, accompanied by a numerous suit of both sexes. In proportion as Easter approaches, the

figure loses his courtiers and his fine clothes, and in Passion-week poor Lent is seen in his morning-gown and night-cap, attended by a physician, a surgeon and an apothecary. On the Saturday preceding Easter, this phantom is supposed to die. Rockets and squibs are tied to the skeleton, and the people are entertained with a splendid fire-work, which reduces the decaying Lent to ashes.

R.J.

Anecdotaliana.

CURRAN, a few days before his death, strolled into the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey. As he contemplated the monuments, he became deeply affected by the spectacle of mortality on every side; and, for a moment, dismissing every harsher feeling, gave up his mind to the solemn reflections which the scene was calculated to inspire. "The holy influence of the spot," to adopt the words of an illustrious countryman of his in relating this circumstance, "had so subdued him, that he began to weep." While he was in this softened mood, he observed at a little distance his old antagonist, Dr. Duigenan. Mr. Curran, considering that they were both to be soon beyond the possibility of further contention, and that no place could be more suited for the exchange of mutual forgiveness, approached and affectionately offered him his hand. "I shall never take Mr. Curran's hand," replied the Doctor, and abruptly turned away. J.W.B.

DAVID WILKIE.—Sir John Sinclair happening to dine in company with Mr. Wilkie, the celebrated painter, in the course of conversation asked him, "How he came to adopt that profession?" At the same time he enquired—"Had your father, or your mother, or any of your relations, a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that line?" To which questions the painter replied—"The truth, Sir John, is, *that you made me a painter.*" "How?—!" with astonishment, exclaimed the knight. "I never had the pleasure of meeting with you before." To which Mr. Wilkie said, "When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and that *made me a painter.*"

A NEW BATCH.

Why is a maid-servant, when a procession passes nigh her master's house, like a ship on the coast at the commencement of a heavy gale?—Because she always runs out to see (sea).

Why do some of the most beautiful songs in our language remind us of African composition?—Because they are composed by a *Moor*.

Why should not reliance be placed in married couples?—Because they lye (lie) together.

Why does the Isle of Wight resemble a four-footed beast?—Because it's got a Hyde (hide).

Why should the same island never be in want of milk?—Because it's always possessed of Cowes (cows).

H. I. MELLER.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, March 16.

High Water 7m after 3 Mo.—7m after 3 After.
Aikih, in his pleasing "Calendar of Nature," says, "the mellow note of the thrush, who sits perched on the naked bough of some tree, is heard from the beginning of March, and at the same time the ring-dove coos in the woods; pheasants crow; hens sit; ducks and geese lay; and the rookery is now all in motion with the pleasing labour of building and repairing nests. It is highly amusing to observe the tricks and artifices of this thievish tribe in defending or plundering the materials of their new habitation. A society with such a licence of theft, one would imagine could not possibly subsist; and that they are sometimes obliged to interpose the public will, to control the private dispositions of individuals, is shown in the following story. There was once in a rookery a pair of birds, who, in the building-time, instead of going out in search of materials, kept at home, and, watching the opportunity, plundered every unguarded nest; thus building their own habitation by contributions levied upon the industry of their neighbours. This had continued for some time, and the robbers had hitherto escaped with impunity: their nest was just finished, when the rest of the society, by common consent, made an attack upon the depredators, beat them soundly, demolished their nest, and expelled them ignominiously from the rookery."

Thursday, March 17.

St. Patrick.

Sun rises 5m after 6—sets 56m after 5.

The tutelary saint of Ireland was born in the year 371, in a village called *Bonaven Tabernia*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. Being successively ordained deacon, priest, and bishop, he received the apostolical benediction from Pope Celestine, and was sent by him, about the beginning of the year 432, to preach the gospel in Ireland. He died at the patriarchal age of 123, and was interred at Down, in Ulster.

Braud, in his *Observations upon Popular Antiquities*, states that "the Shamrock is said to be worn by the Irish upon the anniversary of this saint, for the following reason.—When the saint preached the gospel to the pagan Irish, he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity, by showing them a trefoil, or three-leaved grass with one stalk, which operating to their conviction, the Shamrock, which is a bundle of this grass, was ever afterwards worn upon this saint's anniversary, to commemorate the event.

Friday, March 18.

St. Anselm, bishop of Lucca.

High Water, 46m after 4 Mo.—7m after 5 After.

March 18, 1796.—On this day General Charette, the famous chief of the royalists, in La Vendee, a department in the western part of France, having been taken prisoner by a party of Republican troops, was shot.

Saturday, March 19.

Sun rises 1m after 6—sets 5m after 6.

March 19, 1809.—Interred at St. Martin's in the Fields, the remains of Hugh Hewson, æt. 89. The deceased was a man of no mean celebrity, though no funeral escutcheons graced his obsequies. He was no less a personage than the identical Hugh Strap, whom Dr. Smollett has rendered so conspicuously interesting in his "Roderic Random," and for upwards of forty years, had kept a hair-dresser's shop in the above parish. He was a very intelligent man, and took delight in recounting the adventures of his early life. He spoke with pleasure of the time he spent in the

service of the Doctor, and it was his pride, as well as his boast, to say, that he had been educated in the same seminary with so learned and distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintance, the several scenes in Roderic Random, pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the Doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting at a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, were all of that description. The subject of our notice left behind him an interlined copy of Roderic Random, pointing out these facts, showing how far they were indebted to the genius of the Doctor, and to what extent they were bottomed in reality. The deceased could never succeed in gaining more than a respectable subsistence by his trade; but he possessed an independence of mind superior to his humble condition. In the latter part of his life he was employed as keeper of the Promenade in Villiers Walk, Adelphi, and was much noticed and respected by the inhabitants who frequented that place.

Sunday, March 20.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day, 3 chap. Exodus, Morning.
45 chap. Exodus, Evening.

Moon's First Quarter, 17m after 10 morn.

March 20, 1727.—Anniversary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton, the great astronomer. Newton, unlike many shining characters, received in his life time the honour due to his singular merit. In 1703, he was elected President of the Royal Society. In 1705, he was knighted by Queen Anne. In 1669, he was made master of the mint; which place, together with the presidency of the Royal Society, he held till his death. His funeral was celebrated with great magnificence, the Chancellor and five other peers supporting the pall. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory. The following is a translation of the epitaph designed by Pope for Sir Isaac Newton—

"Nature and all her works lay hid in night
God said 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Monday, March 21.

St. Eusebius, Abbot.

High Water 8m after 7 Mo.—41m after 7 After.
March 21, 1536.—Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was burnt at Oxford to-day, for heresy, in the 67th year of his age, in the reign of the sanguinary Mary. His learning and piety procured him universal respect, and the courage of his martyrdom made him the hero of the Protestant party.

Tuesday, March 22.

St. Leogratius, Bishop of Carthage.

Sun rises 55m after 5—sets 6m after 6.

March 22, 1594.—Upon this day the chapter of Notre Dame first performed an annual procession, called the Procession of the Reduction of Paris. It was instituted in 1594, by Henry IV., in thanksgiving to God for the prosperity of his arms, and in memory of the capital of his kingdom having submitted to his authority. The clergy, accompanied by the *Corps de Ville*, proceeded to the church of the Grand Augustins, and on the same day, the clergy of all the parish churches in Paris walked in procession to Notre Dame.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, March 26, 1851.



See page 178

Illustrated Article.

BLACK-GANG CHINE; OR, THE MURDERERS OF THE BAY. *For the Olio.*

Godfrey.—What did the butchers with her
laughter'd coise?

Old Henley.—Alas! poor lamb!
They durst not trust it with the tell-tale earth;
But re-resolved, ere half her grave was dug,
To throw her in the sea. Her tomb they made
Full fifty fathoms down, by that dead reef
Where many a ship and merry crew have sunk;
And oft in deadeast night lone cries are heard,
So wildly differing from the curlew's wail,
The boated smuggler snatches up his oar,
And rows alongside. Godfrey, heaven be
praised!

Whate'er of bitters mingle in our draught,
Our hands are clean, and hence our hearts are
clear!

SEA-SIDE LEGENDS.

"God protect us!—that was a cry of
blood!" exclaimed Phœbe, the wife of
Tom Fenton, an Isle of Wight smug-
gler, as they sat at their scanty supper,
late on a summer's evening—an expres-
sion which she uttered on hearing a
stifled shriek come from the direction

in which lay the grounds of the almost
adjoining villa of Sir Hugh Standen.

"Finish your mess, and go to your
hammock, girl," said Tom; "I am to
be up at four. You are ready to blub-
ber at every squall. Why, it's only
Sir Hugh overhauling his mistress."

This rough rejoinder of Fenton did
not emanate either from want of conju-
gal gentleness, or a desire to screen
any deed of darkness committing under
the auspices of Sir Hugh Standen; but
he had learned, during the precarious
routine of his contraband trade, to at-
tach a fatal importance to the sound of
alarm. He left his wife, however, to
her own fears, and withdrew to bed.
But the terror of Phœbe had "murdered
sleep" for her; and, on hearing a se-
cond shriek, which she then knew to
be that of a female, she hastened to the
garden behind their cottage, which was
separated by an intervening lawn from
the pleasure-grounds of Sir Hugh, at
the distance of about ten roods from
whose residence was an out-house, ap-
propriated to the use of the gardener.
This hovel was immured in a cluster of

dark pines and Portugal laurel; its roof was over-run by ivy, and it was lighted from a window looking out upon the lawn which interfered with it and Fenton's garden. From this recess issued the sounds of mystery which had so troubled Phoebe Fenton, and she resolved to discover their cause at all hazard. Nerved with that mental courage which is so inherent in the female character, and which is so prominent when displayed in defence of their own sex, she stretched out her hands, and catching hold of the twisted boughs which grew over the vine-embowered wall, scrambled to the other side. It was a fine moonlight night; but she perceived, through the thickly-planted trees behind the villa, some one carrying a lantern, with which they entered the garden-house. There was a light also moving in the drawing-room; but, owing to the closely-drawn curtains of gauze, she could not distinguish the person of the mover.

Gliding across the lawn, she drew near to the window in the gable-end of the garden-house, through which she beheld a female rudely seated on the ground, her hands tied behind her, moaning most piteously. It was but the fear of sharing her destiny which deterred Phoebe Fenton from attempting her deliverance; for, by the glimmer of the suspended lantern, she beheld three ruffians occupied in adjusting a rope, which they fastened to a beam behind their beauteous victim, leaving a noose for her neck. Shifting the lantern, the light fell upon their cut-throat countenances, and Phoebe, uttering a faint cry, recognised them to be of her husband's gang, three of the crew of the 'Saucy Anne,' then lying about a mile and a half out from Chale Bay, with a contraband cargo. Horrified beyond measure at this discovery, she could scarcely manage to support herself by clinging to the creeping ivy attached to the building. She was a daring and stout-hearted woman, however, inured to the beholding of such strange escapes and rencontres as distinguish a smuggler's life. She again looked through the window, and saw one of the murderers issue forth, closing the door after him, to keep watch on the outside. The remaining two, then, under the pretence of soothing the hapless female, slipped the cord over her neck, and instantly drew her up to the beam, where hanging, she struggled so violently and so long, that one of them snatched up a crow-bar,

and struck her on the head so ferociously, that the blood streamed in torrents down her dishevelled hair, and splashed against the window through which the pale-faced Phoebe was looking. The latter, terrified to fainting, dropped on the turf of the shaven sward. On recovering, she crept across it on her hands and knees, until she gained the wall, and, after many an effort, the cottage.

Fenton, startled by a noise, awoke out of his slumber, and heard a feeble call of "Fenton, get up!" Huddling on some of his clothes, he descended the stair, lifted up his fallen wife, and bore her to the bed. Half-an-hour elapsed before she was able to give an account of what she had witnessed. Having resumed sufficient command of her feelings, she told her husband the terrifying story. Indignant at discovering himself the partner of such atrocious murderers, and bent upon sifting the secret, he overleaped the boundaries of the two enclosures, and was soon at the dismal spot, where, prying about amongst the trees, he discovered a spade stuck in the ground, close to a hole which some one had been digging. The door of the out-house was fastened, and baffled his essays to force it. He bent his ear to the rocky ground, and heard footsteps at some distance, descending the cliff, and proceeding towards the bay. Retracing his way, he emerged from the front of his cottage, and advancing to the most towering part of the cliffs, he took his stand on the highest point.

The moon lit up the scenery with a lustre equal to that of noon-day. The undulating sea murmured with a subdued gentleness that bespoke a parley with the adventurous voyager. Fenton shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed on the quietly anchored 'Saucy Anne,' seen within half-a-league of land. Below him lay the melancholy wreck of the 'Melville Watson.' On his right the chalky outline of Freshwater, proximate to the Needles, gleamed in the moonshine; while, in dark relief, the sable shores of Atherfield were traceable in the foreground. On his left, the island, sloping to its easternmost extremity, wore the warm and golden hues of one of the clustering Cyclades,—the moon's rays vividly illuminating the verdant heights of Ventnor, and the craggy steep of Bonchurch. Behind, arose the giant hill of St. Catherine's; the grey ruins of the chantry, and the abandoned light-house, mouldering on its

cone. More immediately, and forming a part of the line of rock on which Fenton was standing, the gloomy fall of Black-Gang Chine diversified the otherwise unbroken chain of crags parallel with the shore. The heat of summer had dried up the mountain-springs, the united streams of which composed the roaring waterfall of Black-Gang Chine, and their diminished waters fell down the dank and blackened sides of the curving precipice with a hollow, trickling sound, which added to the terror inspired by gazing on its repulsive form.

The peering eyes of Tom Fenton glanced in every direction, his ears were open to every quarter, to catch either sight or sound of the remorseless trio of which he was in quest. His endeavours to obtain information by means of the latter medium were abortive—

“The pebbly music of the rippling bay”

prevented his hearing the trampling of the murderers; but, looking intently, he plainly beheld them, within pistol-shot, moving along the shingled beach, bearing amongst them what he took to be the body of the mangled maiden, the lovely mistress of the blood-guilty Sir Hugh Standen. At the centre of the bay, where was moored their boat, the smugglers made a stand, and, embarking with their burden, put out to sea. They rowed from the entrance of the bay towards the defined edge of a bristling reef of rocks which constituted the terror of every mariner. There Fenton saw them lay-to, for the purpose, he had no doubt, of dropping the corpse. Their business dispatched, they made for land; while Fenton, with all speed, shaped his course to Black-Gang Chine, to the recess at the bottom of which he knew they would resort.

After a most hazardous scramble down the stony ridge which formed the eastern side of that tremendous precipice, forty feet in height, he alighted with his feet on a level space immediately on the side edge, and overlooking part of Black-Gang Chine. In a short time, his comrades entered at the bottom, and took their stand in the recess which, as he stood, was directly beneath him. He could hear every syllable of their conversation distinctly, and, from their voices, discovered them to be three of the most ruffianly wretches in the whole gang.

“The devil seize me!” said one of them; “I know not how I shall get the blood out of my shirt and trowsers: we

shall be nosed, after all. Hang me, she was a ripe ‘un; for when I hit her, the juice spurted a yard high!”

“Was Sir Hugh tired of her?” asked one of the others.

“Partly,” answered the third, “and partly afraid of her. She had a chirper to him, and he gave it a gripe, one day, and settled its account. The foolish jade threatened to split; and so, to save his own neck, he has had her put out of his way.”

“Well,” said the first, “she’s far enough out of his latitude now. Come, my lads, out with the prize-money, and let us settle: the sneaking lubbers who are out of this job, will be d—d inquisitive to know how we came by so many shiners.”

It was with the utmost difficulty that Tom Fenton could suppress his feelings. What could he do? With chagrin he recollected his want of fire-arms; for he had left his wife in such perturbation, that his pistols had been overlooked. Luckily, the three were similarly unprovided. But Fenton discovered a means of attack equally effectual. Upon the verge of the yawning cavern, and where he leaned, was a piece of loose and shelving rock, of half a ton in weight, to appearance, which he found he could move, and, if needful, throw down upon the heads of his despicable companions beneath. The ground where they stood was difficult of access, and to and from it they could pass but by one at a time. Fenton knew this; he felt emboldened, and, turning to clasp the piece of rock in his arms, so that he might be prepared, in case of discovery, to give decisive battle, his foot loosened a fragment of stone, which rolled down and fell amongst them. The alarm was given, and, looking up, they perceived Tom Fenton clinging to the detached portion of rock, ready to hurl it on their heads; a circumstance of which they were not immediately aware.

“Ah! by hell, we are betrayed!” exclaimed one of the trio: “I’ll either cut his throat, or he shall cut mine!—On, my boys! let us give him chase!”

“Stir one foot,” shouted Tom Fenton, “and, by the God of heaven! I will crush the three of you into a mummy! Look here! d’ye see this stone?”

Aghast with fear, they tempted not the extremity, but tried to reason Tom out of his resentment.

“Don’t argue with me, you gibbet villains,” cried Tom. “Close with my proposal, or your bones shall swing in the wind, on high St. Catherine’s. Two

of you are brothers: leave one, and let the others to boat immediately, and if, on your way, you make any attempt to grapple me, I will instantly, as I expect mercy from God! hurl down the stone on your brother's head. Jem Whitely, I will not move from this place until I see you alongside the 'Saucy Anne!'

Gladly enough did they embrace this offer, one of the brothers staying behind. Immediately Fenton was certified of their being on board, he called to the remaining Whitely to surrender himself, or fight for the issue. He chose the latter; and Tom Fenton descended to the beach, and drew his cutlass. After exchanging a few desperate gashes, Tom closed with his antagonist, disarmed and threw him. To insure more certainly his passiveness, he bound his hands strongly with a piece of cord, and then conducted him to the adjacent hamlet of Chele, where he left him in custody till the morning.

Through the information of Tom Fenton, two of the custom-house cutters gave chase to the 'Saucy Anne,' boarded and took her. The murderers were apprehended, tried, convicted and executed, at Winchester; and their bodies were suspended in chains on St. Catherine's, overlooking the scene of their crime. Sir Hugh Standen, the abettor of the foul deed, escaped the justice of his country, and died abroad. As for Tom Fenton, he became a new man: he was admitted into the preventive service, and constituted, while he lived, one of its most active and uncompromising officers, dating his reformation from the awful night of his discovery of the murderers of Black-Gang Chine.

G. Y. H—N.

LAYS OF LONELINESS.

BY HENRY INCE.

For the Olio.

I sit in my lonely wood!
No smiling eyes are near,
And there is not a sound in my solitude,
Save the voice in my dreaming ear!
The hopes of my youth are away,
My home and its early dreams,
I am far from the land where I used to play.
A child by its thousand streams!
Yet now, in my lonely hour,
What visions of bliss are mine!
For my spirit is ruled by a spell of power,
And the spell and the power are thine!

T. K. Hervey.

No. I.

I may not mourn—I may not weep,
O'er all the woe my spirit feels;
But dreams come o'er me in my sleep,
In visions that of thee reveal,

Is all thy spirit's loveliness,
As when with healing on thy wings
Thou camest on earth this heart to bless,
And cheer it in its wanderings.

Thou wert to me a safety ark.
Above this wide world's tempest-wave,
When clouds around were gathering dark,
And hope had fled beyond the grave!
When every smile had pass'd away,
And bloom was gone from every flower,
I bent to thee, and bless'd the day
That cheer'd life's dying hour.

Yet hear me—though in life's decay
I yet may bend on earth to thee,
Yet on yon rock at close of day
I sigh for wings to flee
Beyond this dim and darken'd shore,
To far-off groves beyond the sky,
In a land of light for evermore.
Though veil'd in deepest mystery.

'Tis there my wounded soul would dwell,
And there, too, may'st thou find thy home,
Where the daylight never sighs farewell,
Beyond the ocean's foam:
Where a hope of joy as pure as thine
To every wandering soul is given,
Where the stars of mercy for ever shine,
Like a Cynosure in heaven!

"PUDDING BEFORE MEAT!"

For the Olio.

SUCH was the emphatic exclamation of my friend Harry Dashington, on entering a room where had assembled the *table d' hôte*.

Reader! (generous, kind reader! as Sir Walter would have had it,) did'st thou ever have the mischance to meet with such an adventure,—did it ever, *en passant*, fall to thy lot to encounter "pudding before meat?" Can'st thou bring to mind the feelings on such an occasion, the disgusted palate, the disappointed appetite, the maudlin meagreness of a myriad of rice grains thrust into a heated amalgamation of milk, (*alias* "sky blue,") and moist sugar?

Apostrophize for a moment, from thy natural good humour and contentment, and consider, even with a prejudiced and contemptuous sneer, the capital crime of thus murdering the submissive appetite; even consider the disappointed outcry of thy craving diaphragm, when expecting to exult over the cheering effects of a magnanimous sirloin, or the creaming luxuriance of a luscious haunch, it meets the nauseous insipidity of "the above in part recited" *dumper*, for such it is to all intents and purposes, in word and deed; aye I affirm, it is the very acme of distress and defeat!

Give me, I exhort, for a moment, thy *serious* reflections on the subject. The toscin of the soul, the dinner bell, hath sounded: its last pleasing echo vibrates

in dying plaintiveness on thy enraptured sense; you repair to the dinner-table; are seated by the soft-eyed maiden who adores you; you see the covered viands before your sight; you are happy, expecting the removal of the cover which alone divides you from momentary paradise; when it is withdrawn,

"Lo! two puddings smoke upon the board!"

Execrable punishment! you expected to plunge into oblivion all worldly thoughts, and cross the pure Lethe of delight, by indulging your delighted palate with delicious Apician morsels,—when you are driven to despair, and that bordering on desperation, by the stingy provision and *dampening* effects of "a prudent and careful housewife." Oh, Epicurus! since thou art sainted for thy philosophy, protect us from the wretchedness of such a situation,—shield us from the fatal encounter,—and guard us from the stupendous horror of a niggard spouse!

But stay, I am getting far too sentimental and moralizing for my subject; though, so necessary is it to sympathize with the multitude who are exposed to such guidance, that it appears even to be a fit subject for a serious and argumentative essay; but no, I'll not intrude upon thy courtesy so far as to become prosing, but will relate in plain terms, by way of anecdote and illustration, an unavoidable instance of submission to this exquisite punishment; it relates to my before mentioned friend, who expressed his indignation so emphatically that it led to the produce of the present chapter.

Harry Dashington was the son of a *genteel* administrator of the gospel, who had no other son, and therefore was enabled to indulge his offspring with an university education; accordingly, after having passed the ordeal of a public grammar school, he was despatched forthwith to Cambridge, and "kept" in the ancient establishment of Trinity, where he finished his studies, and became proficient not only in the classics, but the superior walks of "bree'ling;" and having, by his wit and accomplishments, partaken of the toils and pleasures of fashionable life, he was the "beau ideal" of each boarding-school miss, and the pride of his family.

Once upon a time, (of course), having an opportunity of being presented with a "living," by the death of a neighbouring vicar, he had the disagreeable necessity of canvassing among his neighbours for support, as the vi-

carage was to be decided by election, their being a rival candidate for the presentation. The first family he was destined to visit was the professor of chirurgery in the village, and the only one in the neighbourhood: his means were few; his pretensions great; he carried all with a high hand; rode in his gig, and mounted his crest thereon. The man of livery and silver lace opened the door, in answer to the summons of our hero, and ushered him, *sans ceremonie*, into the presence of the Esculapian disciple; when, lo! he found him president at the "family dinner," his *better* half, a Hottentot Venus in proportions, at the nether end of the table, and two ruddy churls on one side the same.

"Mr. Dashington I have the honour of addressing, I presume," commenced he of the lancet.

"The same, sir," rejoined our hero.

"Your visit is business, no doubt?"

"It is, sir," replied Harry, laconically; "but I will not disturb you; I will either wait, or call another time."

"I beg, sir, you will not trouble yourself in either way; but could I prevail upon you, I should be made happy by seeing you join us in our present amusement; we have not yet commenced; and, as it is all 'in a family way,' I hope you will excuse—"

"No apologies," interrupted Dashington, "I accept your kind proposition with pleasure," and drawing a chair to the table, he beheld the footman place a dish before his new hostess, and—I'll not delay the result,—it contained a huge gooseberry pudding! He perceived the lady on the point of addressing him, and he turned away his head from her for a moment, not through a want of politeness, but he perceived she was watching an opportunity of replacing a curl that had escaped from its destined spot, by the flurry of a gentleman being announced; after this slight interruption, the lady had composed her features into a syren smile, and invited him to partake of her "plain fruit pudding;" he accepted the offer with apparent pleasure, positively assuring her, that there was nothing in the known world he had such a predilection for, as the viand offered. He crammed the diabolical edible into his mouth precipitating every mouthful untasted, and continually avowed he had never before tasted *such* a pudding! All was taken for compliment; and suffice it to say that he obtained the surgeon's vote by his courtesy;—but he suffered so

severely by it, that he rushed from the house, exclaiming, let what would be at stake, he never again would countenance

"PUDDING BEFORE MEAT!" D.

TO —

For the Olio.

My own sweet girl,
My own pretty girl,
What rapture reigns where thou dost dwell!
What spirit of air
Can with thee compare,
My bright, my beautiful charming fair!
And where's the climate
Whose gems outshine
Those deeply eloquent eyes of thine!
Ah, no there's none
Beneath the sun
So pure, so peerless, my lovely one!

My own sweet girl,
My own pretty girl,
No art, no guile in those fond eyes dwell;
All there is bright
As their kindred light,
The stars that beacon the dreamy night!
Belles there are, some
All frolic and fun,
All flouting and flirting with every one;
But different far
Art thou, my star!
To what such coquetting triflers are.
My own sweet girl, &c.

T. F.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAJOR ANDRÉ.

AN original letter, published in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' dated 1823, from the Hudson River in North America, contains the following particulars relative to this ill-fated officer:

"Old Tappan, which consists of only two or three small houses, was the place selected for the execution of the once brave, noble-hearted, patriotic and accomplished Major André. I was anxious to make a pilgrimage to the grave of my unfortunate countryman; and, as the wind was scarcely sufficient to bear us up against a strong ebb-tide, I easily prevailed on the captain to anchor his charge, and allow the small boat to go on shore. Major André, you may recollect, was taken prisoner by the Americans during the revolution as a British spy. The house or hut in which he was kept in confinement had only very lately gone into ruins. It was then a tavern, and its landlord, now extremely old, still resides close by, and recites the melancholy tale with much affection and feeling. He witnessed the gentlemanly manners and equanimity of this heroic soldier, while in his house, under the most trying circumstances, and from its threshold to the fatal spot. In his room the prisoner could hear the

sound of the axe employed in erecting the scaffold; and on one occasion, in the presence of a friend, when these sounds, terrible to all but himself, were more than usually distinct, he is said to have observed, with great composure, 'that every sound he heard from that axe was indeed an important lesson, it taught him how to live and how to die.' When conducted to the place of execution, and on coming near to the scaffold, he made a sudden halt, and momentarily shrunk at the sight; because he had, to the last, entertained hopes that his life would have been taken by the musket, and not by the halter. This apparent want of resolution quickly passed away, and the disappointment he felt told more against the uncompromising spirit of the times than against himself. Rejecting assistance, he approached and ascended the platform with a steady pace and lofty demeanour, and submitted to his fate with the pious resignation of a great and good man. A large concourse of spectators, among whom were several well-dressed females, had assembled on this sorrowful occasion; and it is reported that scarcely a dry cheek could be found throughout the whole multitude. André was then seen as he always had been, and moved by that which had through life presided over all his actions, resolved beyond presumption, and firm without ostentation.

"The person and appearance of Major André were prepossessing: he was well proportioned, and above the common size of men; the lines of his face were regular, well marked, and beautifully symmetrical, which gave him an expression of countenance at once dignified and commanding. His address was graceful and easy; in manners he was truly exemplary, and in conversation affable and instructive. Polite to all ranks and classes of people, he was universally respected; fond of discipline, and always alive to the just claims and feelings of others, he was beloved in the army, and generally appealed to as the common arbitrator and conciliator of the contentions of those around him. In a word, he was a sincere friend, a scholar and accomplished gentleman, a patriot, a gallant soldier, an able commander, and a Christian.

"General Washington, when called upon to sign his death-warrant, which he did not do without hesitation, it is said, dropped a tear upon the paper, and spoke at the same time to the following effect:—"That were it not infringing upon the duty and responsi-

bility of his office, and disregarding the high prerogative of those who would fill that office after him, the tear, which now lay upon that paper, should annihilate the confirmation of an act to which his name would forever stand as a sanction. He was summoned that day to do a deed at which his heart revolted; but it was required of him by the justice of his country, the desires and expectations of the people: he owed it to the cause in which he was solemnly engaged, to the welfare of an infant confederacy, the safety of a newly organised constitution which he had pledged his honour to protect and defend, and a right given to him that was acknowledged to be just by the ruling voice of all nations.'

"André, after he had heard his condemnation, addressed a letter to Washington: it contained a feeling appeal to him as a man, a soldier, and a general, on the mode of death he was to die. It was his wish to be shot. This, however, could not be granted; he had been taken and condemned as a spy, and the laws of nations had established the manner of his death. But where were the humanity and feeling of the British on this occasion? Why did they not give up the dastardly Arnold* in exchange for the brave André, as it was generously proposed by the United States? This they refused on a paltry plea, and suffered, in consequence, the life of one of their finest officers to be ignominiously taken."

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Guilford. For the *Olio*.

Continued from p. 165.

Fairwell Priory was originally appropriated to canons regular, or hermits, but, at the request of Roger, Geoffrey and Robert, three of its brethren, and by the consent of the Chapter

* Arnold was a general in the American service, and had distinguished himself on former occasions like a brave soldier, an experienced commander, and a sincere citizen; but, like another Judas Iscariot, he afterwards thought fit to turn traitor. He deserted to the English as soon as the news reached him of the apprehension of André (because he knew then that his name and the plans arranged previously between him and the British general would be exposed and frustrated), with the expectation of receiving *a few pieces of silver*, for betraying his country. Whatever was his recompense in this way I know not, but I am certain he was despised as long as he lived, and his memory will for ever be pointed at as contemptible and degrading by the people of both nations.

of Lichfield, Roger Clinton, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, converted it into a house for Benedictine Nuns, endowing it with a grange, a mill, extensive lands and numerous vassals. Henry the Second was also a liberal benefactor to them; bestowing on them no inconsiderable portion of his Assart, or land cleared from wood in the forest of Cannock. This monastery had property in Lichfield, Rougeley, Brereton, King's Bromley, Handsacre, Cannock, Burntwood, and various other towns and villages. Its situation was a rich specimen of that delicious seclusion which monastics uniformly selected for their retreat; a small green valley of great fertility, watered by a clear stream, sheltered by slopes waving in corn and grass, or clothed with ancient woods,—while to the north the huge bosom of Cannock heath rose like a protecting barrier behind its vane-crested pinnacles and shady cloisters. The present prioress, Elizabeth Hilshaw, was a woman of good family, and her disposition in any other situation would have displayed many excellent points; but, as prioress of Fairwell, her religious bigotry, and the zeal, even to fanaticism, which she displayed for the inviolable maintenance of her convent's reputation and discipline, so completely superseded every other motive and feeling, that they might be said exclusively to form her character. Her charity to the poor and her hospitality to the stranger were unfailing, but she would have thrust a heretic from her gates, though famine had worn him to the bone, or the tempest that suspended its thunder over her towers, threatened to overwhelm him. She was gentle, and even kind, while unfailing the daily round of duties; but the omission of the least trifle excited her indignation, and, for any higher offence, she would not have hesitated a moment, if need were, to inflict the last terrible penalty—*privation of existence*.

Such was the Benedictine Mother, who, attired in ample robes of flowing black, her hood sitting close and square round her pale and serious, but most dignified, countenance, ascended (on the morning after the adventure just related) a large and stately litter, whose curtains of black velvet had been embrodered by the skill of the sisterhood with gorgeous emblazonries, displaying the arms of the see and of the founder and benefactors of the priory. Her hands, whose delicate hue and taper fingers were contrasted with the rutilant

gems of several superb gold rings, were occupied by a large rosary of ivory, set in gold, and a tall gilded crucifix thickly embossed with precious stones; several banners of great splendour, presented by devout ladies to the priory, were borne before the litter; the nuns arranged themselves in order, the younger on foot, the elder and more infirm on solemnly trapped mules and asses;—an escort of about a dozen sturdy vassals of the priory, in liveries of black and grey, formed the escort, and after Cornelia had taken her place in the litter, a seat to which her rank as subprioress entitled her, the procession commenced in a stately pace its progress towards Litchfield, a distance of about two miles.

It was the Festival of the Assumption of our Lady, on which, as on other high days of the calendar, the Black Ladies of Fairwell, as they were popularly called, were used to proceed to the Cathedral, and there attend high mass, as an acknowledgement of respect due to the Mother Church. Arrived at the bridge, whose moulded arches spanned the bright pebbly brook of the priory, the train paused, with crosses and genuflections, before a small shrine and effigy of St. Peter, covered, as well as the bridge, with tapestry, always displayed on such occasions. Then winding up and down the steep rocky lanes, they felt and acknowledged the pleasant pathway. The grassy carpet, for it was a rarely trodden path, lay all cool, green and rich, beneath a thick arcade of bowery trees, through whose matted boughs the high sun sparkled, or slept here and there in soft glimmer on the smooth sward. Thick festoons of luscious woodbine bourgeoning on all sides, with their pale and waxyclusters, wafted their odours on a soft south wind, which bore from the sunny distance the merry peals of the Minster belfry, mingling with the nearer melody of the blackbird in the huge witch-elm, and the cheerful prattle of the clear brown rivulet that glided near.

Passing the great barns and moated grange of Aspenbrooke, from whose steep and vine-clad porch the gaffer and gammer, in holiday attire, hastened to obtain a blessing from the Prioress, the procession soon gained the steep hill in whose bosom lay the nestling hamlet and oratory of Crossinhand. A small garden, partially scooped out of the red banks that rose above it, and which was devoted to the cultivation of medicinal and culinary herbs, spread

before a small but graceful fabric with pointed and moulded door and windows. Two gigantic yew-trees reared their red and twisted trunks at the portal, and at a vast height waved their black and matted foliage over the roof of the Oratory of St. James. A statue of the saint rose beneath the one, and a little crystal well glittered at the roots of the others of these herculean trees. A row of bee-hives occupied the sunniest angle of the deep sand-stone bank, and a patchwork of blue lavender and red marygolds, mingled with thyme, rosemary, and marjoram, mantled in dewy fragrance before them.

Here Cornelia was informed by the Prioress that she was to alight, adding that they would call for her on their return, and the Capellane himself appearing at this moment, assisted the hapless girl to descend and enter the Oratory. The Prioress had been unusually reserved and stately during their short journey, and Cornelia, not knowing what to say, or even think, had abandoned herself to a reverie of the profoundest melancholy and wildest apprehension; yet, as she passed the deep porch of the Oratory, and heard the tinkling of the silver mule-bells, announcing that the procession had set on to Litchfield, she felt for the moment a sensation of bereavement more acute than when quitting for ever her parents and her home.

The first apartment they entered was apparently the chapel; it was supported on four pillars, whose intersections formed the rich yet simple groining of the ceiling; two lancet windows of stained glass threw a chequered light upon the pavement, whose tiles were arranged in various heraldic shields; a large ebony crucifix rose over the altar, which was covered with purple cloth, embroidered with crimson; near it was a fluted stoup for holy water, while a recess let into the wall displayed the ceremonial habits, with divers silver vessels appropriated to sacred uses.

The Capellane guided Cornelia down a short flight of steps into a narrow vaulted passage, and opening a door to the left, he led the way into a small but very lofty room, lighted by a single window larger and longer than those in the chapel, amidst whose delicate tracery was painted the martyrdom of St. James: an arched doorway appeared to open from hence into other apartments. Here the Capellane, after carelessly pointing out a seat to Cornelia, placed

himself in a large high-back'd chair of dark polished wood, whose arms were supported by two eagles, while its back, wrought into roses, acorns, and grapes, intermixed with various birds and animals, terminated in a sort of spire, surmounted by a cross. Regardless of his mute invitation, Cornelia Noble stood in the centre of the rush-strewn chamber, as if incapable of obeying any volition of her own, and it would have been a study for a painter to have seen the tall, shadowy figure of the Capellane seated erect and rigid in his chair, volumes of dusky drapery floating around him, a lurking gleam of his eye only occasionally indicating that a countenance did exist under the black muffling cowl; while opposite to him stood the youthful nun, her sable attire painted in rubies, topazes, emeralds, and amethysts, by the sun-light window,—her tall, graceful figure slightly bent,—her white hands clasped,—and beautiful features so exquisite in their downcast expression, that you scarcely wished those long-lashed eye-lids to be raised, lest it should displace the tear that glistened on their silken fringe.

"Daughter," at length the Capellane commenced, "how long have you been vowed the spouse of Heaven?"

The poor girl started slightly at his voice, and after a pause replied in faltering accents—

"Alas! father, 'tis nearly three months!"

"You sigh as you speak, daughter; springs it from resignation or regret?"

The long imprisoned tear rolled down the young Benedictine's marble cheek.

"Is it a sinful tribute to the carnal pleasures of a world you have abjured; or may I hope it is a blessed aspiration after the self-denying temper that is to fit you for another?"

"Hope not for me," faintly articulated the nun, without lifting her eyes,—"hope nothing for me, father—I have ceased hoping for myself!"

The Capellane replied not immediately, and then, in an altered tone, he said,—

"That is to say, since yesternight, the peaceful repose of the votaress of St. Mary has been disturbed by visions of the Heiress of Chorley, and the gray walls of Fairwell Priory are become hateful as soon as they appear the only barriers to the broad lands of Arblaster?"

At the tone and import of this speech, so unwonted in the Capellane, from whom she had been accustomed to hear

only the grave language of advice or expostulation, Cornelia raised her eyes and fixed them in the inquiring gaze of astonishment on the confessor; but she might as well have spared the effort, so completely were his features veiled by the cowl. At all events she gathered courage, without knowing why, from his words, and replied with more firmness than she had hitherto been able to muster,

"Father! when the world beheld me quit its blandishments,—when it saw me exchange the affection of indulgent parents for their displeasure, and resign the enjoyments of an affluent home for the privations of a severe monastery, it knew the source of my sorrows, but it could never know their *intensity*; you, holy father, have received the unfeigned outpourings of a subdued spirit, but you could not, you cannot *now* conceive the rebellious tumults to which that spirit hath been excited, by last night's strange tidings. Love—*earthly* love—Endymion's love—dead only while I deemed *him* so—hath with him revived, and repossessed my heart; and yet, you wrong me, father; not the woody hills and heaths of Chorley—not the basking meadows of Arblaster—but Endymion, Endymion alone—"

Here the lovely Benedictine paused; her face crimsoned with blushes, and, after an interval of strong emotion, she threw herself on her knees before the chair on which the Capellane was seated, and with clasped hands and beautiful, beseeching eyes, upturned to his face, or rather his cowl, she exclaimed in accents so piteously melting as to have pierced a heart of stone,

"Oh, father, father! if ever your heart throbbed with human passions—if ever your spirit sunk under human afflictions,—aid, oh! aid one so matchlessly miserable in both!"

The Capellane, stony as his nature was, could not but be somewhat moved at this appeal; he raised Cornelia from her knees, and himself led her to a chair.

"Compose yourself, daughter," he said, "and listen to me; Endymion Arblaster is alive—is returned—I have seen him—I have even consorted with him! How I gained possession of his letter it matters not; I had the means, and I employed them."

"Where, father, didst thou see him?—how looked he?—what said he?—aught of his poor Cornelia?"

"Patience, daughter; be satisfied

that he is returned—returned, too, in high favour with Master William Paget, to whose successful negotiations in Germany his skill hath not a little contributed.”

“Praised be the saints for that,” said Cornelia; then mournfully added, “Ah, father! what gladness will it cause to those who may yet fold his loved form to the bosom of affection! how boundless will be his mother’s joy!”

“It will exceed her *surprise*, then,” said the Capellane, drily.

“Oh, heavens! my secret misgivings then were true; she forged the tale of his death!”

The confessor remained silent.

“Oh, wilful, reckless folly!” continued the hapless nun, “I deserve all my misery! Oh, must it be only in my prayers that I bless his existence—only in my grief that I can welcome his return! Cruel, cruel!” and here the ill-fated Cornelia burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

The Capellane at length broke a long silence, interrupted only by the poor girl’s sobs and sighs.

“If you will be guided by me, your prayers and your welcome shall both be of gratitude and joy. My sister, the prioress, knows of his letter through me—start not!—and to me she committed the task of schooling you on the subject. She expects to find you after this interview as much resigned to yonder living tomb at Fairwell, as if a tomb in Notre Dame had in sooth closed over Endymion Arblaster. She will not trust herself to mention the subject to you, and so far you are safe from her displeasure. But I will go farther. I have compassion on you, daughter Cornelia: you shall have an interview with young Arblaster, and if aught can be done, he hath friends, and high friends. Only bear in mind, as is most fitting, that the humble Capellane of Crossinhand looks for no personal reward for his good offices. He looks only to acquire to his sister’s priory a portion of those fair lands, of which otherwise he may seem to have robbed it!”

The look of unrepent, but imprudent disdain with which Cornelia received this sordid suggestion, convinced the sordid Capellane, no less than the answer which accompanied it, that he had grossly miscalculated on the excited feelings of the young love-sick nun.

“Father, on that head I pledge not Endymion, nor even myself. Whatever offerings we may make to Holy

Church, they shall be the consequences—not the conditions, of my freedom!”

The Capellane hastened to profess the purity of his motives, while he inwardly cursed the artless uprightness that had baffled him; and while he arranged with Cornelia the promised interview, he resolved to make her suffer for her temerity. The tinkling mule-bells soon afterwards announced the return of the procession, and Cornelia, having resumed her seat in the litter, they alighted ere long at the turreted gate-way of the Priory.

To be continued.

WATERLOO.*

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[The following characteristic narrative is copied, with slight corrections, and those chiefly of idiom, from a letter written by a private in the 10th Hussars, from the neighbourhood of Paris, to his father-in-law in England. The manly traits here ingeniously recorded may tend, perhaps, to set the British soldier right with many who mistake his nature and revile his calling.]

—, near Paris, July 11, 1815.

DEAR PARENTS—For so I have a just right to esteem you. For nearly the first time in my life, I take an opportunity of sending you a few lines, for I understand from a letter which I received from Julia, that it was your request for me to write to you, and not doubting myself that a few lines from one so nearly connected with one of yours, and one who has so often fought the battles of his country, might, at this time, be in some measure interesting, I have availed myself of this opportunity to give you as much information as comes within my comprehension; tho’ you, no doubt, are well acquainted with what has transpired during this short, but ever glorious campaign; but as the scribbler of a newspaper can say what he pleases, I shall take the liberty of saying what I know to be true, and so to the subject.

On the 16th of June, our troops got in motion; all the British were advancing with all possible speed towards the enemy, who was waiting our approach, and had already made an attack upon some Hanoverian troops, and on that account we had a forced march. The brigade which I belonged to marched a distance of above fifty miles, and taking their posts the same evening about seven o’clock, and being the first cavalry that arrived, we remained under arms all night, during which time se-

* United Serv. Jour.

veral brigades of cavalry and most of our infantry arrived; but the enemy was so strongly posted, that it was thought prudent not to attack them in their works, but to fall back. The infantry, therefore, about ten in the morning of the 17th, began to fall back, leaving us to cover their retreat. The French perceiving this, did not long remain inactive, but soon brought up their Lancers to attack us; but we were not to bring them to action, but to retreat, which was accordingly done.—Gen. Vivian, who commanded our brigade, conducted the retreat; in a most able and skilful manner did he complete it, covering with our brigade the retreat of the whole army, which fell back upon this point. The enemy seeing us retreat was quite delighted, and followed us with all speed, cheering and hallooing at us, thinking to alarm and frighten us; but in this they were disappointed, for we did not lose a man, although they attempted to charge us several times, but our skirmishers beat them back in spite of their boasted bravery. Thus was our retreat completed after having fallen back about eight miles. Thus far were they to come, but no farther; but we were much hurt by a thunder-storm, which brought with it the most heavy torrents of rain that I ever beheld; nor did it abate during the night, nor till about nine next morning, and we were exposed to it all the time, for we took up our abode in a wood all night, so that we were like drowned men more than soldiers; but as many of us have long been inured to hardships and deprivations of almost all descriptions, it went off cheerfully, and none seemed to repine, for when the motives of the mind are strong for execution, all things are set aside to gain the wished-for purpose. This it is that makes us think light of misfortunes, and bear deprivations beyond conception to those who never trod this thorny path, yet with us they are borne without a murmur; but I am wandering from my subject.

About nine in the morning of the 18th, the clouds dispersed, and gave over raining, and the enemy drew up in order of battle, and our line had been formed all night, so we were quite ready for them. Our troops were posted upon a chain of rising heights which commands the plain before it, whilst that of the French was posted on a rising ground in parallel line with ours, and their position was covered by a long chain of woods, which favoured and hid

many of their movements, so that we had no advantage of them, for we had the plain before us, and they the same; thus all was ready, and about twelve the onset commenced by a brisk fire from the skirmishers, (or, perhaps, what you call sharpshooters,) and soon after a very heavy cannonade ensued, and by two the action became general, and most desperate did it rage, for both sides seemed determined to keep their ground; but the enemy showed us that they did not only mean to have their own ground, but ours also. With this seeming determination did they bring up a strong force of cavalry and infantry, and pushed with all their might upon the centre of our line, thinking to break it; but in this they were disappointed, for our cavalry met them, and drove them back as fast as they advanced. Finding, therefore, that they could not move our centre, they then endeavoured to turn our left flank by pressing upon it in the same manner. Upon this point our brigade was posted, but they met with the same reception as before; so finding that we stood firm at this place also, they took up their own ground, and soon after endeavoured to advance at all points, but their attention was then arrested by a large body of Prussians, who came point blank upon their right flank, and opened a very heavy fire upon the French from their artillery. This for a little time put them in a consternation, but even this they recovered, and altering their line, seemed to suffer but little from this our new reinforcement.

This was about five in the evening, and the victory seemed still doubtful. The enemy then made one more attempt to vanquish us, by bringing the most of his force at our right flank, trying to force it, and to gain the high road to Brussels, a large town in Flanders, in which, if he had succeeded, our defeat would have been complete; and here it was that our commander, the Duke of Wellington, was put to the test, for they advanced with a vast and immense body of cavalry, supported by infantry, and covered by artillery, and seemed determined to have this road, and did gain ground in spite of all the General's endeavours to prevent them, driving our brave infantry from their ground very fast. The chief of our artillery was then brought to this point, and their's also in line with ours, and such a tremendous peal of thunder did they ring one against the other as I never knew since my name was Marshall.

The whole of the cavalry belonging to the British was also brought to the right of our line, and charged them in brigades; and ours also left its post where it had been all day on the left, and came to the right, and having the greatest distance to come, we, of course, were the last, and the whole of our cavalry nearly had charged them. This stopped their progress in advancing in great measure. Our brigade was then formed in line, and there we stood showing them that we *would* have the ground, or perish in the attempt; but they did not much like our sturdy front, and remained at a small distance off, but would not charge us; but we stood under a most galling and destructive fire from infantry for near an hour. Yet this could not move us, but firm as a rock we stood, except those poor fellows who fell victims to their bravery. It was now near eight in the evening, and still the battle raged with redoubled fury, and still there was much to be done, and little time to do it in, for night was fast approaching, therefore, no time was to be lost.

Our brigade was then formed into three lines, each regiment composing its own line, which was the 10th, 18th, and a regiment of German Legion Hussars, my own regiment forming the first line. The General then came in front of the line, and spoke in the following manner:—"Tenth," says he, "you know what you are going to do, and you also know what is expected of you, and I am well assured it will be done. I shall therefore say no more, only wish you success;" and with that he gave the order for us to advance. I am not ashamed to say, that well knowing what we were going to do, I offered up a prayer to the Almighty, that for the sake of my children and the partner of my bosom, he would protect me, and give me strength and courage to overcome all that opposed me, and with a firm mind I went, leaving all that was dear to me to the mercy of that Great Ruler, who has so often in the midst of peril and danger protected me. After advancing about a hundred yards, we struck into a charge as fast as our horses would go, keeping up a loud and continued cheering, and soon we were among the Imperial Guards of France, the 18th also charging as soon as we got among them, which so galled them, that we slew and overcame them like so many children, although they rode in armour and carried lances ten feet long; but so briskly did our lads lay

the English steel about them, that they threw off their armour and pikes, and those that could get away flew in all directions; but still we had not done, for there were two great and solid squares of infantry, who had hurt us much with their fire whilst we were advancing, and still continued to do so whilst we were forming again. In short they were all around us, we therefore formed as well as we could, and left them we went.

In spite of their fixed bayonets, we got into their columns, and like birds they fell to the ground, and were thrown into confusion, and it ran like wild-fire among their troops, that their Guards were beaten, and panic-struck they flew in all directions. But still we had not done our part, and left those to pursue who had seen the onset. We took sixteen guns at our charge, and many prisoners, but we could see no longer, it was so dark, and at length we assembled what few we had got together of the regiment, and the General of the brigade formed us in close column, so that we might all hear him, and he addressed us in the following manner:—"Now, Tenth," he said, "you have not disappointed me; you are just what I thought you were; you were the first regiment that broke their lines, and to you it is that we are indebted for turning the fate of the day, and depend upon it that your Prince shall know it, for nothing but the bravery and discipline of the regiment could have completed such a work." We then gave him three cheers, and since that he has given us at a great length in our orderly books his thanks and praise for our conduct.

You may perhaps think, that because I have spoken of this it shows my vanity, but my motive for having done so is, because I saw in an English newspaper that the Life Guards were the only cavalry who had been of any use; it, therefore, did not much please me nor my regiment, because we knew it to be a base falsehood. The Guards certainly made a very brilliant charge, and so it ought to be spoken of: you will, however, see by what I have stated that the regiment did its duty, and that is all that we wish to be understood of us. I am sorry to say that we have to lament the loss of a most brave and gallant officer, Major Howard, who led the squadron that I belonged to, and most nobly did he show himself formed to let them know he was an Englishman; but when we charged the infantry, one of

them shot him dead just as we got within bayonet's length of them. It will be a heart-breaking blow, I fear, for his wife, for they were said to be a most happy pair. She has sent for his remains to England.

We had two officers killed, three captains and two lieutenants wounded; but how many privates we have lost I do not know, but not so many as might have been expected, for the French fired so high, that when we were close to them, half their shots did not tell, or they might have killed every man of us; but Providence is ever on the watch, and orders every thing as it pleases, and I can never return too many thanks to the Almighty for preserving me through that day's perils and dangers, for never did I behold such a day's slaughter as that, nor did British troops try more for victory, and never were they nearer being beat; but thanks to Heaven, the work was at last completed, for the Prussian troops completed what we had begun, pursuing and driving them all night, the darkness of which helped to add to their horror-struck minds.

Thus was this proud and destroying tyrant once more beaten and compelled to fly to his capital for shelter, leaving his troops to their destructive fate. This proves him to be a coward, for he abandoned them in the hour of danger. His fate and that of all Europe depended upon that day, but the evening clouds saw him a wretched fugitive, not daring to stop, nor yet to go on. We took from them 210 pieces of cannon, and store of all description, and many prisoners. He had during the action in many places the black flag flying, which signifies no quarter. No, if they had beat us, I dare say they would have showed us no quarter; and I am myself an eye-witness to it, that many of them were laid to the ground, which would not have been but for that. He had covered his cavalry with armour to secure them, but we wanted no steel covering, but hearts proved to be already steeled, and we let them know it. We have followed them to the gates of Paris, which gave up to us on the 6th of this month; but Napoleon is missing, so what will be done I do not know. After having given this short but true account of what has transpired, I shall bring my military scribble to a close, for I have no doubt but my reader is weary of it.

I shall now make a few remarks on a subject that is closely connected with my own feelings and circumstances, and

then close my letter. The last letter I received from my wife was dated June 9th, at which time she said she was very well considering her present state; I have not heard from her since, and I am very uneasy, for I fear all is not well; but I will not despair, but trust to the Great Ruler of all events, who will, I hope, be both a husband and a father to her. This has been a hard blow to us both, but I hope we shall hereafter enjoy the sweets of this hard and distressing separation; without adversity we can never enjoy prosperity. She also informed me that my little offspring Emma is with you, and I here return you my most hearty thanks for taking her till such times as my wife may, if it pleases God, recover. Poor little dear, how often do I think of her little innocent ways and sayings! how should I be delighted to see her, and all of you, but that cannot be; our little family, alas! is far divided; but let us hope that we shall one day meet to part no more. I could say more on this subject, but it would but hurt your feelings, and so no more from

Your dutiful Son-in-law,

(Signed) JOHN MARSHALL.

Addressed to Mr. Gerrard,
Baker, Sibble Edingham, Essex.

The Naturalist.

THE HEDGEHOG AND SNAKE.—The following, related by Professor Bruckland, is given in a paper on the habits of animals, by Mr. Broderip, in the Zoological Journal.—“Having occasion to suspect that hedgehogs occasionally preyed upon snakes, the Professor procured a common snake, (*Coluber natrix*), and also a hedgehog, which had lived in a domesticated state for some time in the Botanic Garden at Oxford, where it was not likely to have seen snakes, and put the animals together in a box. The hedgehog was rolled up at their first meeting, and the snake was in continual motion, creeping round the box, as if in order to make its escape. Whether or not it recognised its enemy was not apparent—it did not dart from the hedgehog, but kept creeping gently round the box. The hedgehog remained rolled up, and did not appear to see the snake. The Professor then laid the hedgehog on the body of the snake, with that part of the ball where the head and tail meet downwards, and touching it. The snake proceeded to crawl—the hedgehog started, opened slightly, and seeing what was

PREFERMENT.—In the reign of George the Second, the see of York falling vacant, his Majesty, being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted situation, asked the opinion of Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself, by his remarkably facetious temper, from being the son of a beggar to the see of Dur-

ham. The Doctor wittily replied,—“Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this mountain, (at the same time laying his hand upon his own breast)—be removed and cast into the sea (see).” His majesty laughed heartily, and immediately conferred the preferment on the facetious doctor.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, March 23.

St. Alphonsus Tarbibus, Irish, and Conf. A.D. 1606.
Sun rises 5.30m after 5—sets 6m after 6.

Our saint was the Archbishop of Lona. He was the second son of the Lord of Mogrobojo, and was born in Leon, in 1538. When at school, he was noted for every day giving part of his fare to some poor person, and showed other signs of early virtue. After his death he was beatified by Pope Innocent XI. in 1679, and subsequently canonized by Pope Benedict XIII. in the year 1726.

March 23, 1765.—An Instance of Longevity.—Expired Ann Summs, at Studley Green, in the parish of Brenhill, near Bow-wood, in Wiltshire, in the 113th year of her age, and was, till within a few months of her death, able to walk to and from the seat of the Marquis of Lansdown, near three miles from Studley. She had been, and continued till she was upwards of 100 years, the most noted poucher in that part of the country, and frequently boasted of selling to gentlemen fish taken out of their own ponds. Her coffin and shroud she had purchased and kept in her apartment more than twenty years.

Thursday, March 24.

St. Irenaeus, B. of Strimium, Mar. A.D. 304.
High Water 15m after 11 Morn.—5.5m after 11 Afterm.
Neapolitan Lent Sermons.—“During Lent,” says Vieusseux, in his agreeable work on Italy and the Italians, “preachers are appointed to the principal churches, to deliver a sermon every day on the most important subjects of religion and morality. The dogmas of the church; the commandments; the sacraments; the seven mortal sins; death and judgment; hell, purgatory, and paradise; the most striking passages of the gospel; the passion of our Saviour: all these furnish subjects for the *quaresimale*, which is the name given to the series of sermons. Two or three distinguished preachers are sent on this occasion from Rome, Tuscany, or the north of Italy, and paid handsomely to deliver a series of sermons in some of the principal churches of Naples. The church of Santa Maria la Nova, belonging to the monks of St. Francis, has generally one of the best. On this occasion one may hear a good specimen of sacred eloquence delivered in pure Italian. Some of the sermons are really beautiful, though at times too flowery, and too much ornamented with figures of rhetoric. The manner of delivering them would also appear too pantomimic to another audience; but this is the taste of the country, and orators who wish to make an impression upon the minds of the people, must accommodate themselves somewhat to their dispositions. It is at Rome that I heard the best sermons during Lent; many of these are afterwards collected and printed.”

Friday, March 25.

Annunciation of the B. V. (Lady Day.)
Sun rises 4.9m after 5—sets 12m after 6.

In the christian world this day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting our blessed Lord. She died A.D. 48, being about sixty years old.

The author of “Rome in the Nineteenth Century,” gives the following account of the *Feast of the Annunciation*, as it is still observed on this day at Rome:—“We drove through streets,” says the author, “lined with expecting crowds, and windows hung with crimson and yellow silk draperies, and occupied by females in their most gorgeous attire, till we made a stop near the church, before which the Pope's horse-guards, in their splendid full dress uniforms, were stationed to keep the ground; all of whom, both officers and men, wore in their caps a sprig of myrtle, as a

sign of rejoicing. After waiting a short time, the procession appeared, headed by another detachment of the guards, mounted on prancing black chargers, who rode forward to clear the way, accompanied by such a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums, that it looked at first like any thing but a peaceable or religious proceeding. This martial array was followed by a bareheaded priest, on a white mule, bearing the host in a gold cup; at the sight of which every body fell upon their knees. The Pope used formerly to ride upon the white mule himself, and all the Cardinals used to follow him in their magnificent robes of state, mounted on mules or horses; and, as the *Entourbissima* are, for the most part, not very eminent horsemen, they were generally fastened on, lest they should tumble off.”

Saturday, March 26.

High Water 04 55m Morn.—14 20m After.

March 26, 1636.—On this day, Mr. Selden's book, asserting the English sovereignty of the narrow seas, and showing the custom of levying ship-money by former kings, without the assent of Parliament, was ordered to be kept, one copy in the council-chest, another in the Exchequer, and a third in the Court of Admiralty.

Sunday, March 27.

Palm Sunday.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day, 9 chap. Exodus, Morning.
10, chap. Exodus, Evening.

“The name Palm Sunday,” says Forster, “comes from the custom of bearing palm boughs in procession, in imitation of those strewed before our Saviour. In northern latitudes, box, olive, and the blossoming willow, are used as substitutes for real palm, which tree does not here, as in Judea, grow by the way sides.”

Barnaby Googe, in allusion to the ceremonies of this day, says:—

Besides they candles up do light, of vertue like in all,

And willow branches hallow, that they Palmes do use to call.

This done, they verily beleieve the tempest nor the storme

Can neither hurt themselves, nor yet their cattell, nor their corne.

Monday, March 28.

Full Moon, 21m after 8 morn.

March 28, 1802.—On this day Dr. Olbers of Bremen discovered one of the Asteroids, which he named Pallas. For this discovery, together with succeeding observations on the same planet, the National Institute of Paris decreed the prize medal of Lalande, for the best annual work on astronomy, to Dr. Olbers.

Tuesday, March 29.

St. James and others, mar. A.D. 327.
Sun rises 4.1m after 5—sets 20m after 6.

March 29, 1829.—Mr. Coke of Norfolk—This day enables us to notice a fact not generally known—that this highly respected and consistent legislator voted for Catholic emancipation on the 29th of March, 1779, on the motion of Sir George Saville, seconded by Mr. Drumming (afterwards Lord Ashburton). The Catholic question was carried on the 29th of March, 1829, just fifty years after, when Mr. Coke was again found at his post as the advocate of civil and religious liberty.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, April 2, 1831.



See page 194

THE TOWERS OF THE BLACK SEA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH. BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Olio.

ROLLO DE MONTRESOR Secretary to the French Ambassador at Constantinople.
COUNTESS ORSABRA..... A Polish Maiden of distinction.

The Scene lies below the Ramparts of the Turkish State Prison, on the shores of the Euxine, near Constantinople.

ROLLO, alone.

Well! they are free: in Warsaw's tower'd streets

A sire, a husband bids the bonfires blaze,
And the dun steeples rock with merry chimes
For their enfranchisement. Whose ducats, then,

Were lavish'd to redeem them? Rollo! thine.
Thine, happy Rollo! thine alone; the voice
That bade these beauteous Poles quit the foul air

Of fell Constantinople, and return'd
A spouse inviolate, a chainless child,
Safe to their mourning palace. Chainless?
Nay,

I have but pluck'd the captive's fetters from
Those milk-white arms, to bind her, heart and hand

In Love's own slavery—those golden gyves
So soft to wear, so stubborn to unloose!

Orsabra! ah, the treasure that unlock'd
Thy cage, bright bird, not so much ransom'd
thee,

As the kind vows pledged by these sullen waves

And dreadful towers, the warm-breath'd promises,

Seal'd by the moon, and by the stars attested,
Redeem'd thy Rollo, captiv'd as he was
By thy captivity!

Enter a Messenger.

His Highness, the Ambassador, commends
This packet, sir, directed to yourself,
And with some Polish letters forwarded,
To be forthwith deliver'd.

Rollo. My best thanks,
Good fellow! and these sequins be thy guer-
don.

(Exit Messenger)
Her hand, by Venus. Now, what tidings,
Rollo?

I will believe, of joy. Yet, let me pause:
The young Hope, smiling on my tossed soul,
Should, sure, be nursed awhile!

If it prove true,
'Tis but prolong'd enjoyment; then possession
Comes rich with the usury of expectation!
If false,—why then in fancy, at the least,
I have been blest.

nating influence, on the face, plain or handsome?—Forbid it thou friend of the human head—Rowland's Macassar!

Exists there one, then, that has moved in the coterie of polite life, can doubt the hair's magic influence? Witness, thou rash sceptic, the look of intense anxiety the young and beautiful Lady Dashwell casts in the mirror, as she turns to observe the effects of Madame, her abigail's, last long strenuous exertions in behalf of her head-dress. Mark the beaming smile of seraphic loveliness with which she expresses her satisfaction at the becoming arrangement of curls and jewels to the newest mode *a la Paris!* or the bitter taunt with which she reprobates the odious "creature," for false taste and mismanagement: for where, O! ye learned in the ways of the sex, is the woman, however angelic, whose temper is not ever ruffled with her hair?—it seems a sympathy, but in the course of nature, and that seldom errs between them. Again there; mark my lord, who has been raving for his absent, 'monstrous, scoundrel of a valet,' to dress his hair, that he may be in time for a 'parti'cler 'pointment;' but who, the moment he enters, swallows his rage, fearful of his hair suffering in return through its ebullition; or, perhaps, worse than all, losing one of the greatest geniuses the world ever produced,—in turning a curl! Furthermore, behold with what an air of importance, Monsieur, the aforesaid valet, after 'due note of preparation,' unlike your base ordinary dependants, seizes his 'liege lord' by the hair of the head, with an audacity and confidence that may appear in conceivable, save to those acquainted with the vast consequence of a first-rate friseur. As another, and indefatigable proof of what the hair may effect, there is our old friend, little Titler, who, will it be believed, actually lost the possession of a beautiful heiress with a fortune of forty thousand pounds, through a solitary instance of inattention to that consequential integument of the head commonly yclept the hair? Titler, it must be remarked, had a face *naturally* ugly, but by the careful curling, oiling and disposing of certain long black hair, with which nature had bountifully furnished him, a complete metamorphosis took place, and, like thousands of others, the order of things was reversed, he whose countenance was extremely plain, was now by the aid of *art*, in a few particulars, transformed to handsome. In dress and appearance remarkably clean and neat, he was

scarcely ever seen but he looked as if just turned out of a band-box. For some time he had been paying his addresses to the above-mentioned heiress,—nay, the very day for the marriage had been fixed,—when, one fatal, hapless morning, the lady and her guardian unexpectedly called upon him, and before he had time to retreat came upon him *en dishabille*. The young lady was struck speechless at the different aspect he presented,—the sudden change was too much for her delicate nerves; the face she had hitherto considered handsome, now, with its long, floating, straight hair, appeared ugly—"cruelly ugly," as she afterwards expressed herself to a friend. Suffice, it negatived poor Titler's future fortune, and he remains to this day a mournful and lamentable instance of the fickle weakness of woman, and the consequence of a well dressed head.

Temple Place, Blackfriars.

ANECDOTES OF MUSICAL PERSONS.

For the Olio.

When Greisbach, the German, and eminent Oboe player, was in the King's (George III.) private band, he one day addressed his majesty (with whom he was a great favourite and on very familiar terms) by asking him for a new reed-box. "Certainly, Frederick," says the king, "I will send a man to your house to-morrow." The morrow came, and with it the artizan, who brought a good selection of the best workmanship. Greisbach soon fixed his mind on a very handsome one, the expence of which was five guineas. When he arrived at the palace on the following day, the king approached him with a frowning brow.—"Frederick," said he, "you have chosen a very expensive article, indeed—I think too much so. You must choose another;" and prevented his replying by—"I will send the man to your house to-morrow."—The man came with an inferior selection of boxes; but "Frederick" had fixed his mind on the one he possessed, and finding the king had paid but three guineas, he turned round and said to the person who was waiting—"Tell his majesty I am perfectly content with the box I have got, and if he will not pay for it, I must;" which he did, by immediately adding the two guineas from his own pocket.

LINDLEY.—When Lindley was going

down to a musical festival in the country, he took his violoncello with him on the coach. The coachman, either by his furious driving or intoxication, upset the coach. Lindley escaped unhurt, and his first thought was of his instrument: getting into the middle of the road, he immediately commenced scraping on his beautiful structure of wood and catgut, in order to assure himself that it was "all right." A fat old lady in the mean time had pushed her head out of the coach window, and inquired, "Is any one killed?" "Oh, no," said a gentleman, "we are all safe." Hearing Lindley, she exclaimed, "I'm sure some one is hurt; only hear how that poor man groans!"

GREISBACH.—Poor Ireland the flute-player, who died raving mad, was on one occasion saved from dismissal at the Opera House by the above-named eccentric musician. Ireland had been indulging in bacchanalian libations rather too freely, and from it not being the first time, he was dismissed.—Greisbach, hearing of it, immediately went to the leader, and addressing him, said, "So, I find you have sent Ireland out of the orchestra. I must beg that you will send for him back." The leader replied that he certainly should not. "By G—d but you must—he has a family, and he must come back."—The leader was inexorable. Greisbach, finding his efforts foiled, coolly put his instrument into his pocket, saying, "If he is to go, I'll go too, for not another note will I play till I see him again in his seat." It was about an hour before the commencement of the opera, and the leader, finding he had no remedy, was obliged to recall the crest-fallen flautist, (who, excepting his predilection for the glass, was a very clever man,) before the determined German would resume his seat in the orchestra.

MONZANI.—This eminent and clever flautist accepted an engagement in the orchestra of the Olympic Theatre, when it was taken by Madame Vestris. A short time back, the lady manager, although clearing such a nightly surplus, was induced, from motives of economy or otherwise, to reduce the salaries of the band, which were anything but liberal. On hearing this, Monzani determined on his revenge. In one of the pieces was a song sung by Madame V. which commenced with a long and brilliant flute solo. The lady came forward, the symphony began, and all were waiting for the flute. Instead, however, of commencing, he took up the

flute, and slowly unscrewing each joint before the face of the lady and the wondering eyes of the audience, deliberately deposited them in the case, and coolly wishing her good night, walked out of the orchestra. D.B.R.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Another interesting volume of 'Constable's Miscellany,' just issued, contains a 'Tour through Switzerland and other parts of the South of Europe, by that popular writer Derwent Conway, enables us to lay before our readers the particulars of a place celebrated by the genius of the best of our modern poets:

"About a mile from Vevay, turning a headland, the head of the lake of Geneva opens to view, with Chillon's gray walls rising out of the water, and reposing against the dark woods that lie behind.

'Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth-place of deep love!'

who could pass thee by? Here it was that Rousseau dreamed the dream that has made him immortal. These scenes are peopled with the creations of his fancy; and scarcely can we forbear inquiring, where is the dwelling of Julie? Clarens was doubtless Rousseau's *beau idéal* of natural beauty; and who is there that will quarrel with his choice? It lies in a bay within a bay, and climbs up a gentle acclivity—gentle at first, but afterwards steeper, and crowned with the old walls and towers of Chateau Chatelard. It is more a concentration of hamlets than a village; and the walnut and fruit-trees, and weeping willows that surround and mingle with it, form a perfect *vallumbrosa*. All the way to Chillon the country continues charming; and every moment the massive walls of the castle become a more prominent object in the magnificent picture that stretches around.

"Independently of the historic interest of Chillon, it is interesting from the beauty of its situation, from its forming one of the most conspicuous objects in one of the most enchanting scenes in the world. The castle is built upon a rock, which, in former times, must have fallen from the neighbouring mountain; and both the strength of its position, and the strength of its walls, have more than once enabled it to make a stout resistance in times of trouble. A drawbridge leads into the castle; and I was, of course, conducted into the dungeons. The history of these dungeons is known to every one. The principal dungeon

is large, cold, but not dark. Several stone-columns run along the middle of it; and to three of these are still attached the rings to which prisoners were chained. It has often been repeated, that these dungeons are below the level of the lake; but this is an error. The floor of the dungeon is about the average level of the lake. In spring and autumn, their level is the same. In summer, the level of the lake is sometimes from two to three feet above the floor of the dungeon, and in winter as much below it. But although these dungeons are not quite so dark and damp as they have been represented to be, they are bad enough to have served as a fitting receptacle for the victims of tyranny.

"The chief historic interest attaching to the Castle of Chillon, is its connection with the name of Bonnivard, who inhabited its dungeon during six years. Although every one knows the history of Bonnivard, I cannot entirely pass it over.

"Francois Bonnivard, Lord of Lume, was born in 1496, and, in his very early youth, he fell heir to the rich Priory of St. Victor, which lay close to Geneva. When the Duke of Savoy made war upon the Republic, Bonnivard, zealously opposed his encroachments, and thus incurred his resentment. In the year 1516, when Bonnivard was twenty-three years old, the Duke of Savoy entered Geneva, and Bonnivard fled in the direction of Fribourg; but he was overtaken and seized by command of the Duke, and was made to taste captivity first in the Grolee, where he was a prisoner two years. When his imprisonment ended, he returned to the priory; and, in 1528, he was in arms against the possessors of his ecclesiastical revenues. Upon this occasion, the city of Geneva supplied him with the means of combating for his rights; and he, in return, sold his birthright to the city. Subsequently to this, Bonnivard employed his talents in the secret service of the Republic; and, in the year 1530, when travelling between Moudon and Lausanne, he was attacked, probably by emissaries of the Duke of Savoy, and was made prisoner, and delivered up to the Duke, who sent him to the Castle of Chillon, where he remained six years. Bonnivard was then thirty-three years old. It is impossible to know whether he was chained to any of the pillars to which rings are attached; but, in such a dungeon, one would be apt to think chains superfluous. Tyranny, however, is inventive in

cruelty, and it may have been so exercised.

"In March 1536, the Bernese took the Castle of Chillon, and Bonnivard was liberated from captivity. But his troubles did not end here. In consequence of the Genevese refusing to pay his debts, he quarrelled with them, and claimed restitution of his Priory of St. Victor. The dispute was referred to the Pope, who decreed to him 800 crowns, besides a pension for life of 140 crowns; and, after a succession of quarrels and difficulties, he died in 1571, at the age of seventy-five. Twenty years before his death, he presented all his books to the Genevese Republic; and these are still seen in the public library of the city, where also some of his unpublished manuscripts remain—among others, a History of Geneva.

"But the associations of Chillon with the name of Bonnivard are, after all, but of very remote and very partial interest; and his sufferings in the cause of liberty carry us back to so distant a time, that our sympathies are but feebly excited; besides, the object of his exertions seems to have had more reference to the preservation of his own possessions, than to any higher purpose. But how, in those days, could this be otherwise? The poetry of Byron has given to Chillon a warmer, and perhaps a more abiding interest; as the captivity of Bonnivard, as the blaze of Rousseau's eloquence, and the fervour of his imagination, has surrounded Clarens with a halo of almost supernatural beauty—so has the poetry of our bard thrown around the prison of Chillon a glory that cannot die.

"The person who accompanies strangers through the Castle of Chillon, seems to take pleasure in repeating the particulars of Lord Byron's visit to the castle. He arrived in the afternoon in a chalupe. He visited every nook in the castle, and spoke very little to his conductress, who stoutly asserts, that the name Byron, seen upon one of the pillars, was carved by himself. This *may* be true, but it is certainly improbable."

EXTRACTS FROM MR. KILLEGREW HIS COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

1658. The latter end of this year my moments were so little at my own disposal, (being occupy'd with divers spiritual and crying avocations,) that I have not been able to keep pace with mine intentions, touching the regular

keeping of this our ephemeris. (or journal,) which is much to be regretted, as the tymes were marked by many and momentous incidents which I should else have related. I could have sett forth how the Protectour Mr. Oliver Cromwel deceased suddenly, and how an exceeding high wynd (by many liken'd unto the whirlwynd which took up Elijah) was heard during that night, being made palpable by its effects, (seeing that it blew the weathercocks off the Whyte Tower, as also damaging somewhat the summit of Paul's, together with the steeple of Bowe Church); moreover, how many other portents and prodigious onens were multiply'd throughout all the land.

[Here follow about two hundred pages of Mr. K.'s diary, which the majority of our readers will not think interesting. In fact, they are made up of detached comments on public matters, and extracts from his sermons, which appear about this time to have been highly popular. Many pages are occupied, also, by a somewhat protracted narrative of his sufferings, during a tedious illness, which, it is believed, was the then prevalent epidemic—the *sweating sickness*. This last will shortly appear in a popular medical periodical.—Ed.]

Jan. 30th, 1661. Pass'd by Tyeburn.

Espy'd three singular objects depending from the old gibbett-tree. They hang'd even as malefactours use, and yet (being utterly voyd of motion) seem'd more like unto three bundells, or three men of straw. There was a very mighty crowd of apprentices and others hooting and hallooing with horrible and diabolique yells, even as if they would have rended the welkyn asunder with their cries. I came up (being moved with curiosusness) to behold what might be the cause of all this joy and acclamation, and to know what comelie pageant-spectacle was now presented unto men's eyes. When I approach'd within a visuall distance, I began to perceive that three humane beings hang'd, (although lifeless and all wrap'd up in very unusuall apparell,) at which I marvell'd much. Thereafter, it came across me, that the people (having repented of returning unto their Steuart vomitt) had hang'd up Charles with his idolatrous women and (that French bitch-fox) the queen-mother, as a terror unto all hankerers after Egyptian oniouns; whereupon I came nearer towards the spott, being minded to have a closer view of all that was there to

be seen. But I was wrong, for there was a programme affix'd unto each, whereon I could read inscrybed the names of the late Mr. O. Cromwel, Mr. John Bradshaw, whose miserable and festering carcasses some of the court parasites (warring with the dead, and mocking of God) had exhumed, and hang'd up all swarming of maggotes, crawling of great graul-worms, and horrible with putrefaction. As the wynd moved the inanimate corpses, and made them to flicker to and fro, it was a sadd and fearful spectacle, (for they verily seem'd as quick men); whereupon the rabble showed yet the more, and cry'd out that Sathan was to be seen perch'd on the gallows' top with a glowing pitch-fork in one hand, and the late Mr. Pim in a tether in the other. But of this curious syght (although I look'd earnestly) could I see nothing.

Mr. Oliver wore a green cerecloth, very neatly concinnated and folded, and had a singular sardonique smyle on his visage. The two others had playn flannell wynding-sheets, much stayn'd with some filthy fluidity, (Mr. Iretown very black, and without his nose,) all dropping down upon the heads of the multitude. At last a wynd arose, and swell'd, and bluster'd, and spreadd a perfume somewhat stronger (though not sweeter) than that of Damascen roses, infecting the ayr, and causing the people to sneeze and coff. This I could not much longer abyde, so I departed, full of grief and lamentation, and fear of personall injury, by no means ungrownded, (but not untill I had secured one of Mr. Oliver's toes, which the 'prentices were cutting off,) and calling to mind a classique and poetickall epitaph, written one Rosamund, King Henry the Second his concubyne:

"Hic jacet in tumba rosa mundi, non rosa
mundi,
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

¶ Be it spoken—from among those who had hooted the lowdest, and signallised themselves the most by their ill-judged mocking of these three miserable dead things, many I noted (and could specify) who had received vast favours from the late Mr. Oliver and the two others, and not a few who unfortunately would have had him Emperour of the English, and adored him even as a Divus on earth. Some of the foremost, I have been given to understand, caught feavers of the stench, of which sundry dyed; and no wonder.

Feb. 3. Thus am I become the object

of all mens' scorn—my friends all having been slayn with the sword, sent into banishment, or (what, in truth, I felt more cruelly) joynd with God's enemyes to persecute the saynts; and those dead ones, whom I loved and lamented, (and envy'd, as being spared the wants and miseries to which we living sufferers are subject,) finding their very sepulchres no longer tenable by their bones. Waggon and caruells of halters for the saynts, promyses and pactionns held as nought; and those who rally'd and gather'd themselves around Steuart his throne, finding that frawd and flattery were the only coyn which was like to be current. But there was yet a remnant of God's people which convened (even as the conys) in holes and rocks, and unto these I occasionally went, and we consoled each the other as we best might. At these assemblies there was much revelatioun of visiouns, and many oraculous prophecying of strange things, which have not (as yet) come to pass; and I am dubious whether or no they were mear fummy, melancholique vapours, and not to be taken in any other than a typickall sense. It may be so. But they were (in truth) a great consolation to me and the others during our hour of trouble.

May 14. During this periodd, (being destitute of other means,) I kept a small school in a lane near Smythfield, where I essay'd to skrape together a wretched morsell of bread, from pedagogyising little children. But singular rumours went abroad touching me and my school, men saying that I had slayn one Peter Venderaa, the son of an eminent hayr-merchaunt in the Minories, by cruell castigatioun with the handle of a warming-pan. This urchiinn (being dull of comprehending his accidence) I had, indeed, skourged somewhat (with birchen twiggs,) but not in such wise (nor, indeed, on such a regioun of his body) as to do him any injury. I ever held in horror the tyrannickall rigidity of some schoolmasters, who cruelly and many tymes unjustly whip little children, prescribing such hard tasks as the best ingine cannot perform, and seek occasion to beat them for their own sport and pastyme. All this, say I, I did abhor; but it nevertheless fell out that the urchiinn Peter Venderaa (being a most ill-condition'd, untoward, and unlovely child,) went home to his parents skreeching alowd, and lamenting his wholesome chastisement, and thereupon, having suppd

voraciously on hogg's puddings and sowr crowt, (or some such filthy mess,) in the nyght turn'd delirious, and call'd out that I was skourging him with skorpiouns, &c. and so gave up the ghost, to the unspeakable horror of all who were by him. Of this (God knoweth) I was guyltless; but it gave a colour to certain of the court party to say that I was in use to murder little children, and to bake them into Florentyne pasties, together with many figments, too tedious to be particularys'd. I may safely, and with truth, take upon myself the negatioun of all this charge.

Be this as it may, my school almost utterly left me, it being reduced unto two, one of whom (though the son of an eminent professor) never pay'd me one penny for instructioun, and the wage of the other was extinguish'd *compensatione*, (as schoolmen call it,) he being the nephew of the woman at whose house I lodged, to whom I ow'd much rent. So that I was shortly after induced to give up the keeping of the say'd school altogether, and to devyse various ways of mayntayning this my weary bodily tabernacle. Tractates of sundry sorts and syzes did I write, (yea, untill mine eyes wax'd dimm, and my thumbjoynts did grievously ake,) but too little or no purpose, for no one of the booksellers would purchase my labours at any rate; so that I was within one tittle of perishing for want, (I would it had pleased the Lord to have had it so,) which assuredly I should have done had not a lady, my kinswoman, taken me into her house to play the pedagogue to her little children. Her husband (a papistickall knyght) was a person of figure about the cowrt, and (bating his damnable heresie) was, in truth, a gentleman of liberality and honour.

While I lived with him I was (in the mayn) entreated kyndly, though sorely tormented with the heathennish worshipping, (which was overtly carry'd on in the house—twice daily,) the noyse of the singing women, and the clang of the harping upon harps penetrating even unto my chamber, though in a remote part of the house; to be playn, it was an attique apartment. So that, at the hours of mattins and even song, (as their abominable orgies were call'd) I was even affected with a regular ephemereal scotomia, or obfuscation of mine eyesight.

A popish priest also was there in the family as confessor and chaplain (otherwyse chamber-sathan) to the lady,

one Giles Borde, (Julius Perforatus, as he would have himself called) a Jesuit, (I verily believe) and given unto all manner of deceit. This wretched man (for whose blyndness I have much compassioun) impudently attempted to convert me, (as he called it) first, by open controversy, and afterwards by insidious conversation. But (as Athanasius defeated that devill Arius) I overcame this Giles Borde at both his own weapouns. I have sett forth the particulars in one of my tractates. ¶ I know that some of mine enemies have sticked not to assertt that the victorie lay the other way; the unhappy creature himself also, I know, was unfortunate enough to be of the same opinioun.

August 8. I have been at the meeting, (now occasionally held at the house of a serious publicane in Shoarditch,) where I was sharply chidd, (and indeed, somewhat bitterly revyled,) for sojourning in the house of a blasphemmer. I would fayne have say'd somewhat in reply, but the brethren refused to listen unto me, the whole assembly with one consent coughing, hemming, spitting on the floor, as also rubbing their feet whenever I begann, so that (however anxious to be heard) I could not at all make my voyce awdible. Many other charges were lay'd at my dore. An apothecary (an old enemy of mine) taking it upon himself to say that I had butchered Peter Nanderaa,—that I had assisted in digging up Mr. Cromwell,—that I poisonn'd mine uncle that his inheritance might be mine,—that I was a Jesuitt in disguise, and that I ought to be shamefully ejected from the congregation without any delay. This purpose would, doubtless, have been carry'd into effect, had not the meeting been suddenly dispersed by the Goodman of the house putting out the lights as he rush'd in to inform us that a party of soldiers were coming (with no friendly purpose), upon which we all fledd (each as he best might) by a poster-wickett somewhat quicker than we enter'd. When I gott home, I discovered (to my great concern) that (instead of my beaver-hatt) I had on my head a greasy tallow-chandler's leathern capp, moreover, that some one had exchanged (in the hurry) mine excellent Geneva cloke for a butcher's apron. This cawed much laughter among the whole household, in which I could not joyn, the more especially as my losses were never repay'd.—Are my tryalls never to have an ending?

Edin Lit. Jour.

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Gufford. For the Olio.

Continued from p. 156.

We must now retrace our steps, and carry back our story a few days previous to the adventure of the letter in the Priory Grove.

It was on the evening of one of those days in August, when bleak skies and moaning gales remind us of approaching Autumn, that four horsemen were seen traversing a broad turf pathway winding amidst yellow gorse and purple heather, over the abrupt swells and hollows of Cannock Heath, now for the most part disforested. The two foremost, though attired, the one in the plain habit of a citizen, and the other in a pilgrim's gown and hood, were evidently of a dignity superior to their dress; and this was indicated no less by their general bearing, than by the respectful distance which their followers observed.

"Faith! Master Endymion," said the elder of the two, who seemed somewhat between thirty and forty, "I am not ill pleased that this freak of thine to surprise thy mistress in the quaint mummery that hath done such good service abroad, fits in so well with mine own scheme of apprising, with secrecy, my revered neighbour the Prioress of Fairwell, of the visitation she is to expect."

"The Cardinal-Archbishop comes in person, does he not?" asked his companion, whose slouched hat and false beard still showed glimpses of a juvenile complexion.

"Both of them, man,—both the Legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, will, ere long, fill the green valleys and secluded cloisters of Fairwell, with all the pomp of their priestly retinue. The papal bull is just received, empowering the two legates to examine the state of the monasteries, to suppress such as they think fit, and to convert them into Bishopricks, Cathedrals, or Colleges."

"I heard no talk of it," replied he of the scalloped hat, "when we were at court;—but you, Master Paget, were doubtless admitted to more intimate confidence."

"Troth was I, friend Arblaster; and reason good; my old head," (and here he raised his broad flat cap, and displayed a short glossy cross of sable hair curling closely round a most ma-

jestic forehead.) "my old head, though not yet grey in court service, has known enough of that court to count its hours into Summers and Winters. I am highly trusted."

"And well you deserve it!" said Long-beard, laughing; "when here is an important measure contemplated in the penetralia of the cabinet, nay, hardly peeping from under the Cardinal's red cap—and, lo! his highness's ambassador extraordinary, new flushed with the honours of a successful secret negotiation, rides me some hundreds of miles, by lanes and heaths, and out-o'-the-way hamlets, to bid a Benedictine Prioress busk her black stole, lock up her nuns, and sweep her house from turret to cellar, lest the Philistines be upon her unawares, forsooth!"

"Not so, Endymion," said the other gravely, "I am, and ever shall be, a faithful and inalienable son of Holy Church, and though full fain to see a redress of those abuses which have made her such numerous and fatal foes, I cannot but contemplate in these visitations and suppressions of Monasteries, the preliminary step to her decline and downfall!"

"But how," said the other, "will your warning avail the Priory of Fairwell?"

"It may be in *no wise*;—but, at all events, there is much to hope from the Prioress Elizabeth's strict discipline, and she shall have every advantage that *Precaution* can afford her."

"Be it so!—but methinks, we shall scarcely reach your mansion of Beaudesart to-night; mark you how the evening winds are rising, and how dark and heavy the clouds become; hark how yon bitter clamours from the swamp: in sooth, Master Paget, we shall have a tempest!"

The elder horseman observed the threatening signs, and both quickening their pace, they ceased for awhile further converse. The wind had now assumed the wilder and deeper tones of an autumnal gust. After tracing for some time the banks of a brawling stream, they entered an old thicket of oak and pine, where the gush of the water was heard mingling with the wind that rushed through the heavy foliage. Emerging once more upon the heath, they found that the twilight had deserted them; large heavy drops began to fall, and as they passed the scattered groupings of cottages, each with its huge tree tossing in the wind, and the lattices ruddy with the evening blaze, Master William

Paget could not help wishing himself nearer to his own lordly halls of Beaudesart.

"We shall be fain to shelter at the old raven's tower for the night," said Paget, as they descended a hollow, in whose bosom a large pool reflected the ghastly skies, while on its further slope a huge round tower, apparently almost ruinous, arose amidst a scattered circle of seven or eight enormous trees,—the outlines of rugged branches and broken ramparts being dimly defined against the labouring sky. It was the abode of a ranger of Beaudesart, and, as the tempest began now to pour piteously down, the party urged their horses to full speed, and were soon ushered through the massive portal and by a steep flight of stone steps, into a rude but cheerful hall, illumined by a monstrous fire.

Paget having recommended his friend Endymion to the care of a decent-looking woman, who, with her husband, failed to recognise their long-absent master, took the ranger aside, and disclosed himself to him, enjoining secrecy for the present. The man's joy at seeing his lord again seemed, however, mingled with some uneasiness: and at length he informed Master Paget that the Capellane of Crossinhand, who had been visiting the neighbouring hamlet, had, a short time before, requested shelter in the tower, and was then in an upper chamber retired to rest.

"The last part of thy tale makes me less careful touching its first. I would ill like to meet that same Capellane—thou knowest I love him not; he is a sordid soul, and hath much evil influence over the Prioress, his sister; but if he be gone to rest,—why sound sleep to him! And, harkye, Ralph,—let us have the best cheer we may at short notice!"

The table was soon spread, and homely but savory viands quickly hissed and smoked upon the board, not a little enhanced by a huge flaggon of potent Burton ale. The storm now rose to its height; the wind boomed around the pondrous walls of the tower; the rain spattered upon the narrow tinkling lattices, and the voices of the tossing trees were heard like groaning monsters on the stormy heath. But the bright hearth flame, and the cheerful burden of the supper table, soon did their good work on our drenched travellers; the attendants, at Master Paget's direction, joined the circle. Hasty and rude preparations were made for their repose: supper was concluded, and Endymion,

receiving a small glimmer from a valise of his follower, commenced the recitation of the following ballad, with a sort of accompaniment from the chords:

The wind assails the painted pane,
And stirs the storied pall,
That with their courtly colours deck
Ferrara's Palace-hall.

The Duchess at her tambour plies
The variegated toll.
And by her side the silver lamp
Flames with its fragrant oil.

When hark! her watchful damsels hear
A low and piteous moan;
On the porch-steps a knight they find,
Faint, bleeding, and alone!

'The Duke two days hath been away,
And hath not yet returned;
But he would chafe, if wounded wight
Were from his portal spurned.'

Rich cordials to his lips they plied,
His wounds the Duchess dressed,
And in their stateliest bed-chamber,
They laid his limbs to rest.

Scarce to his gorgeous couch he sped,
Scarce from his swimming eye
Faded the bright hearth's flickering flame,
And umbered tapestry,

When loud the portal bell was rang,
Arm'd men and steeds were heard:
And, tramping up the stately steps,
The Ducal train appeared.

'Welcome, my lord!—From festal hall,
Or sainted shrine art thou?
Or from the well-fought field, where fame
Wreathes the glad hero's brow?'—

'I sought no wine from festal hall,
No grace from holy rood,
But hungry vengeance gnaw'd my heart;—
I've glutted her with blood!

'But why this golden posset-cup
Display'd upon the board?
Why do fresh rushes strew the stair?
Didst thou expect thy lord?'—

'A knight, too sorely hurt to speak,
Hath found a shelter here!'
The Duke's dark cheek grew red with rage,—
His lady's pale with fear.

'What armour wore that wounded knight?
His cognisance—what hue?'
'His red shield bore a golden tower,
His scarf and plume were blue.'

Calm slept the knight: his damask couch
Did pleasant dreams impart,
What steel-clad footsteps climb the stairs?
He wakens with a start!

'I sank to sleep 'mid rustling silks,
Soft tones, light steps around;
Alas! why storms my waking ear
The clanging weapon sound?

'When slumber closed my weary eye,
An angel by me sat;
Oh, God! I only wake to see
My foemen and my fate!'—

.

Endymion was here interrupted by a loud exclamation from William Paget—and looked up in surprise to discover its cause. They had each occupied a comfortable seat within the huge chimney range, which formed an arch of

great height and width, above which, and supported on florid pillars, arose the chimney itself, over a heavy architrave, in the shape of a half pyramid, nearly to the top of the lofty hall: behind young Arblaster, at the farther end of the room, a narrow door-way, whose billets and chevrons, as well as its round arch, bespoke its Norman structure, disclosed in imperfect light the lower steps of a winding stone staircase: this, though hidden from Endymion, was fully displayed to Master Paget, who sat opposite, and who now asserted that he had several times, in the course of the ballad, fancied he saw something indistinctly figured in the gloomy archway, that he caught the glare of eyes revealed by a sudden flash of fire-light, and that, on his exclamation, he could have sworn that he saw the dark floating shadow disappear up the stairs.

There appeared little doubt that the Capellane had been disturbed by the minstrelsy, and had descended with the view of reconnoitring the party. Endymion was for following up the stairs, in order to ascertain this point, but Paget dissuaded him; and, congratulating themselves that they had not been conversing on any momentous topic, they soon retired to be lulled to their slumbers by the yet howling storm.

A cool, still, cloudless sun-rise, printing on the floor the bars and panes of the dewy windows of the tower, aroused them early the next morning; and the first thing they heard was that the Capellane had proceeded homewards at the earliest streak of dawn. Their plan now was to visit Chorley Hall forthwith; Endymion without a thought save the delight of meeting Cornelia once more, and the kind and sagacious Master of Beadesart promising himself a frolic in thus coming disguised to his old friends, together with the satisfaction of witnessing the reunion of the young betrothed; he was then to repair on his friendly office to the Priory of Fairwell.

To be continued.

BERNE.

"I do not recollect," says the author, from whose pages we have quoted in another part of our sheet, "many streets in England superior to the *Grande Rue* of Berne. The houses are lofty, handsome, and built of stone; the street wide, long, and adorned with many fountains; and an arcade runs along each side, offering shelter

from the rain, and shade from the sun. I never saw any where (excepting at Thoulouse) a more abundant vegetable market than I saw at Berne. It entirely filled the street for a space little short of half a mile, and every kind of vegetable is good and cheap. The season was not sufficiently advanced to afford a great variety of fruits; but the cherries were abundant and fine, and remarkably cheap. In the butcher-market, I saw excellent meat of every kind, and also in great abundance. Beef, in Berne, averages about 2½d. per lib., mutton 2d., veal 3d. Butter may generally be purchased at about 6d., fowls 1s. 3d. a pair, eggs at 1½d. per dozen. Bread sells at 1½d. per lib. Berne, therefore, is a cheap place of residence, and would certainly be in many respects an agreeable one. Houses, however, are difficult to be had, and are consequently rather dear; but I noticed a considerable number of new half-built houses in the neighbourhood of the town, from which we may infer, that although dear at present, they are likely to be cheaper. I omitted to mention, while speaking of the price of provisions, that there are no dues of entry into the town of Berne, which satisfactorily explains the reason of their low prices. In Berne, the wages of servants are nearly the same as in England; but in the country they are not above one half. Horses may be kept for very little; and I need scarcely say, that there is no tax either upon horses or carriages. There is a tax of another kind, which exclusively affects strangers; it is a direct tax of 30 francs per annum upon the head of every foreigner resident within either the city or any part of the *Prefecture* of Berne. I see nothing unjust in this tax. If a foreigner selects, for his place of residence, any other country than his own, he receives the protection of the laws of the country in which he resides, and may justly be asked to contribute towards the expense of those establishments by which he directly benefits; and it were perhaps to be wished that other countries would follow the example of Berne, and thus diminish those temptations which lure so many of the English abroad. This would be better than a tax upon absentees. If sufficient in its amount, it would answer the same purpose, and would prevent the necessity (for to a necessity it very nearly amounts) of laying on a tax which might be so justly objected to, as being a direct tax upon personal liberty."

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,
M. W. of Windsor.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.—When this Emperor found his end approaching, he said to his friends who stood around him, "Have I not played my part admirably? The piece is finished; give me your plaudits!"

TERTULLIAN.—When the Roman Emperor Severus published his edict against the Christians, Tertullian addressed to him a remonstrance against it. "We fill," said he, "your cities and towns, your senate and your armies; we only abandon your temples and your theatres."

PLUTARCH tells us of a magpie kept in a barber's shop at Rome, which readily imitated every thing she heard. One day, however, several trumpeters sounded their instruments before the door, upon which the bird was observed to be very dull and pensive for a day or two after, when she began to imitate the sound of the trumpets, and scorning all other noises, she laboured hard to perfect herself in her new lesson.

ARISTOTLE being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, replied, "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

REVOLT OF THE JEWS.—The Emperor Adrian, having built a temple to Jupiter Capitolinus, in Jerusalem, the Jews, instigated by Barcochebas, an impostor, who persuaded them that he was the Messiah, revolted against the Romans, who instantly attacked them, and, after having massacred 800,000 of that wretched people, they sold the residue for slaves, at a public auction. Judea, after this heavy calamity, was rendered almost a desert.

THE JEWS.—It is said that, dating from the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem, during the period of sixty-six years, upwards of two millions of that people perished by violent deaths!

DEFAMATION.—The laws against calumny were rigorously enacted during the reign of Edgar. It was decreed by that king, that a man who was guilty of gross and dangerous slander, should have his tongue cut out, but the criminal might redeem it by paying the full price of his life. This severe, but just law was afterwards confirmed by Canute the Great.

HENGIST THE SAXON, was, we are told, offered by the British king, Vortigern, as much ground as he could en-

close within a bull's hide. The offer was accepted, and Hengist, cutting the hide into thongs, built upon the ground which it thus enclosed, a fortress which he named Thong Castle. A.

ETHELWALD, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.—In the year 963, during the reign of King Edgar, a great famine happened in England, when the Bishop sold all the sacred vessels of his church to relieve the necessities of the poor. "The senseless temples of God," said this excellent prelate, "should not abound in riches, when the living temples of the Holy Ghost stand in so much need of them." A.

SURVEY OF ENGLAND.—Alfred the Great caused a survey to be taken of England, the Rolls of which were deposited at Winchester. This great work afterwards served as a model for the celebrated Domesday-book of William the Conqueror. A.

SIEGE OF ANCONA.—The misery to which this town was reduced may be estimated from the returns made by Commissioners instructed to search for food, in order that it might be applied to the public service. Their utmost exertions, after carefully exploring the most secret hiding-places in which the avarice of want might be supposed to treasure up its hoards, produced no more than five pecks of various grain. Yet the city at that moment contained no less than twelve thousand souls within its circuit. Food, the most disgusting at other times, had been greedily coveted, and was exhausted. Even the *skins* of animals whose very *flesh* is commonly rejected as unclean, the wild-herbs which grew on the ramparts, the seaweed which was reputed poisonous,—all these had been tried, and all had now failed. Whatever may be the constancy of his endurance, there is still a limit to the physical powers of man; and it cannot be a matter of wonder, if nature sometimes gave way under this accumulated and hourly-increasing wretchedness. A sentinel, worn with hunger, fatigue, and watching, had sunk upon the ground at his post, when a young and lovely woman, of the noblest class in the city, bearing an infant at her breast, observed and rebuked his neglect. He replied that he was perishing from famine, and already felt the approach of death.—"Fifteen days," answered the more than Roman matron, "have passed, during which my life has been barely supported by loathsome sustenance, and a mother's stores are beginning to be dried up from my babe: place your lips, how-

ever, upon this bosom, and, if aught yet remains there, drink it, and recover strength for the defence of our country!" The soldier, shamed and animated by her words, and recognising and respecting the dignity of her birth, no longer required the proffered nutriment. He sprang from the ground, seized his arms, and, rushing into the enemy's lines, proved his vigour by slaying no less than four combatants with his single hand.—One other, and a yet more touching instance of the self-devotion of female affection may be produced in striking contrast with the unnatural deed recorded of the frenzied mother of Jerusalem, under circumstances of similar destitution and horror. A woman of Ancona, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and hopeless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices and condiments (for these luxuries still abounded, as if to mock the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its own sad necessity), presented them with the beverage: thus prolonging the existence of her children, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported. *Fam. Lib. Vol. 20.*

FROG MARKET.—The greatest novelty in Brussels, to a late party of Scotch tourists, was the Frog Market; and, as we do not recollect seeing it described in any other book of travels, we will extract the entire description. "In a lane, hard by the green stalls, we fell in with the frog market, which was a novelty to us. The animals are brought in pails and cans, and are sold by tale. The frog-women are arranged on forms, like the oyster-women in the Edinburgh fish-market, and, like them, they prepare the article for the purchaser on the spot. As the oyster-woman dexterously opens the shells with her gully, the frog-woman shows no less adroitness, although more barbarity, in the exercise of her scissors; with these she clips off the hind-limb (being the only parts used) flaying them at the same time with great rapidity, and sticking them on wooden skewers, many hundreds of the bodies of the frogs, thus cruelly mangled, were crawling in the kennel, or lying in heaps, till they could be carried off in the dust carts. We may mention that the species thus used as food (*rana esculenta*) has never been observed by us as natives of Scotland, though it is marked in natural

history works as a British species. It is generally larger and more arched on the back than our common frog (*rana temporaria*), and the colour is rather green, while ours is rather yellow. We noticed, however, many specimens, perhaps males, marked longitudinally over the back with thin faint yellow lines."

Customs of Various Countries.

CUSTOMS OF EASTER.

For the Olio.

EASTER is so called from the Saxon *Oster*—to rise, being the day of Christ's resurrection; or, as others think, from one of the Saxon goddesses, called *Easter*, whom they always worshipped at this season.

It was formerly a custom for the vulgar and uneducated to rise early on this day, and walk into the fields to see the sun dance, which, as ancient tradition asserts, it always does on this day. This is now pretty much laid aside. The matter of fact being an old, weak, superstitious error, and the sun neither plays nor works on Easter day more than any other. It is true, it may happen to shine brighter that morning than any other; but, if it does, it is purely accidental. In some parts of England, they call it the lamb-playing, which they look for, as soon as the sun rises, in some clear spring or water, and is nothing but the pretty reflection it makes from the water, which they may find at any time, if the sun rise clear, and they themselves early and unprejudiced with fancy.

This custom had not escaped the notice of Sir Thomas Browne, the learned author of the 'Vulgar Errors,' who has left us the following quaint thoughts on the subject:—"We shall not, I hope," says he, "disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say that the sun doth not dance on Easter day: and though we would willingly assent unto any sympathetical exultation, yet we cannot conceive therein any more than a tropical expression. Whether any such motion there was on that day wherein Christ arose, Scripture hath not revealed, which hath been punctual in other records concerning solary miracles; and the Areopagite that was amazed at the eclipse, took no notice of this: and, if metaphorical expressions go so far, we may be bold to affirm, not only that one sun danced, but two arose that day; that light appeared at his

nativity, and darkness at his death, and yet a light at both; for even that darkness was a light unto the Gentiles, illuminated by that obscurity. That it was the first time the sun set above the horizon."

Easter is also a time for feasting, as well as Christmas; for, besides the general custom of buns on Good Friday, Dugdale, in his '*Origines Judiciales*,' speaking of Gray's Inn Commons, says: "There was an agreement at the cupboard, by Mr. Attorney of the Dutchy, and all the Readers then present, that the dinner on Good Friday, which had been accustomed to be made at the costs of the house, with like provision as it had been before that time. And likewise, whereas they had used to have *eggs and green sauce* on EASTER DAY, after service and communion, for those gentlemen who came to breakfast; that in like manner they should be provided at the charge of the house."

The ceremonies of the day have likewise been preserved by Barnabe Googe, who says—

At midnight then with careful minde, they up
to mattens ries,
The clarks doth come, and, after him, the
priest with staring eies.

At midnight strait, not tarrying till the daylight
does appeare,
Some gettes in flesh and glutten lyke, they
freshe upon their cheere.

They rost their flesh, and custardes great, and
egges and radish store,
And trispen, clouted creames, and cheese, and
whatsoever more

At first they list to eate, they bring into the
Temple straight,
That so the priest may halow them with wordes
of wond'rous waight.

Easter, indeed, has ever been considered by the Church as a season of great festivity. Belithus, a ritualist of ancient times, tells us that it was customary in some churches for the bishops and archbishops themselves to play with the inferior clergy at hand-ball, and this, as Durand asserts, even on Easter Day.

They have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head and a hundred of eggs for their breakfast, and a groat in money. A writer in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' mentions a beverage called *Braggot* (which is a mixture of ale, sugar and spices) in use at the festival of Easter.

It was also an ancient custom for the

mayor, aldermen and sheriff of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, accompanied with great numbers of the burgesses, to go every year, at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide, to a place without the walls, called the Forth, a little Mall, where every body walks, as they do in St. James's Park, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them. The young people of the town still assemble there on those holidays, at Easter particularly, play at hand-ball, dance, &c. but are no longer countenanced in their innocent festivity by the presence of their governors, who, no doubt, in ancient times, as the bishops did with the inferior clergy, used to unbend the brow of authority, and partake with their happy and contented people the seemingly puerile pleasures of the festal season.

There was an ancient custom at Twickenham, of dividing two great cakes in the church upon Easter Day among the young people; but it being looked upon as a superstitious relic, it was ordered by Parliament, 1645, that the parishioners should forbear that custom, and, instead thereof, buy loaves of bread for the poor of the parish with the money that should have bought the cakes. It appears that the sum of one pound per annum is still charged upon the vicarage for the purpose of buying penny loaves for poor children on the Thursday after Easter. Within the memory of man they were thrown from the church steeple, to be scrambled for; a custom which prevailed also, some time ago, at Paddington, and is not yet totally abolished.

There was a custom in Yorkshire, on Easter Sunday, for the young men in the villages of that county to take off the young girls' buckles. On Easter Monday, young men's shoes and buckles are taken off by the young women. On the Wednesday they are redeemed by little pecuniary forfeits, out of which an entertainment, called a Tansey Cake, is made, with dancing. This custom is still retained at the city of Durham.

Durand tells us, that on Easter Tuesday wives used to beat their husbands: and, on the following day, husbands their wives.

In Seward's "Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons," we are told that Charles (the Fifth), whilst he was in possession of his regal dignity, thought so slightly of it, that when, one day, in passing through a village in Spain, he met a peasant who was dressed with a tin crown upon his head, and a spit

in his hand for a truncheon, as the Emperor King, (according to the custom of that great festival in Spain), who told the Emperor that he should take off his hat to him: "My good friend," replied the Prince, "I wish you joy of your new office; you will find it a very troublesome one, I assure you."

W. H. PINE.

Anecdotes.

SNUFF TAKING.—Frederick I, of Prussia, standing one day at the window of his palace, perceived that one of his pages took a pinch of snuff from the box, which lay on the table. He did not interrupt him; but, turning round immediately afterwards, he asked, "Do you like that snuff-box?" The page was confounded, and made no reply. The King repeated his question, and the page said, trembling, that he thought it beautiful. "In that case," rejoined Frederick, "take it, for it is too small for us both."

CIBBER one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Booth, "Do not I hear your voice?"—"To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your servant-maid, and it is hard indeed, if you won't believe me."

LORD NORBURY upon one occasion was so pressed going up the grand staircase to the King's levee, that he would have fallen but for the general solicitude and kindness felt for him: having recovered himself by the assistance of those about him, he addressed the Lord Chancellor, who was near him—"My Lord Chancellor, we have tried many *hard cases*, but you will allow that this *stair-case* is the hardest of all!"

POETICAL PRESCRIPTION.—A gentleman having called upon a friend, with whom he found two physicians, at his departure left the following, scribbled on the back of a letter, on his dressing-table:—

By one physician might your work be done,
But two are like a double-barrell'd gun;
From one discharge sometimes a bird has
flown,

The second barrel always brings it down.

The above we believe to be a parody of Joe Miller, who says—

One prompt physician like a sculler piles,
And all his art and all his wit supplies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Convey you soonest to the Stygian shores.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, March 20.

St. John Climacus, abbat, A.D. 605.
High Water 2 1/2m aft 3 Morning—3 1/2m aft 3 Aftern.
 March 20, 1778.—This year Voltaire, having returned to Paris, a short time before his death, he was solicited to go to the theatre, which request he complied with, and on this day he went to the *Academie Francaise*, which then held its meetings at the Louvre, and afterwards proceeded to the Theatre des Tuilleries, to witness the representation of two of his own pieces. On his way to the theatre, an immense concourse pressed around his carriage, and hailed him with shouts of joy. He wore upon this occasion a cloak of Zibeline martin, presented to him by the Empress Catherine. Enthusiasm rose to its height when he appeared in the box of the gentilshommes de la chambre du roi, between Madame Denis, his niece, and Madame de Villete. Brizard, a celebrated tragic actor, brought a crown of laurel, which Madame de Villete placed upon his head. Voltaire took it off immediately, although urged by the spectators to wear it. An hour passed before the play could commence. *Trene*, the last and most feeble of Voltaire's tragedies, was on this occasion received with rapturous applause. Shortly after the conclusion of the piece, the curtain rose, and in the midst of the stage was seen a bust of Voltaire. All the performers, with crowns and garlands in their hands, were drawn up in a semi-circle around it. At the further extremity of the stage was a vast multitude, together with the soldiers who had appeared in the tragedy, so that the theatre resembled a public square. Brizard, in the costume of *Leonce*, placed the first crown on the bust, and was followed by all the other performers. One of the actresses then advanced to the front of the stage, and read a copy of verses, which concluded as follows:

Voltaire recoit sa couronne
 Que l'on vient de te presenter;
 Il est beau de la meriter,
 Quand c'est la France qui la donne.

The audience demanded a repetition of the verses, and a number of copies were immediately distributed. The bust remained on the stage during the representation of *Nanine*, which was no less applauded than *Trene*. On leaving the theatre, Voltaire appeared quite overcome by age and fatigue. It was not without difficulty that he reached his carriage, in consequence of the vast crowd who surrounded him, shouting, "Des flambeaux! des flambeaux! pour que tout le monde puisse le voir." A great number of persons ascended the steps, pressed round the carriage-door to kiss his hands, and accompanied him with cries of "Vive Voltaire!" as far as the hotel of the Marquis de Villete, on the Quay, which has been since named Quai Voltaire. In his emotion, this celebrated man exclaimed, "Vous allez me faire mourir de plaisir."

Thursday, March 31.

Maudsley Thursday. St. Bathine.
Sun rises 3 1/2m after 5—sets 2 1/2m after 6.
Maudsley Thursday.—Formerly on this day in France, the canons of Notre Dame performed the ceremony of washing the feet of fifty poor men, to each of whom they gave four deniers. This ceremony was called *Mandatum*, because our Saviour, having washed the feet of his disciples, said to them, "*Mandatum novum do vobis ut diligatis invicem*"; and these words were sung during the service. Moreover, from the first Monday in Lent to Maudsley Thursday, the priest of the week, with the deacon and sub-deacon, washed the feet of thirteen poor men every day, except Sunday, and gave to each of them four deniers. The priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, received the same sum each, and three chorister-boys who had assisted had each one denier. The ceremony took place in the refectory, at the beginning of which, towards the west along the wall, were stones hollowed out for the feet of fifteen poor persons, and in the middle of each stone was a hole through which the water ran under ground, and was lost. When the *Mandatum* was ended, the poor men were not suffered to depart till they had joined in some prayers which were said for Eudes, seventy-first Bishop of Paris, who left a bushel of corn per annum to

support this charity; and also for Maistre Pierre, sub-chantor, who left a perpetual annuity of twenty sols *Parisii* for the same purpose.

Friday, April 1.

Good Friday; and April Fool's Day.
High Water 2 1/2m aft 4 Morn.—3 1/2m aft 4 Aftern.
 Having now arrived at the month of sunshine and showers, we will let that delightful writer C. Lamb speak to its character: according to his opinion, "April is the sweetest month of all the year, partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is, to May and June, what 'sweet fifteen' is to the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is, to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of Joy is to the full fruition: what the boyish thought of love is to love itself. It is, indeed, the month of promises, and what are twenty performances compared with one promise, it remains a hope; and what is all good, but the hope of good? What is every day of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of to-morrow? April, then, is worth two May's, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious' Autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

'It bears a glass which shews us many more.'

As for April herself, her life is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears, and sighs, and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May. It is like—in short, it is like nothing in the world but 'an April day.'

Saturday, April 2.

St. Ebbæ, abb. A.D. 870. Easter Eve.
Easter Eve.—Various superstitions crept in by degrees among the rites of this day: such as putting out all the fires in churches, and kindling them anew from flint; blessing the Easter wax, &c.
April 2, 1512.—The re-discovery of Florida, by Ponce de Leon, was effected on this day. The able Spanish navigator undertook the voyage from the most absurd cause that can be imagined; viz. the discovery of a fountain whose waters had the property of restoring youth to all old men who had tasted them. This portion of North America was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, as early as the year 1497.

Sunday, April 3.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day, 12 chap. Exodus, Morning.
14 chap. Exodus, Evening.

April 3, 1068.—The oppressive and odious impost called Danegelt ('importable tributum') the old writers call it, was re-established this day by the Conqueror, which occasioned irreconcilable in several parts of the kingdom, especially at Exeter, where lived Githa, the mother of Harold, the late king. Exeter was besieged by William in person, and reduced to terms; in the city he built a strong citadel, and filled it with a garrison, where he passed his Easter; and thither his Queen went to him, and was crowned the Whitsuntide following.

Monday, April 4.

St. Isidore.

High Water 5 1/2m aft 5 Morn.—1 1/2m aft 6 Aftern.
April 4, 1802.—To-day expired at Bath, in his 69th year, that able and upright judge, Lord Kenyon, many years Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He was a native of Gredging, in Flintshire.

Tuesday, April 5.

St. Gerald, abbat.

Moon's Last Quarter, 0 1/2m aftern.
 The Megalesia, games instituted by the Phrygians in honour of Cybele, were introduced at Rome to-day, in the second Punic War, when the statue of the Goddess was brought from Pessinus.

Our Cornish friend is informed that Reuben Remplace is rectored.
 Part 43 is published to-day and may be had with this Number.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIV.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, April 9, 1831.



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Illustrated Article.

THE SOLITARY HUNTSMAN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

For the Olio.

All present then utter'd a terrific shout—
All turn'd with disgust from the scene,
The worms they crept in and the worms they
crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogine!

M. G. Lewis.

IN the time of the far-famed Frederick Redbeard, all Thuringia, perhaps, boasted not a more able and eager huntsman than Ernest Von Zubervhald. Forest sports were his delight—nay, his idolatry; insomuch, that he even withdrew himself entirely from the society of his kinsmen, and took up his abode in a solitary tower, amid the recesses of the Harz Forest. Oftentimes this singular being, engaged in his favourite pursuit, was encountered in divers parts of the woods by those whose concerns led them in that direction, to whom, in the event of their being lost or benight-

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ed, he frequently proffered his services as guide, but always avoided conversation, and never offered to any one the shelter of his lonely dwelling.

At the death of his father, Ernest Von Zubervhald became possessed of a liberal patrimony, wherewith, having no one closely allied, or dependant on him for support, and taking no manner of delight in any other occupation than that we have named, he purchased the lonely and somewhat ruinous tower, and at once determined his mode of life. His presence was rather prepossessing than otherwise: he was tall of stature, athletic and robust; while the whole contour of his person, dignified and graceful, implied at once the descendant of, though poor, at least ennobled ancestry. His attire was a rich hunting suit of green and gold, and a belt round his waist sustained a short silver-hilted dagger, anelace, and various other implements of the chase. In his hand he carried a long hunting spear, which serving him to strike the gaunt wolf and grim wild boar to earth, sufficed him also to urge on his noble raven steed.

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The woodsman returning from his daily toil, the miner plodding to his shieling—ay, and the lover hastening to his place of tryst,—all were oftentimes scared at the sudden and frequently mysterious appearance of the Solitary Hunter, as he was termed, looming darkly across their path; and in sooth such an apparition, seen too in the still twilight of a summer's evening, moving noiselessly yet swiftly amid the glades and thickets, was little calculated to inspire aught save terror, particularly in the minds of German peasantry, whose sole creed is superstition. Gradually, however, the presence of the Solitary Hunter grew customary to them, and at length all save strangers viewed him with unconcern.

Thus this singular individual pursued his favourite sport, both summer and winter, for the space, perhaps, of ten or twelve years, when, all at once, he disappeared. A whole twelvemonth elapsed, and he had not once been seen or heard of. Some said—nay, positively averred (of course, without alleging any reason for so saying,) that he had plunged, steed and all, into the river Oides, or the Rhine, or some other; while many more declared no less firmly, that he had leaped from the Kynast, and thereby terminated his existence. We are not aware of aught that should have stimulated him to the perpetration of any such rash action, except, indeed, that he might have beheld the forest Queen, which appellation was justly given by the dwellers around to the Baron Von Kugelstein's daughter, Leodine; except, therefore, that he had seen this beautiful girl—had become enamoured of her charms—had communicated to her his passion, and had, finally, met with a repulse, and thereby sealed his destruction, we can by no means account for his disappearance. That such, however, could have been his fate, is strongly disputed by his well-known character and disposition. Society he constantly avoided, his manners were stern and forbidding, and the most beautiful of the gentler sex he had contemplated with apathy and unconcern. The whole affair, therefore, gradually wore away, and became at length entirely forgotten.

It chanced, one cool dewy evening, in the height of summer, not very long after the mysterious disappearance of the solitary hunter, that the Emperor Frederick, attended by a gallant company of knights and nobles, among whom was the Baron Kugelstein, thread-

ed the intricacies of the Harz Forest, in the direction of the latter's abode, wherein the monarch designed to pass the night. This was intended more as a mark of especial favour to the Emperor, for was it not that the baron's extreme love for his master, nay, moreover that he had twice saved his life in battle, rendered the latter peculiarly attached to him, he would have journeyed on to Ratisbon that night. The day had been one of intolerable heat, and the soldiers, encumbered with their heavy weapons and armour, and fatigued to excess with the long march they had undergone, panted to descry the towers of Kugelstein Castle, which promised them a period to their toil for that night. The monarch and his nobles, though mounted, were nevertheless toil-worn and fatigued, and their jaded beasts plainly evinced their inability to proceed much farther without rest. The sun had set previous to their entering the forest, and set portentously,—the patches of cloud which had attended him to his repose began slowly to meet, accumulate, and abandoning their lively crimson, assume at their extreme edges a fierce, brassy hue; gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the heavens became shrouded with black, murky clouds, and presently seemed to stoop, as it were, until it rested on the mighty wood; an awful stillness, interrupted only by the shrill occasional wail of the bittern, prevailed everywhere around, while a dim, whitish lustre, lurking on the extreme verge of the horizon, shed a still, unnatural glare down many a glade and vista. Anon, a dazzling stream of forked lightning sprang up in the immediate rear of the troop, and playing for a moment across the pitchy sky, illuminated the entire forest, and rendered the long line of spear-heads and helmets that silently threaded it, peculiarly distinct; it disappeared, and the scene was again involved in gloom more profound. Heavy rain-drops were now heard rattling on the parched herbage, while a low, rumbling noise in the heavens told a tremendous storm at hand. The awful stillness was presently broken; the troop separated, and sought shelter among the thickest of the foliage; and they had scarcely done so, when a searing blaze of light darted apparently in a perpendicular direction from the sable sky, and riving a gigantic oak in twain, hurled it furiously to the ground—a peal of thunder, resembling the irregular firing of a thousand pieces of

artillery, immediately accompanied the flash.

The Emperor stood nigh; his golden casque, crested with a coronet of diamonds and precious stones, rolled on the ground, and was instantly melted in the levin glare; meanwhile his affrighted steed plunged, reared, and wheeling madly round, dashed at once into the forest depths. Kugelstein saw his monarch's peril, and flew to his aid, but ere he had far advanced into the wood, he beheld the frantic steed stretched lifeless on the ground, and the Emperor supported in the arms of a tall, muffled figure. Kugelstein leaped from his steed, and in the ebullition of his joy on beholding the monarch safe, he grasped the hand of the stranger, and thus addressed him,—

"Sir, whoe'er ye are, ye have preserved the life of your sovereign; how can I thank ye?—how sufficiently reward ye? Ha! hear me; I have a daughter—she is accounted beautiful—she is thine! nay, I have said it. The word of Von Kugelstein is pledged."

The Emperor slowly revived—recovered his senses, and saw his deliverer before him: his first care was to bestow on him a precious collar of diamonds, which he took from his own neck; his next to command him to fall in with his train. To the surprise of both, however, the stranger rejected the costly boon, and testified no inclination to obey the Emperor's command. He turned to Kugelstein; his visage closely concealed by a huge sombrero hat and its drooping plumage,—and thus he spake,

"Remember your promise!" The tone of his voice made Kugelstein's blood run cold in his veins; he shuddered and looked around, but the stranger was no longer visible. Meanwhile the storm had abated, the thunder, in low fitful murmurings, was dying fast away, and the sheet lightning was now comparatively mild; the heavens grew lighter and, gradually divesting itself of its masses of murky cloud, revealed full many a star glimmering in the here and there patches of lively blue. Kugelstein wound his horn, which swiftly assembling the scattered band, they were soon again on their journey; and soon, to their infinite joy, the towers of Kugelstein Castle made themselves visible.

It is not our purpose to describe the feasting and revelry which that night took place therein. Suffice it to say, that every one except the host did am-

ple justice to the repast, and departed on the following morning, no ways displeased either with the entertainment or their entertainer. Leodine received an especial mark of the Emperor's favor, which was no less than the costly circlet of diamonds that had been so unceremoniously rejected by his unknown preserver. As for Kugelstein, his joy was damped by the remembrance of the singular incident in the forest; he bethought him of his promise, so rashly, yet so faithfully made; could he recall it?—no, his word as a knight was pledged, it was past recall, and he must abide by it. Yet, could he hope that by offering the stranger a large reward—even the half of his domains—he might render him a greater gratification than he could derive from the possession of his daughter's hand. The baron's visage brightened as this project occurred to him, and determined him forthwith to seek the unknown.

These deliberations took place on the night succeeding the event we have just narrated; the baron was seated in his private apartment, which was lighted up by two flaming torches fixed in rude iron staples against the wall; the hour was waxing late, the castle-bell had tolled the eleventh hour long since, yet the baron's reverie continued.

"Yes," said he, "to-morrow I will seek him; this offer will probably induce him to relinquish his claim to Leodine."

The pause which here ensued was presently broken by the tones of a deep and sepulchral voice, sternly exclaiming, "Remember your promise!" and all again was silence. The baron's cheek turned deadly pale, an icy tremor ran through his whole frame, and a fear came over him that he was totally unable to repress. The sound seemed to come from behind; he raised his head—his eye glanced at a mirror which pended from the wall before him, and there became fixed. Within it he beheld the same mysterious form that had appeared to him once before, his visage as then, closely concealed. The baron did his utmost to shake off his terror, and gradually turned round, though dreading to encounter his singular visitor. To Kugelstein's utter amazement, however, the stranger had disappeared; he was nowhere visible. He summoned his vassals, and questioned them, but all were totally ignorant of the presence of the unknown.

Long, long did Kugelstein reflect on

this mysterious circumstance. Who could the stranger be? he asked himself; he had heard oftentimes of the fiends of the Blockberg; he had heard, moreover, that the forest was haunted by the spectre of the Solitary Huntsman; but never had he listened seriously to things so wild, far less did he believe in their existence. He knew not what to think; he strove to forget, and he succeeded.

Years passed by, and nothing of note occurred. At the expiration, however, of about four years, the marriage of his daughter Leodine with the son of a neighbouring baron was celebrated in Kugelstein Castle, and a noble company were assembled therein. Good cheer was dispersed around with the utmost prodigality, and every door of the castle was thrown open to those whom chance or intention should bring in that direction. The spacious banquetting apartment sparkled with the superb costume of the noble and knightly personages that were gathered therein, and rang full gaily with the songs and harps of the minstrels. All on a sudden, however, amid the general confusion that took place previous to the banquet, a piercing shriek issued from the lips of the bride; in the same moment a violent though brief clash of weapons was heard. Many of the females, ignorant of what was passing, and thinking that some banditti had broken in among them, uttered scream upon scream, until the whole of the apartment was a scene of indescribable chaos and alarm. Gradually, however, the hall became somewhat cleared, and the cause of terror stood at once revealed.

It was the stranger,—he whom Kugelstein had already twice beheld, and who now stood again proudly and erect before him, his visage still viewless, and screening some object beneath his huge black mantle, one part of which was perforated as with a sword and dabbled with blood which had oozed forth; his left arm was drawn around it, and his right hand rested on the hilt of his weapon, which was likewise reddened with gore. At his feet lay the bridegroom, who had apparently just expired; his hand clutched tightly the hilt of a sword, whose blade had seemingly pierced the mantle of the unknown. The horrified demeanour of the Baron, whose wild, distended eyeballs resting now on one now on the other, is hard to portray. Several of his guests standing around, each having their swords drawn, and hesitating whether or not

to seize on the mysterious intruder, completes the scene.

Kugelstein was the first to break the terrific silence.

"Fiend, Dæmon, or whate'er ye be, restore me my child!—my daughter!—give me back my Leodine!" he cried in agonizing tones, while his arms were stretched forth towards the stranger's mantle.

"Remember your promise, Baron Kugelstein!" replied the latter calmly, yet sternly; "she is mine, and with me she remains. Behold my lifeless bride!" He threw back the covering, and Kugelstein's eyes rested on the corse of his daughter, his murdered Leodine. He beheld her fair neck dabbled with blood, her brown tresses wreathing wildly and tangled over it; her hands and arms frozen and icy cold; the death agony had imparted a blackish expression to her features, but it was fast yielding to a soft and sweet serenity.

"Speak! speak!" exclaimed the Baron, gasping for utterance. "Who—what are ye?"

"Behold!" answered the stranger; and dashing to the ground his large sombrero hat, he revealed to the amazed and terrified group the fleshless head of a skeleton!

A tremendous noise that at that moment reverberated throughout the entire building, recalled the scattered senses of the beholders, while at the same time every inmate of the castle rushed into the apartment. Speech had totally deserted them, but all pointed eagerly towards a huge stained window at the further end of the hall: every eye was instantly upon it, and in less than a moment it was completely shivered; a wild unearthly peal of wind instruments floated on the ear; and plainly discernible against the profound sable back ground of the sky appeared the Solitary Huntsman, mounted on his gigantic steed; across the saddle bow lay the hapless Leodine, and many a ghastly object flickered around. The spectacle, however, was but momentary; but the wild hubbub that attended it resounded long after it had disappeared.

Baron Von Kugelstein survived not that fatal night; and his castle according to the tradition of the Harz peasantry, haunted by all the fiends of the Blockberg, was left to ruin and decay.

T. F.

Lays of the Weep.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MEILLER, ESQ.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

Oh! soundly he sleeps in the dark foaming wave,
The ocean he loved is his early, deep grave;
The pride of the crew, now he'll never sail more,
The mariner's wand'rings for ever are o'er;
And never, ah! never, shall waters entomb
A gallanter soul in the depths of their gloom!

A boy, left an orphan, without friends or home,
He left the sad shore, o'er the ocean to roam,
Ever cheerful and kind, in the fight or the wreck,
Trust blue to the heart never trod the proud deck.
Ah! never, ah! never, shall waters entomb
A gallanter soul in the depths of their gloom!

Oh! there is a maiden that's desolate now;
No longer hope beams on her damp, pallid brow;
Her heart, like a gem, is beneath the far wave,—
She weeps o'er the fate of the young and the brave.
And never, ah! never, shall waters entomb
A gallanter soul in the depths of their gloom!

Temple Place, Hackfriars.

CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.*

"A coward! a most devout coward! religious
in it!" *Twelfth Night.*

ANYTHING in reason will I adventure for a lady's love—circumnavigate the terraqueous globe with Mr. Buckingham—sail with Captain Parry to the North Pole—fast with Mr. Perceval—pass an hour in an oven with M. Chabert—suffer myself to be rubbed by Mr. St. John Long—or read Moore's *Life of Byron* from cover to cover—but stand an adversary's fire at Battersea Fields, or Chalk Farm—that I will not do! No!—the power of woman I own, but her omnipotence I deny; or, as I once poetically expressed it—

Beauty's bright heaven has many a starry eye,
Shines many a radiant orb in Beauty's sky;
But well I ween there glitters not the dame
Whose glance could fire me with a warrior's flame;

Not Loveliness herself, with all her charms,
Could nerve my spirit to a deed of arms.

Yes, truly! such are my sentiments; and you see they can be couched in rhyme, as well as the most valorous and knightly. Were Venus to be the guerdon of the achievement, I would not exchange a shot with any lord or gentleman in the king's dominions. I will do anything for Beatrice but challenge Claudio. Whether I shall ever be "crowned," or not, is uncertain; but certes it will never be for "deserts in arms;" and as to the "bubble reputation," if ever I seek it, rely on it, it will be somewhere else than "in the cannon's mouth"—ay, or the pistol's mouth either. A pistol differs from a cannon only as a young lion differs from an old one; and I would just as

soon be devoured by the king of the forest himself, as by a younger branch of the royal family. No pistol for me! I hold it, with honest David in the play, to be a "bloody-minded animal," and the much-abused nobleman, who several hundred years ago remarked,

—"that it was great pity—so it was—
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly"—

took a view of military affairs in which I concur with all my heart, soul, and strength.

It may be asked, how I dare to make an avowal so certain to bring down upon my head the sentence of outlawry from every fashionable circle. "Do I not know," it will be said, "that to the lovely and the brave the character I give of myself is equally detestable!—that I had better be known in polite society as a traitor or a parricide, than as a craven in the field, much less a person who would prefer the most inglorious compromise imaginable to a mortal arbitrement at twelve paces!" A reasonable question, gentle reader! But, if you wait to the end of these Confessions, you will find an answer; you will see that, communicative as I am on other points, with respect to my "local habitation and my name," I am as mysterious as the man in the Iron Mask, or one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes. This, however, I assure you—I am not the First Lord of the Admiralty.

In perfect confidence, then, I proceed to inform you, that courage is to me the most inexplicable phenomenon in the constitution of man. I was born, without doubt, under a pusillanimous planet; or rather under one of those *flying* stars, which scamper so fast across the ethereal fields, that there is no way to account for their immediate hurry, but on the hypothesis that there is a comet at their heels. No remark is more common than that Fact is continually outdoing Fiction. The wildest freaks of imagination never bodied forth a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. Nature, as she moulded these giant characters, smiled at the dwarfish creations of romance and poetry, and rebuked the presumption of the Homers, the Dantes, and the Shakespeares. Now it is with cowardice precisely as it is with heroism. Both are natural gifts; and nature, when she is disposed, can be as munificent of the former as of the latter. In the present instance, she has

* Monthly Mag.

proved it. I consider myself as created for the special purpose of eclipsing the Ague-cheeks, the Acres, the Falstaffs, and the Bobadils, with every example of recreant knighthood in the chronicles of fiction. Not one of these poetical poltroons appears to me to have possessed the true genius, or, if I may use the expression, the *spirit* of cowardice. Some actually go into the field, one or two proceed so far as to draw their swords and cock their pistols; and all seem to be susceptible of at least a momentary thrill of valour; otherwise, they could not so much as listen to the horrible propositions of their obliging friends, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and other personages of the same sanguinary complexion. In short, dastardly as they are in *action*, they are martial enough in *contemplation*. They are valiant until the signal is given—adamant while the enemy is out of view. As to Sir John Falstaff, I would almost venture to place him amongst the heroes of the English drama. With what propriety he can be called coward, after his terrible encounter with the Douglas, I do not understand. Of this I am sure, he had very different ideas from mine on warlike subjects, or he would never have had a fellow with the ominous name of Pistol in attendance on his person. I should as soon have had the devil for my Ancient, as an angel with so sinister a cognomen. My cowardice—I say it without vanity—is no vulgar infirmity; indeed it is not so much an infirmity as a principle of my constitution. It is, in fact, the essence of my being. I can never read a vivid description of an engagement, but I feel an itching of my heels, and an almost uncontrollable inclination to run away. Such have been my sensations always on coming to the battle-scene in Marmion, and I experienced the like emotions, about three years ago, at the Louvre, on casting my eyes on a picture of Rosa, where nothing is wanting but the din of conflict to make you fancy yourself in the middle of the fray. I actually retreated before Salvator's pencil half the length of the gallery, and well nigh overturned the easel of a lady who was copying the landscape of Vernet. She attributed the shock her apparatus received to accident; could she have divined the secret of the matter, what an entertaining story she would have had of the "*Monsieur Anglois qui s'etoit mis en fuite, a la rue seulement d'un tableau de bataille*!"

So far am I from being capable of taking part in an action, or even a skirmish, that it requires the greatest effort of my imagination to conceive how any one, not armed with invulnerability, can bring himself to face an enemy. The Latin poet throwing away his shield to make his escape the faster—the Athenian orator caught by a bramble in his retreat, and roaring for quarter as lustily as ever he shouted in the tribune—these things I can figure to myself,—but how either the one or the other was ever induced to take the field at all—this is what surpasses my powers of conception. They were not cravens, it is obvious, in the plenitude of that term's acceptance; matchless as they were in song and eloquence, the true genius of cowardice they wanted. In *this*, at least, I am immeasurably above them. Had nature cast them in *my* mould, Philippi and Cheronæa had never seen their backs,—because they would never have seen their faces. "*L'arma non bene relicta*,"—"Non bene," say you, my bonny bard? Truly, I take it to have been the best and wisest action of your life; and, if I must deal plainly with you, the most insane was that which afforded Anthony's grenadiers a chance of spitting your little carcass like a lark upon their pikes or broadswords. But fugitive as you were, I perceive you had a scintilla of heroism in your composition. You were not of *my* mettle.

There is a sect of *sai-disant* philosophers who lament the by-gone days of chivalry, and are ever sighing for tilt-yards and tournaments—the good old time (they call it) when every gentleman went armed from heel to point; and ladies were wooed by the shivering of lances; and there was no way of proving manhood but by the sword; and no evidence of birth was admitted, but your gentle blood itself, streaming from the gash of spear or battle-axe. Heaven shield us! These were fine times, truly! But pray, Mr. Burke, what should I have done in these fine times? What I should *not* have done is certain. I should not have complied with their barbarous usages, *let the consequences have been what they might!* While there remained a mouse-hole in the land, I should never have been seen in the lists. It is quite enough to have read of such doings.—That was an enviable day at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, as described in "*Ivanhoe*;" and critics say it is described *to the life*. John Dryden, too, is toler-

ably explicit, in his "Palamon and Arcite," on the subject of a passage of arms:—

Two troops in fair array one moment shewed—
The next, a field *with fallen bodies strewed*:
Not half the number in their seats are found,
But men and steeds lie grovelling on the
ground.

The points of spears are stuck within the
shield,

The steeds, *without their riders*, scour the
field;

The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the
fight,

The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light,
One rolls along a *football to his foes*—
One with a broken truncheon *deals his blows*.

"*A football to his foes*." Alas for the olden time! Well-a-day for the days of chivalry! Golden days! will ye never return? "*A football to his foes*!"

These Confessions would be imperfect if I omitted the influence which my extraordinary cowardice has produced upon my religion, my politics, my philosophy, and my manners.

First, as to my religion, I am decidedly a *Quaker*. I have not, however, openly conformed to that sect, because it has receded lamentably from the primitive purity of its doctrines and practice. Arms are now resorted to in self-defence. Duelling, indeed, is still interdicted; but if you break into the Quaker's house after nightfall, he will resist you with sword and pistol. Now arms, under all circumstances, are my anathema—the pistol is an abomination, even while it saves my life; so that I defer assuming the broad-brim until the spirit of Fox reanimates his followers, and he that is smitten upon one cheek shall be ready to turn the other also. In the meantime, my creed is as follows:—I believe discretion to be the better part of valour. I believe in the combustible, explosive, and life-destroying properties of gunpowder. I believe in the mortal qualities of cold steel, whether in sword, lance, bayonet, or dagger. I believe the only post of safety in battle is to be out of the reach of sabre and range of shot. I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy. I believe the heels to be the most worthy part of the human body, inasmuch as they minister quickest to self-preservation, and, by their timely use, seldom fail to put an end to strife. I believe the most inglorious peace better than the most glorious war. I believe the strength of a country to consist in its live population; and am firmly persuaded that

one man walking in the streets of London is worth one thousand lying in the bed of honour. These are the chief articles of my belief. As to my hopes hereafter, I trust that when I have gone to my long home, the innocence of my life will be of no disservice to me.—With no deed of blood on my conscience—having made no children orphans, or wives widows—may I not hope to raise my crest as high as the proudest heroes? I trust, however, I shall be lodged in the opposite quarter of the skies—the diameter of the earth's orbit at least between us. Neither in time nor eternity, should I be easy in the neighbourhood of Guy Earl of Warwick, the Chevalier Bayard, Godfrey of Boulogne, John of Gaunt, or even the Duke of Wellington.—The spirits of warriors will probably be always warlike. The martial ghosts will be excellent good company for each other; and we civil shades would prefer a separate establishment.

Such is the religion of my cowardice. With but little addition, it contains my politics also. I am decidedly opposed to standing armies. In foreign policy, I am for the principle of non-intervention in all its rigour; and no crime, I am of opinion, should be punished with such unflinching severity as a breach of the peace. I am moreover for reform of every kind, because, when any demand is made, the quietest way is to concede it at once, and avoid the possible event of the petitioner resorting to violence to obtain his object.

To be concluded in our next.

LAYS OF LONELINESS.

BY C. D. M.
For the Olio.

Oh, I could sit for hours and weep
Beside thy cold and silent tomb;
And there my lonely watch could keep
Amid the deepening gloom,
And listen to the rolling deep
And the surges fretful boom.

These are the sounds that haunt thee now—
They cannot break thy peaceful rest;
Thine eye of beauty slumbers low
Beneath the deepening west;
And the billows in their murmuring flow
Are sweeping o'er thy breast.

I call, but yet they answer not—
They roll in fury by;
The sea-flower only tells the spot
Where thy tears and sorrows lie;
Yet not by all art thou forgot,
Pale slumberer, 'neath the sky.
The vale where thou wert wont to play
May list no more thy song;
And the chapel-aisle, where thou didst pray,
Sheds not sweet influence strong
On thy young spirit's fitful way,
As the starlight passed along.

No, never more may these return,
Fond scenes of parted hours,
Deep Fate has cast her shadow stern
Above one lily flower!
The lamp may never bloom or burn
'Neath ocean's coral bower.

Yet wherefore weep, or wherefore mourn,
A voice beyond the wave
Will bid the parted soul return,
And Death release the slave,
And thou wilt rise from thy lillowy bourne,
And thy dwelling 'neath ocean's wave!

NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.

BY A VETERAN.

I spent all save the dawning of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East. Even amidst the forests of Nepaul the name of Buonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored;—often have I wished to encounter him face to face; the closest approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him, was by a pilgrimage to his tomb.

When at Saint Helena, I started one morning with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often and so amply, on canvass and on paper, that further description is needless. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desertedness, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo, that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand upon the slab, which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument! There the restless was at rest; there the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Grand Master of the Legion of Honour, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country church-yard.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I also was a soldier of fortune. Our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way not an eye was dry, and some who had served immediately under 'the Emperor' wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular, but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave, at uniform intervals knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab;—when they arose, every lip was fixed—every bosom full.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commodore was "The King of England—three times three!" I really thought that the "hip—hip—hurra!" of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed "The memory of that Great Warrior, Napoleon Buonaparte." The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honour of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting.—*Englishman's Mag.*

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Guilford. For the OLIO.

Continued from p. 203.

As Endymion sprang to his saddle, and drew his pilgrim disguise close around his person, the ranger, who held his stirrup, placed in his hands, with an air of great mystery, mingled with deference, the following letter:—

"You wish to be concealed, but I have penetrated your disguise; you deem me unfriendly to you—but I can and will assist you, and you will need it. You term my holy zeal covetise—but what I require I can also require. Meet me after vespers by the spring under the great holly in the Glen of

Greenladies; and you shall find good counsel in

"The Capellane of Crossinhand."

After perusing this strange billet, which he did as they moved slowly onwards, Endymion handed it to his friend Paget, who read it carefully once or twice, and then, returning it to young Arblaster, said,

"Now will I be sworn the holy fox has some plan of the old leaven, some scheme upon the acres of Arblaster, which the rogue (that I should speak so of a servant of the church!) deems certain of success. Œdipus hath not crept into the Benedictine cowl for nothing."

"Yet," said Endymion, "I am minded to prove him! his juggling tricks cannot hurt me now, since, (thanks to the merry month of September,) I shall soon be of age; and my poor mother can then no longer lend *her* sanction to his priestly oppression. By my father's spirit, I will meet him after I have kissed Cornelia out of the swoon into which I intend to surprise her: I will meet him, if it be but to show him how clearly I penetrate his shallow knavery."

"At all events," said Master Paget, "not a word must be breathed to him of the Legate's visitation. Marry! he would be begging Wolsey's silver pillars, or some such trinketry, for his Oratory at Crossinhand, or his sister's Priory."

And thus merrily chatting, they ambled on towards Chorley Hall.

Situated on a broad platform, at the summit of one of those bold, abrupt hills, that once rose crowned with foliage in the now disforested regions of Cannock, Chorley Hall displayed for miles, its ample and lofty buildings. These were chiefly of a rude and romantic complexion, consisting of broad porches, steep and spreading gables, and chimneys whose lozenged funnels were linked at the cornice five or six together; one tall, square turret, however, of ashler stone, where the great manor-bell was hung, did, by its majestic form, and bold crenelled parapet, confer a sort of dignity on the huddled clusters of quaint timbered buildings, over which it soared into the air. The mansion was adorned by magnificent trees which had been suffered to survive the devastation of their wood-mates, and which now stood in bulky singleness of trunk, or in picturesque groupings of two or three; the fantastic and multifarious windows looked over fair vales, glittering with spiry towns, and studded with

warm villages, over castles and churches, over woods and rivers, over upland and champain, till the haughty Needwood on the north, and purple Charnwood to the east, closed the chequered view with their gigantic forests. In the immediate neighbourhood, the wild Cannock was tamed down by cultivation; there were deep dilly lanes, sparkling with wells, carpetted with short greensward, overhung by thickets of holly, hazle, birch, and hawthorn, and tapestried by deep, mossy banks, where the fox-glove shot up its tiers of crimson bells amongst the vast feathered fern, and the azure hare-bell trembled over the matting of wild strawberry-leaves and ground ivy.

The surface of the Chorley domain, thus beautifully varied, was cleft by numerous roads, crossing and re-crossing each other up and down hill, amidst their woody windings; now forming the street of a hilly hamlet, now descending to a shady brook, they divided broad slopes of pasture and arable land, which were whitened with flocks, or waving in golden grain; while the vast wilderness, from which they had been reclaimed, filled, with its sullen surgy ridge the whole line of the eastern horizon, frowning, in spite of its party-coloured raiment of gorse and heather, like some tyrant, from whose territory a monstrous cantle has been cut out. Such was the scene where the venerable family of Noble had set up the staff of their rest.

Perhaps a greater contrast to this manor of the moor could not be imagined, than the view that its upper windows admitted of the abode which was once to have been united with it—Arblaster Hall. Disclosed in the distant valley of Longdon, nestling under an eastern hill, its grandly architectural front was broken by old lime-trees, warm and glowing as the rich walls and windows they screened. Wide velvet lawns, grouped with deer, were laced by a winding rivulet.

For from an hill that stood there near,
Come doune the streme full stiffe and bold;
Clere was the water, and as cold
As any wellle is, sothe to saine;
The botome spayed everidele,
With gravell ful of stonils shene;
The medowis softe, sote, and grene,
Beet right upon the Watir side.

Rom. of the Rose.

This water spread itself in a great pool, well stocked with perch, carp, and tench, and displayed a noble game of silver white swans, sailing over its surface; the gardens, whose massy gray

walls gloyed with basking fruitage, the turf terraces, with their stone balustrades, the arbours, the alcoves, with their gilded vanes, the dark rookery, the turreted pigeon-house, nay, the huge barn, rick-yard, and grange themselves, looked soft, sunny, and luxurious. The pretty village of Longdon lay on a level with the hall, the church of St. James's rising amongst its yew-trees on a soft hill to the north. But the principal feature of the village was its green, an ample level lawn of that short bright turf, whose verdure harmonized so well with the gaudy gardens and variegated forms of the rural mansions that encircled it.

These last exhibited every diversity of site, shape, and colour, red, white, or gray, retiring under old trees, or pushing forward to the sun; their roofs of scarlet tiles, golden thatch, or blue slate, sometimes extending a low range only one story high, sometimes narrow and tall, with the door in the upper story, to which a square staircase led up over a porch; some showing their shady rick-yards, others their orchards, but all nestled in truly Arcadian beauty. But it is time we relinquished this description of the two houses, and entered upon the transactions in which their owners were so deeply interested.

When Paget and Arblaster alighted at the inner porch of Chorley hall, their steeds were taken by two sturdy serving-men, and they were ushered into the great hall, garnished with all the rude ornaments of baronial antiquity, and thence by a corner door into an extensive chamber, lighted by a broad oblong window of six lights, and a smaller lattice perched near the ceiling. The stories of Theseus and Ariadne, Solomon and Sheba, Hector and Andromache, and other legends of monkish or classical lore, were brightly depicted on the tapestry.

The deferential silence on the part of the attendants, was unbroken till refreshments had been spread before the strangers, and then they were informed that Sir Augustine and Lady Cicely had been on a hawking-party the preceding day, with their neighbours, the Werdons of Longdon Hall, and were almost momentarily expected at Chorley. Chuckling at the success of his disguise, Master Paget re-arranged the close cloth cap that concealed his redundant hair, gathered up his coarse and high-collared mantle, so as to increase the concealment of his features, and, in a tone of suppressed mirth,

"By the faith of my fathers," he said, "the unstinted hospitality of thy lady's sire, Master Arblaster, hath stood us in some stead! I know not the house between Trent and Tyne, that would have opened to such uncouth-looking vagabonds. Never trust me, if even here the fellows looked not as though they would have pitched us into the moat, if they durst!"

The youthful Endymion, fluttered with joyful expectation, leaned against the mantelpiece, a bulky structure, consisting of an arch supporting a deep cornice of rich sculpture, in whose centre was the escutcheon of Noble,—or, on a fess gules, three bezants between two lions passant, azure.

"It was against this very pillar," he said, without answering his friend, "it was against this very pillar, that, hastening once to meet me, Cornelia fell and wounded her temple; and it was while she was half fainting with the pain in my arms, that I first ventured—"

"A truce to thy *first* ventures, and look to the *last*;—*respice finem*, as the old motto hath it. Credit me, Master Endymion, thy romance of love hath reached its last chapter; after wedlock thou wilt find Cupid's but a work-day world at best! But hark! I hear the tramp of horses and the clink of the hawk-bells; they are opening the court-gates; how they swarm from every passage and stair in the old straggling buildings! I marvel if my rogues will be as prompt to greet me at old Beaudesart. Muffle up, Endymion! be overcast, my rising sun of Arblaster! In prances the burly knight on his gallant roan, and my Lady Cicely's jennet curvets prettily at his side; mercy! what a troop of green-coats are about them. But, ha! a mule, and with gorgeous trappings? some ecclesiastic of rank; oh, spite, Endymion! our sport is spoiled; 'tis the Abbot of Pershore, the Suffragan Stoniwell himself!"

"We counted not to have played before such an audience," said Endymion; "but we must bide the brunt."

"Ay, must we," replied Paget, still gazing through the window; "now they have alighted; the knaves that let us in are addressing their lord: he speaks to the Bishop, who smiles; and, by Heaven! the knight and his lady laugh outright! but, peace; they ascend the porch steps: a proper interview this is like to be between a bishop and a court ambassador!"

As he spoke this, Sir Augustine and

Lady Noble, in their riding attire, and their falcons on their fists, ushered with solemn deference Bishop Stoniwell into the room where Paget and Arblaster were standing.

Sir Augustine Noble showed, in his stalwart figure and ruddy cheek, the tokens of health, which his white beard floating over his doublet of green, and grised locks peering below his broad velvet cap, showed to be the health of autumnal age. His mantle was short; his doublet, puckered and distended to a great breadth, was slashed with scarlet, the sleeves swelled into large ruffs, and the trauresses, or breeches, also, slashed with red, were bolstered about the hips to about the middle of the thigh, from whence they descended to the feet close and tight, so as to display the minute symmetry of the limbs. On his richly embroidered glove sate a very large sacre, her long train, (for which that species of falcon is remarkable,) drooping over her master's fist, and her hood of blue and scarlet, surmounted by a tuft of similar colours, and the embroidered bewits, with two well-toned Dordrecht bells, buttoned about her legs.

The Lady Cicely wore a velvet coif, beneath which her gray locks were gathered into tufts or tussocks, a small deep ruff, a long boddice, buckled and braided with gold, and close-fitting gown with a falling cape; she carried a marlyon, a busy and unruly bird, now pecking her leash, now her talons, and attracting her lady's perpetual attention. The Bishop, who appeared to have only just encountered the knight and his lady, was at once simply and richly attired in a sad-coloured riding-vest of fine cloth, lined with silk, and a close-fitting cap of purple velvet on his silvery tonsure.

Sir Augustine advanced at once to Master Paget, who, thus caught in the manner, seemed irresolute how to act.

"May the poor Knight of Chorley," said the old man, doffing his plumed cap with ludicrous solemnity, "presume to enquire what secret service hath brought hither his Majesty's ambassador extraordinary, whose fame and favour hath already preceded him in these wildernesses?" And then, changing his tone, added laughing, "Art not ashamed, now Master Paget, to mock my old eyes with these mumblings?"

"So far ashamed," replied Paget, rallying, "that, since I am found out, I will disown all intercourse with my old friend, Disguise, for deserting me at a

pinch,"—and he pulled off the skull-cap, dashed away the cumbrous cloak, and stood before the company, in all the symmetry of limb, and fire of eye, curled glossy locks, and glowing cheeks, that mark the prime of life; and, after returning cordially the knight's grasp of welcome, hastened to pay his respects to Lady Cicely and the Bishop.

"Master Paget," said the Suffragan, with a quiet smile, "must not quarrel rashly with disguise, since it betrayed him at a moment when he deemed that he least needed it."

"I know your meaning, holy father: the tower on the heath, and—"

"The Capellane of Crossinhand," interrupted Stoniwell, "was with me soon after prime this morning, full of the tidings of your arrival; and I was even now passing on to Beaudesart, when Sir Augustine Noble and his honoured dame prayed me to turn in hither."

"Was my arrival the only news he boasted?"

"Nothing more; but there was an eager restlessness about him, that made it clear he suspected there was more that he knew not of."

While Paget was stating, in subdued tones, the important intelligence of the Legate's visitation, and the motive which had led him to continue his disguise so long, Endymion stood in the dusky chamber, unnoticed by any of the party, whose attention was wholly absorbed by Master William's communication. The leaves and fruit of a huge old pear-tree, whose boughs flapped in the noontide gale against the high lattice already mentioned, added to the obscurity of that part of the large chamber in which Endymion, folded in his pilgrim's drapery, was buried in contemplation. A tambour-frame, on which was fastened a large piece of unfinished tapestry, he had immediately recognised as belonging to Cornelia; it might have been thought, indeed, that she had but recently left her broider-work, had it not been for that mute, but most strikingly eloquent evidence of long neglect, a large cobweb, whose filmy texture was seen heavy with dust, overspreading the unfinished story of the Fall of Phæton; as if Arachne had been still emulous of the skill she once possessed, as the romance tells us,—

"Et antiquas exercet aranea telas."

Musing over this strange circumstance, yet without a suspicion of its real cause, young Arblaster was disturbed in his reverie, by the heightened tones of

Paget and the others, now in earnest parley.

"His Majesty," exclaimed the former, "hath even promised Parliament, that,* if the monasteries are suppressed, and their house-lands and goods granted to the crown, there shall be created forty earls, sixty barons, three thousand knights, and forty thousand soldiers, with skilful captains, and competent maintenance for them all."

"Then," said the Bishop, "sooner or later the venerable fabrics must fall; Heaven send they do not drag down the church with them!"

"No fear, no fear!" cried Sir Augustine, who had listened to Paget with unrepressed satisfaction, "let the diseased part be cut away, and the rest will be preserved sound and healthy."

"There is hope, then, that our poor Cornelia may be restored to us," said Lady Cicely; "alas! that she could be restored to *herself*! but her heart is buried in young Arblaster's grave!"

"What say you, lady," asked Paget, sharply, "of young Arblaster and the grave?"

"What I should have said earlier," replied Lady Noble, "had I not been occupied by your stirring news. What Sir Augustine would join me in saying, namely,—that our grief for the youth's untimely death in a foreign land hath been bitterly enhanced by the loss of our only child, who hath taken the veil at Fairwell for his sake."

A burst of astonishment from Paget, at the conclusion of this speech, was echoed by a groan of unspeakable anguish from the further end of the room, that immediately attracted the notice of all present; Endymion, in the act of sinking, was caught by William Paget, who had hastened to his assistance, and his hood falling back, disclosed at once to the knight and his trembling dame those well-known features, and gave at the same time the outlines of the hideous deceit that had been practised against them.

It would be vain to attempt describing the scene that followed: Respect for the feelings of Endymion repressed their reproaches of his mother's cruel conduct; but upon the Capellane (whom they justly considered as having fomented, if not instilled the Dame Maud's prejudices,) they all agreed in bestowing the most unqualified indignation. After the long and mournful explanation had taken place, Endymion, becoming somewhat calmer, suffered him-

self to indulge the hopes which even Paget and the Bishop, rigidly attached as they were to the old religion, held out to him from the visit of the legates. A consultation was then held, to which the Lady Cicely willingly lent her woman's wit, as to the most effectual means of at once foiling and retaliating upon the Capellane. His ambiguous letter from the Raven-tower was produced; and the Bishop having assured them that the monk had given him no hint of having seen Endymion, though the letter evidently showed it, they came to the conclusion that the wily priest designed to favour the young man's wish of concealment, for the purpose of resuming his old influence over him. It was also deemed necessary to the development of his ultimate views, that Arblaster should keep the tryste at the well of the Greenladies, and should remain at his pleasure, incognito, at Chorley Hall. Nothing had as yet transpired to implicate the Prioress of Fairwell in this nefarious plot, and it was with a view to her interests, as well as to Cornelia's deliverance from her rash vows, that the excellent Suffragan, who was well loved by Wolsey, undertook to set forth southward immediately, to explain this affair, and to obtain a favourable adjustment.

Meanwhile Endymion, with youthful impatience, if not *imprudence*, secretly dispatched the note alluded to in the beginning of the story; how it fared is already known; but this, as well as the interview in Greenladies Glen, we shall *explain* rather than *relate*, by carrying the tale to Arblaster Hall, at the period of a few days after Cornelia's visit to the Oratory at Crossinhand.

To be continued.

Notices of New Books.

The Moorish Queen; a Record of Pompeii, and other Poems. By Eleanor Snowden. London: Longman and Co.

There are two reasons why this little volume should receive a favourable notice at our hands—it is put forth in an unpretending manner, although not the first by the same hand, and it is the production of a lady. The subject of the principal poem is well managed, and the authoress evinces a perfect knowledge of the history of the country in which the scene is laid. We make an extract of one of the minor pieces, which is more suited to our space.

* Coke's Institutes.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

First of the nations, whose exalted name
 (A constellation on the brow of Fame)
 Diffuses an illuminating light
 On ages veil'd by Time in sable night;
 Great Lacedæmon! nurse of patriots free,
 Thy bright, heroic history will be
 Forgotten last—rever'd by son and sire,
 Till Truth decline and Liberty expire!
 Foremost of all thy daughters who combined
 Their sex's charms with Man's intrepid mind
 Was she, the stolid Mother far-renown'd,
 Who daring, shrunk not from the inward
 wound;

But, immolating Nature at the shrine
 Of Sparta's zeal, (a tie still more divine,)
 Tearless, and seemingly unmoved, urged on,
 And for the battle arm'd her only Son:
 Then, placing in his hand the sacred shield,
 Bade him return triumphant from the field
 Bearing that buckler, with the victor's wreath,
 Or be upon it borne, in honourable death!

In taking our leave of "The Moorish Queen," we must not omit to notice the printing and "getting up" of the book, which may vie with most of the volumes that issue from the London press.

Science and Art.

INUTILITY OF BALLOONS.—Attempts have been made to render balloons useful in military operations, by viewing from an elevated position the disposition and movements of an hostile army. An academy, with this object, was actually established at Neudon, near Paris, during the late war, where a corps of aeronauts was trained to the service. A balloon was kept constantly inflated, and secured to the ground by a rope, which allowed it to ascend to a height of about twenty-five yards. At this institution military balloons were prepared for the different divisions of the French army; and on one occasion an ascent was made by a French general, at the battle of Fleury, to a height of nearly 500 yards, from which he reconnoitred the hostile armies. It is said that the signals which were made to General Jourdan on this occasion decided the fate of the engagement. The project, however, has long since been abandoned, not being found generally available.

Cabinet Cyc.

ARCHIMEDES' DISCOVERY OF A MODE TO DETECT ADULTERATION.—The first notion of using the buoyancy of solids in a liquid, as means of determining the nature of their component parts, is attributed to Archimedes, the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher. It is said that Hiero, king of Syracuse, having engaged an artist to make him a crown of gold, wished to know whether the article furnished to him was composed, according to the contract, of the

pure and unalloyed metal, and yet to accomplish this without defacing or injuring the crown. He referred the question to Archimedes. The philosopher while meditating on the solution of this problem happening to bathe, his attention was directed to the buoyancy of his body in the water, and thence to the general effect produced upon the apparent weights of solids by their immersion in liquids. The whole train of reasoning which has been followed in the preceding chapters instantly flashed across his mind. He perceived at once that the degree of buoyancy or the weight lost would betray the weight of the metal composing the crown, compared, bulk for bulk, with pure gold. He rushed from the chamber in a transport of joy, exclaiming aloud, 'Eureka! Eureka!'—(*I have found it! I have found it!*) *Id.*

WHY A DROWNED BODY FLOATS.—When a human body is first drowned, the air being expelled from the lungs, it is heavier, bulk for bulk, than water; and, therefore, remains at the bottom. The process of decomposition subsequently produces gases, by which the body is swelled and increased in bulk so much, that it displaces more water than is equal to its own weight, and therefore rises to the surface. When the vessels, containing the gases thus generated, burst, the body will again contract its dimensions and sink. *Id.*

Fine Arts.

Saint Michael's Church, Crooked Lane, drawn and engraved by John Wells.

This print is, we believe, the *coup d'essai* of a young artist; but it is, nevertheless, both as regards the drawing and the engraving, a very creditable performance. The church itself is certainly not one of the most picturesque objects, but the engraving will not be prized the less on that account by those who delight to treasure up memorials of old London.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M.W. of Windsor.

IDLENESS.—As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the resemblance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do,

with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious. There are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler can only conceive. R.J.

LAW OF DIVORCE.—One of the canons of the Council of Elvira, held in the year 305, is, that women, who, *without just cause*, should have left their husbands, to marry others, should not receive the sacrament, even though they might be at the point of death. Are we, then, to infer that divorces in extreme cases were allowed by the Catholic Church at that early period? A.

GREAT VICTORY OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS.—This Emperor, in the year 234, obtained a signal victory over Artaxerxes, the Persian monarch, whose army was almost annihilated. Severus, on his return to Rome, before entering his palace, presented himself to the Senate, and thus addressed them: "Senators," said he, "we have conquered the Persians; they had 700 elephants, of these we have slain 200, and captured 300. Of 1000 chariots, armed with scythes, we have taken 200, which I have not brought to Rome, because it would have been but an equivocal proof of our victory, since it is easy to construct similar engines. We have routed an army of 120,000 horse, and killed 10,000 horsemen, whose arms have served to equip our own soldiers. We made a host of prisoners, who have been sold for slaves; we have regained Mesopotamia, which our unworthy predecessor had neglected and lost, and we have put to flight Artaxerxes, who is called *The Great Monarch*!" A.

HEROIC REPLY.—A lame Spartan joining the ranks of his countrymen, was jeered by them for venturing his life at such a disadvantage—"I come to fight, not to fly!" was the reply of the heroic cripple. A.

EARTHQUAKE.—In the year 358, so dreadful an earthquake happened in Asia Minor, that upwards of 150 cities and towns were involved in ruin. Nicomedia and its inhabitants were entirely destroyed. A.

OSTRACISM.—A law in Athens, by virtue of which the body of the people

possessed the power of banishing, for ten years, citizens of great influence, lest, by the misdirection of their talents or property, they should become dangerous to the liberties of the state. When the people felt themselves called upon to exercise this privilege, every citizen wrote the name of the individual to be banished on a shell (*Ostrakon*), and laid it down in the market-place, at an appointed spot, surrounded with a wooden balustrade, having ten entrances through which the ten classes of the people of Athens had access on all public occasions. The Archons then counted the inscribed shells, and if the sentence, banishment, was thus pronounced by not less than 6000 voters, a decree to that effect was passed; if, on the contrary, the votes were short of the legal number, the accused party was acquitted. This sort of banishment lasted ten years, after which the individual might return, and resume the possession of his property and all other rights as a citizen. No dishonour attached to those who suffered under this law, which, although occasionally employed against criminals, was more frequently levelled against those who, by eminent talents, public services, or great wealth, had honestly acquired such public distinction as to excite the envy and malignity of their fellow-citizens. Aristotle and Plutarch, however, regarded the law of Ostracism as a state medicine. *Eng. Mag.*

POVERTY.—Xenophon, in the 'Banquet of Socrates,' gives a natural unaffected description of the tyranny of the Athenian people. 'In my poverty,' says Charmides, 'I am much more happy than I ever was while possessed of riches; as much as it is happier to be in security than in terror, free than a slave, to receive than to pay court, to be trusted than suspected. Formerly I was obliged to caress every informer; some imposition was continually laid upon me; and it was never allowed me to travel, or be absent from the city. At present, when I am poor, I look big, and threaten others; the rich are afraid of me, and shew me every kind of civility and respect; and I am become a kind of tyrant in the city.'

Customs of Various Countries.

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING THE KING FISHER.—"I have once or twice," says Mrs. Charlotte Smith, "seen a stuffed bird of this species

hung up to the beam of a cottage ceiling, and imagined that the beauty of the feathers had recommended it to this sad pre-eminence, till, on enquiry, I was assured that it served the purpose of a weather vane; and though sheltered from the immediate influence of the wind, never failed to show every change by turning its beak to the quarter whence the wind blew." This was an old superstition, for Shakspeare, speaking of sycophants, says, they

"Turn their balconies
With every gale and vary of their masters."

The learned but somewhat credulous author of the '*Physicæ Curiosæ*,' asserts the same upon the testimony of his own observation. "Father Athanasius Kircher," he says, "had one of those birds sent him in a present by a friend, and being disembowelled and dried, it was suspended from the ceiling of his celebrated museum from 1640 to 1655, when I left Rome, and though all the doors and windows were shut, it constantly turned its bill towards the wind; and this I myself observed with admiration and pleasure almost every day for the space of three years." It would be useless to follow the author in the fanciful philosophy by which he pretends, after Kircher, the possessor of the bird, to account for the phenomenon; for, notwithstanding his personal testimony, the whole story is evidently no less fabulous than the tradition of the dried body of the same bird having the property of preserving cloth and woollen stuffs from the moth, which once induced drapers to hang it up in their shops. But this is nothing to the pretended power of the lifeless skin of averting thunder, augmenting hidden treasure, bestowing grace and beauty on the person who carries it, and renewing its plumage each season of moulting.

Gmelin tells us that the Tartars pluck the feathers from a kingfisher, "cast them into the water, and carefully preserve such as float, pretending that, if with one of these feathers they touch a woman, or even her clothes, she must fall in love with them. The Ostiaks take the skin, the bill, and the claws of this bird, shutting them up in a purse, and so long as they preserve this sort of amulet they believe they have no ill to fear. The person who taught me this means of living happy could not forbear shedding tears while he told me that the loss of a kingfisher's skin had caused him to lose both his wife and his goods. Forster, our navigator, records a similar superstition in the people of Ulitea. *Lib. Enter. Know.*

Anecdotalia.

FERDINAND III. KING OF CASTILE.—No necessity whatever could make this monarch impose any ruinous tax on his subjects. When he was at war with the Moors, and very much pressed for means to carry it on, his minister suggested a method to him of raising an extraordinary subsidy, which appearing cruel to him, he rejected with indignation, saying, "God will not fail to supply me otherwise, and I fear the curse of my subjects more than the whole army of the Moors."

THE ONLY RELIGIOUS PARSON.—When Lord Clancarty was captain of a man-of-war in the year 1724, and was cruising off the coast of Guinea, his lieutenant (a Scotch Presbyterian) came hastily into the cabin, and told his lordship that the chaplain was dead, and what was worse, he died a Roman Catholic. Lord Clancarty replied he was very glad of it. "Hoot fie, my lord," said the officer, "what are ye glad that yere Chaplain died a Pawpish!"—"Yes," answered his lordship, "for he is the first sea parson I ever knew that had any religion at all."

THE AUTHOR OF DOUGLAS.—There could not be a more agreeable companion than the author of *Douglas*; and his merits, as a dramatic author, are well known. By his talents, he was early in life introduced into the best company that Scotland afforded. Claret was at that time the favourite liquor; and owing to its being admitted to the port of Leith, on Spanish instead of French duties, it was cheap, and was drunk in great quantities. A naval officer, who happened to be stationed in the Frith of Forth, by transmitting information to the Treasury, put a stop to this illegal advantage. The price of claret was so much increased, in consequence of this additional duty, that many *bons vivans* were obliged to renounce it, and betake themselves to port; and, in despair, at one of their convivial meetings, they applied to their friend John Home, to write some verses expressive of their feelings. He immediately produced the following:—

Bold and erect the Caledonian stood:

Old was his mutton, and his claret good;

'Make him drink port!' an English statesman cried:

He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

Fortunately, it has been found by experience, that port is no poison, and that Caledonian spirit does not depend upon the drinking of claret; but the anecdote is worth preserving, as an instance of the ridiculous prejudices of former times.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 6.

St. Sistrus 1. Pope and Martyr, 2nd Cent.
High Water 33m aft 7 Morning—9m aft 8 After.
 Dr. Aikin, in his delightful "Calendar of Nature," says, one of the most striking events of this month is the renewal of the cuckoo's note, which is generally heard about the middle of April. The simple, monotonous call, whence its name is derived, has commanded attention in all countries, and several rustic sayings, and the names of several plants which flower at this time are derived from it; as the *cuckoo-flower*, or lady-smock, the *cuckoo-pint*, or arum; and in Attica, the arrival of this bird being at the time when the fruit of the fig-tree, (for which the territory of Athens was celebrated,) made its appearance, the cuckoo and a young fig were called by the same name, *cocculus*. In the volume of Poems, by Miss Snowden, which we have spoken of in terms of commendation in another part of our sheet, we find a pretty sonnet to April: to us it appears so seasonable, that we cannot refrain from introducing it to our readers in this place.

Sonnet.

April! thy form is fair unto my sight,
 When, seated on the mountain-top sublime,
 I listen to the lark's enl'ving chime.
 To me thou seem'st a changing, witching sprite,
 With golden locks and eyes of dewy light;
 In earliest bud of youth and beauty's prime,
 Fraught with the freshness of the sweet spring-time;
 Thy forehead shaded by the silv'ry white
 Of veiling clouds, and crown'd with op'ning
 flowers:
 Thine airy shape chamelion colours wears,
 By turns thy Proteus aspect shines and low'rs,
 Saddens with fitful gloom, then doubly cheers;
 Scatter'ing at will warm beams and sunny show'rs,
 With rainbow smiles, bright d'ring through thy
 tears.

Thursday, April 7.

St. Faian of Ireland.
Sun rises 52m after 5—sets 38m after 6.
 April 7, 1408.—Died Charles VIII. of France, in consequence of a blow on the head which he received in passing under a low gateway leading to the ditches of the Chateau of Amboise. This prince succeeded his father Louis XI. at the age of thirteen years; he was mild, affable, courageous, and beneficent, but his government was weak. With but little difficulty he conquered the Kingdom of Naples, and lost it again as easily as he had acquired it. The result was a protracted war, equally disastrous to both countries. Charles was the first prince who gave permanency and a regular organization to the Council of State.

Friday, April 8.

St. Aedanus, Mar. A.D. 306.
High Water 19m aft 10 Morn.—1m aft 11 After.
 April 8, 1364.—Expired at London, King John of France. The cause of this monarch's return to England is said to have been the flight of his son, the Duke d' Anjou, who had been left as a hostage with Edward. John, finding that he had been dishonoured by the escape of his son, immediately set forth to take his place, at the same time saying that, "if honor is lost to all the rest of the world, it ought still to be found among sovereigns." During the reign of this monarch the law of the curfew, (*coursu l'en*), established in England in the eleventh century, was introduced into France. At eight o'clock in the evening, all householders were obliged, at the sound of a bell, to extinguish their fires and lights.

Saturday, April 9.

St. Mary of Egypt, Penit. A.D. 421.
Sun rises 19m after 5—sets 42m after 6.
 "The weather at this time of year," says Foster, "is often dry, clear, and warm, and on such

occasions it is, that the genial influence of returning Spring is most felt, as the trees are now budding, and others beginning to exhibit their blossoms." The following lines by Sir J. Davies, are very expressive of this season of the year.

FOR APRIL.

Earth now is green, and heaven is blue,
 Lively Spring, which makes all new,
 Jolly Spring doth enter;
 Sweet young sunbeams do subdue
 Angry, aged Winter.

Woods are mild, and seas are calm,
 Every meadow flows with balm,
 The earth wears all her riches;
 Harmonious birds sing such a psalm,
 As ear and heart bewitches.

Sunday, April 10.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(Low Sunday.)

Lessons for the Day.—16 chapter Numbers, Morn. 22 chap. Numbers, Evening.

LOW SUNDAY.—The Sunday next succeeding Easter-day, derived its name from a custom in the ancient church of repeating, in an abridged or lower degree of solemn observance, part of the service appropriated to the commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection; or, in other words, this Sunday received its distinguishing title because its ceremonies were not of so grand and pompous a nature, as the high festival of Easter.

Quasi Modo, is another name for this Sunday, which frequently occurs in old records;—*Fasti Quasi Modo Geniti* being the first word of the ancient introit, or hymn for mass on this day; and it is to be remembered, that in former ages, all Sundays throughout the year are high festivals, had names assigned to them from the like cause.

Dominica in albis is also a further title of this Sunday, which took its origin from the chrisoms, or white robes, considered as emblems of innocence and purity, having been then laid aside, which had been placed upon those christened on Easter Eve.

Monday, April 11.

St. Leo the Great, Pope, A.D. 461.
High Water 0h 34m Morn.—0h 17m After.
 April 12, 1700.—Expired, æt. 56, John Seddon, an eminent writing-master, who, in fancy, invention, and the ornamental parts of penmanship, greatly excelled all his contemporaries, more especially in the variety of his flourished figures, for which he had a peculiar genius, hence the following lines were made for his epitaph:
 Princes by birth, and politics, bear sway,
 But here lies one of more command than they;
 For they by steady councils rule a land,
 But this is he, could men, birds, beasts, command,
 Ev'n by the gentle motion of his hand.
 Then penmen weep, your mighty loss deplore,
 Since the great Seddon can command no more.
John Sinclate, Writing Master.

Mr. Seddon, at the time of his decease was master of Sir John Johnson's free writing-school, in Foster Lane, Cheapside.

Tuesday, April 12.

St. Selas the Goth, mar. A.D. 372.
New Moon, 4h 0m after.
 April 12, 1765.—Anniversary of the death of the author of the Night Thoughts, the Love of Fame, &c. The character of Dr. Young, as a poet, is mixed and unequal; his imagination, deeply tinged with melancholy, is also sublime; indeed, both pathos and grandeur enter strongly into his manner; but as he gives way to points of wit, bombast, and a bold and irregular, rather than a correct, elegant, or great poet. Yet he has had many imitators, and still more admirers. Dr. Young lived to the age of 81 years,—a greater period than most poets have ever enjoyed.

The errors in H. J. M.'s article complained of, were corrected before his note reached us. In answer to several enquiries, we beg to state that No. 27, containing the Romance on which is founded the new afterpiece at Drury Lane Theatre, entitled the ICE WITCH; or, THE FROZEN HAND, may still be had. Also, Nos 7 and 8, containing the Tale that has furnished the plot of the new Drama, called the MAN-WOLF, now performing at the Cobourg Theatre.

The Ohio

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XV.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, April 16, 1881.



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Illustrated Article.

THE LONE TOWER; OR, THE WARNING FULFILLED.

On the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, looking on the Avon, as it rolls its lazy course towards the Bristol Channel, stands an edifice, known by the name of "Cooke's Folly." It consists of a single round tower, and appears at a distance rather as the remnant of some extensive building than a complete and perfect edifice, as it now exists. It was built more than two centuries ago, by a man named Maurice Cooke—not, indeed, as a strong hold from the arms of a mortal enemy, but as a refuge from the evils of destiny. He was the proprietor of extensive estates in the neighbourhood; and while his lady was pregnant with her first child, as she was one evening walking in their domain, she encountered a strange-looking gipsy, who, pestering her for alms, received but a small sum. The man turned over the coin in his hand, and implored a larger gift.

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"That," said the lady, "will buy you food for the present."

"Lady," said the man, "it is not food for this wretched body I require; the herbs of the field, and the waters of the ditch, are good enough for that. I asked your alms for higher purposes. Do not distrust me if my bearing be prouder than my garments; do not doubt the strength of my sunken eye when I tell you that it can read the skies as they relate the fates of men. Not more familiar is his horn-book to the scholar than are the heavens to my knowledge."

"What! thou art an astrologer?"

"Ay, lady! my father; were so before me, even in the times when our people had a home amidst the pyramids of the mighty—in the times when you are told the mightier prophets of the Israelites put the soothsayers of Egypt to confusion: idle tales! but if true, all reckless now. Judah's scattered sons are now desolate as ourselves; but they bend and bow to the laws and ways of other lands—we remain in the stern stedfastness of our own."

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"If, then, I give thee more money, how will it be applied?"

"That is not a courteous question, but I'll answer it. The most cunning craftsman cannot work without his tools, and some of mine are broken, which I seek to repair: another crown will be enough."

The lady put the required sum into his hand, and at the same time intimated her desire of having a specimen of his art.

"Oh! to what purpose should that be? Why, why seek to know the course of futurity? Destiny runs on in a sweeping and resistless tide. Inquire not what rocks await your bark: the knowledge cannot avail you, for caution is useless against stern necessity."

"Truly, you are not likely to get rich by your trade, if you thus deter customers."

"It is not for wealth I labour. I am alone on the earth, and have none to love. I will not mix with the world, lest I should learn to hate. This present is nothing to me. It is in communion with the spirits who have lived in the times that are past, and with the stars, those historians of the times to come, that I feel ought of joy. Fools sometimes demand the exertions of my powers, and sometimes I gratify their childish curiosity."

"Notwithstanding I lie under the imputation of folly, I will beg that you predict unto me the fate of the child which I shall bear."

"Well, you have obliged me and I will comply. Note the precise moment at which it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again."

Within a week the birth of an heir awoke the clamorous joy of the vassals, and summoned the strange gipsy to ascertain the necessary points. These learned, he returned home; and the next day presented Sir Maurice with a scroll, containing the following words:

"Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of glistening ice be tied—
Twenty times the woods of Leigh
Shall wave their branches merrily,
In Spring burst forth in mantle gay,
And dance in Summer's scorching ray:
Twenty times shall Autumn's frown
Wither all their green to brown—
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away.
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual journey run,
Before a secret silent foe
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.
Such and sure his fate shall be:
Seek not to change his destiny."

The knight read it; and in that age, when astrology was considered a science

as unerring as holy prophecies, it would have been little less than infidelity to have doubted the truth of the prediction. Sir Maurice, however, was wise enough to withhold the paper from his lady, and, in answer to her inquiries, continually asserted that the gipsy was an impostor, and that the object of his assuming the character of an astrologer was merely to increase her alms. The child grew in health and beauty; and as we are most usually the more strongly attached to pleasures in proportion to the brevity of their continuance, so did the melancholy fate of his son more firmly fix him in the heart of Sir Maurice. Often did the wondering lady observe the countenance of her husband with surprise, as watching the endearing sportiveness of the boy; his countenance, at first brightened by the smile of paternal love, gradually darkened to deepest grief, till unable to suppress his tears, he would cover the child with caresses, and rush from the room. To all inquiries Sir Maurice was silent, or returned evasive answers. We shall pass over the infancy of young Walter, and resume the narrative at the period in which he entered into his twentieth year. His mother was now dead, and had left two other children, both girls, who, however, shared little of their father's love, which was almost exclusively fixed on Walter, and appeared to increase in strength as the fatal time grew near.

It is not to be supposed that he took no precautions against the predicted event. Sometimes hope suggested that a mistake might have been made in the horoscope, or that the astrologer might have overlooked some sign which made the circumstance conditional; and in unison with the latter idea he determined to erect a strong building, where, during the year in which his doom was to be consummated, Walter might remain in solitude. He accordingly gave directions for raising a single tower, peculiarly formed to prevent ingress, except by permission of its inhabitants. The purpose of this strange building, however, he kept secret; and his neighbours, after numerous vain conjectures, gave it the name of "Cooke's Folly." Walter himself was kept entirely ignorant on the subject, and all his inquiries were answered with tears. At length the tower was completed, and furnished with all things necessary for comfort and convenience; and on the eve of Walter's completing his twentieth year, Sir Maurice showed him the gipsy's

scroll, and entreated him to make use of the retreat prepared for him till the year expired. Walter at first treated the matter lightly, laughed at the prophecy, and declared he would not lose a year's liberty if all the astrologers in the world were to croak their ridiculous prophecies against him. Seeing, however, his father so earnestly bent on the matter, his resolution began to give way, and at length he consented to the arrangement.

At six the following morning, therefore, Walter entered the tower, which he fastened within as strongly as iron bars would admit, and which was secured outside in a manner equally firm. He took possession of his voluntary prison with melancholy feelings, rather occasioned by the loss of present pleasure, than the fear of future pain. He sighed: as he looked upon the wide domain before him, and thought how sad would it be to hear the joyous horn summoning his companions to the chase, and find himself prevented from attending it—to hear the winter wind howling round his tower, and rushing between the rocks beneath him, and miss the cheerful song and merry jest, which were wont to make even the blast a pleasant sound. Certainly his time passed as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. He drew up in a basket, at his meal hours, every luxury which the season produced. His father and sisters daily conversed with him from below, for a considerable time; and the morris-dancers often raised his laughter by their grotesque movements.

Weeks and months thus passed, and Walter still was well and cheerful. His own and his sisters' hopes grew more lively, but Sir Maurice's anxiety increased. The day drew near which was to restore his son to his arms in confident security, or to fulfil the prediction which left him without an heir to his name and honours. On the preceding afternoon, Walter continually endeavoured to cheer his parent, by speaking of what he would do on the morrow—desired his sisters to send round to all their friends, that he might stretch his limbs once more in the merry dance—and continued to talk of the future with such confidence, that even Sir Maurice caught a spark of hope from the fiery spirits of the youth. As the night drew on, and his sisters were about to leave him, promising to wake him at six by a song, in answer to their usual inquiry if he wanted anything more that night,

"Nothing," said he; "and yet the night feels chilly, and I have little fuel left—send me one more faggot."

This was sent him, and as he drew it up, "This," said he, "is the last time I shall have to dip for my wants, like old women for their water: thank God! for it is wearisome work to the arm."

Sir Maurice still lingered under the window, in conversation with his son, who at length complained of being cold and drowsy.

"Mark," said he, as he closed the window, "mark, father, Mars, the star of my fate, looks smilingly to-night—all will be well."

Sir Maurice looked up—a dark cloud-spot suddenly crossed the planet, and he shuddered at the omen.

The anxious father could not leave the spot. Sleep he knew it was in vain to court, and he therefore determined to remain where he was. The reflections that occupied his mind continually varied: at one time he painted to himself the proud career of his high-spirited boy, known and admired among the mighty of his time; a moment after, he saw the prediction verified, and the child of his love lying in the tomb. Who can conceive his feelings, as hour dragged after hour, while he walked to and fro, watching the blaze of the fire in the tower, as it brightened and sunk again,—now pacing the court with hasty steps,—and now praying fervently for the preservation of his son? The hour came. The cathedral-bell struck heavy on the father's heart, which was not to be lightened by the cheerful voices of his daughters, who came running full of hope to the foot of the tower. They looked up, but Walter was not there;—they called his name—he answered not.

"Nay," said the youngest, "this is only a jest; he thinks to frighten us, but I know he is safe."

A servant had brought a ladder, which he ascended and looked in at the window. Sir Maurice stood immovable and silent—he looked up, and the man answered the anxious expression of his eyes.

"He is asleep," said he.

"He is dead!" murmured the father.

The servant broke a pane of the window, and opening the casement, entered the room. The father, changing his gloomy steadfastness for frenzied anxiety, rushed up the ladder. The servant had thrown aside the curtains and the clothes, and displayed to the eyes of Sir Maurice his son lying dead—a

serpent twined round his arm—and his throat covered with blood. The reptile had crept from the faggot last sent him, and fulfilled the *Prophecy*.

Lays of the Deep.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MEILER, ESQ.

SONGS OF THE MERMAIDS.

FOR THE OLIO.

No beings so merry as we,
When the pale moon beams on the sea,
When the wearied waves are sleeping,
And the flowers with dew are weeping;
Then we maids of ocean emerge,
Through the waves bright silvery surge,
On to the flowery bank that's seen
Created with an emerald green.

Sweetly the zephyrs bear along
In melting strains our ocean song,
Unto ears of mortal straying,
Where the moonbeams brightly playing;
And then he stands, in wond'ring fear,
Listening to our voices clear:
While the wanderer on the main,
Entranced, hearkens to our strain.

SECOND VOICE.

From the shores of far India
We merrily sweep,
Where the dark coast of Lapland
Lies frozen and steep:
We heed not the strange thing
On land they call Time,
Ever gaily we wander
'Mid changes of clime.

Oh! how sweet breathes the perfume
From Araby's vale,
And bright is the sunshine
That lights up each sail;
But, oh! how much fairer—
Far dearer to me—
Is the moonlight that silvers
Its blue rolling sea.

THIRD VOICE.

Off by moonlit isles we rest,
When the day-star's in the west,
Where the roses soft are wreathing,
And the spices' perfume breathing;
Round we sing, and gaily ride
On the trembling silvery tide,
Pause the dance,—the native train,
Spell bound, listens to the strain.

List!—the earth maid's prayer
Fell upon the still air:
"Safe return, my own true love!"
Was her prayer address'd above.
Now our assuring voices clear
Swell upon her list'ning ear:
See! she lists and looks around,
Tries to pierce our gloom profound!
Mark the tear fall from her eyes—
I've a drop!—a pearl it lies!
Now it decks my flowing hair,
Sweetest gem that sparkles there!

TRIO.

Oh! could but wond'ring mortals know
The thousand wonders hid below,
They then would know their own poor earth,
Compared but with our millions worth.
Fathomless 'neath the ocean deep,
We in pure halls of crystal sleep:
Diamonds and rubies deck our bed,
While our pillow's the coral red.
Temple Place, Blackfriars.

FASHION; AN ESSAY.

For the Olio.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHOLE ART OF DRESS."

Despotic thing—for ever changing,
Ever bright, and ever new,
Through varied maze of fancy ranging,
Hail! in all, and worship you.
St. James's, an unpublished Poem.

THE influence of fashion is certainly inexplicable, while it truly bears out the trite axiom, that custom, in the course of time, becomes a second nature. Under what a variety of names do we all worship it; ay, and the millions who love it best, most hate its very name, as the parent of dissipation and a long train of evils, yet no less pay it homage, after a peculiar *fashion of their own*. To a reflecting mind—taking the word, as our old friend and guide, Walker, gives it, in its broad and literal meaning—there can be nothing more degrading to humanity, than that its own ingenious feelings, from youth upwards, should become subservient to a *thing* so vacillating and inconstant in itself. Well may Horace's exclamation apply to the present age, "*O imitatores servum pecus*!" for, where shall we find a nation so destitute of originality as our own, in regard either to manners, or dress? All are imported from that temple of refinement, Paris, from the pattern of a lace frill, to the score of made dishes that grace the table of a wealthy epicure.

To descend to the recollection of our school days for a moment, the reader will doubtless be enabled to remember with us his first incipient notions of following the will of another without any of his own. He will doubtless recollect some tall lad, considered stronger, or shrewder, than the rest, who, aspiring, led the others at *follow-my-leader*. Such an one, we well remember in our own juvenile days, it was, whose taste approved, or fancy suggested, each game that became popular; though, in following the then set fashion with others, we little thought we were enacting an epitome of our after life.

As we have referred to the days of our boyhood, let us now take a glance at the youthful aspirant in dress. His first definite notions probably have resulted from observations during the vacation, when the young eye is naturally caught by the adventitious aid of manly apparel, and he sighs to exchange a cap and jacket for a hat and coat, and assume the dignity of collars to his shirts, and

straps to his trousers. The request is immediately preferred to the fond ears of a doting mother, and, as precedents are immediately cited, in the persons of the little Dawsons and Lawsons, after a persuasive report to head-quarters, they are complied with in full, for, as the lady justly observed, "the boy might as well be out of the world, as the fashion."

Leave we the first early impressions of the boy, to the gratification of his desires, and let us look to the man, and enquire his requisitions to be admitted a member of the choice union of the fashion of haut ton life: there many things are required, and some absolutely necessary, to hold a distinguished post in the inner circle, consecrated alone to the most eminently qualified geniuses.

Has he travelled, and filled a duodecimo! Has he a smattering of French, German, and Italian—without possibly being enabled to maintain a conversation intelligibly in either? Is he a first-rate gambler and duellist, celebrated for his seductions and amours in general? Is he over head and ears in debt, and yet drives the finest turn out in the park—game to the last! Though heedless of all other demands, is he punctual in discharging his debts of honour? Does he sing, laugh dance, and ride, without an impetus to either, but through the force, alone, of custom? And last, but far from least, has he been called a "good fellow" by all the clubs of which he is a member. Such, most sage and gentle reader, are the polite qualifications naturally enough expected from your first-rate blood of fashion—else, destitute of the foregoing, how would he be worthy of his thousands of followers, who applaud him to the skies—while the energy of their minds, are exerted to become worthy of so exalted a leader.

In reference to dress, as it relates to our subject in hand, the volatile sons and daughters of fashion—the chosen few—are as remarkable and distinguished for their taste in this particular, as any other; it is, indeed, as we have somewhere read, the "outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace." And it may most properly be termed a free-masonry in the exterior, by which one of the fashion instantly recognises the other. It is in vain, ye citizen-imitators of the initiated in the mysteries of the art—it is in vain ye garb yourselves in Saxony of the finest, and patrol, on foot or horseback, the parks, at five o'clock; there is a some-

thing in your very look, however smart, shall prate "of *your* whereabouts." "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that;"—granted: but, oh! ye want that stamp most sadly, in seeking to vie with the fashionable, if but in outward sign. Mark the symmetry and sit of that Stultz* coat,—the light and elegant beaver,—with the brilliancy and beauty of the Bowtell* boot or shoe, contrasting with the "vile boro'-mong'ring work;" added to which, the indefinite "*je ne sçai quoi*" in the style of wear, that easy, yet graceful fit, that proclaims, at a single glance, your genuine man of fashion from the pretender.

To such an alarming height does ignorance and prejudice exist, indeed, in the present enlightened age, that we have actually heard men, of "a learned and clever reputation," enter into the question, as to which was the most valuable and available—dress or address. Nay, we have literally been condemned, notwithstanding the most eloquent and forcible arguments, to hear it determined in favour of address. Shade of the immortal Brummell!† once pink of beaux and leader of men! methinks we now see thee before us—derision eloquent in thine eye, and scorn upon thy curling lip, at such monstrous ignorance—such a futile attempt to lower the importance of attention to that which thou most nobly and disinterestedly, for the good of mankind, devoted a lifetime to bring to its present state of perfection. Let us now candidly discuss the question,—not from any scepticism on our own part, but the rather as a masterly and entire refutation of the above envious judgment.

That address is of some slight importance, for the sake of argument,—lawyer-like,—we will admit; but that, for *effect*, it entirely succumbs to dress, is what we shall proceed to prove by a demonstration none can refuse. To effect this, it will be necessary to view each subject entirely independent of the other. *Imprimis*, will we place your man, with nought but address to back his suit or opinion. Who listens?—What weight can his arguments have? Does he solicit patronage? He may be clever, is the frank and instantaneous answer, but don't like his appearance, something very suspicious in his looks.

* Celebrated Tradesmen.

† Since penning the above, we have learnt this gentleman is still living, and is one of our consuls abroad; however, we may fairly consider him dead to the world of fashion.

Does he chance to call upon a *friend*,—"not at home" is ever the saucily delivered answer of the servant, as she eyes him askance, with a look of your true ineffable kitchen disdain. Does he breathe—presume to breathe!—the soft and tender vow of adoration into beauty's ear!—However tender and imposing his discourse, a single, nay, half a glance at once annuls its effects; for what says Burns, and surely he ought to know,—

Ye'st will never prosper, man,
Without gaud braid claithe.

Now, let us take a view of the other side of the argument. Cased in a fashionable and elegant dress, you make a request; however wanting in address, you are listened to with respect. If you blunder even, it is set down as an original style, delivered purposely out of the common course. But laugh at any thing you may chance to say, however dull, reiterated bursts proclaim it downright wit. Nay, in a word, absolutely say nothing, and your appearance, as the poet says of his mistress's eye, speaks a volume in your favour, and does your business at a glance. To conclude then an argument, we flatter ourselves, we have so gravely shewn to be in favour of dress; while your sorry C. D. looking individual, with all his talents, is unheard, neglected and shunned, at all hands, your man, although with nought but dress to back him, is caressed by his friend, loved by his mistress, and the idol of all gazers.

Temple Place, Blackfriars.

LAYS OF LONELINESS.

BY C. D. M.
For the Olio.

I mourn, but yet I do not weep
For those who watch'd o'er my early sleep,
And who slumber with the dead:
Peace rest upon them with her wings,
And the smile of every lovely thing
Be to them a beautiful visioning
Where they rest the weary head.

How calm and lovely is their rest,
When the pale dew falls with the purple west
On every flower and grave!
And beautiful their silent dreams
That come like gentle gliding streams,
With memory for their guiding beam
Beyond oblivion's wave.

They sleep without one passing ray,
To light them up to dreamless day,
Or to cheer their unseen gloom,
That veils the worm and the burial pall,
And the shroud, the deepest veil of all,
Sheds darkness where light was to fall
Upon their narrow tomb.

Their grave is green—their turf is light,
That closes o'er their burial night,
And fair with many a flower;

And wreaths are hung in mockery there,
And odours wander round the air,
And nature has made all things fair
Above their funeral bower.

PAGANINI.

Some interesting details of the life and peculiarities of this renowned virtuoso on the violin, have been recently published in Germany, in the *Travelling Journal* of George Harrys, who, during the months of June and July last, was the companion of Paganini, on his professional excursion through Germany. According to Mr. Harrys, the strange rumours prevalent on the continent, concerning the early life of Paganini—the murder of his wife by dagger or poison, his consequent imprisonment, when he first took up the violin, and, during a long incarceration, attained by incessant practice his unrivalled command of that difficult instrument; farther, of his acquaintance with most European languages,—of his dissipated habits,—enormous extravagance, and passion for gambling;—all these rumours are, he assures us, and on no less authority than that of the great virtuoso himself, totally unfounded. Paganini, he adds, knows no language but his own and a little French, and is rather disposed to economy and accumulation, than to extravagance.—His savings, at the commencement of June, 1830, had reached the sum of 160,000 florins; and by eleven concerts given during five weeks of his journey with Mr. Harrys, he cleared about 10,000 rix-dollars, nearly 1300*l.* sterling. His biographer expresses a belief, that in a very short period this property will be trebled, as Paganini proposed to give concerts in Paris, and all the principal cities of France (where he now is), and to reach London in April.—*Eng. Mag.*

CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

Concluded from p. 215.

My philosophy comes next on the tapis. Cowardice has made me a political economist. Finding the writers on that science unanimous in contending that *peace* is the true interest of nations, it is little surprising that I have become enamoured of a theory so perfectly in unison with my feelings. Peace, peace, peace! was not more the heart's desire of Lord Clarendon, than it is mine. Upon this subject, I am fond of quoting Milton—"Peace hath its victories as well as war;" and again—

"But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence,
By deeds of peace."

Milton, I may as well mention, *en passant*, is my favourite English poet—not on account of his sublimity, but because of the pacific spirit that breathes through all his compositions, and was indeed diffused over his life. We never hear of him at Marston Moor or Worcester; but we find him, during the tumult of the civil war, sequestered in one of the quietest nooks of London, and inscribing his door with the beautiful and pathetic sonnet, beginning—

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from
harm."

I particularly admire this sonnet. There is a tone of supplication in it so much in unison with the sentiments I entertain towards all military officers, from the field-marshal down to the corporal. Milton had the genius of cowardice as well as of poesy. How superior to Dante! The Florentine would have been buckling on his armour, while the Englishman was watering his threshold with melodious tears, and singing for quarter in strains that would have made Mars himself merciful.

I have now to disclose the effects of my unrivalled cowardice upon my manners and conversation. So constitutional and instinctive is my dread of arms, deeds of arms, and men-at-arms; and so deeply convinced am I that there is no apology so abject that I would not infinitely rather make than stand to be fired at, that nothing can exceed the pains I am at to be on amicable terms with all the world. I am all smiles, courtesies, and civilities. It is scarcely possible for mortal man to pick a quarrel with me. I apologize, in fact, before I offend; sometimes even when (if any feelings have been hurt) I myself am the injured party. For example, if a person tread on my toe in the street, I bow and ask his pardon, while, at the same time, I am writhing from the effects of the pressure on my corn.

It may be supposed that, like ordinary cowards, I am a *braggadocio*, and talk big, in order to produce on the company a false impression of my character; but I am too sagacious to resort to an artifice which has been so often exposed, and is so easily seen through. On the contrary, I try to imitate the bearing and discourse of the truly valiant, which

I have generally observed to be as opposite as possible to that of Captain Bobadil. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities in my conversation from which I fear some person of more than common penetration—I particularly dread the ladies—will some time or another divine the truth. I am too fond of expatiating on moral intrepidity and intellectual courage; and more than once I have endangered myself by maintaining that there is nothing derogatory to a man of honour in making an apology, without laying sufficient stress upon the clause—*provided he has been in the wrong*. But I was never in such peril of exposure as a few days ago, at the house of an intimate friend. "L. misunderstood," said a lady, addressing herself to me, "an observation you made here the other evening." Now, *misunderstood* is a verb I abhor in every mood and tense. It jarred on my ear like the cocking of a pistol; and, without pausing to ask what expression of mine had been so unlucky as to have been misconstrued, I exclaimed, "I will make any explanation he thinks necessary." Fortunately, the nature of the observation in question prevented the ridicule of this speech from being noticed. "You will not have much trouble, I imagine," said the lady; "it was merely a mistake of one word for another; you were talking of *La Fayette*, and L. thought you were talking of *La Fayette*." How lightly sat my bosom's lord upon his throne after this *éclaircissement*! So overjoyed was I at my deliverance from a "misunderstanding," that I thought but little of the hair's-breadth escape of my reputation; faithful in this to the fifth article of my creed, which, you will remember, runs thus—"I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy."

I have little to add, but that I lead the life of a hare, in continual trepidation, regarding all mankind (ladies alone excepted) as my natural enemies, and in daily expectation of being started, hunted, and slain—no—*slain* is going rather too far—at least I shall never be accessory to my own murder. Often I wish myself transported to some solitary isle in the *Pacific Ocean*; or ejaculate with Byron,—

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister!

I, too, cast a longing eye upon the olden time: but it is on the pastoral ages, when the only weapon was the shep-

herd's crook, the code of honour was not, and in all Arcady there was neither a challenger nor a cartridge.

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Gullford. For the *Olio*.

Continued from p. 220.

THE Dame Maud Arblaster sate in a noble chamber, whose roof and walls were covered with a wainscoting of richly grained cheesnut, carved with elaborate imagery, and studded with the brilliant blazonry of numerous armorial shields; a thick Turkey carpet, partially covering the polished oak floor, and glossy India cabinets, richly gilded, groaning beneath the monstrous porcelain of Pekin or Nankin, proclaimed the wealth that had procured these vain luxuries. It was lighted by a deep oriel, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, gorgeously dim with heraldry. The Dame Maud was attired in deep mourning. A hood of black velvet, its borders stiffened with wire, so as to sit wide in a graceful undulation round her face, hung down its ample folds as low as her elbows, falling open in front, it disclosed a deep, stiffened bandeau, that, covering her chin to her very lips, descended in straight plaits over her bosom; a robe and vest of sable silk completed her habiliments. She appeared in profound and agitating thought—which, after exhibiting itself in her changing countenance and restless variation of posture, at length burst its bounds as follows:

"So far, at least, we have succeeded! Endymion hath been separated from this child of heretic parents, and, thanks to our skill, and the love-sick moppet's rashness, that separation is become eternal. Yet the doubt sometimes comes over me, whether it be lawful thus to tear their young hearts asunder. No matter: 'tis a *sinful* doubt—the Capellane hath assured me that saints and confessors look down with approbation on this sacrifice of nature to religion. Nay, even if it were not so, I have given largely, and purpose to give more to Holy Church; she hath power to absolve; and Heaven be my witness, that, fondly, proudly as I love Endymion, I would see him a cowed monk,—ay, a shrouded corse, ere he should run further risque of being tainted in his faith by those pestilent Nobles! Daily, hourly, I expect his return; the Capellane tells me Paget is already at Beau-

desart. Where can Endymion linger? I dread and desire I know not what; the Capellane may be playing false—he hath governed me too long; yet, but for him, they would have wedded; he suggested the cloister for Blanch—ha! can he be aiming at Endymion's heritage? if so, he little knows a mother's feelings to an only son. With all I possess—all Blanch might have inherited, let his own oratory, let his sister's priory be enriched; but for one acre of my son's heritage, they shall totter to their foundations, ere they touch it! I will sound him on this point."

Lady Arblaster had arisen from her chair, and paced the room disturbedly, while she thus thought aloud; but her stately form had relaxed from its agitation, her proud features had softened into the milder cast of thought, and she had for some space of time, resumed a superbly illuminated missal, which with a rosary and crucifix, lay on a carved stand at her elbow, when the Capellane of Cross-in-hand was announced and ushered into her presence.

The meeting of these guilty confederates developed the peculiar temper, views, and situation of each. On the Lady Maud's imperious countenance the traces of recently subsided emotion began rapidly to exhibit again their forceful expression, like the storm-stream of the mountain, hurried by some fresh flood into its scarcely dry channels. There was the pride of conscious rank and wealth, there was the sense of guilt, which, though unacknowledged, no sophistry could shake off; there was a mother's haughty love for an only son, anxiety for his spiritual welfare balanced by apprehension respecting his temporal interests; and, over all, the veil of conscientious zeal for Catholicism, and habitual deference to the Capellane—true, it might be *but* a veil, yet a prudent tactician would hesitate to remove it. But the Capellane's was vulgar cunning, not tact. On the present occasion, there was an extraordinary mixture in his mien and manner, of assumed composure and real agitation; his step was staid and slow, as he appeared before the Dame Arblaster, but a close observer would perhaps have compared it to the curbed pace of an eager horse; his face was calm, and, as far as its lineaments revealed, devoid of worldly feelings; but there was the hectic spot on his cheek and brow, that even *he* could not controul, and his accents faltered with a subdued emotion far foreign from the meek and engaging tone

to which he endeavoured to modulate his salutation. At first he seemed to hesitate whether the semblance or the reality of his feelings should direct his speech; but, in effect, it partook of both.

"What tidings, holy father?" was Dame Maud's first question, "our poor abode hath lacked your saintly presence these three days; sure you have gathered news that ever grows cold and dies ere it reach our secluded bowers: what tidings?"

"Stirring ones, lady! Master William Paget returned, as I said, with added honours from Germany."

"Oh, I reckon not of him! it is of my son I would hear; of my Endymion, who should share his honours, as he hath ministered to his success!"

"Report, lady, says that he does."

"Report—only report? *that* might have sufficed me when he was beyond the sea; but now I will no longer live upon report, though it come from the cabinet of Henry himself."

"And yet, madam, there hath issued a report from that quarter, to which it behoves us all to listen and look well."

The Lady Arblaster's attention now seemed to await the Capellane's words, as he continued—

"Master Paget, whom all true Catholics acknowledge as a firm and zealous champion of the church, hath had a private interview with the Prioress of Fairwell—and what, think you, was its subject?"

"I am no prophetess, father."

"But you are a Catholic, daughter; and one who hath promised and done much for our sainted houses! What deem ye of the immediate approach of the two Legates, with full power to visit, examine, and (if they think fit), to suppress the Priory of Fairwell?"

The Dame stood aghast in speechless astonishment, and she actually gasped for breath, ere in thick, panting accents, she cried,

"Visit!—by what power? Suppress?—they dare not!"

"They both *have* dared, and *will*."

"But the thunders of the Vatican."

"It is from the Vatican they derive their authority. Paget hath seen the Decretal Bull."

"But, surely, father, thy sister's Priory,—so humble in its rank,—so rigid in its discipline,—so spotless in its fame,—"

"Hath yet revenues that may conveniently be appropriated to the choir at

Litchfield. Marry! they have clamoured lately touching some stipend which my Lord Cardinal Archbishop should have paid them out of his college at Oxford."

Lady Arblaster remained silent, while her countenance betrayed the rapid revolutions of thought; the Capellane remained silent also, but his features evinced nothing except vigilant observation of his companion. At length she said, as though she dreaded an answer,

"The *sisterhood*, then—what is to become of *them*, if this priory be actually suppressed?"

"They will then be drafted into larger monasteries, if such be their choice—if otherwise, they are permitted to return to their families."

"You mean not what you say, father!" exclaimed the lady, in accents of alarm.

"I repeat only what the Prioress my sister hath imparted to me. Master Paget hath furnished her with the list of interrogatories. Amongst them is this item, 'Whether any sister of this house were professed for any manner of compulsion of her friends and kinsfolk, or by the Abbess or Prioress.'"

"*She* cannot plead *that*," muttered Dame Arblaster; "her heretic parents would have fired the priory if they durst, ere she should have entered it!"

"Yet bethink thee, gracious dame," insinuated the Capellane, in his softest tones, "bethink thee, if thy son, who, it is feared, shares not his mother's sacred zeal, should return, or Cornelia Noble—"

Lady Maud started at the name, as if it had not been stinging her at every syllable the Capellane uttered, and she broke out passionately—

"Ay, Cornelia Noble! Cornelia Noble! she wants but such a motive and opportunity to become as rank an apostate as her sire and dame themselves! Oh, father! write instantly to Endymion; nay, speed *thyself* to London: obstruct, delay, detain him, if possible, send him abroad again: say his mother implores, commands him not to come yet into Staffordshire; say there is a lion in the path: if nothing else will do, have him arrested, accuse him; anything thou canst, rather than he should come here to his undoing!"

The Capellane had never seen his patroness so excited: he began to apprehend he had gone too far; at all events, he perceived it was time he applied an emollient to the wound he had

cauterized, and, as a nurse would pacify a tetchy child,

"You are too hasty, daughter," he said; "had you waited, I could have imparted that which supersedes further measures on our part."

"Oh, give it me, then, ere I go wild with apprehension!"

"The Sister Cornelia hath been detected in the act of attempting her escape from the Priory."

"Hath she in truth?" exclaimed Maud, exultingly; "why, how the wayward girl plays into our hands!"

"Her doom is indeed sealed! for the Prioress, ever relentless in her discipline, and already excited to the utmost by the offensive consequences of the expected visitation, has by this flagrant stain upon the fondly cherished reputation of her convent, been aroused to such un-governed indignation, that she hath vowed, not even the Legates themselves shall save the offender from the penalty of her crime."

"And that is?"

"Death!" replied the Capellane, composedly; "she will be *immured alive*! Your face shows horror, lady," he continued, after a long pause, "but joy is in your heart. Your son is now secured from this heretic family; my sister is resolved to proceed forthwith to doom and execution!"

"Alack!" said Lady Arblaster, "will nothing short of death suffice?"

"For your son's security,—little; and, for the satisfaction of broken vows,—nothing!"

The Capellane little thought that this intelligence, instead of raising his claims on her gratitude, combined with the suspicions she had begun to entertain of his designs on her son's estates, to fill Lady Arblaster with feelings of aversion towards him. The conviction that she had already more than satisfied his claims, was now (such is human nature) reinforced by the discovery that she no longer wanted his aid. When, therefore, the monk ventured to suggest that her influence with Endymion might be serviceable to the Priory, either by increasing its revenues, if preserved from dissolution, or providing for his sister, if suppressed,—she answered coldly,

"He must act as his own piety and judgment shall dictate; he is of age next month, and will then be beyond my controul."

The Capellane's face displayed no emotion at this broad and abrupt intimation of the disappointment he might

anticipate, save that his eye contracted and glimmered like a snake's, as with the gentlest voice and blindest smile, he rejoined,

"Doubtless, his piety and gratitude will teach him how much is due to that church, whose humblest minister has tended so effectually to save him from the hazard of an alliance with heretics. Who, think ye, promoted this purposed escape?"

"Oh! haply her heretic parents?"

"No other than her *Catholic Confessor*!"

"You!" screamed Dame Maud, "you Father Robert! you sanction such a sacrilege?"

"Even I, lady! 'twas I who brought them to a secret—"

"*Them, them?* she had a companion, then?"

"She had! and that companion was the heir of Arblaster,—was your son, madam!"

"Cowed villain!" exclaimed the lady, "repeat those words, and I will summon my people, who shall antedate the punishment the Legates will award to thy crime, by hanging thee on the tallest tree in the rookery. Oh!" she added, after a pause, "speak to me!—leave off that horrible smile, and say—swear that you have not dared to act thus—swear that thou hast *lied*, and it shall be better for thee than the mitre itself!"

"Rash woman!" resumed the Capellane, "it is better for us both that I should have *spoken the truth*! Hear me!—Endymion Arblaster hath been some days in the neighbourhood—he came in disguise—I discovered him by chance, even ere he attained his journey's end."

"False Priest! and concealed it from me?"

"With your pardon, I had reasons for dreading your vehemence, lady, which your present demeanour convinces me were just. We had a conference in the Glen of Greenladies—but the youth assumed so lofty a tone, and spoke so loudly of interference from a high quarter, that, had his *Mother* stood by the fountain, instead of the poor monk of Crossinhand, there would have been an open rupture, the consequences of which I need not demonstrate."

"At least," said the lady, impatiently, "tell me how those consequences were arrested?"

"Simply by waiting till his *very* youthful flights had exhausted them—

selves, and *then* commencing my operations; the first step was to possess him with the belief of my sincerity."

The Lady of Arblaster laughed an indignant and scornful laugh; but the Capellane proceeded,

"This point was somewhat hardly attained. I then urged the uncertain period of the Cardinal's visitation,—painted highly the rigours and privations of a convent,—worked on his feelings by picturing their effect on the mind and frame of the Sister Cornelia,—placed in a strong light the dubious result of an appeal to the Legates,—in a word, I convinced his young passions so plainly, of the advantages of an elopement—"

"Now, by all that is inexplicable, what advantages could even that wild-brain boy expect in eloping with a nun from her convent?"

"What *advantages*? by the halidome! had I suffered him to *effect* the design, you would have seen what advantages, though with small thanks to me, I trow. What would have been the result? In the good times of our church, it would have been, him to the gallows, and her to the vault—but *now*, a short imprisonment, perhaps a fine; nay, who knows but that this Henry, who is Pope and conclave to boot in England, would have praised the daring, and smiled at the sacrilege! Of course," said the Capellane, "*this* formed no portion of my plan: I brought down the Prioress upon them; Cornelia was arrested at her order, and Endymion, finding the priory gates *closed*, when I had promised they should be *open*, hath retired to vent his disappointment in the woods and wilds of Chorley or Beaudesart."

"Hast seen him since?"

"I have; do not make me tell how I set my wits to delude the boy once more—how he believes me innocent, and even in peril for my kindness."

"He dreams not, then, of the severity that awaits his mistress?"

"On the contrary, he comforts himself by fancying that every hour will bring the Legates to Fairwell, and emancipate his betrothed from the Priory."

Soon afterwards, these evil-designing persons separated: the Capellane congratulating himself that he had at length obtained that hold upon the gratitude of the son which he had long held over the prejudices of the mother: while Lady Arblaster (convinced that her son was safe from the alliance which her religious bigotry had taught her to de-

test,) occupied herself with plans for ultimately appeasing Endymion, and finally shaking off the insidious and rapacious Capellane. Her conscience, that accused her of conniving at treachery and cruelty, she *silenced*, not *satisfied*, by the plea of necessity.

To be continued.

Fine Arts.

MR. B. R. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON, &c.—We agree with Mr. Haydon, that it was impossible to think of such a genius as Napoleon without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude, with which he was envelope^d. The present picture represents the once proud chieftain, and the mighty spirit of a nation's love and glory, standing with his arms crossed, on the brow of an impending cliff, and musing on his past fortunes; sea-birds are whirring at his feet; the sun just down—the sails of his guardship glittering on the horizon—and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive.

While the position in which Mr. Haydon has preferred placing Napoleon conveys but a side view of his person and face, with a glance of his searching eye, yet it gives a better description of his attitude and muscular proportion. Our first step into his presence impressed us with reverence by this merited conception. In his costume Napoleon is also particularly identified; for his height, 5ft. 2½in. is the exact height here given; and the uniform is that of one of the regiments of Chasseurs, every detail of which has been dictated by an old officer of the regiment, and his hat faithfully copied from one of Napoleon's own hats, now in England. The effect produced by an intercourse with this clever and valuable addition to Mr. Haydon's efforts is decided contemplation; leading the mind by pure reflection into the campaigns of past continental warfare, and the identity of Napoleon's personal history.

The additional sketches—"The Bed at Fontainebleau,"—"of a small column,"—"Basin of Water,"—"Palace of Rambouillet,"—"Vincennes," &c. induce us to hope, that this exhibition will be the favoured retreat of all those and their friends who are admirers of the talents of the artist, and the principal subject which he represents.

Notices of New Books.

Omnipotence, a Poem. By Richard Jarman, pp. 134, 18mo. London: J. Chappell.

We must not be too lavish of our praises of this book, seeing that it is the production of a part of ourselves—a contributor to the "OLIO." If the work possessed no merit whatever, the modest preface of the author would disarm the most captious critic; but we are free to confess that there are many passages which appear to us to be conceived in the true spirit of poesy. We have already given selections from this poem when in MS., but, notwithstanding our limited space, we must make room for the following extracts taken at random.

All bounteous God! how plain thy power is drawn
In the fair light that rambles o'er the lawn!
Nights grow to days, and days to nights decay,
Each, as it passes, tells thy lasting sway!
Things ever change, and yet all things remain,
Proofs of the order of thy endless reign;
Great as the changes in a day appear,
A day is but the model of a year:
For summer slower decays as Autumn springs
Brown from the fields, and shakes his misty wings;
Laughing, he twines the corn-wreath on his brow,
And pays the cheerful labours of the plough:
Then Winter, blust'ring, comes; his freezing breath
Hurries the reddened herbage into death,
And his snow-mantle on the ice-sheet lies
Till Spring comes on, and then dull Winter dies.

Oh, matchless One! Omnipotent! to Thee—
The vast, all-ruling, space-throned Deity!
Let monarchs bend, and own in Thee their king,
And their glad tribute to thy footstool bring!
Ah! vainly would Earth's mighty ones combine
To brave thy will or thwart thy laws divine;
They are but instruments thy hand employs,
Thine anger sinks them or thy mercy buoys!
When fierce Philistia roar'd with furious joy,
And her proud giant mock'd the Hebrew boy,
Ah! little thought she or her boasting king
Her champion's death was in a shepherd's sling!
But 'twas thy will! and when his impious voice
Dared thy vast power and bade his ranks rejoice,
Thy fiat pass'd, and all his boasted might
Fled like some day-dream from the fancy's sight;
Goliath fell! let Arrogance attend,
Earth's mightiest strength must to thy mightier bend.

The Laws relating to Benefit Societies and Savings Banks, being No. 4, of the Familiar Law Adviser, 18mo, 98 pp. London: H. Washbourne.

We took occasion, a short time since, to notice in terms of praise a number or two of these valuable and well digested

epitomes of some of our laws. The present part is equally deserving of commendation: it contains, divested of every mystifying technicality, not only the essence of the statutes "made and provided" for the better regulation of those praiseworthy institutions, Benefit Societies, but also those relating to Savings Banks. To the middling classes, Books of this description are of the greatest utility, as they are well calculated to afford the best knowledge of the subjects treated on at the cheapest rate.

Illustrations of History.

ON THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH NAMES.

For the Olio.

Nomina quasi Notamina. Names were first imposed upon men for distinction sake—by the Jews at their circumcision, by the Romans at the ninth day after their birth, and by the Christians at the baptism; of which signification for the most part that might denote the future good hope or good wishes of parents towards their children.

The English names of baptism are generally either Saxon, as Robert, Richard, Henry, William, Edmund, Leonard, &c. which are all very significative; or else out of the Old and New Testament, as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, John, Thomas, James, &c.; or sometimes the mother's surname, and rarely two Christian names, which yet is usual in other countries, especially in Germany.

Names super-added to the Christian names, the French call *sirnames* (i. e.) *super nomina*.

The Hebrews, Greeks and most other ancient nations, had no surnames fixt to their families, as in these days, but counted thus, for example, among the Hebrews, Melchi Ben Addi, Addi Ben Casam, &c. So the Britons, Hugh ap Owen, Owen ap Rhese. So the Irish, Neal Mac Con, Con Mac Dermoti, &c.

As Christian names were first given for distinction of persons, so surnames for distinction of families.

About anno 1000, the French nation began to take surnames, with *de* prefix of a place, and *le* prefix for some other qualification; as at this day is their usual manner. The English also took to themselves surnames, but not generally by the common people till the reign of Edward the First.

Great offices of honour have brought divers surnames, as Edward Fitz-Theobald, being long ago made Butler of

Ireland, the Duke of Ormond and his ancestors descended from him took the surname of Butler: so John Count Tanquerville of Normandy, being made Chamberlain to the King of England, above four hundred years ago, his descendants of Sherborn Castle in Oxfordshire, and of Prestbury in Gloucestershire, bear still the same coat of arms, by the name of Chamberlain.

At first, for surnames, the English gentry took the name of their birth-place, or habitation, as Thomas of Aston, or East-Town, John of Sutton, or South-Town; and as they altered their habitation, so they altered their surname. After, when they became Lords of places, they called themselves Thomas Aston of Aston, John Sutton of Sutton.

The Saxon common people, for surnames, added to their father's name, with *son* at the end thereof, as Thomas Johnson, Robert Richardson. They also oft took their father's nick-name, or abbreviation, with addition of *s*; as Gibbs, the nick-name or abbreviation of Gilbert, Hobs of Robert, Nics of Nicholas, Bates of Bartholemew, Sams of Samuel, Hodges of Roger; and thence also Gibson, Hobson, Nickson, Batson, Sampson, Hodson, and Hutchinson, &c.—Many were also surnamed from their trade, as Smith, Joyner, Weaver, Walker, that is Fuller in old English; and Goff, that is Smith in Welch, &c.; or from their offices, as Porter, Steward, Shepherd, Carter, Spencer,—that is, Steward, Cook, Butler, Kemp, that is, in old English, *soldier*; or from their place of abode,—Underwood, Underhill; also Atwood, Atwell, Athill; which three last are shrunk into Woods, Wells, Hills; or from their colour or complexion, as Fairfax, that is, fair locks; Pigot, that is, speckled; Blunt or Blund, that is, flaxen hair. So from birds, as Arundel, that is, swallow; Corbet, that is, raven,—Wren, Finch, Woodcock, &c. So from beasts, as Lamb, Fox, Moyle, that is, mule.

The Normans, at their first coming into England, brought surnames for many of their gentry, with *de* prefixed, as the French gentry doth generally at this day, and their Christian names were generally German, they being originally descended from Norway, inhabited by Germans. And some, for about 200 years after the conquest, took for surnames their father's Christian name, with *Fitz* or *Fils* prefixed, as Robert Fitz-William, Henry Fitz-Gerard, which is as much as Williamson, Gerardson, &c.

The Britons or Welch more late refined, did not take surnames till of late years, and that for the most part only by leaving out *a* in *ap*, and annexing the *p* to their father's Christian name; as instead of Evan ap Rice, now Evan Price; so, instead of ap Howel, Powel; ap Hughe, Pughe; ap Rogers, Progers, &c.

The most ancient families, and of best account for surnames in England, are either those that are taken from places in Normandy and thereabouts in France, and from some other trans-marine countries, or else from places in England and Scotland, as Evreux, Chaworth, Seymour, Nevil, Montague, Mohun, Biron, Bruges, Clifford, Berkley, Arcy, Stourton, Morley, Courtney, Grandison, Hastings, &c. which anciently had all *de* prefixed, but of latter times generally neglected, or made one word,—Devereux, Darcy, &c.

W. H. P.

The Note Book.

I will make a brief of it in my Note-book.
— M. W. of Windsor.

THOMAS PAINE.—A late author says, "that he and three other gentlemen, induced by curiosity to see a man that had raised such a storm in the political world, went to visit him a short time before his death. They found him sitting behind a table which was necessary to his support, as he had received a paralytic stroke. He was endeavouring to shave himself. After the usual compliments, the visitors drew their chairs and sat down, the usual enquiries were made by Paine about the news, &c. His appearance was that of superior mind. He had been a tall man and well made—his blue eye was full, lucid, and indicated his true character. His conversation was calm and gentlemanlike, except when religion and party politics were mentioned. In this case he became irascible. His intellect did not appear impaired. He died as he lived, a professed deist, and refused the conversation of any clergyman, and was said to be worth nearly eight thousand pounds." H.B.A.

CONVERSION. — George Bactishua, being solicited by Almanzor to turn from Christianity to Mahometanism, and promised a seat in paradise on his compliance, replied, "No, I am very well contented to go wheresoever my forefathers have gone, be it to heaven or to hell."

H. B. A.

ODD NOTIONS.—In the time of Claudius Cæsar, elephants were first brought

over into Britain to assist the Romans in their battles against the natives. The bones of these huge animals have sometimes been dug up in various parts of England, and have given rise to the supposition that they were the remains of *gigantic men*, but we have no authority for believing that the ancient inhabitants of England greatly exceeded their descendants in stature. The strange stories of giants in former days are the inventions of those who, in their ardent love of other times, would make us believe that our ancestors were superior in courage to the men of the present day. This is nonsense: they had their Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; we our Salamanca, Badajoz, and Waterloo, but, posterity must be left to weigh and judge of the glory obtained in each.

A.
CURIOUS IMPRINTS.—The imprints to the countless number of tracts which appeared in the days of Charles the First and Cromwell, may in strangeness and quaintness vie with any that have issued from the press since those troublous times. The following are copied from a few in my possession.

1. "Printed in the Day of Battle and year of Slaughter, 1641."

2. "Printed for Praise God Barebones the Rump's Leather Seller."

3. "Printed in Sicilia on the Backside of the Cyclopean Mountaines, 1641." This tract bears the imposing title of "*Neues from Helle*," and has a rude vignette representing the Devil ill in bed, and attended by several Doctors in square caps, evidently meant for Jesuits.

4. "London, Printed for Roger Catflogger." This purports to be "*The relation of the travels of the Devil and Towner in search of the lost Heraclitus*."

5. "*An Apology for Robert Tichborn and John Ireton*." This tract has the following distich on the title page:

Rebellion never prospered; what's the reason?
'Cause if it prosper'd, none durst call it treason.

The imprint run thus:—"Printed for every body but the light-heel'd apprentices and head-strong masters of this winning city of London."

A.
SIR KENELM DIGBY.—Selden, in his "Table Talk," thus quaintly speaks of the famous Sir Kenelm Digby. "Sir K. Digby was several times taken and let go again, at last imprisoned in Winchester House. I can compare him to

nothing but a great fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the bait; at last, therefore, we put him into some great pond for store."

THE sun never sets on the British dominions, for before his evening rays leave Quebec, his morning beams have enlightened the banks of the Ganges.

VISION OF CICERO.—Marcus Tullius Cicero says that, just before the birth of Christ, he dreamed that he saw a child "of an ingenuous and beautiful countenance," let down from heaven by a golden chain.

A.
DOCTOR HOOKE.—This celebrated mechanic was born at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, in the year 1635.—At a very early age, he discovered an extraordinary aptitude for mechanics, and made many curious toys. Aubrey says that, "when Mr. Hooke was a boy, Hoskyn, the painter, being at Freshwater, to draw a picture for a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Hooke observed what he did, and, thought he, why cannot I do so too? so he gets him chalk and ruddle, and coal, and grinds them, and put them in a trencher, got a pencil, and to work he went and made a picture; then he copied (as they hung up in the parlour) the pictures there. Also, being a boy, then at Freshwater, he made a dial on a round trencher, having never had any instruction."

A.
EARLY BITERS.—Marcus Curius was surnamed *Dentatus* from the remarkable fact of his having been born with teeth in his head. Another extraordinary instance of the same kind is mentioned by Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 16, in the case of Cu. Papyrus Carbo; and among our English kings, Richard the Third is said to have come into the world with a complete set of teeth. The early breeding of teeth has been considered a sign of a short life; so much so we have several old proverbs on the subject,—as

Quickly too'd,
Quickly with God,
Quickly too'd, and quickly go,
Quickly will thy mother have moe.

To the truth of which the three celebrated individuals above mentioned—all of whom lived long enough to become famous men in their respective countries—appear to have been exceptions.

SAINTLY PATRONAGE.—From an Advertisement in a Spanish newspaper, I took the following singular heading in relation to the religious ceremonies of the day. 'To-morrow, being Fri-

day, will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bed-bugs—*abogado contra las chinches*.—There will be mass all the morning, and at seven o'clock will take place the blessing of branches and flowers, in honour of the aforesaid saint.' The branches and flowers thus blessed are doubtless found efficacious in preserving houses from these irksome tenants, and so form a convenient substitute for the troublesome care of cleanliness.

A Year in Spain.

THE CORK TREE.—This useful production is known in Spain by the name of *alcornoque*; though of very different appearance from our oak, it furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork-tree grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick, ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old; but it is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century. *1b.*

THE TYRANT CALIGULA.—After the death of this monster, the senate ordered that the coins and medals which had been struck during his reign should be melted down, that nothing, if possible, might be left to perpetuate his name. The likeness on such of his coins as I have seen is certainly very characteristic:—the heavy forehead, turned up nose, and close expression of the mouth and chin, confirm the account which all historians have given of him.

A.

FIRST DUTY ON EXPORTS FROM ENGLAND.—The Britons agreed to pay to Augustus duty on all wares exported by them. Their merchandize consisted at that time, says Speed, "of ivory boxes, iron chains, and small trifles of amber and glass."

A.

Anecdotes.

LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE.—This great lawyer's attention to business was so great, that on the day of his marriage he went to chambers, as soon as the ceremony was over, to inspect his papers as usual. He returned to them in the afternoon after tea, and afterwards came back to his house to eat his supper, and conclude the ceremony.

H. B. A.

DOCTOR LUCAS.—This celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady, whose whole family was very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, Doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election."—"Yes, madam."—"No wonder, sir, all the blackguards voted for you."—"No, madam, your two sons did not," replied the doctor.

H. B. A.

FOOTE.—When Tom Weston applied to a surgeon, under a strong suspicion of his habit of body being dropsical, he was on the occasion accompanied by Foote; on examining the patient, the surgeon pronounced him to have much water lodged in the belly, and that it would be necessary to tap it.—"It cannot be water that occasions the swelling," said Weston, "it may be wine."—"No, no," replied Foote, "if it had been wine, Tom, you would, long before this time, have tapped it yourself."

H. B. A.

LORD SANDWICH.—Sometime before his lordship went out of office, one day as he was transacting business, he desired a porter belonging to the Admiralty, to reach him a bottle of ink which stood upon a shelf somewhat out of reach. The man attempted to draw the bottle near him with a crooked stick which he had in his hand, but going awkwardly to work, threw it down and broke it. "Well done, my friend," said his lordship, smiling, "you may now boast that you have crackt a bottle with a First Lord of the Admiralty."—"Yes, my lord," replied the porter, who had been formerly a bailiff, "and the world will give me credit for it, as every body knows, I once belonged to the *Catch Club*."

THE RETORT.

"I'll list for a soldier," cries Robin to Sue,
"To avoid your eternal disputes."
"You'll list for a soldier?—ay, do, Robin, do;
In the mean time, I'll raise fresh recruits."

In the fifth century a dreadful conflagration broke out at Constantinople, which nearly destroyed that city. The library, which contained 120,000 vo-

lumes, was reduced to ashes, and with it the poem of Homer, written in letters of gold on the gut of a serpent one hundred and twenty feet in length. A.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 13.

St. Caradoc.

Sun rises 12m after 5—sets 49m after 6.
April 13, 1749.—To-day, says Wadd, in his amusing "*Mems and Maxims*," the opening of the Radcliffe Library took place; upon which occasion the University conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine, by diploma, on three physicians, Dr. Pitcairn, Dr. Coggers, and Dr. Kennedy. For a considerable length of time after the opening of this literary depot, as if to verify the joke of Radcliffe's private library being in his window-seat, it was literally without books, and was known by the title of "Medical Library," and many collections of books were given to it under that denomination. Dr. Frewin, long a celebrated physician at Oxford, gave his medical library of above 3000 volumes. Gibbes, the architect, who built it, gave a valuable collection; and Dr. Keenicoat, the Hebraw Professor, also gave his collection, connected with the publication of his Bible. It was only after these liberal donations, that it assumed the appearance, and took its proper title of Radcliffe Library.

Thursday, April 14.

St. Lidwina, Vir. A.D. 1433.

High Water 59m aft 2 Morning—19m aft 3 Aftern.
Our saint, who was born at Squidam, in Holland, was distinguished by early devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She made the vow of perpetual virginity at the early period of 12 years of age. She is said to have fell and hurt herself while skating on the canals, and died a martyr to a dreadful internal complaint, which it brought on, in 1433.

April 14, 1750.—Expired the eminent composer, George Frederic Handel, one of the greatest masters and composers of music that ever existed. The late profound musical theorist, Baumgarten, remarking on the incessant fluctuation of musical taste, justly observed, that the strongest possible test of genius, in some of the old compositions, is their surviving the age in which they were produced, and becoming the admiration of future masters. Handel's music has received this honor in a more eminent degree than even that of our own divine Purcell. By Boyce and Battishall the memory of the great German was adored; Mozart could not listen to his "Messiah" without weeping; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that, were he ever to come to England, he should uncover his head, and kneel down at his tomb. This seems to prove that Handel, like Shakespeare, was born for all ages, and, in spite of the versatility of taste, will ever be modern.

Friday, April 15.

St. Petermus, bishop of Avanches, 6th Cent.

Sun rises 8m after 5—sets 53m after 6.
April 15, 1415.—Died, a few days before the opening of the celebrated council of Constance, Emanuel Chrysoloras, one of the most learned men of the age in which he lived. Chrysoloras was born of a noble family at Constantinople, about 1335. He was sent ambassador by the Emperor John Paleologus, to solicit aid against the Turks, from the European states; on this errand he visited England during the reign of Richard II. Soon after his return from this embassy, he again left Constantinople; and, about 1391, came into Italy, and taught the Greek language successively at Florence, Milan, Pavia, Venice, and Rome. While at Rome, he was engaged in the service of Pope Martin V., and sent by him into Germany, to fix the place for a general council, when the city of Constance was agreed upon.

Saturday, April 16.

St. Druson, Reclus, died A.D. 1186.

High Water 24m aft 4 Morn.—47m aft 4 Aftern.
April 16, 1697.—On this day expired, in neglect and obscurity, at an inn at Kirby-Moorside, in

Yorkshire, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the prodigal son of a most rapacious father, who was visited with wealth, beauty, parts, dignity, place, and power, only to show their eminent insignificance, when unaccompanied by those attendants of true greatness, wisdom and virtue. Old Mixon, the historian, speaking of this prodigal nobleman, says, he took with him a company of ruffians into Yorkshire, got money from the tenants by force; was guilty of a riot at an inn, and died.

Sunday, April 17.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Lessons for the Day.—23 & 24 chapters Numbers Morn.—22 chap. Numbers, Evening.

St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr, 2nd age.

One of the principal charms of the Spring-quarter, and of the month of April, is the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over, and almost hides every thing else in the Fruit-garden and Orchard. "What exquisite differences and distinctions," says C. Lamb, that able painter of life and nature in all her moods, "there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-tree; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The Almond-blossom, which comes first of all, and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and, when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head, instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of Plum that follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the Almond. The Peach and Nectarine, which are now full-blown, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty; they are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell-shape, the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But, perhaps, the bloom that is richest, and most promising in its general appearance, is that of the Cherry, clasping its white honour, all around the long, straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf, or a bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch.

Monday, April 18.

St. Lasarian, bishop in Ireland, A.D. 638.

Sun rises 9m after 5—sets 59m after 6.

About this period, according to Ovid, a strange custom prevailed among the early Romans, of tying lighted bushes to the tails of animals, and more particularly to the tails of Foxes, &c. The poet thus describes the practice:

Whylone Fox was caught within his hole,
A Fox that often had their poultry stole;
On Reynard's back, and fast to either side,
Of hay and straw they little bundles lay;
Then did thereon some lighted matches lay,
And let the burning creature scow away:
Through the corn-fields swift flew the wafted flame,
Which bore destruction wheresoe'er it came.
This ancient fact we ev'ry year revive,
And custom's law forbids the Fox to live:
This feast demands we should that law fulfill,
And, as one perished, so they perish still.

Tuesday, April 19.

St. Ursus.

Moon's First Quarter, 47m after 6 Morn.

April 19, 1791.—10 day died, ATAT. 69, Dr. Richard Price, a dissenting minister, universally esteemed for his valuable works. He was the friend of man, and one of the most distinguished patriots and benefactors of nations.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVI.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, April 23, 1831.



See page 246

Illustrated Article.

REUBEN REMPLACE.

For the Olio.

THERE are some persons for whom, at first sight, we form a desire to become intimately acquainted with, and in whose society we feel as much at ease after an hour's conversation, as if we were known to them for the whole of our life. I am, generally speaking, a solitary person, delighting in long rambles without any companion but my own thoughts; and yet, I do not know how it was, after meeting my friend Remplace but once or twice in one of my favourite walks, we commenced an intimacy which time ripened into friendship. I first met him in my rambles in the neighbourhood of Penzance, where I had been induced to settle for the recovery of my health, which had been much impaired by a continued residence in the West Indies, and though this reason no longer existed, yet the salubrity of the climate, the beauty of the sur-

rounding scenery, the fine bay, with its undulating shores, the romantic walks, and remains of antiquity in the vicinity with a few friends, in whose society I passed my time very agreeably, determined my remaining where so many things combined to make my sojourning in the land a continual source of pleasure.

Of all my friends, Mr. Remplace held the station nearest my heart; his manners and appearance were most impressive, and calculated to rivet the attention of even a casual observer; he was a tall, sun-burnt man, apparently above fifty, labouring under a settled melancholy, and yet there was something in his eye which indicated a soul of fire, though now reduced to sober sadness. His dwelling was a little mansion which almost overhung the cliff on the western side of the Mount's Bay, and his whole family consisted of himself, his daughter, a young lady about twenty, and a female domestic. If ever love formed a part of existence, it did with Mr. Remplace, and if any being seemed deserv-

ing such love, it was his daughter, for I never saw a child more attached to a parent, than Miss Remplace was to her father. I have often looked with delight on them, as they sate side by side on a little seat in their garden; the father would sometimes gaze intently on his daughter for a few moments, as if to recall some other being to his thoughts, and then, gently pressing her to his bosom, murmur blessings on her head: and then her quiet, dutiful attentions! I never left the house but impressed with the scene, and my mind was ever more open to love for my neighbour and good will towards men, after a visit to Bevoir Cot, than when I entered it; for love sheds a halo of light through the soul, which refines and drives away the grosser spirits, and makes it more approach the perfection of the deity.

Month after month passed, and I was still a daily visitor at Bevoir; in fact, I never wished for any earthly enjoyment greater than I possessed at this time; but man is the creature of circumstance—I was compelled to leave my quiet domicile, to bid farewell to the shores of the Mount's Bay, and once more enter into all the noise and bustle of the world. Though removed from my friends, we still kept up a correspondence, and in our letters talked over again the events which at former periods had formed subjects of conversation; those who are habituated to converse with their friends by letter, can immediately discover, by the manner of writing, and many other little circumstances, the state of the mind and body of their correspondent, though by the words which are contained in the epistle, those things may be studiously concealed. My old friend had said nothing to me, in any of his letters, of the gradual weakness which was creeping over him; yet, by the tremour of the hand, the want of energy and connexion in the subject, the same circumstances repeated over and over again, as if ideas were slow in conception, and the current of thought obstructed,—I was not long in discovering that he was fast approaching the tomb, the goal where time ends, and eternity begins.

I had not heard from him for three months, and began to be really uneasy lest my suspicions should be verified; I wrote to know the reason of his silence—in a few posts I received a packet sealed with black; it was from his daughter, and informed me of his death—he had fallen, like a full sheaf of corn, ripe for the sickle, into the hands

of his maker. May his memory be blessed, and his name remain in the hearts of his friends, long, many long years after his body has mingled with its parent clay, and become one of the clouds of the valley.

A short time since, his daughter (who is married, and residing at Bevoir Cot,) transmitted me a little packet; it was directed by my old friend, and remained among his papers in his little study, till, on examination of a box containing some of my letters, it was discovered and sent me, according to a request written on a little billet attached to it; on opening it, I found it contained the principal events of his life, written, as he said, for his own amusement, and with permission to give it to the world if I thought proper. Availing myself of this permission, I have sent it forth; and, if it serves to make an hour pass away less tedious, or conveys instruction or amusement in any form, my desire will be accomplished.

MY LIFE.—FOR MY FRIEND C.

To our parents, and those immediately connected with us, the time of childhood is a season of great interest and anxiety; the boy in his actions frequently indicates the spirit by which he will be actuated when he attains manhood, and from thence judgment may be formed of his future conduct. To ordinary observers this time of life has little to interest, and to you, my dear friend, this period of my existence is not worth relating. It consisted of the usual round of boyish troubles and pleasures, forgotten at night when I laid myself down to rest, and when the morning sun awoke me, disposed to enjoy whatever fell in my way, without much ceremony or enquiry as to the means by which it was attained. At fifteen years of age, imagine me a stubborn, head-strong, self-willed young rogue, the darling of my parents, who hardly ever suffered a wish to be unsatisfied, and fondly hoped, when arrived at manhood, to be repaid for the care and love they had lavished on me in my youth. Worldly riches they had plenty, and never for a moment did they imagine that one, situated as I was, would be tempted to leave the certain enjoyment of every comfort which wealth could command, for a life of hazardous employment and adventure.

As I was the only child of my parents, I had to seek abroad for companions of my own age: among my most favoured ones were some lads belong-

ing to the little fishing-town of Newlyn, and frequently would I steal away of an evening to enjoy their society. There, in little groups collected around some old seamen, would we listen, with attentive ears, to tales of adventure, and of the daring exploits of the narrator, when engaged in the free trade, or smuggling, then so general on the coast of Cornwall.

By degrees, the quiet life I led became irksome to me; I longed to become a partner in those wild deeds of daring—and, one evening, regardless of consequences, I secreted myself in a smuggling lugger bound to Guernsey for a cargo of contraband goods. In the hurry of getting under weigh, I escaped notice; but, in a short time, the motion of the vessel, to which I was totally unused, caused such a nauseous sensation, that I was obliged to crawl to the deck for air; enquiries were immediately made as to my unexpected appearance, which were satisfied as soon as my sickness would permit, and as we were at that time at some distance from land, they were of necessity obliged to permit my proceeding. I had taken the precaution to get a lad to inform my friends of the step I had taken, for though bent on the scheme planned to see the world, yet my heart would not allow my parents to remain in suspense as to my proceedings.

Smuggling at that time was not considered a crime; indeed, scarcely one in fifty but had some part in the traffic which in defiance of government officers and cruisers, was carried on to a large extent along the whole line of the Cornish coasts with the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey. Though at first much alarmed at my absence, for my agent was not to give information until I was some distance from land, when my parents discovered the cause of it, they suffered very little uneasiness, considering it as a boyish freak, which, when the novelty of it was worn off, would induce me to relish with greater zest the quiet pleasures and occupations of a farm, than if I had not tasted the rough as well as smooth parts of a smuggler's life.

The voyage was pleasant, and was an inducement for me to try another, and others followed; still no change in my mind had taken place, and my parents were much grieved at the predilection I had discovered for such a mode of living. My mind was then young and buoyant, and there was a stirring spirit within which hurried me

forward; the tempest and storm, the wild-whistling of the wind, were to me music, and lulled my mind as much as the softest strains. I would sit for hours watching the rude huge rolling billows of the ocean, and when one, larger than the rest, broke in white foam, and our little vessel was manfully breasting the waves, my spirit would rise with it, and glory in combatting the mighty monster.

Three years rolled on: I was constantly engaged in the same pursuit; and many were the narrow escapes we had from capture, and the storms we weathered in our little lugger. It was near Christmas, and we were returning home with a full cargo. With what delight did I anticipate the pleasures of the season: this is the carnival of the western part of Cornwall; independent of the visit of friends, the song, the dance and merry frolics, common in most places, here the old Christmas plays of days gone by, though almost forgotten in other parts of England, are retained in their former splendour, and with them a custom, evidently of antiquity, which I have never seen but in this western extremity, called 'Guise Dancing.' In earlier days, the resemblance to the Italian carnival must have been very great, when at night the rich and great came out masked and disguised, going through the streets, and into the houses which were left purposely open; where, in their assumed characters, a conversation frequently highly humorous and piquant was carried on with the inmates. Like many other ancient customs, it had fallen off, but in my youthful time it was sustained with great spirit by the middle and lower classes. Jews, Turks, and travelling merchants, with their boxes, containing anything but jewellery and oriental spices and perfumery, paraded the streets praising the virtues of their pretended merchandize; whimsical nondescript personages met you in every direction, and the rich old holiday dresses of grandmothers and great-grandmothers were ludicrously assumed by young men, and with them the manners suitable to the garb burlesqued in a most admirable manner. I had frequently performed a part in this masquerading exhibition, (the recollection of it is still fresh in my memory) and with my messmates had arranged dresses, and a dialogue suitable to the characters we intended to figure in. The wind blew fresh, and the night (for the moon was past full and had not yet risen)

was very dark, when we ran into the bay; the water appeared of a pitchy blackness, and was only relieved by the fringe of white foam made by the ground sea among the rocks in shore; sometimes a little glimmering light issued from some of the cottages near the cliff, and occasionally we heard the sound of voices from the strand; but with us every thing was mute and silent as the grave, every one knew his post, and we did our duty more like living statues than men.

In a short time we were off the little creek we usually put into; presently our friends, who had been expecting us, and were on the look out, seeing our signal, came on board, and we prepared to begin our landing. Every thing seemed favourable, we had taken measures for immediately securing the cargo, and a few hours would have placed all in safety, when darting like an eagle from the rock, the revenue cutter, the Dove, (alas! how misnamed) was on us. Some one had treacherously given information of our intended proceedings, and the king's officers had planned how to entrap us when in fancied security. Maddened and enraged at being thus foiled, without thinking of the snare into which we threw ourselves, we answered fire with fire, and prepared to dispute the possession of the prey with the spoilers; twice we beat them off, and would have effectually prevented any farther interference, (at least for this time) when by the light of the moon which had just risen, we saw another party coming to their assistance. There was no time to be lost, it was now impossible to effect a landing, and taking advantage of some damage in the rigging of the cutter which prevented pursuit, we availed ourselves of it and a slant of wind to run out of the bay. The whole affair, from our first making the land to our leaving it, did not occupy four hours, but that short interval entirely changed the face of my fortunes; full of life and spirit we hailed the appearance of our homes, and had pictured out many scenes of fancied happiness, but now silent and sad we were leaving the land of our fathers, perhaps for ever; we looked mutely on each other as if to read the thoughts which were within, and then turned off as if afraid to ask the question, "what was best to be done?" In the action, one of our men had been killed, and several wounded; the deck was slippery with blood, and the cries of the wounded

men, to whom we could render very little succour, pierced my heart; for a time energy seemed fled, and a stupid apathy usurped the souls of those who just before had been animated with the spirit and fury of lions, but when the mind reassumed its sway, then the tender feelings of humanity urged every one to exert himself to relieve the misery of his comrade; the deck was cleared, the injured men were put below, and all were busy in endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of their friends. Fortunately, the wind continued to keep up, and spreading every sail to the breeze, we made Guernsey by the next morning; here our wounded men were landed and taken care of.

So well known were we on the Cornish coast, it would be madness in us to attempt returning to it in our vessel, we therefore determined to dispose of her immediately; as she was a remarkable fast sailer, and in excellent order, we had very little difficulty in effecting our wishes, and then every one prepared to force his way through the world in foreign climes, since fortune had made us exiles from Britain.

As my experience in seamanship had made me a perfect master of that profession, I had no trouble to get employed, and was soon shipped on board a vessel bound to the West Indies; ever restless, and with a mind not at ease, I left her at the end of the voyage, and remained trading in a little vessel among the islands.

In a few years I might have made a fortune by this traffic, had it not been for my headstrong passions; I was never satisfied to remain long in one situation, and after little more than two years, I determined at all risks to revisit my home, and see once more the scenes of my childhood.

It was autumn when I returned to England, and having settled my little business with the owners of the vessel, I instantly set out for the well remembered place of my birth. Time, the great schoolmaster, had a little curbed my wild fancies, the world now appeared to me as it really is, and not what I had pictured to myself some few years before. Truly, might it be said this was the return of the prodigal to his home; I had visited other climes, I had tasted the wild pleasures of the thoughtless, and laid no bounds to my desires; my mind had turned from these scenes with disgust, that inward peace was wanting which constitutes happiness; I wished to fly from the world and

from myself; then, the quiet pleasures which were in my power at home came to my mind; I determined, if possible, to enjoy them, and turn my thoughts to higher subjects than those by which they were formerly occupied.

Eagerly I pressed forward until within a few miles of my home. 'Twas evening when I arrived at the end of my journey, and then I paused a few minutes to note what change had taken place in my absence; every thing seemed to wear a different aspect than formerly, and yet on examination all stood nearly as when I left it; but revelling in the luxuriance of a tropical climate, the fair sunny, evergreen isles of the West, accustomed to immense forests, the tall cane, the palm, the cocoa and the riches of an Indian vegetation, the brown bare hedges, the little fields, and the few trees, (whose leaves already shewed signs that summer was past) suffered much from comparisons which involuntarily came into my mind,—yet it was home, I could see my father and mother through the little window, they were apparently conversing on a subject of much interest; I drew near and listened,—'twas of myself, the wayward lost one. I could no longer command my feelings, and hurrying into the house, was in their arms in a moment.

That night I slept again in the same room, and on the little bed I had occupied when a boy, I had the same warm blessing, the same kind attention, and the last lingering looks which my mother had formerly bestowed on me before I had wandered from her roof, and that night I had tasted more real happiness than for years before. But I was not permitted to taste the sweets of repose: I had been recognised as one of the party who was engaged with the Dove, denounced and devoted to punishment, only the timely notice of a friend saved me from imprisonment, perhaps death; fortunately, there was a vessel lying loaded at Newlyn for the Mediterranean; she sailed in the night, and my friend put me on board just as she cleared the land. I was now once more on the world of waters, a miserable wretch, outcast from home, and shut out from every thing that was dear to me; I had seen, possibly, for the last time, my parents and friends; before, when I had parted from them, 'twas with the hope to meet again, but now, as the bold headlands became obscure, and the last part of Britain faded away, there was a desolation in my

heart, a withering sensation which dried up the kindly feelings of man to man, and made me savage with despair.

In former days, I should have enjoyed this voyage, for the passage out was very pleasant; we arrived safe at Messina, but I landed to gaze around me in a foreign land, a stranger without friends, or any one to bid me welcome, wretched and miserable, seeking rest and finding none; to add to my distress I was attacked by a fever, the result of the late changes and anxiety of mind I had suffered; I cursed God in my heart and begged for death to release me; yet here providence blessed me, and from this illness may be dated the dawn of that happiness, which gradually rising to its meridian, has left, even now in its setting, a glorious reflection—a foretaste of that which I hope to enjoy when life is past and the grave covers me.

As I was a total stranger in Messina, the captain I came out with placed me under the care of Signor Capello, the merchant to whom his cargo belonged. From his family I received great kindness, but none so assiduously attended to my wants as Antonina, his daughter. Antonina Capello was one of nature's finest children; her fine features were perfectly Italian, clear as the sky of her own beautiful country, and soft as its breezes. When I was stretched on a bed of sickness, how cautiously would she creep into the chamber and enquire if any thing could be done to increase my comforts, and see that every order of the physician was carefully attended to. In the feverish state of mind I was in when she came to my bedside to ask of my health, and express her wishes for my speedy recovery, I almost fancied her an angel sent to support and comfort me in my affliction. When perfectly recovered, she would still visit me, and with a woman's curiosity, (for she had heard something of my story) ask me to relate the different adventures I had witnessed, and describe the places I had seen; of my home, my native land she would enquire; did not my mind still linger about its favourite haunts, and my heart long to behold the friends of my youth; she could not forget hers; and if it pleased heaven she would never leave the land of her birth for that of the stranger.

Weeks and months passed away; I was still an inmate of the house of Capello; I hourly saw Antonina, was a participator in all her little pleasures,

and initiated into the different plans she had formed for the good of her poor neighbours, many of whom were pensioners on her bounty. Was it possible I could be thus engaged, daily seeing her goodness of heart, and experiencing her kindness without loving her? no! I loved her with a devotion and fervour, perhaps too much for earth, she was every thing to me, my friend, my benefactress, the blessing sent from heaven to restore me to health and happiness. Could I hope to obtain this treasure; her family was rich and powerful, I was an outcast and in poverty; yet I determined to prove myself worthy of the prize, and her affection; as Jacob worked for his beloved Rachel, so I toiled for Antonina. With a remittance I received from my father, I began trade; morning, noon, and evening, was I to be seen at my post; every nerve was stretched, every means tried; fortune smiled on me, and the English merchant (for so I was called) soon rose to respect and opulence.—Then I solicited the boon long cherished, long wished for; I asked not in vain, and Antonina became my wife, the beloved of my heart, the friend of my bosom. Years were passed in happiness, Antonina had blessed me with a daughter (you know her my friend, and can appreciate the gift I received) and I looked forward to a long series of pleasures; I saw not the cloud which was impending over my head. One day I had left the city to go on board an English ship, which was to sail that morning for Britain; to my countrymen I had always shewn kindness, and next to my own little domestic circle, they afforded me the greatest enjoyment I possessed. She sailed from the port, and I went a short distance in her, intending to return in a small pleasure boat I used on these occasions; the weather was most beautiful, the sky serene, and nature was in her gayest garb; all seemed bright and joyous, nothing indicated the great convulsion about to take place; suddenly, though there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, the sea became most violently agitated, the vessel reeled to and fro like a drunken man, the sea-birds screamed aloft, and the air became hot and sulphury. I looked towards the shore, and saw the houses shaken to their very foundations. I heard (for there was an unnatural stillness) the crash of buildings and the cries of distress; the sea roared and foamed like a lion for its prey, and one

tremendous wave rushed onwards towards the shore; it swept away the houses and their inhabitants nearest the beach, it receded, and another followed with the same effect; anxiously I turned my little vessel to the land, and reaching the mole leaped on the strand; I looked for my house, 'twas a heap of ruins—my father-in-law was looking on it with despair; I asked for my wife and child, they were buried under the fallen mass. I could not speak, utterance was denied me, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth; like a marble figure I gazed on the devastation, and saw my friends endeavouring to get the rubbish removed, so as, if possible, to recover my lost ones. In all this I was useless; I heard not, I saw not, but the place where my wife was supposed to be entombed; every sound went to my heart, the life-blood ebbed and flowed with each stroke of the pick, and the noise made in removing the timbers of which the house was principally composed; then there was a cry, and I rushed forward, my wife was discovered crushed under the beams of the apartment she had been sitting in; but the child—the child was alive! I had something to love—something to cherish. That moment I fell to the earth deprived of sense; I was removed and placed in a bed, which for three months I never left, during that time I had no recollection of what had passed; by degrees this lethargy left me, and I awoke as it were from an uneasy dream, and discovered the loss I had sustained; the hand of the Lord had been heavy upon me, but it pleased him to give me strength to bear up against my afflictions. Messina had now become hateful; my friends who came in kindness, by their presence, renewed the thoughts of my loss, and I determined on returning to England; closing up my commercial affairs, I came once more to this country; my family I found were dead, my friends were all removed, or gone down to the grave; the old house in which I had passed my early days was demolished, the trees cut down, and every thing had a new face. I, too, was forgotten, the smuggler was considered in an infamous light, and every one regarded me as a stranger. Still I loved to linger round the spots where I had passed my time when a boy, and seeing the little cot unoccupied in which I now reside, I applied, and became its owner. From that time you have known me, you have seen my manner

of life, and the hopes I have of a glorious eternity. God in his goodness has been pleased to give me in religion every good thing I can desire for comfort to my mind, and in my daughter I am blessed beyond measure, in her love and kindness I see the angel spirit of her mother, and from her I receive the most sincere affection and respectful submission; though to part from her will be painful to me, I know that God looks on the fatherless, and she will not want protection; and to the beneficent Almighty's care I leave her, when the world and me are become strangers to each other, and I am numbered with the departed—farewell.

J. H.

Lays of the Deep.

For the *Olio*.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

NED AND NELLY.

Ned Clewline was a seaman brave
As ever sunk in glory's grave,
A lighter heart ne'er met the view
'Till Nell Gray's eyes soon brought him too;
Then first he struck and own'd the smart
That quiver'd round a faithful heart;
She likewise loved,—each fonder grew,
And each believed the other true.
Ah, hapless pair!

But soon came sounds of war's alarms,
With hostile clang of foeman's arms,
By glory call'd, Ned must away,
But sighs to part from Nelly Gray!
Together clasp'd, with tearful eye,
Each bosom heaved an anxious sigh;
'I'll come again,' he sadly sung,
Then from her circling arms he sprung,
To fight the foe.

New swift the Victory makes her way,
And dashing flies the ocean spray,
Yet far his visions oft Ned threw
On that shore fading from his view;
The *Bonson* pipes,—Ned mounts the spar,
And gaily sings the British tar,
'May Frenchman's gold and Nelly Gray
Be mine, to pass life's voyage away!'
Sang gallant Ned.

Bright flash'd the fatal, thund'ring gun,
That spoke fierce Trafalgar's fight begun;
Then foremost of the British fleet
The Victory stood the battle's heat;
On the main-deck, o'errun with blood,
Firm at his post brave Clewline stood;
Ramm'd home his gun with loud hurra,
And thought of home and Nelly Gray
Amid the fight.

At length the Chief* who fought so well,
With glory crown'd, lamented fell;
'Twas then a shot struck Clewline's side,—
'I'm hurt'd at last!' he, falling, cried.
A messmate caught him, standing by,
Ned faintly turn'd his dying eye,
He felt life ebb in undimay,
That loved name uttered, Nelly Gray!
With dying breath.

Upon his breast, dear treasured there,
He grasp'd a lock of Nelly's hair!

* Lord Nelson.

He press'd it to his pale, cold lip.—
He heard the shout, from ship to ship,
O'er mingling crash,—the cheering cry
Of England and of victory!
One smile he gave—'Tis won!—hurra!
We'll meet aloft, dear Nelly Gray!
He said and died.

When faithful Nelly heard the tale,
She shriek'd not, though her cheek grew pale,
She only hung her drooping eye,
In silent, speechless agony;
'Twas in her breast deep smother'd there,
She pined the image of despair;
Heart-broken died, yet, dying, said,
'Above we'll meet, my gallant Ned!'
Poor Nelly Gray.

Down by the sea, yon church-yard there,
Holds the once blooming village fair!
'Twas there she oft would sit and weep
For him who slept beneath the deep;
And still, when moonlight glids each grave,
The flow'ry turf,—the hush'd wild wave,
Meek Pity sheds her sweetest tear
At their sad tale of love sincere—
Ah, hapless pair!
Temple Place, Blackfriars.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. QUICK, THE COMEDIAN.

(Ob. April 8, 1831.)

COMMUNICATED FROM AN AUTHENTIC
AND ORIGINAL SOURCE.

For the *Olio*.

EVERY trifle which relates to a clever man, if it leans on virtue's side, is a fit subject for biographical record, as it serves to delineate character. Whatever, therefore, refers to so kind-hearted and talented an individual as the late Mr. Quick, cannot be unacceptable—especially as it affords an example approximating more nearly with the interests and associations of those who are the votaries of the Thespian art. Though in the youthful days of him who occupies our present attention, but few were like him in prudence, however eminent in other respects, yet, since the elevated demeanour of the Kembles, Youngs, and others, many instances are now to be met with that are ornaments, by their lives and talents, to the dramatic profession, and equally respected in the circles of domestic and literary societies.

In his person, Mr. Quick was scarcely of the middle height, but well rounded in limb, and well proportioned. In his dress he appeared as a gentleman of the bye-gone Richmond Terrace school of old beaux, with a relique of the smart attic and Ranelagh dash, once so famous in the estimation of rival fashionables, but which is now, like many of the words of our language, nearly obsolete. His step was firm and manly, but bearing the style of his old Doyley

and dapper citizen, rather than a gentleman of leisure. But the gout, that enemy to ease, visited him, as well as his contemporary Munden, in the latter part of his life, and checked his wonted pace. Yet, with a strong natural fervour, he braved the *painist* nobly, and retained a florid complexion, cheerful features, imparting a friendly shake to the end.

His Punch versus Gin-and-Water.

—As it has been stated in the public prints, Mr. Quick was so fond of punch forty years ago, that the physicians pronounced an opinion, if he continued drinking it, his life would be of short duration, an explanation is due to his memory, and those who prescribed. The truth is, the deceased was not addicted to punch in its common acceptation. Gin-and-water (Byron's dilutive) was his more favourite liquor, with which he defeated old bony death's untimely approach. After a glass of this mixture was brought to him by the waiter, Quick managed it thus: he sipped a little, and rested—a little more, and diluted it, using the decanter of water freely, filling and supplying it several times; then crumbling a biscuit in it, and resting and sipping. With this plan he held lengthened and social converse with his friends, without endangering his health, or incurring a great daily expense—not that he was penurious—but observed a duteous caution, like a wise man, over the welfare of his constitution.

Another Glass for Mr. Quick.—On one occasion, however, being fatigued with a long walk, and thirsty withal, and coupled in a bevy of more facetious friends than usual, he stretched a point by ringing the bell for *another* glass. The waiter, rather a novice, or proud of his customer, bawled out at the bar, "*Another glass for Mr. Quick!*" Singular as it may appear, this public notice drew a great influx of company to the house, but which was any thing than agreeable to the observant comedian off the stage, who sought a more retired house of usage for *another glass* and his biscuit for the future, to avoid too personal an intrusion.

His Borrowers.—Though Quick, as a man, was one of those of the sententious class—for he always acted his narratives, giving point to every thing of the many good things he uttered—he was coy even to reserve in the presence of strangers. He once told the writer, that this did not arise from pride, or a *vagabond* spirit, but necessary conve-

vience. For instance (said he) while he was one day sitting in the parlour of a reputable tavern in the City Road, and taking his afternoon sedative, a shabby genteel sort of a person made his entree, and disturbed him in the following manner: "Ah! my dear Mr. Quick, how are ye this afternoon! I had the supreme felicity (supreme!) of spending last evening with you and many of our (our) friends at the —." —"Indeed!"—"I'm truly sorry (the scoundrel) I disturb your lonely meditations; (what the deuce is the fellow acting?) to tell ye the truth (a great falsehood, no doubt), I am at this moment without cash; (he's *told the truth* and I like him so far), and I've a small matter to discharge—would you oblige me by the loan of five shillings till tomorrow evening? I am a man of honour, indeed Sir, I am, but—" "I dare say, Sir, by your appearance," said Quick, turning round, and putting his hand into his pocket, "but I, also, am an honourable man, and in conscience I can lend you only *half* the sum you require. Suffice it to say, that I gave the poor devil," continued Quick, "half-a-crown, persuaded he would never trouble me again. I served many troublesome fellows this way, who, supposing me as rich as Cræsus, managed to find me in *propria persona*; but when I bestowed on them the eleemosynary boon, they always gave me the 'cut direct.'"

John Slow, a Quick performer.—An elderly man who had obtained the name of 'Slow John,' (by reason of the distance he travelled with parcels in various parts of the country, and with an affection of lumbago,) being once on the road pacing his regular retardant course, was overtaken by Quick, who imagined that he suffered more pain than he really did, claimed fellow travellership with him to the next town, and pitying the old man, he relieved him by putting his younger 'shoulder to the wheel,' and carried the burden in the spirit of an Hercules. When they arrived in the town, Quick resigned his charge to Slow John, who, on appearing so much earlier than he was expected, was asked the reason? When John with a naive becoming his honesty, said, "the actorman, — a Mr. Quick, helped him on."—"Aye, aye, John," replied the inquirer, "I see how it is, John Slow came by a Quick conveyance!"—"Just so," added John, "God be thanked!"

PASTOR FIDUS.

TO THE VISTULA.

For the Olio.

All-chainless river of the glorious brave!
 My heart and pen indite a prayer to thee—
 Unto thy sons the soul of succour be;
 Unto thy foes, an overwhelming grave!
 Rise round old Warsaw, in thy fierceness rise,
 And sweep her spoilers from thy verdant strand.
 But to the dwellings of the patriot band
 Be as a harrier built unto the skies,
 As when the fiery king of Egypt's host
 Pursued protected Israel through the swell,
 The ocean's watery wall upon them fell,
 And with their corpses strew'd the Erythrean coast,—
 So have thy waves, cold Vistula, the power
 To form the tyrant's tomb, the people's tower.
 G. Y. H—n.

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Guilford. For the Olio.

Continued from p. 235.

IN the Priory of Fairwell all wore the aspect of bustle and preparation for the expected visit of the Legates. The Prioress issued her directions, the sisterhood bustled hither and thither, eagerly officious, delighted at this interruption of conventual monotony;—and, but for the absence of the two fairest faces among them—Cornelia Noble, and Blanch Arblaster—you might have deemed that nothing had transpired in the nunnery of higher interest than the object of all these preparations. But they little knew the Prioress, who saw nothing in her strongly-lined countenance but anxiety for the approaching inspection. A sense of disgrace, such as those alone can feel whose very heart-string are interwoven with the idol reputation, was only shared with that fixed determination of vengeance, which, reckless as it was of all consequences to *herself*, would, in a worthier cause, have assimilated her to those heroines of old, who washed off their dishonour in the blood of others or of themselves; and which, even with her present motives, might distinguish her as a martyr to monastic sanctity. She was resolved that Cornelia should die—die, too, that horrid and unimaginable death, which our very fancy recoils from scanning—burial alive!

The eventful scrutiny of the Cardinal-Legates, now so near at hand, instead of intimidating, confirmed her resolution; and she absolutely gloried in the thought that the first stain her Priory had incurred was also its *last*; and that she had avenged its honour, even while its towers were menaced with

destruction. Apprehensive of the slightest obstacle to her terrible design, she endured not the customary formalities of convening a *Chapter of her Order*,—but, after several secret conferences with some of the elder nuns—beldames whom interest, bigotry, or cankered spite rendered fit ministers of her fatal purposes, she summoned two of the Priory vassals who owed to superstition the only intellect which divided them from brutes, and that, of course, moulded them into servile ruffians. These wretches received the directions of the Prioress, not only without compunction, but with the persuasion that their instrumentality in this horrible execution would be received by heaven as an acceptable service.

A deep ribbed vault, opening out of a labyrinth of souterrains under the Priory, was the appointed spot; and a niche was unbricked in the wall, of depth and height just sufficient to admit the human figure.

Cornelia, and Blanche (who had been seized as an accomplice,) were shut up in separate cells; their religious habits had been taken from them, and they were both shrouded in white linen dresses, which, concealing even their features, gave them the most corpse-like appearance. At the appointed hour, the two ruffians were despatched on their office by the Prioress, who, lacking courage to witness the execution of her sentence, had yet the bigot daring to kneel in her private oratory, praying heaven for the soul of the sinner, and entreating that her convent might be preserved, now that the accursed thing was removed! It was her intention that, when the living tomb had closed upon Cornelia Noble,—Blanche Arblaster should be sent home, after a rigid imprisonment, to her mother. Fearless fanatic as she was, she disdained the sordid arts of her grasping brother; and, while the tortuously wicked Capellane regarded her severity to Cornelia as a means of advancing his views of self-aggrandisement, the Prioress, by her proceedings as to Blanche, was striking at the root of all his expectations.

When Endymion, yielding to the pernicious suggestions of the Capellane, came to the resolution of inducing Cornelia to elope from Fairwell Priory, he was easily persuaded by him to conceal his design from Sir Augustine and Lady Cicely Noble, as well as from his friend and patron Paget. It may well be imagined, therefore, that

on his *failure*, his inclination for secrecy was not lessened, particularly as he had not the most remote apprehension of any serious evil to Cornelia; and now, trusting everything to Bishop Stoniwell's interview with the Legates, he compelled himself to be patient till their arrival. He had not summoned calmness enough to visit his mother, nor, indeed, was he aware that she knew of his arrival, so simply did he confide in the artful Capellane.

On the third morning after the failure of his adventure at Fairwell, young Arblaster was riding with his friend Paget, in the wilder parts of the domain of Beaudesart, and Master William was learnedly engaged in pointing out the different embankments, fosses, and portals of a large Roman encampment, called Castle Ring, when Endymion was informed, that Sir Edward Brocton, of Brocton Hall, a near neighbour of his mother's, had arrived at Beaudesart, and was now waiting at the great hall porch, earnestly desiring to have immediate speech with young Arblaster—the attendant who brought the intelligence, stated, that such was his haste, that he would not even alight from his horse. Paget and Arblaster immediately returned with the messenger, and found that Sir Edward had good cause for his haste. The Legates with a vast and superb cavalcade were arrived,—were now at Arblaster Hall, where they had rested previously to their solemn visit to Fairwell Priory. Somewhat of high moment had apparently transpired, for the Lady Arblaster had summoned him from Brocton, and entreated him to bring her son immediately to Arblaster, pointing out Beaudesart as the probable place of his abode.

Upon this message, Paget and Endymion immediately prepared to accompany Sir Edward Brocton, much perplexed at the unexpected summons, but both naturally connecting it with the subject that each had so greatly at heart.

It was under the green and snake-coiled branches of a majestic oak, called by his family name, and whose sublime trunk and widely-shadowing foliage might have tempted the idolater of old, that Endymion once more came in close view of his paternal domain. His young heart swelled (in spite of his anxiety) at its beauty and fertility. Far as the eye could stretch, it encountered groves, clumps, and avenues, of enormous growth, the turf that mantled at their roots delicately relieving their gloomy verdure with its golden green;

while the softness of the blue sky, and the radiance of the broad sun, lost themselves in the coloured distance of corn-field, lawn, and wood. Occasional vistas disclosed, between their massive trunks, regions of profound and cooling shade,—where the flashing stream, after heaving its sultry waters in the sunshine, hurried them into the heart of the cavernous thickets, resounding to their cascades. But, in the more open grounds, in front of the Hall, gay and stirring groupes of men and steeds might be seen from the hill brow, restlessly glittering amongst the scattered trees, or arranged in many-coloured masses on the sunny grass.

Pacing their steeds down the descent that wound to the warm hollow in which the Hall was built, they passed through a gorgeous multitude, whose numbers, appointments, stately paraphernalia, and splendour of costume, announced at a glance the retinue of the all but regal Wolsey. Pompous litters, horsemen, and led horses,—ambling palfreys and sumpter mules, and trains of yeomen, pages, esquires and knights, mingled their glorious colours, and liveries, with the various habits of the ecclesiastics; while not a few seigniors, both spiritual and temporal, were there, with each his separate suite, at once to dilate the grandeur of the Cardinal-Archbishop, and to dazzle the eyes of the Italian Legate.

Entering the outer court, hung round with gigantic beeches and lime-trees, whose lemon blossoms breathed heavy odours in the noontide sun, and whose foliage hung broad ebon shade-work on the crisp green grass-plot, Endymion and his companions beheld the entire and extended front of his ancestral house developing before them its solemn stateliness. The screen of open archwork, marking off the inner court, whose turf shone richly between its gray shafts, the broad porch, the range of gables, with their picturesque indentures and gilded vanes, the arched windows, with florid tracery, the magnificent oriels projecting, at intervals, with their painted glass, like embroidered seams on the surface of the building, and extending unbroken from the top to the bottom, and the tower-like chimnies, with their fantastic parapets, arose at once to the ardent gaze of Endymion, a beloved and venerable pile, that seemed sedately to welcome its long absent lord.

Young Arblaster and his companions had dismounted from their steeds, and

were passing under a tall archway, embellished with the shield of Arblaster,—ermine, a crossbow bent in pale gules, impaling Bagot, ermine two chevrons azure, and surmounted by a feather in pale, ensigned with a ducal coronet; when the great hall doors were flung open, a loud flourish of trumpets and cornets took place, answered by others from without the courts, mingled with cries "To horse, to horse! their Eminences are coming forth!"

Two vergers with short silver wands now descended the porch steps from the hall; they were followed by sundry doctors of the law; after whom came gentlemen bearing the purse, the great seal, and the Archiepiscopal Mitre,—then four ecclesiastics, each with a silver cross, succeeded by gentlemen ushers bareheaded, accompanied by two sergeants-at-arms with their silver maces, four gentlemen, bearing four enormous silver pillars, immediately preceded the two legates, who descended side by side into the court. Each wore the broad cardinal's hat with its embroidered lappets, a large scarlet velvet tippet lined with ermine, and a symar of purple silk reaching to the knees; while only the sleeves and skirt of the rochet were seen—of flowered white satin, with deep cuffs, and borders of orphray.

Their countenances seemed discomposed; and the Archbishop in particular, seemed for once, impatient of the proud formalities that marshalled his movements. Endymion threw himself on his knees before the Cardinals, and Wolsey, after a hasty "Benedicite!" which his eminence repeated to Paget and Brocton, who had assumed similar postures of humiliation, deigned himself to raise young Arblaster from the turf, and led him aside, detaining him in private converse; which, though of brief continuance, seemed, by the violent emotions that Endymion's face and gestures betrayed, to have excited earthquakes in his bosom. Forgetful of the presence in which he stood, he broke abruptly from the cardinal, and was frantically rushing to his horse, when a piercing cry from behind—"My son, my son, he will not speak—he will not look at his unnatural mother!" arrested him for an instant; he turned and saw Lady Arblaster on the hall steps; her dark robed figure violently agitated, her hands clasped, her cheeks ghastly with conflicting feelings, and her eyes, (dim with gushing tears) strained in

compunctions yearning on her son.—Endymion was turning away with a look of mute horror, but his better feelings conquered, and hurrying up to his wretched parent, he flung himself into her arms.

"Mother," he said, in hollow trembling accents, "you have broken my heart!—have I deserved this at your hands?"

His mother could not reply; she had clasped him to her bosom with agonizing energy, kissed his burning cheek, and then sank senseless from his arms on the steps.

Wolsey and Campeggio had now ascended a magnificent litter drawn by four white horses. Paget and Brocton, after summoning the attendants to the assistance of Dame Maud, hurried off Endymion; and the vast cavalcade being set in motion, soon led its many coloured pageantry of crosses, crosiers, banners, and gorgeous raiment, through the green winding lanes to Fairwell Priory; arcades of mighty hollies forming walls of eternal glossy-green on either side of the road; we need not be very diffuse in accounting for the sensation that Endymion both encountered and participated at Arblaster.

The Legates, after lending an attentive and gracious ear to the excellent Suffragan, who, as we have seen, undertook to plead for the unfortunate lovers, arrived at Arblaster; and, by their authority and arguments, so wrought on the better feelings of Dame Maud, that she not only ceased to consider the Chorley alliance in the dangerous light with which the crafty Capellane so sedulously strove to invest it, but also, as the prejudices that fortified her heart, gave way, her conscience awoke like some tyrant, who has been lulled in fancied security, and is aroused by the voice of the foe breaking into his chamber.

In the ears of the astounded Legates, she made a full disclosure of all that had been done or designed against Endymion and Cornelia, mingled with such fervent expressions of self-condemnation, as added great weight to her charges against the Capellane of Cross-in-hand, whom she impeached, as the main instigator of her own criminality, and at once the tempter and the betrayer of the two young betrothed.

To be continued.

THE HONEY MOON.
(FROM CHAUCER'S DREME.)
For the Olio.

On the green quiet of the plain,
Behold the marriage, festal train !
Their tents are pitch'd in open space,
Adorned by youth and courtly grace ;
The woodlands rising near each side
Are twist the well and river's tide ;
Under the sheltering copse, are seen
Ladies and lords of gallant mien ;
In dalliance smooth, in glances bright,
They pass the hours and feel delight ;
Here, in the oldest memories grown,
Were never church, or convent known,
Or abbey, village, house, or cot.
So loue, yet lovely was the spot !
And for three months this nuptial feast
From rise to sun-set, never ceased
The light of limb, in dancing past
Their pleasures, till their strength could
last ;
The strong of nerve, in jousting spent
Their skill and love of tournament ;
And kindest hopes and warmest rays
United in their sports and praise ;
And all their efforts, by carress,
Were toned to joy and gentleness

J. R. P.

ORIGIN OF THE PAPAL AUTHORITY IN BRITAIN.

Pope Gregory had become much interested in the welfare of the Anglo-Saxons, in consequence of an incident which happened to him at an earlier period of his life. It chanced that he passed through the market at Rome, where certain dealers had just arrived from foreign parts with various kinds of merchandise. Amongst other articles, there were slaves for sale, like cattle. This wicked traffic had existed from time immemorial ; and though Christianity had alleviated the lot of the slave, it had not succeeded in breaking his bonds. Gregory, therefore, could only pity the captives ; and he was particularly interested by the appearance of some poor little lads, who stood trembling in the expectation of being consigned to a new master. They were beautiful children, with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, and their fine yellow tresses flowing in long curls upon their shoulders. Long hair, in those days was a token of dignified birth. Only kings and nobles were accustomed to allow its growth : persons of an inferior or servile class were closely shorn. Gregory must, therefore, have felt an additional motive for compassion, since he perceived that these children had sustained some great reverse of fortune—and their sufferings must be comparatively much more poignant than if they had been accustomed to privation and labour. The

father of the boys had probably been killed in war ; and the children, brought up in ease and comfort, were now exposed to hopeless captivity, passing from the tender care of their parents to the power of a merciless task-master in a strange land. 'To what nation do these poor boys belong ?' was the question which Gregory asked of the dealer. 'They are Angles, Father.' 'Well may they be so called, for they are as comely as angels ; and would that, like angels, they might become Cherubim in Heaven ! But from which of the many provinces of Britain do they come ?' 'From *Deira*, Father.' 'Indeed,' continued Gregory, speaking in Latin, '*Deira Dei liberandi sunt*.'—From the wrath of God they are to be delivered. And when, on asking the name of their King, he was told it was Ella, or Alla, he added, that *Allelujah*—praise ye the Lord—ought to be sung in his dominions. This conversation may appear trifling ; but it was destined to produce the most important effects. The state of Britain having been introduced to the notice of Gregory, he brooded over the thought, and determined to proceed hither in the character of a missionary. Impediments arose, which prevented him from carrying this design into effect, but the impression continued firm in his mind ; and when he became Pope of Rome, he despatched Augustine, about the year 601, to fulfil the task, the accomplishment of which he had so earnestly desired.

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Illustrations of History.

For the Olio.

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.—"There is nothing more pleasant to behold in this happy country," said a French visitor here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "than to see the great kitchen chimnies smoking in the noble seats, the manorial mansions, and the farm houses, of the wealthy yeomanry, as you travel along the road from one town to another. Hospitality prevails every where."

We heartily wish that a foreigner sojourning here, could make the same remark in our day, for we are to be numbered amongst those who deprecate the very mention of board wages, a custom which has crept in, and now become so common in the mansions of our nobility, and the aristocracy too generally. As to the manorial houses, they are almost universally pulled

down, or tenantless, and the yeomanry have even compromised with the labourers on their farms, for the last remnant of rural hospitality—the old English custom of harvest home. Injustification for this uncongenial change, the extravagance of servants, and the increase of the necessities of life, are assigned as reasons. To this may justly be answered: the increased rentals would supply the wanted hospitality, if that order and economy were practised, which prevailed in olden times, as may be proved by the *household books* of many noble families in every part of the kingdom. The following, taken from a statistical document of the period of King Charles the First, will shew the hospitality which prevailed at court before the civil war: “The Court of *England* hath for a long time been a *pattern of hospitality* and *charity* to the *nobility* and *gentry* of *England*. All noblemen or gentlemen, subjects or strangers, that came accidentally to court, were freely entertained at the plentiful tables of his Majesty’s officers. Divers services, or messes of meat, were every day provided extraordinary for the king’s honour. Two hundred and forty gallons of beer a day were at the buttery-bar allowed for the poor, besides all the broken meat, bread, &c. gathered into baskets, and given to the poor at the court-gates, by two grooms, and two yeomen of the Almonry, who have salaries of his Majesty for that service. Moreover, the Lord Almoner before mentioned, hath the privilege to give the king’s dish to whatsoever poor man he pleases, that is, the first dish at dinner which is set upon the king’s table, or instead thereof, fourpence *per diem*, (which anciently was equivalent to four shillings now.) Next he distributes to twenty-four poor men, nominated by the parishioners of the parish adjacent to the king’s place of residence, to each of them fourpence in money, a twopenny loaf, and a gallon of beer, or instead thereof, three-pence in money, equally to be divided among them every morning, at seven of the clock at the court-gate, and every poor man before he receives the alms, is to repeat the creed and the Lord’s prayer, in the presence of one of the king’s chaplains, deputed by the Lord Almoner to be his sub-Almoner, who also is to scatter new coyned twopences in the towns and places where the king passes through in his progress, to a certain sum by the year. Besides, there

are many poor pensioners to the king and queen below stairs, that is, such as are put to pension, either because they are so old, that they are unfit for service, or else the widow of such’ of his Majesty’s household servants that died poor, and were not able to provide for their wives and children in their life times,—every one of these hath a competency duly paid unto them.—Lastly, there are distributed amongst the poor the large offerings which the king gives in Collar days. The magnificent and abundant plenty of the king’s table, hath caused amazement in foreigners; when they have been informed that in the last king’s reign before the troubles, there were daily in his courts eighty-six tables well furnished each meal, whereof the king’s table had twenty-eight dishes; the queen’s twenty-four; four other tables sixteen dishes each; three other, ten dishes each; twelve others had seven dishes each; seventeen other tables had each of them five dishes; three other had four each, and thirty-two other tables had each three dishes; and thirteen other had each two dishes; in all about five hundred dishes, each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all other things necessary. All which was provided most by the several purveyors, who by commissions, legally and regularly authorized, did receive those provisions at a moderate price, such as had been formerly agreed upon in the several counties of *England*, which price (by reason of the value of money much altered) was become low, yet a very inconsiderable burthen to the kingdom in general, but thereby was greatly supported the dignity royal in the eyes of strangers, as well as subjects. The English nobility and gentry, according to the king’s example, were incited to keep a proportionable hospitality in their several country mansions. The husbandman encouraged to breed cattle, all tradesmen to a cheerful industry, and there was then a free circulation of money throughout the whole body of the kingdom. There was spent yearly in the king’s house of gross meat, 1500 oxen, 7000 sheep, 1200 veals, 300 porkers, 400 sturks or young beefs, £600 lambs, 300 fitches of bacon, and 26 boars; also 140 dozen of geese, 250 dozen of capons, 470 dozen of hens, 750 dozen of pullets, 1470 dozen of chickens; for bread, 36,400 bushels of wheat; and for drink, 600 tun of wine, and 1700 tuns of beer; moreover, of butter, 46,640 pounds, to-

THE MOTTO 'I mak sicker.'—"I doubt," said Bruce, "I have slain the Red Cuming." "Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick, "I mak sicker."

Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand grasping a dagger distilling gout's of blood. Motto—I mak sicker. P.R.J.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 20.

St. Agnes, Virgin abbess.

High Water 4m 41 8 Morning—45m 8 After.
Our saint was a native of Monte Pulciano, in Tuscany. At the early age of nine years, she was placed by her parents in a convent of the order of St. Francis; at so tender an age she was a model of all virtues to this austere community; at fifteen she was removed to a new foundation of the order of St. Dominic at Porceno, and appointed abbess by Pope Nicholas IV. She practised great austerities, which her directors obliged her to mitigate, on account of sickness. She died at the place of her birth, on this day, in the year 1317, being forty-three years old.

April 20, 1653.—To-day Oliver Cromwell went to the House of Commons, and dissolved the Parliament, at the same time telling the Members, that they wholly deserved, and utterly neglected the redressing of public grievances, and considered not their own interest, and perpetuating themselves. Upon this occasion, Cromwell desired one of his soldiers to take away that fool's bauble—the Mace. The Mace is an ensign of authority, borne before magistrates.

He mightily upheld that royal mace
Which now thou bearest.

Spencer.

Thursday, April 21.

St. Anastasius I., Patriarch of Antioch, A.D. 598.
Sun rises 50m after 4—sets 5m after 7.

April 21, 323, a.c.—Expired, after twelve years and eight months of brilliant and uninterrupted success, Alexander the Great, through excess of drinking, at Babylon, on the Euphrates. The character and personal appearance of this historic man has been thus summed up by the historian, Arrian:—"In body he was most handsome, most indefatigable, most active; in mind most manly, most ambitious of glory, most enterprising, and most religious. In sensual pleasures, he was most temperate, and of mental excitements, insatiable of praise alone. Most sagacious in discovering the proper measures while yet enveloped in darkness, and most felicitous in inferring the probable from the apparent. In arraying, arming, and marshalling armies, most skillful. In raising the soldiers' courage, filling them with hopes of victory, and dispelling their fears by his own undaunted bearing, most chivalrous. In doubtful enterprises, most daring. In wresting advantages from enemies, and anticipating even their suspicions of his measures, most successful. In fulfilling his own engagements, most faithful: in guarding against being over-reached by others, most cautious. In his own personal expenses, most frugal; but in munificence to others, most unsparring."

Friday, April 22.

St. Leonides, Mart. A.D. 302.

High Water 4m 41 11 Morning—37m 41 11 After.
Our gardens are now in full blossom with the early vernal Flora, the primæval being hardly gone out yet. Wall-flowers, Anemones, early Tulips, Ranunculi, Narcissuses, Hyacinths, Dog-tooths, Hepaticas, Gentianellas, and a great number of our hardy herbaceous plants being in full flower. The fruit-trees are in blossom, the birds in full song, and the atmosphere generally clear. The nights, however, are often cold, and the clear northerly and easterly winds, that so often prevail, are occasionally exchanged for rapid showers of rain and hail, with western gales. The great power of this last sort of weather over vegetation, is very remarkable. The highly electrified showers of Spring seem to produce the most rapid germination, and it is probable that the advance of vegetable life is principally owing to electrical causes.

Saturday, April 23.

St. George's Day.

Sun rises 53m after 4—sets 8m after 7.
On St. George's day, according to Tooke, the Fins believe that whoever makes a riot is in danger from storms and tempests; merely, we suppose, because at this time of year April showers prevail, which, being highly electrified, so as to

cause lightning, to surprise often accompanied with a loud and unexpected clap of thunder, to which, during Winter, we have been unaccustomed.

The following curious account is given in the Perennial Calendar, of the expences for decorating a figure of St. George on this day:—

Charge of Saynt George.

First paid for three caffes-skyne, and ii horse-skyne, iiii. vii.
Paid for makinge the loft that Saynt George standeth upon, vii.

Paid for ii planks for the same loft, viiij.
Paid for iij pesses of clowt leather, iij. iij.
Paid for makinge the yron that the hors resteth upon, vii.

Paid for makeyng of Saynt George's cote, viiij.
Paid to John Paynter, for his labour, xiv.

Paid for roses, bells, gyrdle, sword, and dager, iij. iij.

Paid for setting on the bells and roses, iij.
Paid for nayls necessarye thereto, x. 06.

Sunday, April 24.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Lessons for the Day.—4 chapters Deut. Morning.
5 chap. Deut. Evening.

St. Robert, abbot A.D. 1067.

April 24, 1600.—Born Balwyn Hamney, a good physician, a consummate scholar, and a complete philosopher. He was a great benefactor to the College of Physicians during his life, and at his death, bequeathed them the estate of Ashling, in Essex, besides money and books. Dr. Hamney retired to Little Chelsea, from the fatigue and hurry of his profession, but the year before the Fire of London—saving thereby his library. He weathered out the Plague in London. At Chelsea he contributed a subscription more than any other single individual towards the erection of the steeple, and gave the great bell which bore his name upon it. In gratitude for these benefactions, Dr. Adam Littleton, at that time Rector, printed and published, at the end of the first edition of his Latin Dictionary, a copy of Latin verses, dedicated, on that occasion, to this good man. He died the 14th of May, 1676, and was buried at Chelsea, with a Latin inscription.

Monday, April 25.

St. Mark.

High Water 16m 41 1 Morning—31m 41 1 After.
Mr. Pennant's MS. says, that in North Wales no farmer dare hold his team on St. Mark's Day, because, as they believe, one man's team was marked, that did work that day, with the loss of an ox. The Church of Rome observes St. Mark's Day as a day of abstinence, in imitation of St. Mark's disciples, the first Christians of Alexandria, who, under this saint's conduct, were eminent for their great prayer, abstinence, and sobriety.
Ovid, alluding to the Robigalia, thus describes the phenomena of this day:

Six days before this month shall terminate,
The middle of the Spring will take its date.
The Ram in vain you'll look for in the skies,
But see the showers descend, and Dog-star rise.
As I once from Nomentum, on this day,
Returned to Rome, there met me in the way
A pompous train, who all in white were dress'd,
In long procession, headed by the priest.
To old Robigus' grove their steps they turn,
The entrails of a dog and sheep to burn.

Tuesday, April 26.

St. Paschasius Radbert, abbot.

Sun rises 47m after 4—sets 14m after 7.

April 26, 1521.—10-day. Ferdinand Magellan, the celebrated navigator in the service of the Emperor Charles V., is supposed to have been murdered by his own countrymen in the Isle of Marian, one of the Ladrones. Some writers have asserted that he was killed in an affray with the natives of one of the Philippine Isles. Magellan was the discoverer of the Straits bearing his name at the extremity of South America.

On May 2nd will be published Part 44, enlarged to Six Numbers, with 6 Engravings.

The Ohio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, April 30, 1881.



See page 263

Illustrated Article.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.
For the Ohio.

His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong.
The Corsair.

Oh, believe not the world is an Eden of roses,
Where the young soul in freedom and pleasure reposes:

Ah! the few lying scatter'd have many a thorn,
And the hand that would pluck them too often is torn.
Ms.

Our school-days are the happiest of our life.
Old Saying.

PERHAPS, in our weary journey thro' life, there are no recollections so dear to us, amid the noise and bustle of a jarring world, as those of our youth: when we recall to mind long-past scenes of earlier and happier days, when the heart was a stranger to the corroding influence of care and anxiety, and the mind, strung with hope—young, deluding hope!—looked forward to the world as to a garden strewn with ever-blooming flowers, that

"Wood the hand, courting to be pluck'd."
VOL. VII. R

Ah! thoughtless, careless, light-hearted youth! how little do you deem, when longing, in the enthusiasm of your young and ardent nature, to plunge into the world, of exchanging a life of gaiety and pleasure for one of disappointment and sorrow. After all, "ignorance is bliss." How many a sensitive and aching heart, undeceived by the cold world, sighs over the blighted and withered hopes of its youth in secret!

It fell to my lot to receive the greater part of my education at a public school in Cumberland, where I mixed in the sports and amusements usually incident to a public seminary; and, like others before me, left it when my turn came to enter myself a pupil of that great finishing school, the world, over which fortune presides as mistress with unlimited sway. Though, perhaps, as successful as many in winning her favours, yet have I frequently, in moments of contemplation and retirement, found a melancholy pleasure in recalling to my mind the sports and amusements of my school-days; and have thought of the probable fortunes and fate of those once

my intimates and constant companions,—now, perhaps, scattered throughout the four quarters of the globe, in various capacities, professions and situations. Out of three hundred school-fellows, it has been my fate to meet but few in this great and varied scene of strife: to meet an *old croney*—to sit over a glass of wine, and bring back times of “auld lang syne,”—the various characters, pursuits and eccentricities of our former mates,—with the many accidents that once “teemed by flood and field,” is a pleasure that has but too rarely fallen to my lot.

One circumstance invariably connected with the reminiscences of my boyhood I cannot help remarking; it is the melancholy and unhappy fate that appears to have attended the steps of those distinguished in youth for genius. It would seem to have been the bane to prosperity and happiness in those that possessed this almost fatal “gift sublime.” Whereas, the common, dull, plodding lad, of acknowledged stupidity, has, singularly enough, generally been successful in his sphere of life. It is a harrowing reflection, that those sensitive and finely strung minds should be the most subject to the keen arrows of disappointment and misfortune.—Among all the companions of my boyish pleasures this has never, perhaps, been more strikingly displayed, with some other strange and coinciding circumstances, than in the unhappy fate of the subject of this slight and imperfect sketch.

From very early youth, Vecy Walton was imbued with one of those wild and daring dispositions,—more often read of than met with,—that, though calculated to raise its possessor to some notice in the world, is seldom known to lead to happiness. At school, he was always more distinguished for genius than application,—for skill in “King Senio,” and “Prisoner’s Base,” than for his attainments in learning, and was known by far to prefer writing verses of his own to scanning those of Horace or Virgil. Excelling in proficiency at the sports of swimming, running and climbing, from a very early age, it was common to see Vecy first in the field and the last in his class.

Possessing a romantic temperament, open-hearted, sincere and enthusiastic, Vecy was a greater favourite with his mates than his masters; while nature had gifted him in no ordinary degree with respect to his person, which was tall, straight and remarkable for strength and symmetry, while it was adorned

with a countenance intellectually handsome and prepossessing, shaded by jet black curly hair, with eyes of the same raven colour, that in times of excitement or passion gave a glimpse of the wild soul within.

Many are the daring feats that now crowd upon my memory, in which Vecy Walton bore conspicuous parts. One I well remember, that may serve to show the fearless tenor and daring of his mind to plan and execute. On the long winter nights, it was a practice in bed with us to beguile the time by reciting tales impromptu, or from memory. If I recollect correctly, Vecy was always a great favourite in his narratives, which generally had some fearful superstition for their subject, turning upon supernatural agency. One night, when we had been listening with the deepest attention to one of his narratives, sleep, as usual, gradually overpowered us, and one after another we dropt off into the arms of Morpheus, leaving Vecy, who had got prosing and dull,—(like myself, perhaps, at present, reader,)—as both speaker and auditor, to finish by himself. Now, it was the practice of one of the ushers on duty to visit the different wards every night, previous to retiring to rest, to see that every thing was right, and in order; at which time, it being very late, we were usually sound asleep. On the aforesaid night it so happened that this inspecting visit took place rather earlier than was customary, and we were all not a little astonished at the unusual circumstance of being awakened from our slumbers by the visiting deputy, who, by the way, was a short snub-nosed fellow, of brutal manners, and very much disliked as an idle tale-bearer, and a great enemy of poor Vecy’s.

“Where’s Walton?—how comes it he is not in bed?” savagely demanded Mr. Ralph, or rather “Old Rap,” as we used to designate him, for fun and brevity’s sake.

“Not in bed, sir!” echoed two or three of us, who had roused ourselves in astonishment at the uncommon interruption; and looking in the corner of the ward in which Walton slept, we were indeed surprised to perceive his couch empty, though we could scarcely fancy it more than ten minutes since we had heard him holding forth to us. For several moments we sat gaping and rubbing our eyes, wondering where he could possibly be,—as down stairs he certainly could not have gone without some of the inmates knowing it.

"So! so! my young gents, you doubtless think this mighty clever!—I see how this is—it's a planned scheme among you, to screen that imp of a lad, who's the devil's own for mischief. However, I'll make you repent pretending ignorance, I warrant me, for the Doctor shall know it this minute. So saying, and turning a deaf ear to our frequent protestations, after scrutinizing the chamber, he was about to depart *pro tempore* only, when an open window, at the further extremity of the apartment, arrested his attention.

"How came this window thrown up?" he demanded in a stern voice.

But of this occurrence no one in truth could tell him. This was a bow window overlooking a broad deep stagnant ditch, that separated the road from the high railings of the playground, at least five-and-twenty feet to its base. So after looking out in the clear frosty moonlight, and apparently confident, in his own mind, that he could not have made his exit that way, he shut it down, and proceeded with quickened steps down stairs, eager to make his report, uttering on his way a long low savage growl, for which at times he was remarkable,—as if already anticipating the pleasure of soon hearing the switch of the birch and the groans of his victims.

No sooner had he left the room than we began to wonder and conjecture what could possibly have become of Walton, when, suddenly, to our surprise, we heard a noise outside of the wall, and presently after a rap against the identical window overlooking the ditch and road; and on one or two of us jumping up and opening it, who should spring in but Vecy, breathless with haste, and dragging after him a gingle rope about an inch in diameter, with which, as it afterwards appeared, he had been, "at the peaceful midnight hour," in the habit of descending and ascending at pleasure.

His surprise at seeing us all on the *qui vive* was excessive; and hardly had we time to give him a brief and hurried sketch of what had passed, and he to undress himself and enjoin strict secrecy, when we heard the Doctor's heavy and stately tread, accompanied by Rap's obsequious skulking shuffle on the stairs. In a moment all were in bed, and half asleep again apparently; but it availed us not,—the Doctor was up to us, although we were down to him,—as some of our wits at the time had it.

The astonishment of the informer was

excessive on beholding Walton snoring and apparently fast asleep in bed, and was displayed by many contortions of his prominent sharp-set countenance, as though the change before him had been the result of magic.

"Why, how now, Mr. Ralph!" said the Doctor, "I thought you told me just now, that Walton was not in bed, and no where to be seen:—there he is, fast asleep!"

"So it would seem, sir," answered the usher, as he peered in his anticipated victim's face, "but I can positively aver he was not five minutes ago; neither were his garments visible."

Upon this, the Doctor turned and questioned us, when, taking the hint, we at once exclaimed, *una voce*, that he had never been out of the room. It was a bold assertion, truly, given *con spirito*,—and, were I to live for a century, I could not forget the petrified and confused look of astonishment depicted on the mean, lantern-jawed face of 'Old Rap,' whom we all cordially hated for a mean, cringing, and unprincipled spirit. Though many years and sadder things have rolled between, it still sometimes flits before my mind, and provokes the laugh that then in triumph we were scarcely enabled to suppress, as we gazed upon his discomfited face, with his rat-like eyes glancing from under their shaggy, pent-up brows, in rage and suspicion around.

Of course he denied it, and asserted we were in general league; but there was something so overwhelming in the common and circumstantial evidence, that I do believe, at length, from his confusion, that he began to doubt the reality of what had past, and imagine that his senses must have played him false, as his affirmatives grew fainter and fainter, as the general appearances went stronger against him.

With very excellent judgment, Vecy, who had shammed sleep to the very acme of perfection, now, as if awakened out of his doze by the noise of the investigation going forward, after one or two restless yawns and moves, opened his eyes, suddenly exclaiming, in the wondering and confused face of 'Old Rap,'—"Good heavens! sir, is anything the matter?" This was so well contrived and *apropos*—instead of being awakened by Rap—that it formed a complete *chef d'œuvre*, and seemed at once to overset him, as he looked now, indeed, literally to borrow a nautical phrase, 'dumb-founded.'

"It's evident, you see, sir, you have

been strangely mistaken—the lad has never quitted the bed; the other wards are locked, and down stairs he could not have gone without discovery," uttered the Doctor, with a look of displeasure at his mortified assistant, as he walked towards the door, followed by his humbled deputy.

The Doctor was in the door-way, and Rap had the handle in his hand, just making his exit,—his little piercing eyes sparkling with suppressed rage; already had those behind the door started up in bed, in the attitude of silent congratulation,—when, oh! dire mishap!—in that eventful moment, the glancing eyes of the usher seemed attracted by something under the bed—he hesitated half a second—peered again—and then, re-entering, put his hand under Vecy's bed, and, with a long-drawn whistle of satisfaction, drew forth—oh, moment of scholastic horror!—the fatal rope! It was the act of a minute. Suffice a discovery took place, and we were all punished—Walton severely so; but he bore it, I well remember, like a Trojan.

One thing, indeed, the Doctor vainly endeavoured to discover, and that was the place of Walton's resort on his nightly wanderings. The senior even went so far as to threaten renewed flagellation and expelling; but he was firm, and perhaps I was the only one entrusted with the secret, that, even at his early age, he was warmly susceptible of the charms of female beauty—a susceptibility he ever carried through an ill-fated life—and that he was frequently in the habit of offering up his adoration by nightly assignation to the charms of a certain little rustic beauty, the daughter of a neighbouring miller, and the *belle ideal* of female perfection throughout the whole school.

From the period of this anecdote may be dated the commencement of a very sincere friendship that took place between Walton and myself, and we were soon distinguished throughout the forms as intimates, though many of our thoughts and ideas had little of reciprocity in them. I then, indeed, compared him in his adventures and sufferings, with no less a hero in the classics than Leander, when he swam the Hellespont to visit his mistress,—though I little thought at the time, that they were both to have an unhappy termination.

Notwithstanding the disgrace attached to our *expose*, confident in our numbers, it did not prevent us from determining to be even with 'Old Rap,' who

had assumed a fresh degree of importance and impudence, and who took every malicious means of annoying and mortifying us. Accordingly, as *lex talionis* was a rule we ever acted upon, it was carried among us in full council to plan some scheme of revenge, which we forthwith did. Suffice it, without tiring the reader with a repetition of scholastic detail, our scheme was admirably put into execution, to his no small bodily detriment and fear; while we, the authors, hidden under an impenetrable veil, escaped. But there would be no end were I to recount one half of our boyish sports, in almost all of which Walton bore his share; and I can truly say, I never knew him to flinch, or betray, however difficult the task assigned him.

And yet, notwithstanding an excellent flow of animal spirits, there were times of contemplation when a strange melancholy, bordering on reserve, crept apparently insensibly over young Walton's manners; when he seemed wrapt up in a fairy world of his own creation, in which he would dreaming indulge for days together. At such times he seemed to take a solitary pleasure in those poetic moods which were generally followed by some inspired production of his pen—in wandering alone, on the half-holidays, among the wild and magnificent scenery the country abounded with. No longer, at such periods, was he to be observed the first among the noisy, giddy throng, sporting on the green: but was more likely to be found by some adventurous birds'-nest hunting party, seated upon some elevated crag, commanding a fine view of the ocean and the surrounding country.

On such occasions it was frequently found difficult to rouse him from these fits of abstraction, which seemed to possess a strong power over a mind that was early sensible of the wild beauties of nature, and of those peculiar charms whose influence is insensibly calculated to attract and exalt the imagination to realms of its own imagining.

Inseparable as I grew with Walton, in almost all our sports and studies, I had an opportunity of marking the various shades and bearings of a character strangely original, whose very vices were not of the common order, too frequently springing from a wrong and mistaken bias in the mind. Among many curious beliefs Vecy possessed, was a belief in predestination—how it was gradually engendered, I know not, but he was a fatalist. He acknow-

ledged the action of free will centered in the mind, but contended that that free will was previously registered in the book of fate. Many were the controversies we used to have on this subject, but never was I successful in reasoning him out of the fallacy of a credence which, first imbedded in boyhood, held its sway through the maturer years of his after-life.

At school it was a common practice with us on the holidays, for parties of us to obtain leave to go out for the afternoon on some specious pretext or other, when we frequently set out on what we used facetiously to dignify at the time with the imposing name of a voyage or travel of discovery; the former of these consisted in hiring a boat, in the use of which habit had made us tolerably expert, with which, manned by a chosen crew, we sailed along, or, to carry on the conceit, explored the neighbouring coast. A far tramp, in which we thought nothing of crossing hill and valley to reach some wood or other favourite spot, came under the latter denomination.

It was in returning from one of these travelling excursions, wet-footed, weary, and hungry, that Walton, three others, and myself, agreed to stop and rest ourselves at the mouldering remnants of an abbey, some three or four hundred yards before us, generally known to the country people around by the name of 'The Hermit's Ruin,' so designated in consequence of having, in the last century, been the abode of an anchorite or recluse. Seated on the summit of a rising ground, through which flowed the murmuring waters of a rivulet, it stood partially embowered in woodland, whose gigantic spreading arms, supporting in many parts the crumbling walls, formed a screen in the winter's blast, and a shade in the summer's sun. Like most ancient and deserted ruins, there were many superstitious and idle tales afloat respecting it among the vulgar and the ignorant, that have long since faded away in my recollection—but not so the strange occurrence that took place there on that night, when confident in our numbers, and prompted by feelings of boyish bravado, to say we had fearlessly ventured within its terrific precincts, we drew nigh its still tall and towering turrets.

The last faint, flickering light of the declining sun disappeared on the crumbling and ivy-bound walls, like a smile on the aspect of venerable age, leaving the ruin dimly discernible in

the dusk of approaching night, as, desperately fatigued with our day's ramble, we drew ourselves up to the remnants of a small octagon portico, under the cover of which—none of us caring to enter the building—we ensconced ourselves, though not without some slight touches of fear and awe.

These feelings by no means decreased as, huddled together on the damp stones, that formed the seats of our retreat, we recalled the dark reports of the ruin, which now received, if possible, an additional hue of faded melancholy grandeur, as the beams of the moon, which now rose in splendid majesty over the distant line of blue hills that bounded the horizon, gilded the time-worn structure, whose lofty fretted roof once resounded with the loud peal of the swelling anthem of mingled voices, of those whose tones of woe or gladness have long since sunk in the oblivious stream of time.

Yet were they here—but now are gone,
They form the dust we tread upon!

As feelings of a similar uncongenial kind, with the tenor of our minds, began to rise, which too often are apt to set imagination on the wing; and, moreover, as the damp moss-clad stones formed anything but comfortable seats, we hastily rose to pursue our way home, which was still more than two long miles, but little relieved by our short sojourn.

Traversing the side of the abbey to cross over the slope on which it stood, and occasionally stumbling over the stones and skulls that plentifully lined our path, we had advanced within ten yards of what had once been the grand entrance; whistling, shouting, and making various noises, putting a brave exterior upon those fears we could not entirely suppress, when we all suddenly halted, and drew silent and breathless together at the sight of a human figure in the bright moonshine, sitting upon the remaining fragment of a pillar,—it appeared that of a little old woman in a scarlet cloak, reclining with her back towards us, wrapt apparently in sleep, or in such profound meditation as not even our precious noisy bravado seemed to have in any way disturbed. As we grouped closer to each other, forming a small and close circle, a feeling of fear and surprise pervaded generally our little band, as keeping our eyes fixed suspiciously on the lone object of our doubt and conjecture, a low timorous whisper went on among us. At the same time

there was a tucking up of coat tails, buttoning up of jackets, and other slight 'preparations of note' for a hasty flight, in case things chanced to turn out as our fears suggested they might do.

"My life upon it," whispered one of our party, "she's none other than 'Old Janet,' the witch that lives in the hut on the black hill nigh the east ford. She's come here to cull some of the dead men's bones and poisonous herbs, to put in her hellish cauldron, that she may work some wicked spell as a grudge upon some of the folks, surrounding poultry or cattle: it was only last week that she destroyed farmer Baker's crop with a sudden blight, which before was quite prospering, merely because he had ordered her off his grounds. She's a spiteful, malignant, bad woman, is 'Old Janet.'"

"No, no, you mistake," said another, whose optics were not so distorted by fear, "it would take at least three of the little old dumpy lady sitting there to make one of Janet."

"Hush, Williams, don't speak of her in that way, its well known she can make herself any size she likes best. Not that I fear her much," said the first speaker, a tall thin lad named Ennisley, and the swiftest runner of the party. "But I think we had better scamper; for who knows," he continued, in a low whisper that grew more timorous every moment he directed his view to the almost inanimate looking object of his fears, "who knows but she may presently take it into her head to turn round upon us, and strike us as she did labourer Dobbs with a sudden palsy, for daring to watch her."

Prepossessed with this notion, without more ado, the speaker, confident in the powers of his only acquisition and protection in danger, after having fixed his cap tighter on his head, and made other dispositions for his favourite pastime, by seizing a coat skirt in each hand, was on the eve of starting, which would have been followed doubtless by a general hasty and disgraceful flight; when, partly by entreaties that he would not desert, but more perhaps by force,—several less skilful *foot-boys* having laid forcible hands on his skirts, as though determining to be dragged with him,—he was induced, though much against his will, and not before he had made several vain attempts to free himself, to stop awhile longer and await the result of the adventure.

"Hist, see!" uttered one who had

not yet spoke; "as I look she seems the very image of old crutchy Dolly Wimple, whom you used to be always teasing, Walton, and who died a fortnight ago in a fit."

"True," assented another, while a cold sweat and tremor ran through the party, "she had just such a cloak and hat I well remember."

"Her exact figure, I swear," responded a third; his teeth chattering while he kept a firm and determined hold of the coatlaps of Ennisley, whose fears were at their highest pitch, as he made several convulsive efforts to throw his hangers-on off, to the great endangerment of his garment, which threatened every instant to give way under their united efforts.

At this eventful crisis, when nothing prevented a common flight but the circumstance of Ennisley's coat, Walton, whatever his real feelings might be, was the only one that appeared undismayed and collected.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, as he gazed on the knot, "to be frightened at a poor old gipsy woman sitting down and resting herself, and fancy her a witch. Oh, you cowards! Is there any one who accompanies me, for I am going to speak to her," he continued.

"Lord a'mercy! is he mad? we shall surely have some awful visitation, and get stricken dead or blind at least, if he disturbs her; let me go! let me go!" uttered Ennisley, in a voice of terror he dared not raise above a hissing whisper, again turning, kicking, and scrambling to get away from the three that held him.

"Will no one accompany me then," said Very, as he looked at me. I felt the appeal, and thought this a good opportunity to distinguish myself, though I could not suppress unpleasant ideas at the scene, and the strange immovable object before me, whom all had agreed in recognising, except Walton and myself, as an old woman, remarkable for swearing and drunkenness, who had died some ten days previous in the neighbouring village. Accordingly, with an outward air of firmness, though I quaked greatly within, I followed him. Vercy had walked within a few paces of the object without having disturbed her, when he waited for me.

"She looks a gipsy woman—how shall I address her?" he whispered, as with feelings of doubt and curiosity we both scrutinized the object of our conjecture closer; but nothing new met our sight—it was evidently the dimi-

native form of the somewhat anciently dressed figure of an old woman of the lower orders. "Well, here goes at once," said Vecy, evidently summoning up no small resolution to his aid, as walking within a yard of her side, he stamped, coughed, and whistled, making repeated noises to attract her attention, but the being moved not, nor shewed any consciousness of his presence.

There is a certain kind of fear, very different from the common, that frequently prompts the individual in uncertain danger to know the worst at once—nothing being so torturing as suspense. It was actuated by some such feeling, doubtless, that Walton suddenly placed his hand upon her shoulder, uttering with a quivering voice close to her bowed head—

"What ho, mother, do you sleep?"

The figure slowly and gradually raised its head, whose features were indiscernible under the shadow of its broad brimmed hat.

"What seek ye hither of me, that I am disturbed?" it exclaimed in solemn sepulchral tones, that at the time seemed to thrill through us.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Vecy, "only—only, we thought you asleep or dead."

"My death had then been far happier than yours may be in time to come," she rejoined in the same impressive voice, as turning her head full towards him, he thought he beheld the glance of a pair of glassy grey eyes fixed upon his face in deep contemplation.

"Then my death," exclaimed Vecy, with a shudder, "know you when that will be?"

"Seek you to know?" uttered the woman, in a hissing derisive whisper.

"I do,—when do you think that will be?"

"Think! ha! ha! ha!" echoed the being with a fearful scornful laugh, that froze the current in our veins.

"Ay, when say you it shall be that I depart this life?"

"Years! years! years! hence!" was the reply.

"How am I destined to die then?" demanded Vecy, spurred on as he afterwards informed me by a strange unaccountable curiosity.

For a minute the little being remained immovable as stone, when Vecy, emboldened, repeated—

"How shall I die?"

"A criminal, by poison—in madness and misery!" she yelled; suddenly

springing up, her eyes seeming to flash flame in malignant rage.

The effect so instantaneously produced was electrifying. Walton sprang backwards a space of three yards, overturning me in his way, while a loud shriek of terror rose in chorus from the anxiously watching party a short way off, who hearing the words poison, madness, and misery, yelled in a shrill voice of venom, and perceiving Walton spring back, thought beyond doubt that he was visited by some dreadful calamitous curse—the reward of his rashness. Ennisley, as I learnt afterwards, taking this opportunity made one convulsive effort, and sprang from his holders, leaving his coat-tails in their hands; while Walton and myself, with the rest, urged by our fears, came in the rear at full speed, and such an impetus had fear lent to our wearied limbs, that not one rested until he had reached the house.

The alarm was first given at school by Ennisley, who having long distanced us, arrived panting with fatigue and terror, and asserted that he had seen Walton struck dead by a flash of lightning from a witch, and that most of the others were probably dead or maimed for life at least by that time. But, as the rest came in one after the other, each congratulating himself on his escape, the tale was again recounted and variously told, with anything but slight additions, as the different fancies or fears of the party had dictated. But the upshot of it was that we were all laughed at by the teachers and the elders as a parcel of cowards, in being frightened by some poor old woman. Walton said little or nothing: I well remember suppressing the facts with regard to himself, affecting to laugh at it as a mere frolic; but as I observed at the time, notwithstanding his outward bearing, in reality it had made a great and deep impression on his mind, as frequently musing for many weeks after, the ominous words "poison, madness, and misery," at times unguardedly escaped his lips.

To be continued.

Lays of the Deep.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

THE DOOMED SHIP.

The moonbeams danced on the atlantic wave,
On the deep and dark blue sea;
The glittering stars shone out and gave
Their light—like Eternity!

A stately ship swept the liquid blue,
 Her white sails gently swelling,—
 From her lofty decks the glad shout grew
 Of mirth and glee. How merrily!
 The pealing laughter teller,
 And gaily onward the doomed ship flew,
 Where the brave and the free were dwelling.
 Hark! there's a shout and a cry of woe
 From those who lately revelled;
 And footsteps hurrying to and fro,
 With woman's hair dishevelled.
 Whence, this dread change on the calm still
 night;
 The ship in beauty sailing;
 Hah! through yon aft deck's—that bursting
 light,—
 And higher! higher! streams rushing fire,
 Appall'd each heart is quailing;
 But the seamen true quell their sudden fright,
 And strive—but their strife's unavailing.
 Oh! what a change then there quickly came
 On the air, the sea, and sky;
 The fearful shriek—the bright rushing flame,
 With woman's wild, thrilling cry;
 Undaunted, the seamen plied with care,
 Where the fire's onward gaining;
 At length they ceased, and in a wild despair
 They tried to float on board each boat,
 For life alone were straining;
 Vain! that dash and that sound through the
 air,
 Announces that grim death is reigning.
 No sounds now stir on the moonlit deep,
 Save the soft tides murm'ring flow;
 The moon and stars seem in holy sleep,
 The sky has a redder glow;
 But that 'twere impious, it might seem,
 A blush the heavens streaking;
 For what had passed, like some wild dream,
 Where awful fate and withering hate,
 Had seen swift vengeance wreaking.
 And thus is life like a meteor's beam,
 But a flash, and a moment's seeking.
 Temple Place, Blackfriars.

THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

THIS great work is now rapidly progressing. The church of St. Michael is almost level with the ground, and workmen are busily engaged in removing the dead from what might have been supposed their last resting place. An angry feeling exists between the parishioners and the Bridge Committee, and the propensity to squabble has extended to the subordinate agents of each. With this, however, we have little to do; but without pretending to judge betwixt them, we cannot too strongly reprobate their conduct in such a place and upon such an occasion. The spot which now presents such a scene of ruin and desolation, is replete with interest to the historian and the antiquary: one of the houses in Eastcheap marked for removal, stands on the exact site of the Boar's Head; but there is nothing in the building itself, if we except the sculptured head of that animal fixed in front of the house, though even this "Portraiture" is not of the time of Falstaff

or Prince Hal, as some would fain suppose. The spot upon which the excavators are now at work, is that where the ancient chapel of Sir William of Walworth formerly stood; nothing, however, of any particular interest has been discovered there, but under the foundation of the chapel walls, many mutilated pieces of Roman pottery were last week dug up, together with two coins, one of Nero, the other of Vespasian, and both in good preservation. About six months since, a quantity of Roman pavement was found on the site of Crooked Lane, and several lachrymatories and vases, none of which, however, are remarkable for their workmanship.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. QUICK, THE COMEDIAN.

For the Ollio.

Managers circulating Play-bills.—

It was nothing uncommon or degrading in Quick's younger days, for a manager to be the medium of circulating his bills of the play in the immediate vicinity of his *corps dramatique*. The 'March of Pride' excuses our modern Thespians from the duty of self-extending the humiliating *annonce* of their pretensions. But, for all this, Quick, who was shrewd in such matters, many times observed, that even now it would be better for the modern exquisites, Romeos, and Norvals, were they to submit to the earning, or saving, a trifle, in circumstances of comparative and temporary poverty, by seeking the uses of industrious *habits* to repair their *own*, in 'shreds and patches,' and 'torn to tatters,' by long acquaintance 'with strange bedfellows,' in 'fits and fancies of wild, disordered fantasy,' rather than to 'strut and fret their hours' before the best inn in the place, without the means of appeasing the appetite, and improving their cadaverous countenances. "I," said he, emphatically, "I, by the advantages of persuasion, perseverance, and address, got many persons,—ay, even the clergyman's wife and her daughters, in the humour in the morning, to promise their patronage, (having interceded with their dear man, the licensing magistrate, for a little amusement in the acting way,) to see me perform in the evening; and often, by this mode, I accepted invitations in the course of the day, frequently strengthened by a good stomach rehearsal, dining and regaling with the best portions of the

town. In one or two instances, I formed friendships which lasted in after years, and were separated only by death."

Quick and George III.—It is known that Quick was on good terms with George the Third. When this was identified by the public, he felt some restraint in conducting himself so as to avoid neglecting his old associates, and the regulating his experience towards his new ones. For many, aware of his court elevation, were more anxious of his society; and others, with interested motives, thought by his vivacious medium, to gain advancement with Majesty. Quick, however, was of too honorable a nature to be the sycophant, whatever force he could give to the character by personation; and he invariably adhered to a preference in serving his real friends, by his active benevolence, to that of soliciting favours,—re-marking, that "though the King can do any thing with Quick, yet Quick cannot do anything with the King, beyond making him laugh aside from his audience, the *British Nation*, join in an approval of a sonata, or assist in one of Handel's chorusses on the harpsichord. His Majesty's condescension to me is a *voluntary* of his own composing, and which I should be sorry to disarrange by thrusting in any polite notes of mine, to spoil the dignified harmony subsisting between us."

Comedians' Daughters.—Quick seemed to have entertained similar notions with Munden and Liston, as to the bringing daughters up to the drama. Once, while riding in the Islington stage to London with the late Alderman Crowther, (Munden's early friend), the conversation turning on the propriety of such an example; Quick observed that he knew too well the 'secrets of the prison-house,' to let his daughter into the blandished cells of meretricious fame, for he had been so many years a theatric jailer, that he would not consent to answer for the infection which an artless young creature might catch from old and confirmed dissemblers, those

"Lime twigs set to catch their winged souls."

Mr. Quack's Recipe.—In one of Quick's trips to Edinburgh, he had the misfortune to be seated in the mail between two captious Scots. After a long and tedious ride, which he hoped would soon bring him to a resting-place, these gentlemen, descanting freely on general topics, grew warm into an argument on an uninteresting subject, till the altercation rose so high, each agreed to ap-

peal to him and abide by his decision. "Is it so, Mr. Quack?" inquired one. "Is it *not* so, Mr. Quack?" inquired the other. "Am I *not* right, Mr. Quack?" said the one. "Is Mr. Archibald *not* wrong, Mr. Quack?" said the other. With the rapidity of their appeals, and the stun of the wheels, Quick had occasion to hold his ears for a respite, but the arguers and the vehicle were in one humour. At length, as Quick could no longer remain neuter, "Gentlemen," said he, "when I shall arrive at Edinburgh, as you have been pleased to honour me with the dignity of being a *quack*, I will prescribe that each of you shall have a blister on your tongues till I recover my senses: 'tis the first time that I ever heard 'Much Ado about Nothing' performed in a stage-coach; or that I have had the crucifixion exemplified between two —!—I beg your pardon, *between two gentlemen!*"

PASTOR FIDUS.

NOBLES AND ARBLASTERS.

A TALE OF FAIRWELL.

By Horace Guilford. For the *Olio*.

Concluded from p. 251.

WHEN the procession reached Stoniwell, Endymion became too ill to proceed, and he was carried in a piteous state into the Bishop's house; who, having caused him to be conveyed to a bed, requested Paget to bring the earliest intelligence of what transpired at the Priory; and then commenced an anxious and affecting vigil in the poor youth's chamber.

Startling as the tale was that they had heard at Arblaster, the Legates, aware of the dignity and importance of their commission, deemed it unbecoming by any premature or violent measures either to derogate from its solemnity, or to compromise its equity. The atrocious deed might not be perpetrated,—nay, might not even be *designed*; Dame Arblaster had only the Capellane's authority, and he had been proved thrice false. It was, therefore, with as much grave and courteous formality as if nothing had occurred, that the Legates acknowledged the greetings of the Priorress, who, in her ceremonial attire, attended by the sisterhood, met the unwelcome visitors at the convent gates. The two cardinals, with the ecclesiastics and laymen of rank, were alone admitted; the others were to be lodged in the neighbouring granges and hamlets. The largest and most ponderous bell of

the Priory (which had tolled solemnly and incessantly, from the moment that the van of the procession was descried from the battlements of the campanile,) now ceased its thundering clang: the gates were closed, and the concourse of peasantry, which had flocked to witness the spectacle, began to stream off in every direction towards their homes, by hill and heath, by rivulet and glen; and delighted with the gossiping marvels of their temporary guests, soon forgot the pomp, the mystery and the gloom of Fairwell Priory and its mitred visitors.

The room to which Endymion was conveyed, at Stoniwell, was the Bishop's own bedchamber, but, in its furniture, partook of the character both of library and oratory. The mantel-piece emblazoned with various arms, supported several niches, in which were placed massy candlesticks, vases, &c.; the windows contained flowerpots, in full blow; the ceiling was deeply ribbed and carved, having the shield of Stoniwell (sable, on a chevron azure, three leaves proper, between three billets,) portrayed in the centre. The walls were oak-panelled and tapestried; a large and ponderous stand of shelves, loaded with books, (whose gilded vellum leaves and massy covers, velvet or leather, red, black, or blue, richly figured, were confined by tremendous brazen clasps) occupied one side of the bed; and on the other was a wide seat, highly ornamented, fitted up with silk palls and hangings. The bed itself was an enormous structure; the head and testure were of oak, with fluted and flowered panels, divided by images of great delicacy; the posts very large, and most elaborately sculptured; and the whole highly painted and gilded; the hangings being vermilion-coloured cloth of gold, lined with azure silk. A spacious recess formed a kind of oratory, adorned with reliefs, coloured in blue and gold on a blood-red ground, representing the chief events of our Saviour's sufferings, with this label beneath—

O vos omnes qui trahitis per viam, attendite et videte, si est dolor sicut dolor meus!

In this recess, lighted by a deeply stained lattice, was an altar covered with embroidered cloth, a silver crucifix, chalices and holy water vases, together with superb albs, copes, and other ecclesiastical vestments, which the good Bishop afterwards bequeathed to his new chapel at the parish church of Longdon; the rare luxury of a carpet spread its gay pattern on the floor; a

tall reading desk of ebony, inlaid with mother of pearl, and a great carved chest of walnut tree, with a latticed cupboard, gay in plate and porcelain, completed the furniture of this bedchamber of the sixteenth century.

Endymion was now a good deal recovered; and it is to be doubted whether even the prohibition of the Bishop would have sufficed to detain him from proceeding forthwith to Fairwell, had not the arrival of the Capellane been announced. The Bishop had sent from Arblaster to have him arrested; this was achieved at Crossinhand, and on the road to Stoniwell he had partly learned and partly surmised the posture of affairs. Endymion sprang from the seat by the bed as the Capellane was brought into the room, and was with difficulty prevented seizing him by the throat.

"Devil!" exclaimed the young man, glaring like a baffled tiger on the monk, "what end, what motive stirred thee to the hellish mischief thou hast brought upon us?"

"Thou should'st ask often ere I answered thee," replied the Capellane, rage and malice predominating over shame and fear, "had I not good hopes that the mischief, as thou term'st it, is ere this accomplished?"

Endymion writhed as the Bishop held him back, and spoke for him.

"Wretched man! what evil spirit suggested thy cruel and detestable machinations?"

"If our Holy Mother, the Church, censure me for wishing to build up and endow her towers and shrines, from coffers that would else have been drained by the thriftless luxury of laymen, I confess the design; if that design was not to be accomplished but by measures seemingly harsh and unlawful, the means were sanctified by the end."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the Bishop, incensed as much by the canting tone as by the drift of this speech—"Hypocrite, and shameless! dar'st thou pollute the Church by sheltering thy atrocity under her name?"

"Hypocrite!" retorted the Capellane, "and thus my zeal is rewarded! At least, then, I will bear that name no longer—Know, then, my master-motive was HATRED!"

"Hatred!" exclaimed Endymion and the Suffragan at once.

"Hatred of you and of your minion—ay, the hoarded hatred of years."

"Merciful heaven! what cause?"

"Cause!—when you were children

it began. Malapert imps! was it not your delight—your pastime, to mock me?—to call me black-beggar—trudge-rag—bald-pate? I waited for heaven's judgment to fall on ye both,—but in vain. I appealed to your parents, also, without effect; and *then* I vowed to take vengeance unto myself. It hath *succeeded*—but by your own aid. The objects of my anger were its tools; and, if it can add a sting to your bosoms, know that, as I have *punished*, so I *despise* you!"

At this moment one of the Bishop's chaplain's entered, announcing that Master William Paget was returned from the Priory, and requested an interview. Endymion's face flushed, and then became white as ashes; he attempted to move towards the door, but sank down on the settee, trembling violently: the Bishop, intreating him to be composed, ordered the Capellane away into close custody, to abide the judgment of the Legates; and Paget was then admitted. But, leaving him to impart his tidings, we shall allow the reader full scope for imagining the effect they produced, by laying the last scene of our story in the subterranean vaults of Fairwell Priory.

The collation in the great refectory had passed with dull and cumbrous solemnity: the Prioress, with pride that under present circumstances partook of defiance, paraded the Legates and their noble suite over every part of the convent, the church, chapels, cloisters, and chapter-house; the library, the dormitory, the hostelry, the infirmary, the great kitchen, were exhibited, with all their appointments, in high order. But they had been interrupted by the sudden entrance of Sir Augustine and Lady Noble, who, throwing themselves on their knees before the Legates, related the circumstances under which Cornelia had taken the veil, and implored their intercession with the Pope, that her vows might be dispensed with. The countenance of the Prioress had, from the moment the Cardinals entered the Nunnery, been the troubled index of some perilous stuff with which her bosom was labouring. The presence and the speech of the Nobles at once fired the train. After accusing Sir Augustine and Lady Cicely as notorious favourers of the New Learning, she laid before the Legates and their company a highly inflamed account of Cornelia's delinquency; and then, with swelling port, flashing eye, and heightened voice, she added—

"Judge, all of you, what was left for me to do!—Condemn me, if you will, when you hear what *I have done*!—She hath expiated her crime with her life!"

A groan of horror thrilled through the assembly. Sir Augustine, however, loudly proclaimed the assertion false; and Lady Cicely, who had left the apartment during the Prioress's speech, at this moment returned, leading in Cornelia herself,—pale, indeed, and in the ghastly white raiment we have alluded to, but still no tenant of the tomb.—The effect of this apparition on the Prioress was electric; she rushed up to Cornelia, removed the hood that muffled her features, then staggered back and clasping her hands,—

"The just heavens," she cried, "have at once reprov'd my severity, and punished those who were its abettors!—Follow me!" she continued frantically; "follow me to the vaults—for, as sure as there is a judgment hereafter, the punishment of the guilty hath fallen on the innocent, and Blanche Arblaster hath been immured alive."

The ruffians had, in fact, mistaken the cell, and after gagging the unhappy Blanche, so as to prevent her crying, or even speaking, had performed, on the preceding night, their dreadful work. The mistress of the novices, (one of the old nuns, who had participated the horrible purpose of the Prioress,) on descending, that morning, to the subterranean cells, with scanty food for the supposed Blanche, discovered, in her stead, Cornelia Noble. Looking upon this as the immediate interposition of Providence, she was smitten with compunction, and, without informing Cornelia of her friend's dreadful fate, the mistress of the novices concealed the astonished nun in her own cell; and making her way to Chorley Hall, unperceived amidst the bustle and confusion of the morning, she dispatched from thence Sir Augustine and Lady Cicely to the Priory, giving them, however, only vague intimations of the doom their daughter had escaped, with directions where to find her; she herself purposed to take refuge with her family, who resided in a distant part of the kingdom.

The Prioress, after her vehement avowal, was followed with hasty steps by the Legates, into a small court, almost buried in the towering fabric, from whence a low passage led down to the Priory garden. In a retired part of it, thickly shaded with ancient filbert trees,

and called by the nuns the Wilderness, the monastic buildings descended into a narrow dell. A gloomy inauspicious tower here lurked in the most secluded corner of the pile. The portal, whose black gulf yawned like the descent of Avernus itself, was centinelled by the bulky trunks, and umbered by the funereal foliage of great old yews and pines. The moment you entered, the genial light of the summer noon was exchanged for thick darkness,—the odours of the rich garden flowers and aromatic herbs for stifling vapours, and the tepid gales for chill hissing gusts, that, after struggling through the dismal boughs at the entrance, rushed wailing along the hollow galleries and rough staircases, which the torches of a few hastily summoned vassals tinged with smoky and lurid light. After ascending and descending several flights of steps, and winding in various directions through the labyrinths of this horrible souterrain, the Prioress paused and groaned as the torchlight flashed upon the open doors of two cells on opposite sides of the passage. Turning round to the two Cardinals, she said, wildly,—

"Your Eminences, doubtless, marvel at the narrow partition between *justice*—(here she shewed Cornelia's dungeon)—and *murder*"—(pointing to the prison of the ill-fated Blanche);—and then hastening forward at a rate with which the shuddering ecclesiastics could hardly keep pace, she led them into an apparently interminable range of vaults, muttering to herself, as her conflicting passions gradually swelled into insanity, "Necessarium erit visitatori circumire Monasterium ac videre et rimare dispositionem Ædificiorum, et an sint aliqua loca pervia per quæ secrete intrari possit; et una secum habeat Abbatissam."* Here she laughed, and addressing the Legates, "You see, my lords, I have well coned your instructions. But there is one thing you have forgotten,"—here she lowered her voice to a confidential whisper,—"you have never asked whether the gates of the Monastery were kept locked every night, and which of the old nuns had the keys in custody; for you know how the sentence goes, 'Non est tutum clavium custodiam Junioribus committere?'—*Mea culpa! mea culpa!*" continued the unhappy Prioress, "she was trusted, young as she was, and all unfit: she betrayed her trust,—and ye!—(that I should breathe to say it!)—she lives to

* Burnet's Ref. Appen.

triumph with her paramour; while I, who would have *punished perjury*, have *done murder!*" Here she stopped, looked fearfully around, and striking violently on a hollow sounding place in the wall, damp with fresh mortar, added in faint sepulchral accents, "Blanche Arblaster hath *perished here!*"

THE TWO MUSICAL BARBERS.

For the Olio.

WE have frequently heard of "shaving for a penny," but of shaving for music, seldom; still, that "such things are," the two following anecdotes will testify.

A musician of high reputation, being promised a seat in the royal band, as soon as a vacancy occurred waited on Lord — to claim his promise. But alas! he came too late—it had just been bestowed on another person. However, in order to console the unhappy harmonist, my lord was graciously pleased to bestow on him a sinecure office of superior value; and Mr. Thomas Vincent, who had never *shaved* any thing but his hautboy reeds, was duly installed in the high office of king's barber.

When the celebrated Farinelli first visited the court of Philip V., King of Spain, where he afterwards became so great a favourite, that monarch was labouring under a total dejection of spirits, which rendered him incapable of attending council, or transacting the affairs of state, and had the still more singular effect of making him refuse to be shaved. The Queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music upon the king, who was extremely sensible of its charms. Her majesty contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining to the king's apartment, in which Farinelli, whose dulcet voice had never as yet been heard by the king, should sing one of his most captivating songs. Philip appeared at first surprised, then moved; and, at the end of the second air, called for Farinelli into the royal apartment; loaded him with compliments and caresses; asked how he could sufficiently reward such talents; and assured him that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, as previously instructed, only begged that his majesty would permit his attendants to *shave* and dress him. From this moment the king's disease abated; and the singer had, ere long, all the honour of effecting a complete cure. W.H.P.

Snatches from Oblivion.

"Out of the old fields cometh the new corn."

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—There are numerous ways of doing good, either not generally known or rarely practised. The following short epistle from that wise and good man, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, written at Paris to an English gentleman, then there under pecuniary difficulties, who wished to return to his native country, will afford a hint, by which other good men may derive benefit.

"Paris, April 22nd, 1784.

"I send you herewith a bill for ten Louis d'ors. I do not pretend to *give* such a sum, I only *lend* it to you.—When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, injoining him to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity; I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a *little*." W.H.P.

The Naturalist.

THE FLAMINGO.—The appearance of the Flamingo has led many to misconceptions. During the French revolutionary war, when the English were expected to make a descent upon St. Domingo, a Negro having perceived, at the distance of some miles, in the direction of the sea, a long file of flamingoes, ranked up and preening their wings,—forthwith magnified them into an army of English soldiers: their long necks were mistaken for shouldered muskets, and their scarlet plumage had suggested the idea of a military costume. The poor fellow accordingly started off to Gonaives, running through the streets and vociferating that the English were come. Upon this alarm the commandant of the garrison instantly sounded the tocsin, doubled the guards, and sent out a body of men to reconnoitre the invaders; but he soon found, by means of his glass, that it was only a troop of red flamingoes, and the corps of observation marched back to the garrison,

rejoicing at their bloodless expedition. Somewhat similar mistakes have occurred in military operations. It is said that the French were prevented, during the late war, from landing on the coast of Ireland, by the gathering of the women on the hills, in their red market-cloaks; and the land-crabs of Jamaica, by the clattering they made in a night excursion, once alarmed a party of English soldiers, who supposed them to be a troop of Maroons. During the Mexican invasion by Cortes, a similar mistake occurred; fire-flies being mistaken for an army of matchlock men. The great length of the legs of flamingoes obviously unfits them for sitting or squatting upon a flat or low nest, as is the practice of families allied to them;—and hence, according to Linnæus, they select for their nests some projecting shelf of a rock, upon which they can sit astride, like a man on horseback, without bending their legs. Without discrediting this account, we subjoin that which Dampier gives of the flamingoes observed by him at Rio de la Hacha, at an island opposite Curacoa, and at the Isle of Sal. "They make their nests," he says, "in the marshes, where they find plenty of slime, which they heap with their claws, and form hillocks, resembling little islets, and which appear a foot and a half above the water. They make the base broad, and taper the structure gradually to the top, where they leave a small hollow to receive their eggs. When they lay or hatch, they stand erect, not on the top, but very near it, their feet on the ground and in the water, leaning themselves against the hillock, and covering the nest with their tail. Their eggs are very long, and as they make their nest on the ground, they could not, without injuring their eggs or their young, have their legs in the nest, nor sit, nor support their whole body, but for this wonderful instinct which nature has given them."

Lib. Enter. Know.

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—This is the eighth Exhibition. By the sale of pictures amounting to nearly twenty thousand pounds in so few years, the most essential benefit has been felt to those artists who were previously unable to bring their works fairly before the public. Out of the great number of pictures annually presented, a great diversity of talent will be naturally displayed. This year there are about nine hundred pictures, of various merit, and

many of them are really very creditable to those British artists who submit their productions for approval. We confess, the 'pride of portrait' and the 'love of self' predominate. Whithersoever way we glance, some grave-looking personage under the cognomen of 'The Portrait of a Gentleman,' and some fashionably dressed, languishing eye, ditto, the 'Portrait of a Lady,' will thrust their strange, unalterable presence into our critical reflections on the pictures of other dimensions, and, to our taste, of higher pretensions. But, as taste will enjoy its own view of that class of art which it most delights in, so will the critic, however accurate he may be in the abstract, describe those portions of painting which assimilate nearest to his peculiar views of the perfect and the beautiful. But, independently of this, though we are pressed for space, we hope by noticing a few, credit will be given for the many good subjects, delightfully represented this season in this exhibition. For example: 'Adverse Winds,' (4) by *Inskip*. (6) Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Gordon.—Head and hand painted by the late *President*. (7) Civita Castellana.—*Linton*. (12) Birds in Still Life.—*N. Chantry*. (18) Il Penseroso.—*Webster*. (32) Interior of a Mill in the Hebrides.—*A. Fraser*. (33) Hebe.—*S. W. Beechy*. (44) The First Child.—*Kidd*. The father's joy is seen in one part, by the nurse offering the little pledge of love to his notice, and the mother's conquered sorrows, in another part, receiving the comforting liquid to sustain her in the hours of nature's solicitude. (48) Dead Game.—*J. Oliver*. (50) Carlisle.—*Hofland*. (55) Wreck of a Merchantman, Sunset.—*J. Wilson*. (67) Game-Keeper's Lodge.—*C. Sibley*. (78) Grave Digger.—*H. Liverseege*. (79) Still Life.—*J. Holmes*. (80) The Grandfather.—*J. P. Knight*. (93) Feretting.—*C. Hancock*. (101) Auld Robin Gray.—*J. P. Knight*. (108) Market Morning.—*J. W. Allen*. (114) The Eleventh Hour.—*Prentis*. (132) The Covenanters.—*Harvey*. (138) The Presumptive Pinch.—*Kidd*. (160) The Lord Chancellor.—*Lonsdale*. (161) Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral.—*Roberts*. (164) Minna and Brenda.—*Inskip*. (182) The Harbour of Muscot.—*Witherington*. (186) Carnarvon Castle.—*Childe*. (198) Boy Washing.—*Gandy*. (200) Esther.—*Beaumont*. (202) Vandyck courting the pretty peasant.—*De Brackleen*. (211) Titian in his Study.—*Bone*. (213) Sir Roger de

Coverley and the Spectator in the Spring Gardens.—*Clater*. (222) The Chase.—*Davis*. (235) The Captive.—*Farrier*. (248) Durham from the River.—*Westhall*. (250) From the Boulevard Durnatal.—*C. J. Scott*. (267) Dutch Coast.—*Wilson*. (268) A Twilight Effect.—*Stump*. (279) Indecision.—*Meyer*. (282) The Stingy Traveller.—*Buss*. (291) Italian Musician.—*Adams*. (330) The Stirrup Cup.—*Fraser*. (333) Menai Bridge, &c.—*Childe*. (337) Portrait of a young Lady and a Pet Rabbit.—*W. Scott*. (339) Penrhyn Castle.—*Noble*. (371) Poacher Pursued.—*Hancock*. (373) Heavy Gale.—*Huggins*. (396) Twelfth Night.—*Cawse*. (404) My Child! my Child!—*Dave*. (424) Daddy's Hat and Coat.—*Hobday*. (438) The Enchantress Armida.—*Hurlstone*. This is the most enchanting picture in the exhibition. (445) Le Vieillard Amoureux.—*Van Regemont*. (467) Ben Saunders the Game-Keeper.—*Plimer*. (469) The Angel destroying the Assyrians.—*Smart*. (512) The Confessional.—*Wood*. (538) Isleworth.—*Stanley*. (572) The Shrew.—*Miss Corbeaux*. (591) The Country Blacksmith.—*T. Wageman*. (604) Twelfth Night.—*Miss L. Adams*. (681) Psyche.—*Miss E. Kendrick*. (709) Juliet.—*Miss F. Corbeaux*. (756) The Countess of Leicester and Jane Foster.—*Miss M. A. Sharpe*. (776) Greenwich Pensioner.—*J. Holland*. (781) Palace of Justice, Leige.—*De la Motte*. (858) Satan President.—*J. Martin*. *Et cum multis aliis*. Our Readers will see, that, by our enumeration, we prefer leading their attention, as they proceed in their view, to many of those pictures which cannot fail to arrest their inspection, to the describing those particulars critically, by detaining them to individualise; when, as they will, in proportion to their difference of taste and knowledge, probably select many we, by necessity more than inclination, have omitted. Certain, however, are we, that while this year's exhibition is not inferior to any that has preceded it, there are many pictures, particularly of the portrait class, which are beneath criticism; and it would only wound the feelings of the ordinary features they represent, by pointing them severally to attention. Could we get at their minds, we should very likely retract, and thereby fix our standard. Historical paintings, now-a-days, like 'angels' visits,' are 'few and far between.' Thus, this exhibition, (like all

others of the present day), is deficient in them, and performances of 'still life,' 'dead game,' and 'miscellaneous non-entities,' are suspended instead.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

FLATTERY OF KINGS—The instances on record of men who have been bold enough not to flatter kings, or of kings who have been wise enough to check it, are equally rare. *Holy Writ*, however, furnishes one instance, in Nathan the prophet, who dared not only to refrain from flattery, but ventured to admonish his king; and *History* tells us of a king (Canute) who, proof against adulation, abashed the courtiers that proffered it, by himself exemplifying to them its futility. More modern times afford an instance of courtly adulation, continued even after the death of the object to whom it was addressed; for one "Pierre Duchatel, in a funeral oration on the death of Francis I., published 1547, took upon himself to affirm, that the soul of the king had gone *direct to Paradise*. This passing over of purgatory gave offence to the doctors of the Sorbonne, who sent a deputation to warn him of his error. The prelate being absent, one of his friends received them, and, in reply, gaily said—"Be not uneasy, gentlemen, every one knows that the late king, my master, never stopped long in any one place, however agreeable. Supposing, then, that he went to purgatory, be assured that his stay would be very short." This pleasantry disarmed the severity of the doctors, and the affair went no farther."

STABBING in England is much more seldom than in Italy, the English being easy to be reconciled, to pardon and remit offences, not apt to seek revenge; the true well-bred English have more of inclination to goodness, which the Greeks called *Philanthropia*, than other nations; the mobility, and well-bred gentry delighting to be gracious and courteous with strangers; compassionate to the afflicted, and grateful to benefactors, when their purse or estate, not diverted by other extravagant expenses, will give them leave to remember them.

ST. ANTHONY'S BLESSING.—On the outside of the convent, the benificent influence of the saint was not confined to man, but extended to the whole brute family, of which he was the patron. Here a friar of the order, more remarkable for being well fed than cleanly,

and who had altogether the gross and sensual look of a man of this world, qualified with a good share of plebeian vulgarity, stood at a window with a small mop in his hand, with which he sprinkled holy water upon such as passed. A continuous string of horses, mules, and asses, defiled through the street, pausing in turn to receive the genial shower. Each rider brought a sack of barley, which the friar and his men lifted into the window, where it was moistened with the holy water, and well stirred with a relique of St. Anthony. It was then returned: the friar received a *peseta*, which he put carefully into the sleeve of his frock, whilst the other party to the bargain trotted off with the barley, happy in the assurance that his cattle might now be cured of any malady, even though bewitched, by administering a handful of this consecrated grain. Saint Anthony, though a very good man, was both poor and a labourer. Hence, when beatified by the father of the church, and pronounced to be actually in the fruition of heaven, and in a situation to intercede for sinners, the stigma of his worldly humility still clung to him, so that he never became any more than a vulgar saint, the patron of the common people in Spain, to whom he is familiarly known by the nickname of Saint Anton. More especially is he the protector of farmers, horse-jockeys, muleteers, mules and asses, cows, hogs, and horses. Nay, he is even the saint of the sinful sailor, who, when he has more wind than he wants, and a rough sea, begs Saint Anthony to take some of it back again; and if he has none at all, being a Spaniard and aware of the efficacy of a bribe, he says, '*Sopla! sopla! Sant Anton, y le dare un pez.*' 'Blow! blow! Saint Anthony, and you shall have a fish!'—*A Year in Spain.*

Anecdottiana.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, though somewhat inclining to corpulency, was a handsome man, and very like Kynaston, the actor, who was so proud of the resemblance, that he got a suit of laced clothes after one that Sir Charles had worn, and appeared in it in public. In order to punish his vanity, Sedley hired a bravo, who, accosting Kynaston in St. James's Park in his fine suit, pretended to mistake him for the Baronet, and having picked a quarrel with him under pretence of having received a rude message from him, he caned the actor soundly. In vain Kynaston protested

he was not the person the bravo took him for; the more he protested, the more blows the other laid on, to punish him for endeavouring to escape chastisement by so *impudent a falsehood*. When some of the poor actor's friends afterwards remonstrated with Sedley on this harsh treatment of an inoffen-

sive man, he replied, that their pity was very much misplaced, and ought rather to be bestowed on him, since Kynaston could not have suffered half so much in his bones, as he (Sedley) had suffered in his reputation, all the town believing that it was *he* who was thus publicly disgraced.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 27.

St. Liza.

Full Moon 19m 04 Morn.

Our saint was a native of Montegrado, near Lucca, in Italy. She was distinguished by having kept fast a whole year on bread and water, and died after extreme unction, A.D. 1372.
April 27, 1601.—Upon this day an extraordinary and despotical piece of cruel severity, probably unique in the annals of judicial proceedings, was put into practice in Scotland by order of the King. The circumstances are recorded as follows in the journal of an honest citizen of Edinburgh, often quoted by Scottish Antiquaries. "Archibald Cornuel, town officer, hanged at the Cross. He hung on the gallows twenty-four hours; and the cause wherefore he was hanged; he being an unmerciful greedy creature, poinde (that is attached by distress) an honest man's house; and, amongst the rest, he poinde the king and queen's picture, and when he came to the cross to comprise (appraise and expose to auction) the same, he hung them upon two nails on the same gallows to be comprised; and they being seen, word went to the king and queen, whereupon he was apprehended and hanged."

Thursday, April 28.

St. Cronan, Irish Abbot.

High Water 51m aft 2 Morning—6m aft 3 After.
About this period the Martlet or House-Martin arrives, and gets common by the end of May. By the accession of second and third broods, these birds in the course of Summer, get very numerous; but their numbers in Spring bear so small a proportion to those that go away in Autumn, that they must undergo some great annual devastation.

Friday, April 29.

St. Hugh, Abbot and Conf.

Sun rises 42m after 4—sets 19m after 7.

To-day ancient Rome celebrated the Floralia, i.e. games in honour of Flora. They were first instituted in the time of Romulus; but they were not celebrated with regularity and proper attention till the year U.C. 580. Flora, to whom these games were dedicated, was the goddess of flowers and gardens among the Romans, and the same as the Chloris of the Greeks. Some suppose that she was originally a common courtesan, who left to the Romans the immense riches which she had acquired by prostitution and lasciviousness; in remembrance of which a yearly festival was instituted in her honour. She was worshipped even among the Sabines, long before the foundation of Rome, and likewise among the Phœceans, who built Marseilles long before the existence of the capital of Italy. Tatus was the first who raised her a temple in the city of Rome. It is said that she was united to Zephyrus, and received from him the privilege of presiding over flowers, and of enjoying perpetual youth. She was represented as crowned with flowers, and holding in her hand the horn of plenty.

Saturday, April 30.

St. Sophia, virgin and mar. 3rd Cent.

High Water 51m aft 3 Morning—5m aft 4 after.

April 30, 1662.—Born Queen Mary, wife of William III. She was the eldest daughter of the bigotted and unfortunate James II. In consequence of the Revolution, which seated her husband on the throne of her father, her situation was rendered peculiarly delicate and distressing; particularly during the war in Ireland, when her husband and

father were personally opposed to each other, and while she was agitated by ardent wishes for the success of the one, and by extreme solicitude for the safety of the other. Her feelings are beautifully expressed in the letters which she addressed to her husband at that time. In her congratulations to him on the victory of the Boyne, she says, "When I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king, and durst not ask him. But when Lord Nottingham came, I did venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to know he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for your own sake. Yet, add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let the people know you would have no hurt come to his person."

Sunday, May 1.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Lessons for the Day.—6 chap. Deut. Morning—7 chap. Deut. Evening.

St. Philip and St. James, Apost. A.D. 62.

"Time out of mind, May Day has been in this country a festive holiday, and its customs have reached other countries; for in France we find as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, the following ceremony was performed. "In 1449, some notable personages, master goldsmiths of Paris, agreed, as an act of devotion, to present annually on the first of May, at midnight, a May before the principal door of the church of Notre Dame. They elected a priore for one year only, who was to settle the expenses of the said May."

"The May was placed on a pillar in the form of a tabernacle, in the several faces of which were small niches occupied by different figures of silk, gold, and silver, representing certain histories, and below them were explanatory inscriptions in French verse. The May remained at the great door from midnight till after vespers the next day, when it was transported, together with the pillar, before the image of the Virgin, near the choir, and the old May of the preceding year was removed into the chapel of St. Anne, to be kept there also a year. This ceremony was regularly observed till 1607, when the goldsmiths presented to the church a triangular tabernacle of wood, very curiously wrought, in which three paintings were enclosed; these paintings were changed annually, and the old ones hung up in the Chapel of Saint Anne."

"We cannot refrain from introducing the following stanzas as appropriate to the season.

May Morning.

May-morning! every praise is thine,
All nature owns thy power benign.
The choral warblers of the Spring,
To thee their virgin anthems sing.
To thee the linnet swells his note,
To thee the red-breast strains his throat;
And every shrub, and every tree,
Is full of music, full of thee.

The lily now exalts her head,
And humble cowslips gild the mead.
The tulip smiles upon the day,
Enamour'd of its maiden ray.
The violet spreads her purple breast,
The rose puts on her crimson vest;
But every splendid flower we see,
May-morning—owes its charm to thee.—J.

The Otto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVIII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, May 7, 1881.



See page 274

Illustrated Article.

THE FALL OF MOWBRAY;

OR, THE
SIEGE OF THIRSK CASTLE *
For the Otto.

"Brave chief! thy mansion 'neath the tumuli
Hath long been buried; and where once was
heard

The clash of swords and all-victorious cry
Of battle-legions fighting for their lord,
All is serene, except the sounds that fly
Along its vaults, proceeding from the horde
Of playful children, or the village bell—
Its Sabbath chime, or deeper-sounding knell."

"A stranger, who avers himself a
poor sinner of the Cisterian brother-
hood at Hode, desires audience with
Sir Roger de Mowbray," said the hench-
man of the northern chieftain, address-
ing his master.

"Award him welcome," replied De

* The foundation of the events of this narra-
tive is comprised in the details of that civil
rebellion which shook the throne of Henry II.,
and which ended in his destroying many of
those feudal fortresses, the erection of which
had been permitted by his pious predecessor,
Stephen.

G. Y. H.—N.

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S

Mowbray; "he may come, I trow, to re-
port hearsay of the approach of Henry's
troops: yet, I suspect not their en-
campment in that quarter."

"The blessing of the Virgin rest upon
ye!" ejaculated the professed monk, as
entering he made his obeisance to De
Mowbray. "A brother of the faithful
fraternity of St. Felix requests confer-
ence with ye for awhile."

"Wilt thou first refresh thyself, holy
father? it is now verging towards supper-
time, and thine hath been a rough and
unkindly path."

"I thank ye, courteous knight; but
when spears are sharpening on the
rocks in Sutton Hold, and burnished
bucklers gleaming in Thirby Fell, it is
vexatious to talk of rest or refreshment."

"So Henry hath faced me at last!—
But why tarry his forces in Sutton Hold?
By the high altar of Saint Felix! fairer
spot for defeat they could not have
chosen!—They are strange to the fast-
nesses of the cliffs; we might drive them
to their extremity, and destroy them as
we list!—But, pray rest thee, reverend
father."

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At this invitation, the tall and cowed personage, who had hitherto rendered dubious the altitude of his figure by a partial stoop, forgetting his assumption, strode martially across the stony floor, and the tread of his heavy foot rang loudly through the sounding audience-room, as he proceeded to the massy board, where he seated himself opposite to and facing De Mowbray.

The wine-cup was borne to the lordly baron, out of which, as was the feudal custom, he pledged his monkish guest, who, when the goblet was passed to him, took a deeper draught than be-seemed his sanctimonious garb,—a draught, too, belying that proverbial abstemiousness which report assigned the *confreres* of St. Felix. To a question put by De Mowbray, regarding the welfare of his mother Gundreda, who had taken temporary sanctuary in the monastery at Hode, the pretended Cister-tian remained silent for a moment, and then stammered out a specious message from the Lady Gundreda, apologising for previously omitting to deliver it. He threw over his spurious statements a masterly gloss of words, completely lulling the suspicion of De Mowbray, while he made inquiries of the defensive state of the castle, and what support might be expected from the surrounding lords, as belligerent auxiliaries.

"My castle is guarded by one thousand soldiers," said De Mowbray;—"Egremont has offered me help; the Roos, of Helmsley, afford me fair countenance; and my kinsman Scroop is ready with five hundred of his Upsal retainers. Then I have promise from the abbies: Fountains, though needy, will muster me a few villanes, for which I award them ten carucates of land; Mountgrace, in more prosperous plight, will give their succour; and Rievaulx also,—for I went forth against the plundering Scots, when they attacked their church and burnt its goodly library. I will send messages to my friends forth-with. But how strong in numbers seem the enemy?"

The stranger, whilst pondering upon the reply he should make to this interrogatory, incautiously turned him on the chair on which he was sitting, and the spur on his heel becoming entangled in the long cowl, dragged open the loop which secured it at the neck, and the sable disguise dropped at his feet, revealing to De Mowbray the mailed and imposing figure of Sir Ingram Chesterton, hitherto the coadjutor of, and commanding with him in their sovereign's

expeditions against the marauding Scots, but who now appeared in the character of spy, to connive at the downfall of the refractory chief.

De Mowbray rose from his seat, and, sword in hand, stood wildly gazing on Sir Ingram Chesterton, who crouched before him, overcome by shame rather than by fear: the amazement of the former somewhat subsiding, he furiously exclaimed—

"Traitor!—liar! this night's deceit shall be at a dear purchase to thee; for, ere to-morrow wakes, the ravens of Rowston Scaur shall peck thy head on the highest turret of Thirsk Castle!"

"Not while this loyal hand can wield a weapon, De Mowbray. Cast me into thy deepest dungeons, rack me with thy most ingenious tortures; but say not that my shame shall be blazoned to the day, or that my head shall be set up for every base-bred churl to flout."

"What have I done to thee," resumed De Mowbray, "that thou shouldst conspire to work me evil? Have I not fought by thee, stirrup to stirrup, against Henry's and our common foe? I struck down the Scottish trooper at the Battle of the Standard, when his axe was raised to cleave thee in twain; and did I ever deport myself to thee in any shape warranting such requital? I seek but to defend my castle and my lands, and to assert my domination, against the in-roads of Henry; and what should this concern Sir Ingram Chesterton?"

"I come not, gallant Mowbray, to bandy reproaches with you; either give me safe egress from your mansion, like a warrior of honour and credit, or put me in fetters, as your caprice may settle upon."

The promptings of mercy triumphed over those of justice in the breast of De Mowbray; and he conducted Sir Ingram Chesterton to the barbican of the castle, assuring him, that though he bid him not God speed, such omission should not detract from the reception he should meet with on his next appearance before the walls of Thirsk Castle.

The spy, Sir Ingram Chesterton, had scarcely departed, and the drawbridge of the castle was but just drawn up, when De Mowbray was called to hear the relation of Blind Dan, an eccentric wanderer, a poor kinsman of the sene-schal of the castle, who had been met by Sir Ingram on Carlton Moor, and persuaded to give him conduct to the castle; which having done, he himself entered, and told to the warden his suspicions respecting the polished monk

who had spoken him so fairly. Though blind, Dan's powers of recognition, and his familiarity with the surrounding localities, were unrivalled. A child of the mountain and the forest, his nights were mostly spent in wandering; and when occasionally he sought refreshment in sleep, his couch was the rough hay-rick, or the sheaves of the thrashing-floor, as chance threw such receptacles in his way; and it was in one of those nocturnal rambles that he met with Sir Ingram Chesterton.

"Saddle me my horse," commanded De Mowbray; "I will fathom this treachery, and repay Sir Ingram with his own coin. Lead the way to Carlton Moor, Dan; and stop thee where thou thinkest it was that this monk met thee. I will test *his* honour, since he hath clamoured for the maintaining of mine."

Wrapped up in his cloak, De Mowbray slowly rode along the outer walls of the castle, and entered on the dreary moorlands of Carlton, accompanied by Blind Dan as his guide. The latter walked boldly on, without once stopping, or deviating in the least from the right track. They arrived at the charmed row of the seven elms, where Dan, after passing the sixth, paused midway between it and the seventh, and raising his hand in the air, pronounced that to be the exact spot where he had encountered the leader of the royal forces. De Mowbray mused for a while in mute astonishment, and then wonderingly demanded of his sightless guide how it was that he had conducted him so minutely to the place; which Dan explained,—asserting that he was conscious of having passed the six elms, though he had not ascertained it by touching them (as De Mowbray and himself had halted full ten yards from them); but he accounted for the apparent phenomenon, by describing the cessation of movement in the air of which he was sensible when passing buildings or trees; and counting the times of such cessations, he acquired a knowledge of the precise number of elms they had passed, and which he had previously enumerated on meeting with Sir Ingram Chesterton.

It was after a long and tedious pause by the seven elms on Carlton Moor, that De Mowbray was enabled to form some conjecture of the probable situation of his enemy, the remote hum of whose encamped battalions he distinctly heard on the north-west of the Moor. The statement of the disguised Sir Ingram respecting their encampment be-

neath the hills in the vicinity of Sutton being but a *ruse de guerre*, intended to mislead the ingenuous Mowbray. Despatching Dan to the castle, he took the route of Sandhutton, and passed its isolated cross, the pallid figure of which gleamed solemnly in the rays of moonlight, extorting from the warrior a devout appeal to the Virgin, to prosper his cause. It was here that the barren moorland became diversified with patches of brushwood and hazel, and immediately beyond these was a hilly wood of some magnitude, bordering the more fertile valley of Sandhutton. In this valley were the royal forces encamped, and from the lofty wood alluded to, De Mowbray had a commanding view of the assailers, whose tents were disposed in two long lines distinctly visible in the light of the cloudless moon. From that cursory inspection, even, he discovered that the foe were double the number of his own retainers. Tying his steed to a tree in the wood, he descended into the valley, and approached the tent of Sir Ingram Chesterton, on which he saw hoisted the royal standard. The sentinels were pacing to and fro at its entrance, and he studiously kept himself in the shade, lest, though he had luckily evaded the enemy's out-posts, he might at last pay dearly for his temerity. Sleep, at last, overpowered their watchfulness, and eventually De Mowbray beheld them prostrated upon the grass. He entered the tent, and stood before the couch of Sir Ingram, who, sleepless and studious, had but just thrown himself upon it. Fierce and revengeful was the glance with which he recognized De Mowbray; and, forgetting the generous example which that chieftain had but so recently set him, he vociferated—

"Mowbray!—madman! by this insolence hast thou dared thy death! By my father's fame, the whole of the rebellious estates conjoined cannot now save thee from my vengeance!"

Saying which, the impetuous and unarmed Sir Ingram sprang on De Mowbray, and closing with him, strove resolutely to give him the fall. But his own anger, which had subdued his voice, was his greatest opponent, and De Mowbray shook him off with the same ease as that with which he could have thrown the veriest stripling, and, retreating from the tent, passed the alarmed yet drowsy sentinels, and made speed to the hill-seated thicket where was his steed. While releasing him, De Mowbray received a startling proof

of the malignity of his dishonourable enemy: an arrow, shot from Sir Ingram's tent, whirled past De Mowbray's head, and tore a splinter from the tree adjoining. Thus admonished, he pressed his charger hotly forward, and stayed not his pace till he had passed the gigantic portal: of his own castle.

Cut off from all communion with his surrounding friends, and confident of the immediate movement and consequent attack of the besiegers, Sir Roger bestirred himself with that defensive alacrity which so well became one placed in his perilous circumstances. He disposed of his soldiers to the best advantage; two hundred good bowmen occupying each of the three most vulnerable points of attack in the stately edifice, and De Mowbray himself assuming the direct command on the main bastion. The body of reserve occupied the quadrangular court of the interior, prepared to act in extremity. Though debarred the co-operation of his allies, De Mowbray had fortunately availed himself of supplies of the murderous missiles in requisition for the defence of the noble pile. Ten horses' loads of arrows had been received, a day or two before, from the forest of Sutton in Galtes; and the armoury of the castle was replenished by some of the best artificers in France.

The morning broke over the broad hills, and showed the grey walls of Thirsk Castle, bristling with spears and battle-axes, and shining with helmets and shields. The sun arose, and gilded with his beams the embattled turrets of the fortress; from the highest of them streamed the banner of De Mowbray, the crimson cross and escallop shells on which were honourable record of the baron's crusading prowess. The pleasant dew adorned the grassy turf, which before nightfall was wet with the blood of many a warrior. Throughout the whole valley an imposing stillness prevailed, broken only by the occasional lowing of the grazing ox, or sounds of axe and hammer, heard from the castle. This silence was a preface to the enemy's approach, who were espied advancing from the west. Sir Ingram had not calculated upon a fierce resistance, as he had baffled De Mowbray's plans of reinforcement, and his movements were lax accordingly. His centre line took up its position on the south, in the meadow called the Flatte, and the right and left lines filed off obliquely from them, so as in part to compass the eastern and western walls

of the castle. A corps of reserve were placed in the rear, with the miners, engineers, &c.; and another was divided to constitute the two outposts, in order to guard against any reprisal from the neighbouring barons. A few moments' delay, and the herald despatched by Sir Ingram approached the walls, sounded a parley, and demanded of De Mowbray the surrender of himself and his castle to their sovereign liege and lord, Henry, a requisition which the noble Sir Roger flouted in the most contemptuous language. Sir Ingram, now finding that the contest would be long and bloody, immediately commanded his miners to advance, under cover of their mantelets, to the dry fosse bounding the moat, part of which they proceeded to throw up as a considerable redoubt, levelling the rest so as to make way for the beleaguers to cross the moat on rafts, at whatever point the first breach in the walls might be made. At the same juncture the front line commenced the attack by a smart shower of arrows, which were directly acknowledged by a corresponding return from the beleaguered. For nearly two hours the battle went sorely against Sir Ingram, owing to the strong rays of the mounting sun, which fell upon the faces of his men with almost blinding influence. The Flatte was strewn with their carcasses: here the impetuous horse pawed the bloody turf in the agonies of his last gasp—

"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With blood on his brow, and with dust on his mail."

The waters of the moat had become dyed with gore, and the budding beauty of the verdant meadows was trampled and torn by the feet of the assailants and their horses. They had suffered severely, as had also De Mowbray; but he sustained the hopes of his soldiers, by expressing his expectations of the aid he should receive from his uncle, who was at Northallerton with reinforcements, but deterred from marching through fear of the superior numbers of the enemy. Sir Ingram, in like manner, comforted his soldiers, by communicating to them that he had assurances from Henry, who was at York, of additional men, should the rebels hold out beyond sunset.

Suddenly the sun became overcast, though but three o'clock in the day, and its hue changed to that of a blood-red*—an omen which struck fear into

* Authenticated by Camden, as having occurred at another conflict in the immediate neighbourhood.

the retainers of De Mowbray. The enemy now concentrated, and a loud shout from them announced a breach in the walls, effected by the propelling of huge stones from their ballists. The remainder of the lines on the flank, commanded by some of Sir Ingram's brave bannerets, made their way to the moat, which, covered with rafts, was now fordable; and here the carnage was appalling. The besieged, rallying with the desperation of despair, directed their united fury on the raftsmen, who, though well covered, fell in immense masses, partially obstructing the breach. But the moment of victory was at hand: a fatal stone struck Sir Roger de Mowbray on the temple, and he fell, enjoining his soldiers, with his last groan, to hold out to a man—an injunction which was forestalled; for, ere the eyes of the expiring chieftain were closed, the besiegers, with three victorious cheers, had scaled the breach and taken possession of the castle, the few remaining retainers having relinquished a warfare which it would have been madness to continue.

The commanding fortress of Thirsk Castle, which, as report affirms, was so lofty and extensive as to be "a guide to the northern abbeys round about," was levelled with the silent mound, by command of the stern Henry II.—a fortress where, as Camden says, "began that rebellion which was quenched in blood."

"Hark! the loud engines tear its trembling walls,
And from its base the massive fabric falls:
And all at once its ancient honours fade,
These lofty towers, and all these noble spalls,
Sink into silence 'midst intestine broils—
In prostrate ruin lost, and dark oblivion laid!" G. Y. H.—*n.*

MAY DAY.

Another year! and I am still among the sons of men,
And thou, my own dear sunny May, art greeting me again:
How fresh is every gale that comes upon thy morning wings!
How sweet the carol of the lark that in mid-
-ether sings!

The tomb of winter yields its dead to thy celestial power,
The glowing orb of day gives hues to herb, and tree, and flower:
The breath of life breathes over earth, and e'en my heart is glad,
That many months of storms had made more weary worn and sad.

The glorious May! she comes, she comes, with bright and starry brow,
Nature yields to her father God all adoration now:
Is there a heart so base, so fallen, that feels no impulse high,
When happiness is greeting man, while joy stands laughing by?

O come upon thy wings, bright May, with thy own dowerly band,
There is no cheek so fresh as thine, no lip so rich and bland!

With primroses and cowslips strewn along thy odorous way

Come in thy own pure sphere of light while zephyrs round thee play.

My heart is thine, for thou again hast steep'd it deep in youth.

The hours long perish'd now return as if they came in truth;

The wild-flowers' boy-remember'd smell, the balin of heaven's own air—

Thou bring'st back things to me again, long flown—Oh! tell me where?

Where I shall be when thou, fair month, wilt many a year return,

Earth's unborn millions to rejoice—in my unheeded urn!

O dear art thou to me, sweet May, in this my latter time,

And welcome thy soft hours again, thou child of Summer's prime! *The Metro.*

Original Correspondence.

LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MISS ANNA SEWARD.

[*Unpublished.*]

[Having been favoured by a kind contributor, whose effusions have often thrown a lustre on the pages of the OLIO, with two letters, received by the above distinguished lady (his relative) from the Author of Waverley, we hasten to introduce the first of them to the attention of our readers; feeling fully convinced that every thing connected with the universally admired writings of this great ornament of our times will be read with unusual interest. *Ed.*]

Edinburgh, Castle-street, June 29, 1802.

SINCE I was honoured by Miss Seward's highly flattering favour, I have been collecting my forces for a reply; which I do not know whether I should commence by pleading for mercy and favour for the ancient ballads, by expressing my happiness at the acquittal of those which are more modern, or by an address of thanks for the charming *morceau* of theoretical Scottish, by which I have been so much delighted. But the last subject is certainly entitled to precedence, especially as it is connected with a very selfish petition, that you will permit me to adorn the proposed third volume of *Border Minstrelsy* with "Rich Auld Willy's Farewell."—I have looked it through with an eye of accurate and *invidious* criticism, not as to the poetry, for have I not been long acquainted with the *Monody* on Major Andre, and *Elegy* on Captain Cook? but surely I thought I should detect some inaccurate application of a Scottish phrase, upon which I should have been happy to have founded a hope that Miss Seward's absolute condemnation of the *Border* poetry, arose from an imperfect conception of the rude language which

the bards have adopted. But, alas! you have not left me even this poor *stepping-stone*, to save my vanity, wounded as it is as a legitimate descendant of the Border marauders, and carry it across the torrent of your criticism; for, excepting one single word, I have not been able to find any expression or turn of phrase, which could mark that the author of the Farewell had had the *deplorable misfortune* to be born south of the Tweed: that single word is *yerk'd*, which, although in one sense it may be considered as synonymous to *strained*, cannot be classically applied to a bird straining its throat. To *yerk* signifies to twitch tight, as you would strain the cords of a trunk, or to strike with a sharp rod or whip; but it will not bear the metaphorical application in which it is used in the Farewell; and it is the only instance in which the staunchest and most experienced Scotsman can possibly convict Miss Seward of an inferior command of his own language, to that which all the world knows she has displayed of the English. Moreover as the great danger and dexterity of the border thieves was often displayed in the passage of the rivers which separated them from England, I am not sure whether "*drumly fords*" does not convey to a Scottish ear a more direct and appropriate degree of danger than the general word *floods*, which does not necessarily imply the circumstance of the Borderers crossing the torrents.

These are the only observations which I have to offer on the subject of "Auld Willie's Farewell," which has infinite merit, as well in the previous stanzas as in the unexpected and comic turn of the conclusion. I have some thoughts of attempting a Border ballad in the comic manner, but I almost despair of bringing it well out. A certain Sir William Scott, from whom I am descended, was ill-advised enough to plunder the estate of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the present Lord Elibank. The marauder was defeated, seized and brought in fetters to the Castle of Elibank upon the Tweed. The Lady Murray (agreeably to the custom of all ladies in ancient tales) was seated on the battlements, and descried the return of her husband with his prisoners; she immediately enquired what he intended to do with the young Knight of Harden, which was the *petit titre* of Sir William Scott,—“Hang the robber assuredly,” was the answer of Sir Gideon. “What!” answered the lady, “hang the handsome young Knight of Harden, when I

have three ill-favoured daughters unmarried? No, no, Sir Gideon, we'll force him to marry our youngest daughter, Meg.” Now, tradition says that Meg Murray was the ugliest woman in the four counties, and that she was called in the homely dialect of the time Mickle Mouth'd Meg. (I will not affront you by an explanation, as I am sure you know the Scottish as well as I do.) Sir Gideon, like a good husband and tender father, entered into his wife's sentiments, and proposed to Sir William the alternative of becoming his son-in-law, or decorating with his carcase the *kindly* gallows of Elibank. The lady was so very very ugly that Sir William, the handsomest man of his time, positively refused the honour of her hand. Three days were allowed him to make up his mind, and it was not until he found one end of a rope made fast to his neck, and the other knitted to a sturdy oak bough, that his resolution gave way, and he preferred an ugly wife to the literal noose. It is said they were afterwards a very happy couple. She had a curious hand at pickling the beef which he stole, and, marauder as he was, he had little better reason to dread being twitted by the pawky gowk. This is one of the little anecdotes which, whether by its being perpetually told to me when young, or by a sort of perverted taste for such anecdotes, has always struck me as a good subject for a comic ballad, and how happy should I be were Miss Seward to agree in opinion with me.

This little tale may serve for an introduction to some observations I have to offer in moderation of your criticism upon our popular poetry. It will at least so far disclose your correspondent's weak side, as to induce you to make much allowance for my mode of arguing. Much of its peculiar charms is indeed, I believe, to be attributed solely to its locality. A very commonplace and obvious epithet, when applied to a place or scene which we have been accustomed to view with pleasure, recalls to us not merely the local imagery, but a thousand little nameless associations, which we are unable to separate or to define. In some verses of that eccentric but admirable poet, Coleridge, he talks of

An old rude tale that suited well
The ruins wild and hoary.

I think there are few who have not been in some degree touched with this local sympathy. Tell a peasant an ordinary tale of robbery and murder, and, perhaps, you may fail to interest him; but,

to excite his terror, you assure him it happened on the very heath which he usually crosses, or to a man whose family he has known, and you rarely meet such a mere image of humanity as remains entirely unmoved. I suspect it is pretty much the same with myself, and many of my countrymen, who are charmed by the effects of local description, and sometimes impute that effect to the poet which is produced by the recollections and associations which his verses excite. Why else did Sir Philip Sidney feel that the tale of Percy and Douglas moved him like the sound of a trumpet? Or, why is it that a Swiss sickened at hearing the famous "Ranz des Vaches," to which the native of any other country would have listened for a hundred days without any other sensation than *ennui*. I fear our poetical taste is in general much more linked with our prejudices of birth, of education, and of habitual thinking, than our vanity will allow us to suppose, and that, let the point of the poet's dart be as sharp as that of Cupid, it is the wings which are lent it by the fancy and prepossessions of the gentle reader which carry it to the mark. It may appear like great egotism to pretend to illustrate my position from the reception which the productions of so mere a ballad-monger as myself have met from the public; but I cannot help observing, that all Scotsmen prefer the "Eve of St. John" to "Glenfilas," and most of my English friends entertain precisely an opposite opinion.

I am exceedingly obliged, indeed, as well by your notices of the ballads as by your diverting parodies, although they do not *entirely* alter my opinion of the merit of the originals. The *Ben-norie* of Pinkerton, as far as it differs from mine, as well as the "Death of Menteith," which are honoured by your approbation, are the compositions of that gentleman himself. "Balow, my babe!" is at least a hundred and twenty or thirty years old. It is parodied as a popular Scottish song in a play of the Hon. Mr. Howard, whose works are so keenly ridiculed in the "Rehearsal."

That recreant knight, Mackenzie, is a subscriber to my third volume, which I think will soon see the light. I am afraid that you will still find it contain somewhat too much of the *mist of ages*; but it shall wait upon you as soon as thrown off. If you can point out any direct conveyance from Scotland to Litchfield, I can take care that it is safely conveyed. I shall impatiently

wait for your permission to insert your charming *Farewell*. Should you ever honour Scotland with a visit, Mrs. Scott would be happy in the opportunity of knowing you, and I doubly so in being personally introduced to a lady whose poetical talents I have so long admired. I have been writing this letter by a paragraph at a time for about a month, this being the season when we are most devoted to the

"Drowsy bench and babbling hall."

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your very much obliged and faithful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.

Continued from page 263.

For the *Olio*.

Ay, pride can vell, and courage brave it all,
All—all—before—beyond the deadliest fall.

THE CORSAIR.

TIME rolled on, and the adventure of the ruin had sunken into partial oblivion, or was only recalled with a laugh by all, except Walton, when a circumstance occurred that was destined to bind me still closer to him by the ties of gratitude. As I have previously remarked, it was a custom with us to request permission, in companies of three or four, to go out in the half-holidays, on various excursions we might previously have planned, and which was invariably granted, when the duty of the morning had been properly executed.

On the occasion I allude to, Walton, two others, and myself, had obtained leave one day, and hiring a boat, after rowing about half a mile from the land, the day being remarkably fine, we agreed to bathe. Undressing, three of us jumped into the sea, leaving the fourth in charge of the boat. Not the breathing of a zephyr disturbed the glassy surface of the water, as it reflected the warm sunlight of a day in June, while we sported about, swimming, floating, and diving, as our various fancy prompted. Imperceptibly almost I had swam beyond my two companions, Walton and Stubbs, the other lad, when, just as I was in the act of turning round to regain their company, I was seized with the cramp in the left side,—so instantaneously that I had only time to utter a cry for assistance, and throw up my convulsively grasped hands, when the bubbling waters closed over my sinking

head. I shall never forget that moment of horror. A thousand lights flashed tumultuously before my eyes, while the thundering roar of rushing waters assailed my ears, as, suffocating, I sunk through the liquid element, despair of agonised life struggling in the fast encircling arms of death. Since that period, to my surprise, I have heard many persons assert, that drowning, of all violent deaths, was the most easy—a theory, by the way, that will be found most inconsistent with sage experience.

No sooner had my shriek for help been heard,—as I was since informed,—than Walton and Stubbs made towards me with all possible expedition; but, had not Walton very greatly distanced his competitor, it would evidently have been of no avail; for he only reached the place in time to see me sinking the third time, within a few yards of him, when, diving, at which he was very expert, he contrived to seize me by the hair of the head, and bring me up to the surface of the water, where he held me until the boat came to his assistance and took us both in, when after some time, by chafing and wrapping me up warmly, they succeeded in recovering me.

On the following morning, when I proceeded to express my gratitude in a calmer and more intelligible manner than I had previously been enabled to do, he stopped me short, exclaiming,

“Don’t make me ashamed of a simple act of duty; the facts refer to our old argument; you were destined to be nigh drowned—and I, as the unworthy instrument of providence, to save you.”

“Yet, nevertheless,” I rejoined, “as the unworthy instrument of providence, it is no less my duty to thank you, which I do in words that ill express the sincerity of my feelings.”

He cordially grasped my hand, as he uttered one of his singular opinions.

“You see, then,” he said, “upon a close inspection of the circumstances, thanks are not my due. I was actuated, as when I put the question to the woman of the ruin, by one of those irresistible feelings of the soul we cannot define, that though coming under the denomination of good or bad, are, in fact, both equally the offspring of chance and circumstance, emanating from resistless fate.”

As he alluded to the adventure of the ruin, a slight gloom passed across his countenance, like the cloud on a sum-

mer sky. Perceiving that the circumstance, notwithstanding his dislike to admit it, dwelt upon his mind, and willing if possible to eradicate it, I exclaimed—

“You surely cannot for a moment, Walton, have allowed the random words of a crazed and malignant old woman to affect you in the least. Pardon me,” I continued, “for alluding to a circumstance that whether named by others or yourself, seems, to my surprise, to cast a gloom over your countenance and demeanour, as if, indeed, you dreaded the accomplishment of a prophecy silly and improbable.”

“I have not forgotten it:—I do not say I put faith in it, but I assert that far stranger and more improbable circumstances are on indisputed records both ancient and modern.”

Since that period he evinced an evident desire not to refer to the prophecy of the ruin.

From very early choice, Walton, though an only and indulged son, was intended by his father, a widower, and eminent stock-broker, for the noble profession of arms, of which he was enthusiastically fond. Having just passed his sixteenth year, he was now in quarterly expectation of leaving. But the event was partly hastened by unhappy circumstances connected with the blooming little rustic beauty previously mentioned, whom Walton had been in the habit of meeting, over which I would fain draw a veil. It was the first act that dimmed the lustre of his honour; but if sincere remorse and contrition might be received in palliation for the first fatal effects of youthful passion, he certainly felt them severely.

To be brief, Walton left the academy for the military college of S—h, to qualify himself for the profession he was to enter; I need scarcely say that he went attended by the sympathy and friendship of nearly the whole school. I, on my own part, was sorely grieved to part with the first sincere and truly disinterested friend I had ever known. However, as some alleviation to the sorrow we mutually expressed, we both agreed to keep up a regular correspondence.

During the space of eleven months, I had the pleasure of constantly hearing from Walton, who, with the exception of a duel in which he had wounded his opponent, had written nothing out of the common course of gossip between two young men. The last letter I ever

received from him in Cumberland, which followed close upon a previous one, seemed written in the very effervescence of hope and high spirits, as he informed me that a commission had been procured him in the — Dragoons, and that he had orders to repair to W—, the depot of the regiment, immediately, which was in expectation of receiving orders for the Peninsula, the war having just then broke out. Scarce a month after this, and much sooner than I had expected, I received a visit from an uncle, under whose guardianship I was placed, who came for the purpose of accompanying me to that great capital and trading mart of the British empire, London, where an appointment had been procured for me in an office under government. Accordingly, bidding good bye to my playmates and scholastic tuition, I immediately lost no time in complying with an order so gratifying in every way to my then exulting feelings of enfranchisement.

On my arrival in town, I immediately wrote to Walton, informing him of my removal, and giving him the latest news of the old seat of our education; among which I remember telling him of Ennesly (the lad so conspicuous for cowardice in the adventure in the ruin,) having left since my last letter. But days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and I was much surprised at receiving no answer to my epistle. At the time I gradually got into the belief, that, mixed in the gaiety of a military life, and surrounded by new friends, he had ceased to think of an old crony and schoolfellow. Such were the painful thoughts that filled my mind at his supposed contemptuous neglect, that at length, hurt and indignant at his conduct, I determined to forget him, and think no more of the fickle friendship of one whom the world had so soon estranged.

I had been three months in town, when I received an invitation to a splendid evening party given by an East India Director, at which I anticipated no small gratification, as it promised to abound with beauty and fashion. Dressed out to what I considered the utmost advantage, on the evening mentioned in the card of invitation, I was announced, and made my entrance into the splendid and brilliantly lit-up drawing-room, where, after going through the usual compliments and salutes with some nervous embarrassment, for I had just commenced

being initiated into fashionable society, I took a chair facing the door, watching for the arrival of some friends.

While sitting in my somewhat lonely situation, and occasionally eyeing the gay and elegantly dressed groups interspersed over the room, chatting and laughing, I observed that the two only daughters of the Director, with a whole bevy of young ladies, had taken a station close to my side, where, giggling and prattling, they appeared watching, like myself, the entrance of some one.

"And is he then, really, so very—very handsome and engaging?" enquired one lispng young miss.

"I tell you, Letitia, he is the most charming young fellow you ever beheld. So noble-looking and accomplished—it's impossible not to like him!" was the animated reply of the eldest of the host's fair daughters.

"Well, I must confess," said another of the groupe, "from all I have heard, I should extremely like to see this young Cornet, just—just merely to see if I approve of your taste."

"Oh, it's utterly impossible, Isabel, you could see him without admiring him. The only thing I fear is, that some of you may go away with aching hearts!"

This was uttered with a seriousness of expression that produced a general laugh, as all declared there was no fear.

"Does he sing?" enquired one.

"Delightfully—and composes too."

"Does he dance?" uttered another.

"Delightfully well!"

Here a long conversation followed, in which the aforesaid Cornet's qualifications were discussed; which, to equal the catalogue held out by the two young ladies, must indeed have been numerous. In fact, I had heard sufficient to inspire me with some slight curiosity to see this prodigy of fascination in our sex.

"Is that him?" would exclaim, in a whisper, at least some half-a-dozen voices, as the door opened, and a handsome young man chanced to enter; when followed a negative proportionably contemptuous to the appearance of the individual.

The fair cluster near me was just getting on the tip-toe of expectation, in consequence of many disappointments, when the young friends whom I had expected to meet arrived. I had just quitted my seat, and walked across the room to join them, when the hastily whispered words of "That's him!—

that's him!" from the groupe of young ladies, made me turn hastily round. But words are ill-adequate to express my astonishment, when, in this military favourite, I beheld none other than my old crony Walton, most elegantly habited, and looking to far greater advantage than I had ever seen him before. It is true, the effect of dissipation was visible: there was no longer that ruddy look of health in his countenance—nor had his figure retained that look of stoutness it formerly possessed; but there was a fashionable ease and elegance in his manners bordering upon *nonchalance*, as he addressed the hostess of the mansion, who evidently treated him with great distinction. After returning the recognisances of many about him, with whom he seemed acquainted, he sauntered towards the groupe of young ladies who had so anxiously, within my own knowledge, been waiting his arrival, and with a courtly assurance commenced, to judge by their united reprisals and bursts of laughter, a light, witty, and animated strain of conversation.

Hitherto, I had kept my eye upon him, in the vain expectation of encountering him, not without the doubtful feeling, as I had reason to suppose that the change in his exterior might have communicated to his heart, and that, in reality, he might not be particularly anxious to acknowledge one very much his inferior in appearance, and that fashionable air of courtly breeding, so essentially requisite in polished society.

Determined to ascertain, beyond dispute, whether he had indeed, as the fashionable phrase goes, 'cut me,' I made up my mind that he should never plead ignorance of not having seen me, and for this purpose, after refreshments had gone round, and all were repairing to cards, music, or conversation, I walked up to a circle he was surrounded by, of fashionable young men, to whom he was holding forth, in a mock heroic, on the folly and uncertainty of all sublunary joys, in a tone and manner that set his auditors in a roar of laughter.

Suddenly his glancing eye rested and fixed upon mine—a nervous twinge ran through my frame for a moment; in the next, he was through the crowd, calling me by my name, and had given me a wring of the hand that reminded me of his former celebrity for grappling. After being seated and making the usual enquiries, he was the first to tax me

with unkindness and want of friendship, in not writing and letting him know of my having left the north; at the same time informing me he was the more surprised, as he had written three letters directed to me at school. In return, I informed him, that I had written to him two months since, telling him of having come up to town, likewise not forgetting penning my address, and was much surprised at receiving no answer; which, as time went on, I could not help attributing to the hurry and bustle attending new friends, fresh scenes, and a new life altogether.

"Then you wronged me greatly," was his reply. "With respect to your letter, which I never received, I can only account for it, by supposing it must have been lost or mislaid by a drunken fellow of a servant whom I some time since dismissed on the account of drowning the few senses he had in liquor. But tell me, how is it you never received my letters, for, unlike you, I wrote no fewer than three, one after the other!"

"That is easily accounted for," I said, "as my address in town is unknown in Cumberland; consequently they were unable to forward them."

I learnt likewise from Walton, during the course of conversation, that he had only come up from Chatham a week ago, on a month's leave of absence, which, he gaily informed me, he intended spending in the pleasures of the metropolis, previous to being shot off in the Spanish Peninsula, where the regiment was in expectation of being ordered.

"Oh, fie, Mr. Walton!" exclaimed the eldest of the hostess's fair daughters, as she broke in upon our conversation; "how can you be so ungallant in spending so much time upon your own sex, when there are so many sighing for a glance and a word among our's! Come," she added, laying her jewelled fingers very complacently on his arm, "you must positively attend me with your friend to the music-rooms below, where the sons and daughters of harmony are already assembling; and where I shall expect you positively to sing that delightful song of your own composition, which you once favoured us with. I have pledged my word for you."

The young lady's harangue admitting of no appeal, we repaired below, where the tuning of instruments, and rustling of silks and music paper, gave 'note of preparation.' It was after

several popular pieces had been very tolerably executed by some amateurs, that Wal'on was requested by a knot of young ladies to sing. As I remarked, unlike many others, without any pressing, he seated himself at the piano, and ran over the keys of the instrument in a manner in which taste was more conspicuous than science. The verses were some he had composed at school, which I well remembered; in themselves they were simple and trivial—but rich, full of sweetness and melody, the tones of his voice sounded with pathos and feeling as he sung them.

SONG.

Give me a kiss from thy pure lip,
By thee, dear Ella, given,
'Tis like Elysian dew we sip,
For oh! it tastes of Heaven.
Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
Do not—do not deny me!

Give me a kiss, nor turn thine eye
Away, its dark blue beaming,
Like moonlight from Italia's sky,
In mild refulgence streaming.
Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
Do not—do not deny me!

Give me a kiss, there's naught I prize
On earth one half so dearly!
I swear it by those soul-lit eyes,
There's none loves more sincerely.
Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
Do not—do not deny me!

A murmur of approbation and pleasure sounded among his auditors as he finished, who placed him in constant request during the evening: and it was after spending the time most pleasantly, that the party broke up early in the morning, when Walton and I separated, engaged in the service of the ladies, under a promise of meeting on the morrow. *To be continued.*

LONDON LYRICS.

PROVERBS.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
Versed in Valerian, Dock, and Sage
Well knew the Virtues of herbs;
But Proverbs gain'd her chief applause,
"Child," she exclaim'd, "respect old saws,
And pin your faith on Proverbs."

Thus taught, I dubb'd my lot secure;
And, playing long rope, "slow and sure,"
Conceiv'd my movement clever.
When lo! an urchin by my side
Push'd me head foremost in, and cried—
"Keep Moving," "Now or Never."

At Melton, next, I join'd the hunt,
Of bogs and bushes bore the brunt,
Nor once my courser held in;
But when I saw a yawning steep,
I thought of "Look before you leap,"
And curb'd my eager gelding.

While doubtful thus I rein'd my roan,
Willing to save a Fractur'd bone,
Yet fearful of exposure;
A sportsman thus my spirit stirr'd—
"Delays are dangerous"—I spur'd
My steed, and leap'd th' enclosure.

I lodged Jane, who heard me say,
That "Rome was not built in a day,"
When lo! Sir Fleet O'Grady
Put this, my saw, to sea again,
And proved, by running off with Jane,
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Aware "New Brooms sweep clean," I took
An untaught tyro for a cook,
(The tale I tell a fact is)
She spoilt my soup: But, when I chid,
She thus once more my work undid,
"Perfection comes from Practice."

Thus, out of every adage hit,
And, finding that ancestral wit
As changeful as the clime is:
From Proverbs turning on my heel,
I now cull Wisdom from my seat,
Whose motto's "Ne quid nimis."

New Mon Mag.

APHORISMS ON MAN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

The greatest proof of pride is its being able to extinguish envy and jealousy. Vanity produces the latter effect on the continent.

The advantage of our nobility over the plebeian classes is said to be in the blood and in the breed—the Norman breed, we suppose—the high noses and arched eyebrows date from the Conquest. We plead guilty to the insinuation conveyed in the expression—"the coronet face"—and bow with some sort of pride to the pride of birth. But this hypothesis is hardly compatible with the evident improvement in the present generation of noblemen and gentlemen by the intermarriages with rich heiresses, or the beautiful Pamelas of an humbler stock. *Crossing the breed* has done much good; for the actual race of Bond-street loungers would make a very respectable regiment of grenadiers; and the satire on Beau Didapper, in Fielding's Joseph Andrews, has lost its force.

It has been often made a subject of dispute, What is the distinguishing characteristic of man? And the answer may, perhaps, be given, that *he is the only animal that dresses*. He is the only being who is coxcomb enough not to go out of the world naked as he came into it; that is ashamed of what he really is, and proud of what he is not; and that tries to pass off an artificial disguise as himself. We may safely extend the old maxim, and say that it is the tailor that makes both the gentleman and the man. *Fine feathers make fine birds*.—this lie is the motto of the human mind. Dress a fellow in sheep-skin, and he is a clown—dress him in scarlet, and he is a gentleman. It is then the clothes that make all the difference; and the moral agent is simply the lay figure to hang them on. Man, in short, is the only creature in the

known world, with whom appearances pass for realities, words for things; or that has the wit to find out his own defects, and the impudence and hypocrisy, by merely concealing them, to persuade himself and others that he has them not. Teniers's monkeys, habited like monks, may be thought a satire on human nature—alas! it is a piece of natural history. The monks are the larger and more solemn species, to be sure. Swift has taken a good bird's-eye view of man's nature, by abstracting the habitual notions of size, and looking at it in *great* or in *little*: would that some one had the boldness and the art to do a similar service, by stripping off the coat from his back, the vizor from his thoughts, or by dressing up some other creature in similar mummery! It is not his body alone that he tampers with, and metamorphoses so successfully,—he tricks out his mind and soul in borrowed finery, and in the admired costume of gravity and imposture. If he has a desire to commit a base or cruel action without remorse, and with the applause of the spectators, he has only to throw the cloak of religion over it, and invoke Heaven to set its seal on a massacre or a robbery. At one time dirt, at another indecency, at another rapine, at a fourth rancorous malignity, is decked out and accredited in the garb of sanctity. The instant there is a flaw, a "damned spot" to be concealed, it is glossed over with a doubtful name.—Again, we dress up our enemies in nicknames, and they march to the stake as assuredly as in *san Benitos*. The words Heretic or Papist, Jew or Infidel, labelled on those who differ from us, stand us in lieu of sense or decency.—If a man be mean, he sets up for economy; if selfish, he pretends to be prudent; if harsh, firm; and so on.. What enormities, what follies are not undertaken for the love of glory!—and the worst of all, are said to be for the glory of God! Strange, that a reptile should wish to be thought an angel; or that he should not be content to writhe and grovel in his native earth, without aspiring to the skies! It is from the love of dress and finery. He is the chimney-sweeper on May-day all the year round: the soot peeps through the rags and tinsel, and all the flowers of sentiment!

A person who is full of secrets is a knave or a fool, or both.

Month's Mag.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. QUICK, THE COMEDIAN.

For the Olio.

"The Corners, if you please, sir?"

Some years ago, a political barber lived in the neighbourhood of Pentonville; he was so deeply engrossed with the "Malta Question," that he performed double duty on his customers' phizzes, crowns and understanding, to give length to his opinionated colloquies. Quick was a lively subject for this politico-animal magnetism. Whenever he entered the little "green-room," in which he was concealed by the appendure of a narrow clean curtain drawn inside the glass window, all was bustle and bristle for operation. "Any news from Malta to-day!"—"None, I believe."—"Those vile French!—A very Dunkirk affair, Mr. Quick."—"Tis so."—"Never mind, sir, they'll get into the suds yet."—"They will." But, reader, before the heat of battle begins, imagine the napkin tucked under Quick's chin—paper, the shaver's epaulette, placed on the shoulder, with the head reclined back—the razor smoothened over the palm—the lather rubbed on—the nose pinched, and the crop fast receding from the face. Quick, at this critical point, was sure to continue his prevailing question—"Any news from Malta?" The barber, teased to death by this interrogatory, would exclaim, "D—n Malta—God forgive me!—I beg your pardon, sir."—"But the French are dead beat."—"The corners, sir, if you please." To be brief,—the barber always got clear of his quiz at this juncture of the razor, and decided his Maltese argument at the *corners*.—Quick, however, laid a wager with a friend, that he would take the barber to shave a corpse, and make him so far forget himself in the heat of his politics as to ejaculate "the corners, sir, if you please," which was accomplished to the letter. Quick often afterwards returned the laugh on the barber, and but for his kindlier nature in the serious part of the affair, declared that he could have worked it up into a humorous scene with effect. Such, indeed, is the force of habit, and the all-engrossing power of political enthusiasm, that some persons are scarcely *compos mentis*, even in their common daily concerns; and whenever the barber was reminded of his absence of mind, he drew his face into lengthy contortions, and said—"Ah! Mr. Quick, there's no razor so cutting as you are."—"Nor," Quick

added, "no caliph's barber so *quixotic* as to ask a dead man to mind the corners, if you please, sir."

The effect of seeing a guinea.—Once, after Quick's arrival in Scotland, for the benefit of his health, a friend advised him to consult the celebrated Dr. G; and by informing him he was of Thalia's train, the doctor would probably prescribe *gratis*. Quick had an interview, and putting the prescription into his pocket, was retiring, but for courtesy's sake, asked the amount of the fee!—"Nothing to you, Mr. Quack," said the doctor. While this compliment passed, however, Quick reconsidering, tendered a guinea, which the doctor accepted.—Quick's friend meeting him at the tavern inquired the particulars of the interview. "Oh!" said he, "you let the doctor see the guinea, did you?"—"Yes, I did."—"Ah! I forgot to caution—the doctor's love of gold is such, that whenever he feels his own pulse, he takes a guinea out of one pocket and puts into the other."—[*Pastor Fidus* communicated this anecdote several years since to an eminent literary work; but, as it is slightly altered in verbiage, he offers no apology for its reprint.]

Quick's walks, and his companions.—Quick was no less an admirer than an actor of nature: he took his regular walks in the rural parts of Islington, and extended them into the boundaries of Hornsey; and he was sometimes seen with his friends—Dr. Strahan, the then highly esteemed vicar, and Mr. Nicholls, the then erudite "Urban" of the "Gentleman's Magazine,"—after the doctor had refreshed his mind at the British Museum, to which he regularly went, and the amiable editor sought relaxation from his revising and studious duties. At the going down of the sun, about the time that Abraham Newland cast his last glance over the scenes of Highbury, ere he returned to the Bank for the night, Quick frequently jogged on in conversation with one friend or another—sometimes his wife—inhaling the air, and enjoying the more delightfully open and picturesque scenery than, alas! it is now. On the return from a rational and heart-inspiring walk, Quick, if not *seduced*, as he called it, into his friends' houses, joined his *select few*, for a whiff, or a *bon mot*. Of these, Mr. Nelson, the author of the "History of Islington," and some then well-known worthies, all of whom Quick survived, were a part.

Quick's mourning the loss of his friends.—There was a lone gentleman

in mourning who sat in a pew in the church weeping in his handkerchief, when some one of the persons named as his associates occupied the "last home." Many for a moment wondered (though the sextoness knew) who it was that felt so much, yet strove to conceal his pure emotion,—it was the kind and lamenting Quick! After the burial service he was heard to say—"his heart-strings were snapping one after another, till himself must go; for he was the only survivor in the associations of feeling." Then, quoting Thomson's verses on the death of Mr. Aikman—

As those we love decay, we die in part.
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low:
Dragg'd ling'ring on, from partial death, to death,
Till dying, all he can resign is — breath.

His integrity and conduct.—However the lighter shades of humour led Quick into eccentricities, and gave unfavourable impressions to saturnine temperaments, not fully acquainted with his motives and their suave tendencies, his integrity to principle, with a regular and undeviating course of purpose, were unquestionably directed to consolation and future happiness. He was a strict follower of the established church, and unless prevented by indisposition, like a good Christian, found in his seat of devotion. In his retirement he was retired; and when at the — or elsewhere, at a stated hour he put down his pipe, finished his last sip, and bidding his friends a valediction, went home in peace and charity with all men. If those who are now in the dramatic profession, and to whom his mantle has descended, will drop a tear on his grave, may they imitate his good qualities and throw aside the memory of his foibles, so that their latter end may be like his, and their sheaves of reputation be fully ripe for the harvest of public approbation!

PASTOR FIDUS.

FORENSIC WIT.

For the Olio.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of men more celebrated for their ready wit than the "Gentlemen of the Bar;" and, methinks, a collection of their *Sayings* without their *Doings*, would afford as amusing an *odd* volume to the lovers of whimsicalities as any on record. We

transcribe one or two for specimens, heading them with such titles as best their character; for instance:—

A TICKLISH CASE.—A lawyer, now deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before a Scottish Judge, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms.—Happening to have a client, a female of the name of *Tickle*, defendant in an action, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain:—"Tickle my client, the defendant, my Lord."—The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the Judge replying:—"Tickle her yourself, Harry—you are as able as I."

HOAXING AT THE BAR.—A certain special pleader in the Chancery Court, almost as witless as his wig, was induced to change his practice, with the hope of making a figure at the bar of the King's Bench. To prove himself worthy of his brief, he commenced his short career with brow-beating a witness,—endeavouring to throw him off his guard by groundless charges against his respectability. Finding himself at fault, an old practitioner, and a wag, whispered, charge him with the *fact* of his being six months in Gloucester jail.

"Now, sir—Mr. Honest Gentleman—a—pray, when were you last in Gloucester jail?"

"In Gloucester jail!"

"Ay, sir—in Gloucester jail—come, remember you are upon oath, sir."

"In Gloucester jail, sir," (much agitated), "what for, sir?"

Here the interrogator being again at fault, his prompter whispered, "for *suicide*."

"For the commission of *suicide*, sir—come—no prevaricating—What—I have you at last—hey, sir!" W.H.P.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M.W. of Windsor.

A LONG SIGHT.—Within the last seven years, there lived at St. Helena a man who possessed a very remarkable and curious sight, by which he was enabled to discover the approach of vessels and describe their magnitude, while they were yet two days sail away from the island; and, consequently, he generally had awarded to him all the dollars which are given as a gratuity to the first person who perceives and announces a vessel in the offing. The wonderful sight of this individual became the subject of conversation among all

classes of society, and a gentleman, who commanded a large ship, determined to put his sight and veracity to a test, unknown to him, (as he doubted the truth of the statement and attributed it to chance). On his return from India, when within three days sail of the island, he ordered a large spar to be hoisted abaft the mizen mast, and to be rigged, which he kept up till within one day's sail, and then struck it. The man, as usual, was on the look out, and announced a vessel approaching with four masts; but the day previous to her arrival, he said he supposed some accident had happened on board, as she had struck her fourth mast. This was before she was in sight to general observers. On the captain's landing, he was interrogated about the fourth mast, when he acknowledged he had had a spar rigged purposely, to ascertain whether the man really possessed the very extraordinary sight generally attributed to him.

STREET MINSTRELS are the only nuisance you *cannot* avoid, for they follow you. If you happen to dislike the clattering of a coppersmith's, as some people do, you may retire to some other part of the town, or of the world, where coppersmiths do not abound. A "compound of vile smells" assails you from some neighbouring manufactory—you have nothing to do but withdraw yourself from its vicinity. A crying child is (without intending a pun) a crying evil, yet it is one which may be subdued; if the brat be your own, you may flog it into silence; if it be the property of some more favoured individual, a monitory look, illustrated by a sly pinch or two, will be found an effectual remedy. But there is neither cure for, nor escape from, a barrel-organ. *New Mon. Mag.*

NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—"The State Register" for 1831, gives the number of newspapers in the State of New York at 234, of which about 70 are favourable to the present Administration, and 80 against; 45 of the latter number are anti-masonic. In Putnam and Rockland counties only, no papers are published. In the city of New York there are 51 papers of all kinds; daily, 11; semi-weekly, 10; weekly, 24; semi-monthly, 1. There are supposed to be 18,000 daily sheets published, 18,000 semi-weekly, and 50,000 weekly. The whole number of papers printed in the city in a year, is supposed to be 9,576,500; in the whole State, 14,536,000. The paper consumed by the Journals of the State in a year,

is estimated at above 33,000 reams, and the cost of it, at four dollars a ream, 132,000 dollars. *Ib.*

THE RESTORATION.—The ensuing short but interesting notice of the return of the graceless Charles, is given by that chronicler of confusion, Aubrey. The spirit manifest in the quotation is quite in character with that wavering and unsettled enthusiasm which drank the blood of Charles I.,—patriotically established, and then plotted against, the Protector,—and, lastly, fell down and worshipped the unworthy son of its royal victim:—"On its being intimated by Monk, that there should be a free parliament, immediately a loud holla and shout was given, all the bells in the city ringing, and the whole city looked as if it had been in a flame by the bonfires, which were prodigiously great and frequent, and ran like a train over the city. They made little gibbets and roasted rumpes of mutton, naye I sawe some very good rumpes of beef. Health to King Charles II. was dranke in the streets, by the bonfires, even on their knees. This humour ran by the next night to Salisbury, where was the like joy; so to Chalke, where they made a great bonfire on the top of the hill; from thence to Blandford and Shaftesbury, and so to the Land's End. Well! a free parliament was chosen, and Sir Harbottle Grimston was chosen speaker. The first thing he put to the question was, Whether Charles Stuart should be sent for, or no? Yea, yea, *nem. con.* Sir Thomas Greenhill was then in towne, and posted away to Brussels, found the king at dinner, little dreaming of so good news, rises presently from dinner, had his coach immediately made ready, and that night got out of the King of Spain's dominions, into the Prince of Orange's country. Now, as the morn grows lighter and lighter, and more glorious till it is perfect day, so it was with the joy of the people. Maypoles, which in the hypocritical times 'twas d— to set up, now were set up in everycross-way; and at the Strand near Drury Lane, was set up the most prodigious one for height that perhaps was ever seen; they were fain, I remember, to have the seaman's art to elevate it. The juvenile and rustic folks at that time had so much desire of this kind, that I think there have been very few set up since."—*Aubrey's Miscel.*—It is almost superfluous to remind the reader, that all this rejoicing was for the enthroning of a man, whom to have assassinated, two years after, would have been deemed, by these bell-ringers and

bonfire kindlers, an act worthy of canonization. *G.Y.H.*

THE SKELETON MAN.—A report has been made to the Academie des Sciences, of an uncommonly lean man, once a soldier, and thirty-four years of age. Having been wounded, and left for three days on damp ground, he was taken to a house, when he was seized with a deep sleep, that lasted three months. From that time his emaciation commenced, and his muscles are now so reduced, that they have become flat cords, invisible on the surface. The weight of his body has been reduced from 135 French lbs. to 58. His sight is good, but his heart, from its beating, does not apparently exceed the size of a kitten's. His intellect is perfect; he eats and drinks well, and has become the father of four children since the commencement of his emaciation.

Æneidiana.

PHYSIC FOR THE DOCTOR.—A country apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, in the hope of disconcerting a young clergyman, whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the hearing of a large company at a public assembly, "Why the Patriarchs of old lived to such an extreme age?"—to which the clergyman replied, "I suppose the ancient Patriarchs took no *physic*."

GEORGE I.—During one of the journeys of this monarch to Hanover, his coach broke down: at a distance, in view, was the chateau of a considerable German nobleman: the king sent to him for assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and requested the honour of his majesty's accepting a dinner till his carriage was repaired. While dinner was preparing, the nobleman begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures which he had formed in several tours in Italy; but what should the king see in one of the rooms, but the unknown portrait of a person *in the robes and in the regalia* of the SOVEREIGN OF GREAT BRITAIN! George asked whom it represented? The nobleman replied, with much diffidence, but decent respect, "that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the Chevalier St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture."—"Upon my word," said the king, instantly endeavouring to remove the embarrassment of his liberal entertainer, "*it is very like to the family.*"

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, May 2.

St. Athanasius.

High Water 5 1/2m aft 4 Morning—1 1/2m aft 5 After.
If Burns had asked what was the greatest luxury of May, I suppose he would have quoted from his "Cotter's Saturday Night,"—

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale.

"Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

At which Gilpin would quote, from his "Forest Scenery," a passage proving the poets to be very foolish for their admiration of so insignificant and elegant a bush. We, however, shall take part with Burns, only we would conjure a Nightingale into his hawthorn, and the hawthorn into a forest; for of all May delights, listening to the Nightingale is the greatest, and when heard at still midnight, the music starts above you, filling with lustre the clear blue sky; the trees lifting up their young and varied foliage to the silvery light; the deer quietly resting in their thickest shadows, and the night-breeze ever and anon wafting through the air "Sabeian odours,"—then if you feel neither love nor poetry, depend upon it you are neither lover nor poet.

Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

Tuesday, May 3.

Invention of the Holly Cross.

Sun rises 3 1/2m after 4—sets 2 1/2m after 7.

CROSSES.—From the earliest ages of Christianity," says Brady, "the Cross has very naturally been made the emblem of our holy faith. It was the *private* mark or signal, by which the Christians used to distinguish each other, among their Pagan adversaries, during the times of persecution, as it was afterwards their *public emblem* when their danger became less imminent; and it is yet the 'Sign' with which all Christian churches; however widely differing in other respects, mark those who are admitted to the benefits of baptism. Wherever the gospel was first spread, a pious care caused crosses to be erected as standards, around which the faithful might assemble, the more conveniently to hear the divine truths inculcated; and, by degrees, these symbols were fixed in every place of public resort. Every town had its cross, at which engagements, whether of a religious or worldly interest, were entered into. Every church-yard had one, whereon to rest the bodies of the deceased, from which the preacher gave his lessons upon the mutability of life. At the turning of every public road was placed a cross, for the two-fold purposes of rest for the bearers of the pious defunct, and for reminding travellers of the Saviour who died for their salvation. The boundaries of every parish were distinguished by crosses, at which, during the ancient perambulations, the people alternately prayed and regaled themselves. Every grant from sovereigns or nobles, every engagement between individuals, was alike marked with the cross; and in all cases, this emblem *alone* was deemed an efficient substitute for the subscription of a name."

Wednesday, May 4;

St. Monica, A.D. 387.

High Water 1 1/2m aft 6 Morning—3 1/2m aft 6 After.
May 4, 1799.—A anniversary of the taking of the city of Seringapatam by storm. The capital of the Mysore country fell into the hands of the British army, which was commanded by General Harris. The body of Tipoo Sultan was discovered beneath heaps of slain at one of its gates. Three millions of treasure, and 2,200 pieces of cannon, and an immense booty found in the city rewarded the victors.

The fate of an uncommonly brave man, though of humble grade, deserves honourable mention on this occasion. Serjeant Graham, of the Bombay European regiment, leader of the *Forlorn Hope*, a self-devoted band, who began the attack in the dreadful Storming of Seringapatam, had by clambering upon the rampart over the bodies of his fallen comrades, planted the British ensign upon its walls, and called out "Huzza!" when a shot mortally struck him to the heart; and this intrepid fellow, after having been but one moment, to his own feelings, a greater man than his general, and an object of envy for an Alexander, dropped lifeless in the ditch of the fort.

We beg to inform our Dover friend that we are compelled to decline the articles enquired after from want of interest.

Part 44, with six Engravings, is just published—Also No. 1 of a Series of Illustrations for Scrap Books, &c from the OLIO.

Thursday, May 5.

St. Ansgar, mar. A.D. 1225.

Moon's Last Quarter, 3 1/2m after 3 Morn.

The admonitory verse of old Iussor to the husbandman, regarding the *Swarming of Bees*, and the illustrative note appended to it by the editor of the modern edition, we think will not be amiss in this place.

"Take heed to thy bees, that are ready to swarm. The loss thereof now is a crown's worth of harm, Let skilful be ready, and diligence seen, Lest being too careless, thou loest thy been."

"Bees begin to swarm in May, and require attention during gleams of sunshine, between the hours of ten and three. Usually, the hives give some indication of their swarming, which should not be neglected. The old proverb says, 'A swarm in May is worth a load of hay.' If the loss of a swarm, however, was the loss of a crown in the sixteenth century, it appears that bees were then of greater proportional value than at present. Few swarms will fetch more than 15s. at this time, yet in every point of view they are a productive stock to the poor man, because they cost nothing but a little care and trouble. The custom of entertaining bees with the rough music of the key, the warming-pan, or the fire-shovel, in order to make them settle, has probably little effect, except as far as it ascertains property, by giving notice to the neighbours that a swarm is in the air, which may be claimed wherever it alights."

Friday, May 6.

St. Eadbert, Bish. and Conf. A.D. 1000.

Sun rises 3 1/2m after 4—sets 3 1/2m after 7.

THE WREATH OF MAY.

The slender rod of leaves and flowers

So fragrant and so gay,

Produce of Spring's serener hours,

Peculiarly is May.

This slender rod the hawthorn bears,

And, when its bloom is o'er,

Its ruby berries then it wears,

The songsters' winter store.

Then tho' it charm the sight and smell

In Spring's delicious hours,

The feather'd choir its praise shall tell

'Gainst winter round us lours.

Oh then, my love, from me receive

This beauteous hawthorn spray;

A garland for thy head it'll weave:—

Be thou my QUEEN OF MAY.

Saturday, May 7.

St. Stanislaus of Cracow, mar. A.D. 1079.

High Water 5 1/2m aft 6 Morning—2 1/2m aft 10 After.

May 7, 1827.—Died that extremely popular preacher Dr. Hawker. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and for the long period of fifty years previously to his decease, he had been Vicar of Charles the Martyr at Plymouth. Whenever this eminent divine visited the metropolis, he drew such crowded congregations, that the limbs and lives of his auditory were frequently endangered. Dr. Hawker was the founder of many charities, and was benignant and affectionate to all.

Sunday, May 8.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(Rogation Sunday.)

Lessons for the Day.—8 chapter Deut. Morning.

9 chap. Deut. Evening.

In the Roman Calendar the celebration of the Lemuria is noticed to-day. The Lemuria were so called from the Lemures—the manes of the dead. The ancients supposed that the souls, after death, wandered all over the world, and disturbed the peace of its inhabitants. The good spirits were called *lares familiares*, and the evil ones were known by the names of *larvas* or *lemures*. They terrified the good, and continually haunted the wicked and impious; and the Romans had the superstition to celebrate festivals in their honour, called Lemuria, or Lemuralia, in the month of May. They were first instituted by Romulus to appease the manes of his brother Remus, from whom they were called Remuria, and, by corruption, Lemuria. These solemnities lasted three days, during which the temples of the gods were shut, and marriages prohibited.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIX.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, May 14, 1831.



See page 200

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Romances of the Rhine.

For the Olio.

Hail to thee, majestic river!
Thou show'st indeed no trace of time;
Broad and bright and grand as ever,
Still art thou, romantic Rhine!

Many a tow and many a tower
And many a crumbling font and shrine,
And vineyard, crown'd with golden shro,ve,
Within thy polish'd waters shine.

And each bath legend wild to tell
Of haunted turret, maze and mine;
Of goblins' hate and wizards' spell,
And wand'ring spectres' boding sign.

T. F.

THE WITCH HARP.

IDREMEANE, while riding one beautiful summer's evening near the Lake of Constance, became all at once arrested by the wild tones of a harp, seemingly at no great distance from him. The instrument, it was plain, was touched by no unpractised hand, for the melody was so sweet and so inexpressibly wild,

that Idremene was absolutely in raptures with it. He turned in every direction to seek the charming musician, but all his searching proved for some time utterly vain. At length, however, the few faint gleams of departing day, which yet lingered on the horizon, enabled him to discern a female form of more than mortal loveliness, seated on the brow of a grassy hillock that partly overhung the brilliant waters of the lake. Her sweetly moulded features were turned towards the sky, and the yet feeble radiance of the early moon shining thereon, gave to them an expression at once enchanting and divine. A profusion of bright golden tresses descended from her head to her waist; and a thin silvery habit, slightly confined at that part with a zone of diamonds, enveloped her fine voluptuous form. A harp, composed apparently of silver, stood before her, breathing, as often as her slender fingers roamed among the strings, those sweet enchanting tones that Idremene had heard.—The Count having spent a few moments in contemplating the beauteous and

what he certainly considered, unearthly being, alighted from his steed, and silently approached her; he ascended the hillock whereon she sat, and anon her radiant countenance beamed full and sweetly upon him. To Idremene's surprise, she testified no alarm whatever at his approach, neither did she attempt to remove. She ceased her song and fixed her shining eyes upon his visage, while he, in a confused manner, offered some apology for his intrusion.

"Pardon, beautiful maiden!" he exclaimed, "the presumption thy charms have created; thy syren voice it was that drew me hither; sure sounds so heavenly never could proceed from mortal lips, nor charms so peerless grace a creature of earth."

"You are right," she replied, "in supposing me no earthly being. You behold, Count Idremene—nay, wonder not at my knowledge of you—you behold a daughter of this fairy lake!"

"Ha!" cried Idremene mournfully "then I shall lose thee."

"Nay, not so," answered the beautiful nymph. "Here, after sunset, shalt thou find me the whole summer long. Wilt thou not come again?"

Idremene was at her feet; her small white hand was in his; and while he beheld his own fine embrowned visage vividly reflected in her large lustrous eyes, he was at leisure to scan more minutely than he had hitherto done, the contour of her's. Her face possessed the hue and transparency of the purest alabaster; her tiny pouting lips were tinged with a glow that would have shamed the budding moss-rose; and her eyes were brilliant, and blue as the waters of her native lake. Her strict feminine loveliness was, perhaps, greatly heightened by the dark manly visage and stalwart form of the German Count at her feet.

A quick withdrawal of the fair hand which he had still continued to press, caused him presently to spring on his feet; but he was too late to witness the departure of his lovely companion,—she had completely disappeared. He gazed around, but nothing met his eye, except his steed, which, quietly browsing at the foot of the hillock, seemed the only thing of life near him. He looked steadfastly over the waters, but no trace whatever of any thing having entered them was visible,—they rested calm and motionless in the dewy moonlight; the stars shone sweetly, the heavens were without a cloud, and the beautiful scenery around—the woods, the vine-

yards, and the tower-crowned heights, which so abundantly fringe the magnificent Rhine, gleamed with moisture in the silvery light. The Count sighed deeply, shook the dew from his mantle, and approached his steed; and often, as he galloped towards his home, did his eyes wander back to the hill by the lake.

The evenings, regular as they came, saw Idremene hasten to his beautiful nymph, and in those delicious interviews did he centre his sole felicity. Few enjoyments, however, are suffered to be of very long duration, and Idremene was one to experience the truth of the adage. His constant evening excursions had long been a subject of wonder to his numerous retainers, and many and various were the conjectures which that contemptible fraternity had started touching the why and wherefore. At length the real cause was discovered, and by no less important a personage than Hans the woodman. This wight, fearing that some harm threatened the Count, as he had no very exalted opinion of the river lady, betook himself one evening to the hermitage of Father Aldomir, which hermitage stood at about the distance of three bow-shots from Idremene Castle. To its lord the friar was solely indebted for his support, and in return performed the part of mediciner to the household, which his knowledge of herbs, drugs, and the like, enabled him skillfully to practise. Aldomir was by no means ascetical himself, though like a true son of the church would he, with a most lengthened and pious exordium, frequently set forth the necessity of abstinence and the numberless benefits accruing therefrom; and with more than stentorian emphasis would he as frequently inveigh against the sin of drunkenness and gluttony, though many a time and oft his own dwelling was the theatre of both. Such was the character of the friar; to describe his person would be a needless waste of time and paper,—let the reader picture to himself a squat, rubicund, round-headed, rosy-cheeked wight, and he has Father Aldomir before him.

Hans the woodman having armed himself with a couple of flasks of wine, the choicest the Count's cellar would produce, repaired, therefore, to the friar's abode.

"Enter," he cried to the loud rap of the woodman on the door of his hut. Hans obeyed, and vailing his bonnet, drew a seat towards the rustic table, on

which he placed the flasks. The friar's little eyes twinkled joyously at the sight of them, notwithstanding the sharp reproof which he gave the woodman.

"Nay, holy father," said the latter, "be not severe; in sooth, I thought the wine would be of comfort to ye, since the nights are growing chill; but I came hither, father, to discourse with ye on a subject which presses somewhat heavily on my heart."

"Disburthen thyself straight, my son," replied the friar; "for know 'tis in the power of holy church alone to forget thee forgiveness."

"Nay, pardon me, father,—'tis no crime nor sin that I have to confess—I came to talk with ye touching an affair of danger towards another."

"Fie! fie! my son," answered Aldomir, who having been occupied in tapping and scrutinizing the contents of the flasks, had paid not the strictest attention to the woodman's speech;—"thou only augmentest thy sin in thus striving to elude confession."

"But, father," cried the woodman, elevating his voice, "listen to me: I came not, I tell thee, to confession, but to impart to thee a secret of importance. I say the Count, Count Idremene, our noble master, is threatened with danger."

"Ha! what!" said the friar quickly, and now for the first time fixing his tiny bluefish orbs on the woodman's visage; "the Count threatened with danger!—From whence?—from whom?—Speak, Hans, speak."

Hans detailed at some length the intercourse of his master with the beautiful harpress, concluding with his profound belief that she certes could be no other than fiend or witch come to carry off the Count to her hellish abode. As to Aldomir, he had done nothing else during the narration but count his beads, cross himself, turn up the whites of his eyes, and utter paternosters in abundance. Shortly, however, he decided on what course it would be most prudent to proceed; he explained to Hans that the harp in question was the same that had allured many a soul to destruction; that it now pleased heaven to appoint him to break the spell, and render its future power abortive. He was about to enter into a long discussion respecting it, but the castle-bell sounding the eighth hour of the night caused him to postpone his design, and accompany the woodman to the lake, which lay at a considerable distance beyond.

The evening was delightful; stars

innumerable thronged the unclouded heaven, and a rich silvery moonlight flooded the landscape. The hermitage stood on the border of a magnificent forest, whose glades and avenues they threaded at a quick pace; the tall grass beneath their feet, the branches above them, and the low copse wood which they brushed as they passed along, saturated their garments, and soon wetted them through to the skin. The woodman minded it not, neither did the friar, which latter had frequently recourse to one of the flasks, which all his anxiety for the Count's safety had not caused him to forget to arm himself with. The nightingale piped melodiously, and the pressure of their feet upon the sward sent forth a continual burst of fragrance from the herbs and flowers which so luxuriantly sprinkled it.

An hour's smart walking brought them in view of the Lake of Constance, which appeared stretching out like a sheet of silver in the moonlight, fringed with its hills of lively and luxuriant green. One hillock towering above the others anon made itself visible, and, seated thereon, they could presently discern two scarcely defined forms. Hastily and stealthily they approached it, and in a few moments they were sufficiently near to distinguish the tones of a harp, which the following words accompanied:

Real pleasures flies the festival
In greenwood bower, in banner'd hall,

To revel 'neath the sea;

'Tis there alone she loves to reign,
There music pours its joyous strain,
And feath'ry trip the ocean train,
Beneath the deep, deep sea.

"Count," said the harpress, turning from her instrument, and twining her beautiful white arm around his neck, "will you not accompany me?"

"I will," cried the fascinated Idremene, "lead where thou wilt, I'll follow thee."

"Plunge with me, then, beneath these crystal waters. Your hand—now—"

"Hold, rash man, hold!" bellowed the friar, who at that moment made himself visible on the brow of the hill, puffing and blowing from exhaustion, and launching as well and as lustily as he might anathemas most formidable on the beautiful harpress, a proceeding in which he was materially assisted by the sturdy woodman.

The voice of Idremene obtained a moment's silence. "What mean ye?" he loudly and angrily demanded,—"what brought ye hither? Back, knaves,

this moment, or your lives shall answer it—hence, I say!”

“No, Count Idremene,” shouted Al-domir, still louder, “we are come hither to save you. Sathanas, avant! Hans, do as I commanded ye.”

The woodman grappled the Count unawares, and immediately pinioned his arms. The friar, meanwhile, approached the harp, on which the female now despondingly clung; he drew from his bosom a small ebony crucifix, and glancing towards the Count, who now passively contemplated his movements, he uttered some unintelligible sentences, and passed it over the strings. A wild thrilling incoherency of sound immediately ensued,—they became red hot, flamed,—and presently, the harp disappearing, a grim, fiendish shape was seen to entwine the lady in its arms, and leap from the rock into the flood at its base.

All heard the plunge, and instantly approached the brink of the precipice. They beheld the agitated waters sparkle in the moonbeams, and the far spreading gyres which the plash occasioned—but no trace whatever of the beautiful harpess remained. T. F.

Lays of the Deep.

—For the Ollo.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

THE FIRST MATE'S SONG.

What life is there so free from care,
So free from every pain,
As he who laughs and deeply quaffs,
And deeply quaffs again?
Let sages teach and wisdom preach,
Preach of mankind's folly,
But give for me the lad at sea—
The lad at sea that's jolly.

There is no joy without alloy,
Save the bright, flowing bowl;
What can compare with Bacchus's fare?
Then drink and pledge each soul.

Those lads who fly when grog is nigh,
In danger fly their post;
Then be the boy whose can't his joy
Each gallant sailor's toast.

The gems we prize are beauty's eyes,
Bright sparkling as our glass!
Oh, tell me where with such compare—
On earth there's none, alas!

Where should we go to calm our woe,
Where fly to find relief?
In the deep bowl alone each soul
Can drown its wat'ry grief.

THE LADY OF CARWINION.

—For the Ollo.

“We will stop at Carwinion,” said my friend Harvey, after a hard day's walking in the neighbourhood of the Lizard; we shall be sure of a welcome;

and I much wish to see my old friend Mrs. Trelawney.”

Harvey was a native of this part of Cornwall, and knew every individual and place of any note within many miles of this district. I had met him on the continent, and, much pleased with his society, had agreed on an excursion in the summer for the purpose of investigating the geology of the western extremity of the kingdom; and on this day we had made a complete survey of the Lizard Point. Turning away from the contemplation of the massy rocks rising from their ocean bed, which compose this bold promontory, we were soon at Carwinion; and though I expected from Harvey's promise to spend a pleasant hour or two in the evening, after our day's ramble, I was much and agreeably surprised at the rich fund of anecdote and story of our kind hostess. From the exterior of Carwinion, no one would imagine it was any more than a respectable farm residence; but, on entering the house, he would be struck with an elegance quite at variance with its outward appearance. We were shewn into a little room with rich black oak panelling and carved work, the windows deeply set in the wall, (at that moment shedding a faint but mellow light around the apartment, for the sun was then going below the horizon, shewing its broad disk over the wide Atlantic); the ceiling of the room was ornamented with a deep wrought cornice; and in a little recess, from an elegant vase of Italian marble, were flowers scattering their perfumes gratefully to the sense.

Fatigued with our day's toil, we enjoyed the comfortable hospitality of Mrs. Trelawney to her complete satisfaction, and did ample justice to the cakes, coffee, and rich clouted cream, for which this county is so famous; and they were rendered more delicious by the kind manner in which we were pressed to partake of what was before us. The news of the day, anecdote and social chat brought about the hour for repose, and I was shewn to the apartment I was to occupy for the night. If the appearance of the parlour pleased me and excited my curiosity, this much more arrested my attention. The stairs, &c. leading to it were all of the black polished oak used in the best houses near two centuries since, and the room itself was a beautiful specimen of the workmanship of olden time. It was a small square room, excepting towards the east; on that side were the

windows, forming a deep recess, in which were shelves of books, some fine old paintings of saints by the Italian masters, and in a little niche was an ivory crucifix, curiously wrought, with several catholic books of devotion; the whole evidently pointing out that this had been the abode of some person of piety, who at the same time possessed a mind capable of enjoying the elegancies of art and refinement. The decoration of the interior of this little mansion had rivetted my attention, and called imagination to my aid, to form some reason why this house should be fitted up in a manner so different to any in the neighbourhood; but though I formed twenty conjectures, I was dissatisfied with them all, and in the end went to bed with a determination to enquire as far as politeness would permit, of Mrs. Trelawny, in the morning, what I had been so perplexed to account for.

The sleep of this night, from the hard toil of the day, was the most refreshing I had ever enjoyed, and I awoke in the morning to gaze upon a scene beautiful beyond description. The land surrounding the house was highly cultivated and teeming with plenty; the corn, in the ear, was gently agitated by the breeze, and from it the lark lightly springing rose full of joyful music to hail his god, the sun; in the distance was to be seen the little fishing-boats, returning with the produce of the night's labour; and at the extreme point of view were the ship's passing to and fro to their destined havens, mere specks in the horizon.—Descending to the parlour I found Mrs. Trelawney busied in preparing breakfast, and in a short time I was fully engaged in that most pleasant occupation, the partaking of it. I now began to consider the best means of commencing my inquiries; but I was saved the trouble by Mrs. Trelawney's relating some anecdotes of the neighbourhood, in the course of which she unconsciously was led to make Carwinion and its lady the subject of her discourse; it was a simple story, scarcely worth repeating, but it interested me, and may please some others; at all events, it cannot offend any one, and so I will give it in her own words.

The Trelawneys had held the estate of Carwinion for nearly a century, under the Lords of Godolphin, and as they were the most considerable tenants of that house, there was always a social intercourse between the parties; indeed, generally speaking, at that time

there was more friendship between landlord and tenant than at present. About the year 16—, the heir of Godolphin and Edward Trelawney, from being nearly the same age, joining in the same sports and exercises, and having received their education from the same tutor, formed a connexion, honourable to both, and cemented by an affection for each other more resembling brothers than that which generally exists between persons situated as they were, and moving in stations so widely different.

At the close of their education, Trelawney returned to the rural occupation of his fathers; his estate had been managed for some years before by his mother, his father having died when he was an infant; and now he took upon himself the cares which his inestimable parent had struggled with for many years. The young Lord Godolphin, to fit himself for the station he was intended to fill, went abroad on his travels to foreign courts. For some time their personal intercourse was suspended, though a frequent communication was held by letter.

One dreary December night, Trelawney had just prepared himself for rest, and only staid a few moments behind the remainder of the family to secure his dwelling, more from the inclemency of the weather than from any other fear, when the sound of a horse's hoof briskly trotting into his court-yard attracted his attention, and a knocking at the door immediately followed. He opened it, and a stranger entered, who, apologising for the intrusion, presented a letter, which he said would explain his business: it was from his friend Godolphin, and briefly stated, that knowing the friendship of Edward Trelawney, he intended making Carwinion the residence of a person in whom he was much interested, and begged permission to send some workmen to make such alteration in the house as his confidential servant (the bearer of the letter) might think necessary; he would repay him for his kindness, but he knew the person he addressed, and that was sufficient to warrant his acting in the manner he had done. The messenger was greeted with the welcome of a friend; permission was immediately granted, and in a few days workmen were in busy preparation for the arrival of some person, unknown to all but Godolphin's servant, who waited for his master to announce the visitor. Nothing was spared to get forward the

work, and in a few months the whole was completed. So far as circumstances would permit, the apartments were entirely from models by Italian masters, and for many years the beauty of the new buildings at Carwinion was a theme for admiration, and at the time a subject of gossiping wonder to the neighbourhood, who knew not for whom this preparation was made.

As unexpected as the arrival of his messenger was the approach of Godolphin, and with him came the unknown but expected visitor ;—it was a female, fair as the morn and full of smiles and beauty. Independent of friendship for its possessor, Godolphin had made choice of Carwinion for its secluded situation. Concealment from the public eye was an object much desired by him, and he thought here to remain perfectly unknown ; but by some means or other, strange reports found their way abroad concerning the lady : some said she was a poor deluded female, who had been tempted to run away from her friends by wicked arts ; others reversed it, and said she was the seducer, and had entrapped the affections of the young Lord ; and some found fault with her for her religion—she was a catholic, and the bigotted inhabitants of the neighbourhood objected to papistry being introduced among them. In time these remarks were silenced,—by the poor she became almost idolized, she was so good, so kind to them ; and then in her little walks she would call at their cottages, and in broken English inquire into their circumstances ; if distressed, they were sure of relief ; and though some still regarded her with a jealous eye, the blessing of the poor went with her, and God sanctified the blessing.

To Trelawney the whole was revealed. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman, who, to aggrandize the elder branch of his family had destined this, his youngest child, to the convent. The young Lord Godolphin was introduced to her at her father's house, where he had been a visitor ; he had been told the life she was doomed to,—it was so strange to English feelings, that he pitied her the moment he heard it ; besides, she was so beautiful, so unlike an inhabitant of the world,—one who appeared to look for support and protection from the very persons who were going to cast her off for ever, that he loved her before he had an idea it could possibly be the case ; though love utters not a word, it is eloquent—

in action, in looks, in attention to the wish, in the whole behaviour, it is shewn, and speaks a language as powerful as the finest oratory. In a situation like her's, doomed to be shut out from the world and its pleasures at the time they are enjoyed the most, the attentions of Godolphin had a power irresistible ; and it required little persuasion to induce her to accept his proposal of marriage, and leave her country for that of Britain ; they were privately married by the chaplain of the British embassy at Venice, and immediately left Italy.

Love had completely blinded Godolphin to the labyrinth into which he had plunged, he left Venice without any settled plan of proceeding, his only idea was to secure the prize, and elude the vengeance of the father of his bride ; but now other thoughts came to his mind,—the prejudices of his family against foreigners, the knowledge that another had been allotted him by his father,—then Carwinion and Trelawney were thought of ; and knowing it would be some months before he could arrive in England, without subjecting himself to a multitude of inquiries as to his return before the period prescribed, he dispatched his confidential servant to get the mansion and apartments in order for the reception of his lady, until better prospects opened to him, and he could introduce her to the world as the mistress of his house and sharer of his title and fortune.

The day of their arrival at Carwinion was completely typical of their after life ; the morning sun rose in splendour, but clouds and storm overshadowed it at noon ; then it brightened, and as the day declined and evening came on, there was a mild glory in the heavens, shedding its vivifying influence on the world, and the sun, in its setting, cast over the waters a stream of beautiful light, like that which religion throws on the last hours of a Christian, who, departing for another world, sees in that heavenly fulness of glory the cheering prospect of a rising again to joy and happiness. Such was the life of the Lady of Carwinion, soon after her arrival in England she gave birth to an infant, who lived but a few months ; then the father of her husband discovered the marriage, and drove him away from his protection ; poverty and distress came, yet she bore it all like an angel, cheering her husband in his sorrow, and bidding him look forward to brighter days.

At Carwinion, though overclouded at

times with grief (for three children successively came to bless for a moment, and then depart) were passed some of their happiest days; and when the time came that the old Lord died, they took possession of the rank and wealth they were entitled to with hearts moulded to bless and make happy their tenantry, more than if they had not tasted the world's cup of bitterness.

So beloved were they by the family of Trelawney, that after their departure every thing was scrupulously preserved in the same state as when they left it; and some years after, when Godolphin fell fighting for his sovereign in the civil wars between Charles and his Parliament, his lady came once more to her former habitation. She lived there many years, blessing and blessed; and when the great enemy of the human race, death, came upon her, patient and meek she submitted to the rod, and resigned her soul to the hand who gave it. She died; but if the blessings of the poor man, the prayers of the orphan and widow, the tears of her children and dependents, have any avail, she is now in the mansions of the blest. Being a catholic, she desired her body to be laid with those of her own communion, and at Llanhydod Priory may be seen the spot where she rests; it is marked by a plain marble slab, with only the initials of her name and the time of her death; it may be carelessly passed over by the stranger, but her memory will ever remain in the hearts of those who knew her, and the family of Trelawney. J.S.C.

THE PENSEE.

For the Olio.

The pansy? that's for thoughts.—*Shakspeare.*

'Tis but a lone, a simple flower,
I dare to give to thee,
In memory of our parting hour,
And thy last words to me.

The rose, with its leaves of crimson light,
(A vase of dew and bloom),
I offer not, 'tis all too bright
To image forth my doom.

And the flowers that cluster around this spot,
With their fairy stars of blue;
The wreaths of the charm'd forget-me-not,
They speak of a faith too true;

Of a fond devotion I dare not seek,
To a fate so wild as mine:
Then let this simple pensee speak
From my absent heart to thine!

Leeds.

E. S. CRAVEN.

Original Correspondence.

LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO
MISS ANNA SEWARD.

[Unpublished.]

Edinburgh. Castle-street, March 29. 1805.

I am honoured with your letter, and while I deeply sympathise in the cause of your distress, I cannot but hope that the lenient hand of time will so far soften the severity of your present sorrow, that what cannot be forgotten may at least be remembered with sensations less acute, though not less affecting. In particular, I hope you will give us many more last lays from the harp of Litchfield, and that the beautiful effusions you did me the honour to inclose will be followed by many of rural excellence. The epitaph is uncommonly affecting, and does honour alike to the composer who could express such eulogy, and to the object that could merit it.

I am truly happy that you found any amusement in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" it has great faults, of which no one can be more sensible than I am myself. Above all, it is deficient in that sort of continuity which a story ought to have, and which, were it to write again, I would endeavour to give it. But I began and wandered forward, like one in a pleasant country, getting to the top of one hill to see a prospect, and to the bottom of another to enjoy a shade; and what wonder if my course has been devious and desultory, and many of my excursions altogether unprofitable to the advance of my journey. The Dwarf Page is also an excrescence, and I plead guilty to all your censures concerning him. The truth is, he has a history, and it is this:—The story of Gilpin Horner was told by an old gentleman to Lady Dalkeith, and she, much diverted with his actually believing so grotesque a tale, insisted that I should make it into a Border ballad. I do not know if ever you saw my lovely chieftainess,—if you have, you must be aware that it is impossible for any one to refuse her request, as she has more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive, so if she had asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick, I must have attempted it. I began a few verses, to be called the "Goblin Page," and they lay long by me, till the applause of some friends, whose judgment I valued, induced me to resume the poem; so on I wrote, knowing no more than the man-in-the-moon how I was to end

At length the story appeared so uncouth, that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel, lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and that I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the Page, intended to be a principal person in the work, (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose), contrived to slink down stairs into the kitchen, and now he must e'en abide there. I mention these circumstances to you, and to any one whose applause I value, because I am unwilling you should suspect me of trifling with the public in *malice prepense*. As to the herd of critics, it is impossible for me to pay much attention to them, for as they do not understand what I call poetry, we talk in a foreign language to each other. Indeed many of these gentlemen appear to me to be a sort of tinkers, who, unable to *make* pots and pans, set up for *menders* of them, and, God knows, often maketwo holes in patching up one. The sixth canto is altogether redundant, for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do?—I had my book and my Page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe would have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto, so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the Minstrels. The burden to Albert Græme's song was intended to run thus:—

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa',—
being the burden of an old ditty, which I have heard when a child; but it was objected that I was not entitled to use a Scottish termination in an English poem, so I was obliged to adopt the harsher termination of *wall*. I will now descend from the confessional, which I think I have occupied long enough for the patience of my fair confessor. I am happy you are disposed to give me absolution, notwithstanding all my sins.

We have a new poet come forth amongst us—James Grahame by name, author of a poem called 'The Sabbath,' which I admire very much. If I can find an opportunity, I will send you a copy. Your mention of poor Leyden puts me in mind what a sinful correspondent I have been, since, had I written within this twelvemonth, I must have informed you that he is gone to India,

"Pursuing fortune's slippery ba'."

His recommendations are excellent, and I have no doubt of his success. The last time I heard of him he was appointed physician and naturalist to the commissioners appointed to survey the district of Mysore, which sounds like a good thing.

And now, dear Miss Seward, may hope and consolation attend you; and believe that you should number among your warmest well-wishers, your affectionate humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

TRADITIONS OF ITALY.

The Priest Buried Alive.—An avaricious priest of Milan used to overcharge the people very much for burying their dead. The Duke of Milan happened, in riding by, to observe a woman standing before her door, wringing her hands, and in tears; and enquired what was the cause of her distress. The woman said her husband was dead, and the priest would not bury him without a large sum of money; and although she had offered her house for sale, in order to raise the sum, nobody would buy it, and, in the meantime, the dead body was mouldering before her eyes. The Duke immediately dispatched a message to the priest, ordering him to bury the body, and assuring him he should have his proper reward; and, at the same time, he gave instructions to the grave-digger, to make the grave wide and deep. The priest immediately made preparations for a sumptuous funeral, set the bells a-ringing, and expected to be most handsomely rewarded for his zeal. No sooner, however, was the coffin lowered, than the duke who was present, ordered the greedy priest to be thrown after it into the grave and covered with earth, and presented the poor widow with his fortune.

The Undine.—During the time of King Roger of Sicily, a nobleman of Sicily went to bathe in the sea, by moonlight, near Messina. While bathing, he observed near him a water maiden, of a beautiful appearance, who was singing and floating over the waves. Wherever he attempted to turn, she followed; at last he laid hold of her by her long streaming hair, held her fast, pulled her to the shore, and asked her who she was, and whence she came. As she made no answer, he covered her with his cloak, and conducted her to his house. Here the nobleman made every effort to induce her

to speak, but in vain; — suppressed sighs, tender imploring glances, and a pressure of the hands, were the only answers she made to his questions. — He took her to wife, and lived with her a long time happily, till one of his servants unfortunately suggested to him that his wife was an evil spirit, a mermaid, who intended to destroy him. — Irritated by this thought, he went to her, taking with him her little child, and swore, that if she did not immediately declare her name and her descent, he would put the child to death before her eyes. Agitated beyond measure, after attempting in every way to calm her husband's rage, but in vain, she spoke thus, with a melancholy voice: — "Alas! now that I must speak, our happiness is at an end. I am of the race of the water nymphs, who love the depths of the sea; but now I can love you no longer, and live with you no more, but must leave you even this hour." She threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and vanished, never again to return. And when the child was grown up, and was walking one day on the sea-shore, his mother suddenly rose from the waves, pulled him in with a strong arm, and sunk with him to the bottom.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.

Continued from page 293.

For the Olio.

I SHALL pass over that and several subsequent interviews, which enabled me to perceive a change in Walton's real manners and habits, that a little reflection might have led me to expect in one of his impetuous and enthusiastic nature. Young, handsome, admired, and courted, his once frank, careless demeanour had become confident, vain, and haughty. While plunged into, and revelling in the very depths of dissipation, with funds to gratify his almost every wish, he had become a mark for the shafts of the vicious and designing. Hence arose those after scenes of misery and desolation that marked the course of one qualified for a splendid ornament of society.

Half the period allotted for his leave of absence had scarcely expired, when I perceived a gloom upon Walton's countenance, which the sunshine of pleasure and gaiety seemed ineffectual to disperse. To my anxious enquiries,

he at first alleged some trivial cause; but perceiving me, perhaps, incredulous, he at length informed me, with apparent indifference, that his father had sustained a loss of a few thousands in a banking-house in which he had much confided, that had vexed the old man, and occasioned himself a temporary inconvenience. But a few days made it generally known, through the medium of the papers, that those few thousands, as Walton had termed them, were in fact a large capital.

Notwithstanding the reports that were afloat in consequence of this circumstance, Walton was gayer and more dashing than ever; the number of his horses and servants was increased; but it was evident his spirits were no longer the same; they were depressed, except when elevated by wine to a fearful contrast of unnaturally wild exuberance. Latterly, too, Walton had formed a close intimacy, much to my surprise, with Ennesley, whom the reader may remember as the superstitious cowardly lad some pages back, and who was destined to be closely connected with the future fate of Walton. At school, there had always been something so despicably mean, sly, and cowardly in his deportment, that Walton and myself had ever treated him with a marked contempt, while it had entitled him generally from the rest of the school with the name of 'the fox,' by which appellation he usually went. His history is shortly as follows:

Richard Ennesley was the eldest son of a gentleman who filled the situation of confidential clerk in a first-rate mercantile house. He was early destined for a desk in the office which his father conducted with credit to himself and his principals. When very young, Ennesley gave indications of the bent of his mind; few boys were better accountants, could solve a question of figures sooner, or could write a better hand; but, at the same time, few in the whole class were so utterly ignorant of every other requisite and necessary acquirement. His chief pleasure seemed always coupled with his profit, in buying, changing, selling, and lending on interest to those in want; in all of which he was noted for taking contemptible and petty advantages, that many times drew upon him severe correction. At the age of eighteen he had quitted school, an object of contempt and dislike to all who had known him, to fill a mercantile situation.

Though parsimonious and selfish to

a degree, a love of dress and frequenting public amusements marked his character, and grew upon him. Servile and flattering when anything was to be gained, Richard Ennesley's tall spare figure, and small grey eye, was a true index of his mind. By an insinuating and flattering address, in which a wish to oblige seemed prominent, he had contrived to get introduced into some circles, where his station in life would hardly have entitled him. It was in one of these circles that Walton met him, and, infinitely to my surprise, commenced the acquaintance with Ennesley, whose pride—and strange to say, he had pride—seemed highly gratified in so often occupying a place in Walton's elegant curricle.

There were one or two, who, like myself, knowing something of Ennesley, perceived the acquaintance with sorrow, and even Walton himself, I thought, at times felt a touch of shame in introducing him; even though it was very evident he made a complete cat's paw of him. "Good fellow—goes through business like a lion—none like him for raising the wind, or quieting a dun—knows every turn of London—cannot do without him!" Such was the kind of half-apology Walton usually made, whenever his name was mentioned.

From a circumstance that occurred, I felt for Walton, and presaged the worst from his new acquaintance, while it accounted in some measure for Walton's constant absence from some of those parties I had been in the habit of meeting him at in an evening.

It was about three in the morning; I was walking down a street at the back of St. James's, returning home from a party, when two men, in high spirits, muffled up in cloaks, came out of a house before me, in the grated doorlight of which was burning a square lamp. "Done them by G—d, in high style!" they both exclaimed, in loud boisterous terms, rattling the gold in their pockets, as with flushed countenance and hasty steps, they walked on before me. The voices were not to be mistaken—they were those of Walton and Ennesley. I crossed the street with a sigh, in the conviction that he had at length obtained the high road to perdition, in the occupation of a gamester.

To one to whom I was so much indebted as Walton, I could not but perceive the dangers that environed and threatened him, and reflected with pleasure that in a fortnight he would be

necessitated to join his regiment, when he would be placed out of the reach of a man I firmly believed to be a designing villain.

Though animated and gay, fashionable and witty, as usual, driving his elegant equipage about the parks and St. James's, it was to me very evident but a semblance to hide that inward anguish there were times he could not entirely suppress. With evident design he had avoided the usual confidential discourse that had ever existed between us, while a foreboding darkness gathered darker on his brow, as the expiration of his leave of absence drew nigh.

It was within a week of the time appointed for him to join his regiment, that I called upon him at the superb hotel where he resided during his stay in town. His blood-shot eyes and pale countenance sufficiently announced the little rest he had received since the preceding night, as he reclined upon an easy chair, in his dressing-gown, at an elegantly set out breakfast table.

"I have written for renewed leave of absence," he uttered, after I had been seated; "and I am sorry to say it has been refused me."

"And the difference is, I am very glad of it," I observed.

"The deuce you are!—and why is that, I pray!" he asked, with some asperity.

"Walton," I said, with greater seriousness than he had ever heard me before, "I believe you know the sincere gratitude I bear you—that in fact binds me to your service, and which I can never forget. It is not my purpose to allude to anything disagreeable, but what I feel will be for your benefit. I merely appeal to your own sense and feelings, whether a longer stay from your profession would not be more prejudicial, detrimental, and more ruinous, I would say, in every respect, to your interests?"

He was touched; a shade of pensive sadness passed over his features, as he hung his head for a minute, as if in bitter reflection of the past.

"But come—away with these unmanly feelings of regret. What's done cannot be undone," he suddenly exclaimed, as with an action approaching to the wildness of despair, he struck off the top of a champagne bottle on the breakfast-table, and filled two glasses. "Here—pledge me a short life and a happy one!" he continued, in a manner that affected me greatly at the moment, as he drank off the wine, and dashed

the glass into a thousand pieces against the fire-place, with a look of bitter anguish.

"You join, however, on Thursday," I observed.

"You mistake—I shall never join, if I can retire or sell out!"

"Never join your regiment, when you are on the point of being called into service, and realising, perhaps, all your boyhood's dream of glory you have so often canvassed with me!—impossible! Walton, you joke," I exclaimed, greatly surprised and shocked at his declaration.

"Would to heaven it were all a joke," he uttered, as he sank back upon his chair.

I perceived that the only chance of effecting any good was, to use a homely phrase, to strike while the iron was hot; and immediately proceeded to expostulate with him on the head-long course he was running—and the end that, sooner or later, inevitably awaited it.

"It's too late, my dear fellow, now to preach a sermon," he exclaimed, with bitterness.

"It can never be too late," I answered, with the energy I felt at the moment. "Many a gallant vessel has struck upon a rock during her voyage, that has been gotten off, and saved by perseverance."

"Yes—assisted by a rising tide," he said, madly. "Alas! there's no tide to assist me in my extremity. I am but fulfilling my fate. Yet," he exclaimed, after a pause of some duration, "if I could but clear the mesh that envelopes me—"

The opportunity I had wished for had now presented itself. Gradually inspiring confidence that circumstances might not be so bad,—and that, in fact, by a little care and attention in the close investigation, they might be placed to rights,—I was proceeding; when, after two or three efforts, in which I perceived a fierce mental struggle, the pride of his nature at length yielded before better feelings, as, with a request of my assistance and advice, he laid open to me a statement of his affairs.

I cannot but say that I was greatly shocked at the enormous amount of his debts, considering his very short residence in town. But even these, I learnt, were comparatively trifling to the enormous losses he had sustained by other means, less creditable to himself, in the more profligate fashionable vices of the age.

I was aware of the difficulties I had to contend with, in a mind so fine and sensitive as Walton's, who, at times, during a necessary investigation, that took up an hour, shrunk like a patient under the probe of the surgeon. I persevered, however, and at length obtained the desired information. One thing I learnt that I had long suspected, and that was, that his father had been reduced from a state of affluence to comparative indigence by the failure of the bank previously mentioned,—while Walton, to set off debts to the amount of eight hundred pounds, and maintain himself in his profession, possessed but some freehold property that his father had presented him with a short time previous, bringing in an income of two hundred a year.

I did not fail to observe what Walton—maddened by the loss of that fine fortune he had been led to expect, and immersed in debt and a thousand wild extravagancies—had overlooked, that, with economy and circumspection, he might still have sufficient besides his pay, for a genteel maintenance in his profession, after he had discharged his debts, by mortgaging or disposing of his freehold. Suffice it: adopting my advice, he sold off his horses and other superfluities, and dismissed his servants, taking private apartments during his remaining week in London; while, employing a solicitor, in a few days he succeeded in raising the requisite sum, by mortgage, that enabled him to stand free in the world.

I shall pass over the grateful and kind feelings displayed towards me by Walton, for being the chief means of effecting that which procured me the sincerest pleasure, in serving one to whom I was indebted for the prolongation of my own existence. He was evidently agreeably surprised in the turn his own affairs had taken, which, in his utter ignorance of business, he had imagined far more complicated; so that, notwithstanding the loss of that fortune he had been led to expect one day, he seemed restored to a degree of calm content, that had been a stranger to his mind during his eventful stay in the metropolis.

The day at length arrived for his departure; and, with a warm grasp of hands, and anticipations of a happy meeting, we parted. Alas! what is life but a stormy passage over a sea of sorrow, piloted by hope! As I said, we parted in anticipation of a happy meeting; but fate had willed it otherwise.

Poor Walton, indeed, seemed marked out by fate as an object of resentment. A fortnight after his joining his regiment, they were ordered for Spain, to assist in the operations of the peninsula, overrun by the victorious troops of the then formidable Napoleon.

At the battle of Vittoria, he conspicuously distinguished himself, taking prisoner with his own hand a French general officer; and at the siege of San Sebastian, shortly following, an opportunity again presented itself, in which he acquired the praise of his colonel, and immediate promotion. But it was but a brief sun-shine, prelude to the bursting of the dark clouds his destiny was fraught with.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary for me, in this eventful sketch of an unhappy being, to enumerate the particulars of the sudden reverse of fortune that awaited him, or rather, that was brought on, probably, by an irritable temper, and a high sense of etiquette. Instigated by some fancied wrong, he challenged his superior officer, and shot him; for which, under the bearings of the case, he was brought to a court-martial, deprived of his commission, and declared unworthy of again serving.

Such were the facts that rumour with her hundred tongues, sent home with the news from Spain, previous to a letter I received from him, written apparently in all the gloomy despair incident to his unhappy belief. After recapitulating the particulars of the fatal encounter—which he considered pre-ordained—he acknowledged the justice of the sentence in the capacity of a soldier, but felt himself justified as a man on the score of oppression. His epistle concluded in the subjoined remarkable way:

"You may remember our old argument respecting fatality, in the once happy days of our boyhood, when we mutually looked forward for that happiness in the world, that I, alas! feel I shall never attain. This unhappy affair with poor Major H—— is another instance that confirms me in my dark belief; he acted, as I've said, I was irresistibly swayed; I had no choice—necessitated by the feelings I've been bred up with, I challenged him—we fought—he fell—so was it written and pre-ordained to be.

"As adversity closes around me, there is a circumstance that flashes across my memory—even in those moments of exuberant gaiety that at times chequer my sad existence—that you

probably, long ere this, have ceased to think of—perhaps, in fact, forgotten. I allude to an adventure that took place some years back, when thoughtless lads at school, which, at the time, we both designated the 'prophecy of the ruin'—that prophecy regarded me only. Shall I say it, that the remembrance is still fresh in my mind, as though it occurred but yesterday. 'Tis strange, unaccountably so, that a thing apparently so idle and worthless in itself, should leave so deep an impression on my mind. I vainly endeavour to banish it. The words of the old withered hag, in moments of depression, still seem to ring in my ears. Even now, as I write on the subject, they press indelibly on my brain with an indefinite feeling of future evil. As you read, you may be led to suspect that the little understanding dame Nature vouchsafed me at my birth is impaired by the train of misfortunes that have overtaken me—perhaps I am *superstitious*. In the latter you would be right—I confess I am. Like the mariner tost upon a sea of doubt and uncertainty, circumstance—that all-powerful and nameless guiding engine of providence, has made me so—as it has men of distinguished abilities and transcendent genius, in times both ancient and modern.

"I am sick—oh! how sick of the world already. All the prospects—those blooming prospects, that treacherous hope had painted in colours of heaven's brightest hue, in dreaming visions of by-gone happier hours, are fled or blighted. Fare thee well, my best, my warmest friend—oh! that you may never feel that misery it is my lot to experience. I am now about to hide my sorrows, and endeavour to seek, if possible, a new existence in a far foreign climate, where fate, perhaps, may cease to persecute.

"Fare thee well, perhaps for ever."
Fate commands and friends must sever.

Once again, farewell: although we may never meet again, that you may be happy is the warm prayer of

"Your sincere and unhappy friend,
"VECY WALTON."

To be continued.

Illustrations of History.

CIVIC PROCESSIONS AND PAGEANTS.
—The citizens of London appear from very early times to have evinced a strong propensity for expensive and pompous shows. Not to mention the entry of

Richard I. after his captivity, which may be considered as a great national occasion of display, we are told that on the reception of Edward I. from the Holy Land, the walls of the houses were hung with silks and tapestries; the conduits ran with rich wines; and the wealthier citizens threw gold and silver among the people. After the battle of Poitiers, John, king of France, with his illustrious captor, Edward the Black Prince, were ushered through the City in a procession so numerous as to last from three in the morning till noon. On this occasion there was a most profuse display of pageants, rich tapestries, plate, silks, and every species of warlike accoutrements. Richard II. was twice publicly received in the City, with still greater splendour; when the citizens who lined the streets vied with each other in the richness of their apparel and the display of their individual wealth. The conduits ran with wine; pageants, in the form of castles fancifully adorned, were erected; a boy, habited like an angel, presented the king with a gorgeous crown set with jewels, and another to the queen; while four young ladies scattered leaves of gold over the king's head. In the reign of Henry V. a similar procession took place, attended with equal magnificence; on which occasion tapestries, embroidered with a representation of that monarch's exploits in France, were suspended from the houses.

In the several successive reigns there was no diminution either in the number or in the splendour of these public displays; but in that of Henry VIII. the magnificence of them rose to such a height as to be almost incredible, did we not know from incontestable authorities the pompous habits of that age. Upon the ceremony of mustering the nightly watch, the king with his royal consort attended as spectators. No less than 2000 men, on foot and on stately horses, all dressed or armed in a very costly manner, and marching in several divisions, with bands of musicians, pages, dancers, and pageants interspersed, made up the procession. The lord-mayor himself, mounted on a charger richly trapped, and attended by a large retinue of servants, together with the sheriffs, also composed part of this spectacle. This ceremony of mustering the nightly watch was afterwards prohibited by Henry, on account of its great expense. The citizens, however, seemed resolved to seize every opportunity throughout this reign which could

enable them to exhibit the exuberance of their wealth. Whenever a crowned head, or even an ambassador, approached the walls, he was sure to be welcomed by a public reception. But the manner in which Anne Boleyn made her public entry into the City, preparatory to her coronation, may well serve as an example which it would be difficult to surpass, in point of splendour, even in the present age; and which proves the enormous riches at that time individually possessed by the chief citizens. The full account of this ceremony is to be found minutely detailed in Stow's English Annals, to which the curious reader is referred;—suffice it to say, that with respect to the profusion of gold and silver, silks and embroidered tapestries, gorgeous dresses, and stately pageantry, this appears to have thrown all other public exhibitions completely into the shade.

These magnificent shows continued to be exhibited with their accustomed splendour, and to characterise the taste of the age for several reigns subsequent. The entry of Queen Elizabeth into London before her coronation, was particularly remarkable for this mode of expressing the national exultation at her accession. The reign of James afforded few occasions for similar parade; but nothing can more clearly evince the early and general attachment of the people towards his ill-fated successor, than the manner in which he was conducted into the City upon his return from a long absence in the North, and the extravagant magnificence displayed at a civic entertainment given him upon that occasion. The austere habits which prevailed during the puritan times of the Commonwealth, indisposed the people to maintain, or partake in festal solemnities of this nature; and though, upon the restoration, the ancient style of receiving and welcoming the monarch was once more revived, the frequency as well as splendour of these shows and processions rapidly declined from that period.*

* The estimation of shows and pageantry did not begin to decline until the latter end of the 16th century; for the great Midsummer night watch which was put down by Henry VIII. was revived again, and not finally abolished till the year 1569; and it was long after referred to in the City with every mark of admiration. In a burlesque play of the year 1613, a young citizen is made to exclaim,
 "— My valiant love will batter down
 Millions of constables, and put to flight
 E'en that great watch of Midsummer day
 at night."

Beaumont and Fletcher—
 The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

The Note Book.

I will make a brief of it in my Note-book.

— M. W. of Windsor.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM MAN OF THE PEOPLE.—Monsieur Gourville, originally a domestic of the Prince of Conde, raised himself by his merit to offices of great trust and employment. Such was the opinion of his abilities, that, on the death of the great minister Colbert, it was a matter of dispute in the Cabinet of Louis XIV. whether Gourville should not be appointed his successor. This gentleman arrived in England at the time when Charles II. and his Parliament were at variance. Sir William Temple, who knew Gourville, and his faculty of discernment, asked him what he thought of the kingly power in England. His answer was remarkable. "If," (said Gourville,) "the King of England could be prevailed upon to fall in with the general sentiments of his subjects, and become the *Man of his People*, no prince in Europe would be his superior; if not, he will be the most insignificant of all monarchs." Sir William had the honesty and courage to relate this conversation to Charles II., who declared that he "would be the Man of the People." But Charles did not keep his word. J.

PRICE OF PROVISIONS, &c. IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In the reign of Edward I., A. D. 1282, corn was first sold by weight, before this time it was sold by measure. In the reign of Henry VII. A. D. 1494, wheat was sold for sixpence the bushel; and in the same king's reign, beef and mutton were first ordered to be sold by weight, beef at a *half-penny* per pound, and mutton at *three-farthings*. In the reign of Queen Mary, 1553, a barrel of beer, with the cask, cost only sixpence, and four large loaves were sold for one penny.

SALE OF WIVES.—Camden relates this remarkable case from the Parliamentary Records of 30, Edward I. (in Camb. Birt. tit. Sussex.) "Sir John Chamois, of his own free will, (for a certain consideration) gave and dismissed his own wife Margaret, daughter and heir of John de Geisdesden, unto Sir William Powell, Knight; and unto the same William Powell, gave, granted, released, and quitted claim to all her goods and chattels, &c., so that neither he himself nor any man else in his name might make claim, or ever challenge any interest in the said Margaret, or in her goods or chattels, &c.; by which grant, when she demanded her

dower in the manor of Torpath, part of the possessions of Sir John Chamois, her first husband, there grew memorable suit in the law, but wherein she was overthrown, and judgment pronounced: 'That she ought to have no dower from thence upon the statute of Westminster, because she departed from her husband in his life-time, and lived in adultery with the aforesaid William.' J.

ANTIPATHIES.—Henry the Third of France could not remain alone in a room in which there was a cat. The Duke d' Epemon used to faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d' Albert was indisposed at table, whenever they served up a young wild boar or a sucking pig. Uladislas, King of Poland, was deranged and took to flight, whenever apples were brought before him. Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. Scaliger trembled at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brake felt his limbs fail him whenever he met a hare or a fox. The Chancellor Bacon swooned whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock. La Mollie la Vayer could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleasure from the noise of thunder. An Englishman of the last century was near expiring whenever he heard read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. A Spaniard, nearly at the same time, fell into a syncope whenever he heard the word *lana* (wool,) though his coat was made of that material; and some few years since, a person of the name of Rose, resident at Southampton, fainted on being presented with a plate of ship-beef.

THE HOLLY.—It is not generally known that the holly may be propagated by slips put into the ground in the month of August.

ENTHUSIASM will conquer difficulties, confront danger and death, and change the very nature of the circumstances in which it is placed, to encouragement and hope; but it will not bear to be mingled with less elevated feelings and considerations. The common ambitions and passions of life, cold reasonings, and thoughtful debates, deaden it, and put it out; and amidst the intrigues of interest, or the speculations of selfishness, it is extinguished like a flame in the foul air of a vault.

A FEW PRECEPTS.—A Mahometan consulted Aischeh, one of Mahomet's

wives, asking her advice about the conduct of his life. Aischeh answered,—“Acknowledge God, command your tongue, restrain your anger, get knowledge, stand firm in your religion, abstain from evil, converse with good people, cover the faults of your neighbour, assist the poor with your alms, and expect eternity for your reward.”

SUBSTITUTE FOR FOREIGN TEAS.—A patent is enrolling, giving the patentee the power of manufacturing an article in this country from *leaves*, to supersede the use of foreign teas. To this there cannot be an objection, since it is well known that leaves are in great quantities prepared, and surreptitiously mixed with our foreign teas,—the *wholesomeness* of which is quite another affair, but worthy of the closest examination; for adulteration and deteriorating qualities are making rapid progress in behalf of “death and the doctors.”

BEN JONSON'S VOLPONE.—The principal incidents in the *For* of rare Ben are founded on ancient manners:—All the Roman satirists are full of attacks on legacy-hunters. Horace has a whole satire on the subject; and in the person of Tiresias giving advice to Ulysses how to repair the injuries which his fortune has received from the riots of the suitors, the poet exposes the arts commonly employed to creep into old men's wills. These arts Jonson takes as the foundation of the fable; very pleasantly ridicules, and humorously retaliates by the superior address of Volpone; who lives by cheating knaves, and grows rich by drawing presents from the covetous, in the prospect of ample remuneration at his death, which they are taught to consider as immediately inevitable. In the conclusion, poetical justice is rather more than comically distributed, both on those who are and those who would have been deceivers. This is the chief business of the drama, and it is conducted with a regularity and a force truly worthy of admiration. R. J.

Anecdottiana.

THE ABBE MOLIERE.—The Abbe Moliere was both simple in his habits, and poor; a stranger to every thing except his labours on Descartes. For the want of a fire in the winter season, he worked in his bed, his pantaloons over his nightcap, the nether parts hanging pendant, right and left. It was in this situation that he saw him-

self one day deprived of the fruit of his hard earnings. He hears a knocking at the door: “Who is there!—Come in.” (He pulls a cord, and the door opens.) “Who are you?”—“Deliver your money.”—“Money?”—“Yea, money.”—“Ah! I perceive; you are a robber.”—“Robber or not, I want money.”—“To be sure; you must have it. Well, then, look here.” (He turns round his head, and presents one of the legs of his pantaloons; the thief rummages.) “Well, but here's no money.”—“True, there is none, but there is a key.”—“Well, what of this key?”—“Take it.”—“What then?”—“Go to that secretary; open it.” (The thief puts the key into the wrong drawer.) “What are you at? you are deranging my papers; (the deuce is in him!) will you have done? those are my papers. In the other drawer you will find some cash. There help yourself—now shut the drawer.” (The thief makes his escape.) “Good master thief, pray shut the door. Plague take the fellow, he has left the door open! What a confounded thief! Now I must get up in the cold he has made. Oh, the infernal thief!” The poor Abbe turns out of bed, closes the door, and returns to business, without once recollecting he needs ‘a last shilling’ to buy him his dinner. F. E.

FRIGHTENED MUSICIANS.—The following anecdote of Christina, Queen of Sweden, was related by Louis XIV. to the celebrated Madame de Maintenon. That Princess, instead of putting on a nightcap, used to wrap her head up in a napkin. One night, not being able to sleep, she ordered the musicians to be brought into her bedroom, where, drawing the bed-curtains, she could not be seen by the musicians, but could hear them at her ease. At length, enchanted at a piece which they had just played, she abruptly thrust her head beyond the curtains, and cried out, “*Mort diable!* but they sing delightfully!” At this grotesque sight, the Italians, and particularly the *castrati*, who are not the bravest men in the world, were so frightened, that they were obliged to stop short.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following whimsical epitaph on an eccentric character, who desired to be buried in his best suit, appeared some time since in Kingston church-yard, near Portsmouth:

His jacket, great riches
In wooden surtout,
Fine shirt, lac'd coat,
Velvet waistcoat and breeches.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.—A certain lord, more remarkable for his promises than the observance of them, was the other day asked by a gentleman why

he was so profuse. "Why, my lord," said he, "do you always let your promises escape you?"—"Because I can't keep them," replied his lordship.

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, May 9.

St. Brynnoth, Bish. and Conf.

Sun rises 25m after 4—sets 3m after 7.

May 9, 1805.—Expired, *Æt.* 45, Frederick Schiller, one of the best poets that Germany has produced. The talents of this eminently gifted son of genius were of so high an order, and so various, that he excelled in every branch of literature.

Tuesday, May 10.

St. Gordien and Erimachus, Mart.

High Water 04 23m Morning—04 45m Aftern.

May 10, 1536.—To-day an indictment for high treason was found by the grand jury of Westminster, against the Lady Anne (Boleyn), Queen of England; Henry Norris, groom of the stole; Sir Francis Weston, and William Brereton, gentlemen of the privy chamber; and Mark Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments, and a person "of low degree," promoted to be a groom of the chamber for his skill in the fine art which he professed. It charges the queen with having, by all sorts of bribes, gifts, caresses, and impure blandishments, which are described with unblushing coarseness in the barbarous Latinity of the indictment, allured these members of the royal household into a course of criminal connection with her, which had been carried on for three years. It included also George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, the brother of Anne, as enticed by the same lures and snares with the rest of the accused, so as to have become the accomplice of his sister, by sharing her treachery and infidelity to the king. It is hard to believe that Anne could have dared to lead a life so unnaturally dissolute, without such vices being more early and very generally known in a watchful adverse court. All the accused save Smeaton firmly denied their guilt to the last moment of their lives.

Wednesday, May 11.

St. Mammetus, bish. A.D. 477.

Sun rises 21m after 4—sets 40m after 7.

May 11, 1778.—Expired William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, a most distinguished English statesman, under whose direction, as prime minister, Great Britain attained a height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age. Added to his character of an able statesman, a virtuous man, and a true patriot, he was also a most accomplished orator; the music and majesty of his voice, the persuasive gracefulness and irresistible force of his action, and his power of eye, carried conviction with his argument, and formed a perfect combination of excellence.

Thursday, May 12.

Ascension Day. Holy Thursday.

New Moon, 04 1m Morn.

On this day, formerly, the Canons of Notre Dame performed the ceremony of washing the feet of fifty poor men, to each of whom they gave four *deniers*. This ceremony was called *Mandatum*, because Jesus Christ, having washed the feet of his disciples, said to them, "*Mandatum novum de vobis ut diligatis invicem*," which words were sung during the service. Moreover from the first Monday in Lent to Maunday Thursday, the priest of the week, with the deacon and sub-deacon, washed the feet of thirteen poor men, and gave to each of them four *deniers*.

The ceremony took place in the refectory, at the beginning of which, towards the west along the wall, were stones hollowed out for the feet of fifteen poor persons, and in the middle of each stone was a hole, through which the water ran underground, and was lost. When the *Mandatum* was

concluded, the poor men could not depart till they had joined in some prayers which were said for Eudes, seventy-first bishop of Paris, who left a bushel of corn per annum to support this charity, and also for Maître Pierre, sub-chantor, who left a perpetual annuity of twenty sols Parises for the same purpose.

Holy Thursday is also called Maunday Thursday, from the circumstance of *Maundy*, i.e. large baskets, being used to hold the bread intended for distribution. Herrick, in his Noble Numbers, uses the word *Maundy*, as will be seen by the following quotation:

Ad's gone, and death hath taken

Away from us,

Our *Maundy* thus,

Thy widows stand forsaken.

Friday, May 13.

St. John the Silent, bish. A.D. 559.

High Water 36m aft 2 Morning—1m aft 3 Aftern.

Charles Lamb, in the picture he has so playfully and faithfully drawn of May, states that at this period, "the high fashionables for once in the year permit their horses' hoofs to honour the stones of the Strand by striking fire out of them; and, what is still more unaccountable, they permit plebeian shawls and shoulders to come in contact with theirs, on the stairs of Somerset-house;—and all to encourage the arts! And now, too, flowing through the Strand, in opposite directions towards the same spot, may be seen, on five days of the first fortnight, two streams of white muslin, on which flowers are floating, and which form a confluence at the gates of the Academy, and, ascending the winding stair-case together, (which streams are seldom in the habit of doing,) presently disperse themselves into a lake at the top of the building, which glows with as many colours as that on the top of Mount Cenis.

Now, too, still on the same spot, may be seen, peering half-shamefacedly in the purlieus of his own picture, some anxious young artist, watching intently for those scraps of criticism which the newspapers have as yet withheld from him; and believing from the bottom of his soul, that the young lady, aged twelve years, who has just called her mamma to admire his production, is the best judge in the room; which, considering that he is a reasonable person, and no wise prejudiced, is more than he can account for in one so young."

Saturday, May 14.

St. Carthagh, bish. in Ireland, A.D. 637.

Sun rises 7m aft, —sets 27m aft 7.

Nightingales now sing night and day, and at no time of year is their melancholy music more continually heard. Melpomene is surely the guardian angel of these birds of melody. They begin their song in the evening, and continue it the whole night; every sound is heard with advantage, and has, amid darkness, a powerful effect on the imagination.

Sunday, May 15.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

Lessons for the Day.—12 chapter Dent. Morning. 13 chap. Dent. Evening.

May 15, 1431.—*Decree of the Convocation.*—In a convocation of the clergy held in the diocese of Canterbury to-day, a decree was made "that a bishop's barber should not demand a fee from those who received holy orders from the bishop." By which we understand, when an ordination was obtained, the tonsure went with it.

In our next 'The Spectre Combat,' 'A Glance at Newstead Abbey in 1821,' and some unpublished Stanzas of Lord Byron's.

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No XX—Vol. VII.

Saturday, May 21, 1831.



See page 307

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Romances of the Rhine.

For the Otto.

THE SPECTRE COMBAT.

ALBERT, the younger, and Leofryd, by some three or four years his senior, were bereft of their parents, and consigned to the guardianship of a high and haughty kinsman, at a very early period of their lives. Albert, at the time our story commences, had just emerged from juvenility, and a more handsome and dignified form can scarce be imagined. His fine oval face was shaded with a profusion of bright chestnut hair; his eyes were of a light and sparkling blue; small well trimmed mustachios adorned his upper lip; and his figure, stout and tall, was attired in a manner that plainly told his study to please other eyes than his own. Leofryd was dissimilar to his brother in every respect; he was equally tall, stout, and well proportioned,—perhaps, a close and skilful observer would have pro-

nounced him in this last respect superior: his visage, however, was totally destitute of that air of frankness and cordiality which so strongly characterized that of his brother; its contour was remarkable, nay, sometimes, thrillingly so. Its more than marbly whiteness was considerably heightened by two large, lustrous, coal-black eyes, and a quantity of equally dark hair, which he wore divided on the centre of his lofty brow. His nose was prominent, and slightly aquiline; his upper lip and chin were adorned with hair; thus rendered capable of almost every expression,—its most general was one of irony and scorn. The costume of each, we may briefly notice, consisted of a dark green pourpoint, slashed and braided; brown flapped hat, decorated with a quantity of sable plumage; russet boots, belt and baldrick, with their usual appendages of sword, dagger, &c.

Thus much for description, let us now to our tale. Between Leofryd and Albert, even in their days of childhood, a stern antipathy had existed,—an en-

mity which, instead of wearing away, increased with them as they increased in years, and at length grew to such an extremity that they rarely met without a frown, rarely spoke without a curse. More than once had their swords crossed each other, but never until about the commencement of our story had their rashness spurred them on to deeds of blood.

Their hate, which for a long time had smouldered, blazed forth at length with the most uncontrollable fury. This sudden excitation of their passions was occasioned by the charms of a beautiful woman. Albert loved, with all the ardour of a youthful enthusiasm, the peerless daughter of their guardian, the haughty Luneberg, and she returned his love with a fervour that equalled his own. Leofryd, the avowed favourite of the Baron, loved her, too; and no sooner had he discovered her partiality for Albert, than he all at once became animated with the spirit of a demon. His rage knew no bounds; he sought his brother, and in the blind fury of the moment taxed him with perjury and cowardice, loading him with all manner of invective. Albert, by far the most calm, though not a whit the less courageous, retorted, and eventually followed his brother towards a thick wood, which stretched from Luneberg tower to the Rhine border. They had not advanced far when the cowardly Leofryd, fearing lest chance should turn the scale in his brother's favour, drew his dagger, and before Albert could offer the least resistance, he plunged it in his breast. The miscreant fled instantly, and pursued the windings of the forest for the space of an hour with unabated speed; at length he halted, and still he found himself involved amid its labyrinths; he glanced around him, eager to discover some outlet, but he sought in vain; he cast his eyes above, yet saw he nothing but the closely twisted branches of the trees, which shut out the sunny autumn eveningsky, and to his guilty soul their lowest whisperings seemed to greet him with the name of fratricide! He gazed upon the healthy sward, which the ruddy sunlight, streaming through a here and there opening, beautifully chequered. At his feet he beheld a crystal spring bubbling and flashing through the tall grass; he bent his knee and bathed his hands therein, but the cooling fluid refused to cleanse the stain; his brother's blood had fixed upon them an indelible die—a mark that defied his every effort

to erase. His drawn weapon was yet beside him, he wiped it in the luxuriant herbage, and returned it to its scabbard, and anon sought again some outlet from the forest. Night, however, descended on him ere he could succeed, and the wood was presently wrapped in profound gloom. One course only was now left to him, which was to abide in the wood till morning, and this was by no means a measure which he seemed disposed to adopt. He wended on, therefore, in the hope that he might find some cottage, or, at least, some peasant who could guide him to the castle. He had not proceeded far when footsteps sounded on his ear, and anon some one crossed his path.

"Ho, there," shouted Leofryd, "turn thee, stranger."

"What would'st thou?" said the person, halting.

"Art thou familiar with this forest?"

"I am,—what then?"

"Guide me to Luneberg Castle, and name thy reward."

"I need none; go find thy path thyself—I have other care. Farewell."

"Hold one moment," cried Leofryd, "dost thou know me?"

"I should know thee," answered the stranger. "Hark to the winds that whistle round us! Are their voices unintelligible?—do they not call thee coward—traitor—assassin?"

"Assassin!" echoed Leofryd.

"Ay, fratricide!"

"What mystery is this?—who are ye?—speak."

"Whoe'er thou wilt. Would'st see thy destiny?"

"Thou jestest."

"Wilt behold it, I say?"

"Is the sight worth looking on?"

"Ay, 'tis a scene of strife and bloodshed—lo!"

Leofryd shuddered violently, and a terror which he could by no means withstand gradually crept over him,—his every nerve was paralyzed; he felt himself unable to speak or move, and he leant passive against the trunk of a gigantic oak.

The breeze subsided, the waving of the trees became inaudible, even the murmur of the rills dwindled into a dreamy indistinctness, and a silence terrific and profound presently involved the scene. It was in vain that Leofryd studied to trace the lineaments of his companion, though close beside him he was totally invisible, and all that he could hear was the low and scarcely articulate murmurings of his voice.—

Anon the scenery seemed to lighten up before him,—a blueish trembling lustre gradually expanded, imparting a preternatural tinge to the trees and green-sward. Presently two shadowy forms were discerned flitting, dreamlike, to and fro; anon they became more defined, and eventually took the appearance of armed figures, striving hotly against each other. One of the combatants was distinguished by the semblance of a lion rampant, which crested his helmet and decorated his breast and shield; his armour was sable, and his vizor was close down. The other wore blue armour, and had his helmet surmounted with a crimson plume; his vizor also was down. Each fought with short two-edged swords, that struck forth sparks of fire with every blow, though no sound whatever of the strife was heard. Thus they contended for the space of several minutes, when all at once the red plumed warrior stumbled over a piece of rock which the tall grass concealed, and his opponent instantly following up the advantage clove his helmet and skull in twain. The shivered casque rolled on the ground, the lustre became more brilliant and gleamed vividly on the visage of the prostrate warrior, and one glance shewed the amazed Leofryd a perfect semblance of his own. A glittering cortege of knights and dames advanced, and one of the latter was received in the arms of the victorious warrior. In a moment the lustre fled, and profound darkness again took possession of the scene.

Leofryd started, rubbed his eyes, and strove himself into the belief that fancy had been playing her freaks upon him; it could not have been real, it must have been some unaccountable delusion;—there stood the trees, the copses and the brushwood, waving their autumnal foliage in the early morning light; there, too, were the streams he had before witnessed, twinkling merrily by, and catching and reflecting the gleams that began to streak the eastern heaven. No trace whatever of the phantom combat was visible; though blood had seemed to flow profusely from the wounds of the combatants, not a stain was there seen on the velvet sward; Leofryd, therefore, strove himself into the belief that the scene he had witnessed was nothing more than a dream, and that his late mysterious companion was no other than a being which his fancy had conjured up. The heavens grew lighter and lighter, and presently the sun flamed upon the eastern horizon. Leo-

fyd was not long in finding Castle Luneberg; he entered hastily, sought his chamber, a thousand confused ideas floated in his troubled brain,—he threw himself on an ottoman and slept.

It is needless to dwell on the scene which took place when the beautiful Linda became aware of the death of her beloved Albert, those who have loved may best conceive it. No one, however, suspected Leofryd to be the murderer; not even Linda, persecuted as she eternally was by his addresses, thought him guilty, for the wily miscreant had impressed every one with the belief that it was Albert who nursed the most deadly hatred, and who was ever the first to begin the quarrel.

Time passed on, Luneberg died and left his immense wealth to his daughter; he had often pressed her to consent to a marriage with Leofryd; but in vain, Linda could not endure him, and the Baron had too much love for his child to force her against her inclination, he therefore commended her to Leofryd's protection and expired. Linda was a maiden of most surpassing beauty and gentleness, and Leofryd, we must do him the justice to say, loved her no less for her amiable endowments, than for her recently acquired wealth. He had now no rival to contend with, and, but for the occurrence of one of those unforeseen and unexpected incidents, which fortune is for ever throwing in to turn the scale in the affairs of mortals, stratagem would have given him the hand he had so long coveted in vain.

It was one fair evening in the year's decline that Luneberg woods and castle echoed a lusty blast, announcing a company of horsemen at the gate. The warder made his appearance, and thus unto him the leader spake.

"Say unto the Baron Von Luneberg, that de Valdemar greets him kindly, and craves sojourn for the night within his walls."

"How, Sir Knight," answered the warder, "can it be that ye wot not of my noble master's death?"

"Not I, good fellow—I am but just returned from foreign parts. And is it so, my old companion in arms no more? Tell me, then, who holds this tower?"

"Marry, sir, his daughter, the beautiful Lady Linda, who is shortly to become the bride of the noble Count Leofryd,—but see, yonder the lady comes."

The knight reined up his steed and bent his head full gracefully as she approached.

"Fair lady," he said, "a knight of

France, a comrade of your noble father, whom I grieve to hear is no more, craves sojourn for a night within your hospitable dwelling."

"And right gladly, fair sir, shall it be given ye," replied the lady. "Ho there, haste ye knaves, summon your fellows, and let the best cheer the castle will afford be served instantly, to glad my father's friend. Wilt please ye enter, Sir Knight?"

De Valdemar leaped from his steed, and drawing the lady's arm within his own, entered the castle, while his train following to the refectory made speedy inroads on the excellent cheer which was provided for them.

Soon as the repast was ended, Valdemar, accompanied by Linda, walked forth into the wood, which stretched from the castle to the Rhine border. It was a cool, quiet, delicious evening, and the multitude of stars which began to muster in the firmament, made ample compensation for the desertion of the moon; the air was filled with dew, and a sweet dreamy fragrance diffused itself around.

Valdemar and Linda, however, lent little attention to the beauty of the scene, they were too deeply involved in conversation, the subject of which may be gleaned from the following dialogue.

"And did not suspicion light strongly on Count Leofryd?" asked the knight.

"No," replied the lady, "it was believed by every one that Leofryd bore him too much love; besides, he spent long time in grief."

"'Twas credited, then, by all that Count Albert fell?"

"'Tis past all doubt—blood spots were discovered in many parts of the forest, and his sword was found shivered to the hilt."

At this moment a trampling of steeds was heard advancing towards the castle, and presently a shrill bugle-note reverberated through the woods. Valdemar looked enquiringly at Linda.

"'Tis Leofryd," said she; "pardon me leaving you thus abruptly, Sir Knight. I must hasten to the castle,—follow at your leisure."

So saying she quickly retreated, leaving Valdemar to gaze after her, until she had totally disappeared. Thus occupied, he felt a smart tap on the shoulder, and turning he beheld a tall armed figure, who accosted him in the following terms.

"Who was't, sir, that parted from you so hastily e'en now?"

"Sir!" echoed Valdemar, "I am not

accustomed to gratify the impertinent curiosity of every stranger I meet.—Show me in what it concerns ye to know, and I may be pleased to answer ye."

"You behold Count Leofryd, the Lord of Maltigern, and of this fair castle and its mistress."

"Then I behold a villain that hath burdened the earth too long. You are armed, sir, then defend yourself, for I vow to heaven that but one of us shall quit this spot alive."

Valdemar's sword streamed in a moment from its scabbard, his vizor was down, and, sheathed in sable armour, he contemplated for a while the person of his adversary. Leofryd's weapon was also in his grasp, and he too regarded the gallant figure of Valdemar with the air of a hungry tiger on the point to spring.

"Ha!" he exclaimed suddenly,— "what do I behold! that cognizance, that crest,—the armour sable too. It is—it is the visionary knight. I could not scan thy visage then, soon will I now gratify my wish. Have at thee."

They met, their weapons flashing around each other's heads like lightnings, and clang followed clang in fierce and dread succession. It was hard to tell to which the victory would be given, so excellently were they matched, and so stoutly did both hold out. At length, however, it was decided,—Leofryd stumbled over a rock which the tall grass concealed, and Valdemar immediately following up the advantage, brought down his weapon with such hearty good-will on the helmet of his adversary, that the fastenings burst asunder, and the blade clove through to the very teeth.

The din of strife had by this time alarmed the castle and its inmates,—all poured forth to seek the cause of affray. The tall form of Valdemar, resting on his blood-stained sword, and gazing on his prostrate adversary, attracted their gaze as soon as they entered the wood. Linda was the first to approach him, and to her wild enquiring look Valdemar thus spoke.

"Lady of Luneberg, behold the corpse of Leofryd Maltigern, a false friend and a treacherous brother. He fell by my hand—I, whose life he once attempted, and deemed he had taken. Say, gentle lady, will the heart and hand of thy faithful Albert Maltigern requite thee for the loss of the caitiff Leofryd's?"

Her reply, and the scene that ensued, is needless to detail. Luneberg Castle was long the theatre of merriment and

festivity. Its hospitable halls were free to the beggar as the king, and to the time of their death, and for ages after, not a prayer was said nor mass was sung, wherein was forgotten the good Lord Albert and his beautiful lady.
T.F.

STANZAS

TO HER WHO MAY BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.—BY LORD BYRON.

For the Olivo.
(UNPUBLISHED.)

Be it so! we part for ever,
Let the past as nothing be;
Had I only loved thee, never
Had'st thou been thus dear to me.
Had I loved and thus been slighted,
That I better could have borne;
Love is quell'd, when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.
Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will cool the wayward will.
But the heart in friendship cheated,
Throbs with woe's most madd'ning thrill.
Had I loved, I now might hate thee;
In that hatred solace seek;
Might exult to execrate thee,
And in words my vengeance wreak:
But there is a silent sorrow
Which can find no vent in speech,—
Which disdains relief to borrow
From the heights that song can reach.
Like a clankless chain enthralling—
Like the sleepless dreams that mock—
Like the frigid ice-drops falling
From the surf-surrounding rock!
Such the cold and sick'ning feeling
Thou hast caused this heart to know,—
Stabb'd the deeper by concealing
From the world its bitter woe!
Once it fondly, proudly deem'd thee
All that fancy's self could paint;
Once it honour'd and esteem'd thee,
As its idol and its saint.
More than woman thou wast to me,
Not as man I look'd on thee;
Why, like woman, then undo me?—
Why heap *man's* worst curse on me?
Wast thou but a fiend, assuming
Friendship's smile and woman's art,
And, in borrow'd beauty blooming,
Trifling with a trusting heart.
By that eye, which once could glisten
With opposing glance to me!
By that ear, which once could listen
To each tale I told to thee!
By that lip, its smile bestowing,
Which could soften, sorrow's gush!
By that cheek once brightly glowing
With pure friendship's well-felg'n'd blush.
By all those false charms united,
Thou hast wrought thy wanton will,
And without compunction blighted
What thou would'st not kindly kill.
Yet I curse thee not in sadness—
Still I feel how dear thou wert;
Oh! I could not, e'en in madness,
Doom thee to thy just desert.
Live! and when my life is over,
Should thine own be lengthen'd long,
Thou may'st then, too late, discover,
By thy feelings, all my wrong.

When thy beauties all are faded,
When thy flatterers fawn no more,
Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded
Some regardless reptile's store!

Ere that hour, false syren! hear me—
Thou may'st feel what I do now;
While my spirit hov'ring near thee,
Whispers friendship's broken vow!

But 'tis useless to upbraid thee
With thy past or present state;
What thou wast—my fancy made thee!
What thou art—I know too late.

G. N. B.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

WRITTEN DECEMBER 1824.

By Horace Guilford. For the Olivo.

THE embellishments which the Abbey received from the present Lord Byron, had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them, than of the sober calculations in common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished,—but over which he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that in about half-a-dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers,—the paper had rotted on the walls, and fell in comfortless sheets upon glowing carpets and canopies—upon beds of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles and destroying gorgeous coronets. The long and gloomy Gallery, which whoever visits will be strongly reminded of Lara (as indeed a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem), had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures of its ancient race. In the Study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up, but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished skulls I ever saw; most probably collected along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from amongst a vast number taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but since recommitted to the ground.

In one corner of the Servants' Hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing gloves and foils, and on the wall of the ample but cheerless Kitchen was painted, in large letters, "*Waste not—want not.*"

I must confess that if I was astonished at the heterogeneous mixture of splendour and ruin within, I was more so at the perfect uniformity of wildness

without. The Gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest days. With the exception of the Dog's Tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and panelled with white marble tablets, of which that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most remarkable, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late Lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised every thing, except, perhaps, an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old Pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the Lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering Satyrs, placed on pedestals at the intersection of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment with their grim visages and silent shaggy forms the fear which is felt by the peasantry at "*th' ould Lord's Devils*." The dark, haughty, impetuous spirit and mad deeds of this nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for the formation of his Lordship's favourite and perpetually recurring poetical hero.

Noel Byron would sometimes get into the boat with his two noble Newfoundland dogs, row into the middle of the lake, then dropping the oars, tumble into the water. The faithful animals would immediately follow, seize him by the coat-collar, one on each side, and bear him away to land.

THE HANSEATIC FACTORIES.

THE establishment of these seats of commerce in the Hanse Towns, was one of the most characteristic and effective conceptions of the League or assembly of deputies, who, at Cologne, about the middle of the fourteenth century, represented the chief cities of the immense shore spreading from the Scheldt to Livonia.

"Among the jealous and half-barbarian people of Europe, the merchant was always an object of mingled envy and contempt, and the Hanse Towns had found at an early period that an

unprotected commerce was only an allurements to plunder. Their only resource was to form large communities in the principal countries, capable of giving protection to their traders, of receiving their cargoes direct, and by their superior knowledge of local circumstances, fitted to avail themselves directly of all the advantages of their position. To those who recognise a factory under its modern aspect, the solemn and formal rules of the ancient school of commerce must appear singularly forbidding. The age was one of cloisters and chivalry, and the Hanseatic factories curiously combined the spirit of both. The factory at Bergen, the model of them all, was at once a fortress and a convent. Its tenants were at once knights and recluses. Its buildings spread over a large quarter of the city, and its walls were regularly mounted by guards attended by dogs of extraordinary ferocity, trained to fly equally at friend or foe. No person was permitted to pass the gates after nightfall. To prevent the influence of external manners or interests, all alliance with the people of the country was strictly prohibited. Its inmates were all unmarried, and they were prohibited from receiving the visits of any female. To satisfy the governors of the fortitude of their younger members under this cloistral discipline, all aspirants must undergo an ordeal scarcely less severe than that of old appointed for criminals. The three species of torture were the trial by smoke, by water, and by the scourge. Those were so severe, that it was not unusual to see them die under the operation. Still the certainty of making wealth in time, the eagerness of youth, and perhaps even the mystery of the life, attracted such crowds of young men from all parts of the Continent, that it was constantly found necessary to increase the difficulties of admission by still more barbarous penalties. This ordeal, which was called *The Games*, annually attracted an immense concourse of spectators to Bergen. The severities of the exhibition were followed by a carousal, dances, masquerades, feasts and revellings of all extravagant kinds. The factory was mad, till the Carnival was over. Then the gates were shut, silence prevailed, every man was bent over his ledger, and the grimness of a den of Carthusians succeeded to the revelry of a German hostel. The close of the ceremony was announced by the appearance of a jester or fool, who pro-

claimed, 'Long life to the Games,' and proposed a general health to the prosperity, the honour, and the trade of the Hanseatic factory.

"The second factory, but the most productive in point of trade, was that of Bruges. The early progress of the Flemings in the possession of public rights, had long made them eminent in every art cultivated by the free labour of man. While France and Germany were turned into deserts by the perpetual quarrel of their masters, and while the people, exposed to the extortions of all, lost the spirit of economy and industry—for who will toil for the robber and the oppressor? the Fleming, secure that what he earned would be his own, and fearless of power while he could take shelter under the wing of a constitution, had turned his country into a garden, and built manufactories like citadels, and houses like palaces."

Old Month.

INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

For the Olio.

In thoughtful mood I once exclaim'd—
Is there one here below,
Who smiles 'midst happiness serene—
Who knows not grief nor woe?

I will go through the world, I said,
Perchance I then may see
If any taste of purest joy,
Though vain my search may be.

I sought the hermit in his grot,
And surely here, I said,
Content and peace together dwell
Beneath the greenwood shade.

His looks express'd the deepest grief,
Sorrow had dimm'd his eye;
And when his hour-glass he turn'd,
I heard him deeply sigh.

I sought the hero in his tent,
Success his arms had crown'd—
Art thou not happy now, I said,
When all thy praises sound?

He answer'd—'In the strife to-day,
While fighting by my side,
Struck by the foeman's deadly shaft,
My friend—my brother died!'

I ask'd the pensive nun, if she
Found peace within her cell—
Dost thou not find contentment here?
Then toll'd the vesper-bell.

'I go,' she said, with heavy heart,
'To join in holy prayer;
But heaven recall my wandering thoughts,
I only feel despair.'

I saw a prince in all his state,
His queen stood by his side;
And he is happy sure, I said,
Bless'd with a lovely bride.

'Twas not a union of the heart,
Affection dwell not there;
Ambition had the contract sign'd—
He loved some lowlier fair.

I'll seek no more, then, I exclaim'd,
For none can here below
Experience happiness serene,
Unknown to grief or woe.

M.A.C.

LEAVES FROM MY UNCLE'S DIARY.

4th April.—What do our *travelled* youth mean by their encomiums on the walking of French females? Is a lame amble *elegance*? or is the halting of a cat in walnut-shells called *grace*? I execrate the wriggling gait of the French girls; it gives me the uneasy conviction that they have sore toes and narrow petticoats, or that they tie both stockings with a single garter, too short to admit of the extension of their limbs. In the young it is mincing and unnatural; and when French gormandizing has clothed the elderly with bilious corpulence, when in motion, they look like forms of jelly in staggering agitation; tottering, with unwieldy feet in narrow shoes under an unmanageable impulse. I have seen them take to an ascent to counteract the force of an original *momentum*.

4th, 5th, 6th, 7th April.—Confined to the house with a sore hand, which I cut severely in opening my door—an arduous task sometimes, from the clumsy workmanship of French locks and latches. Here they are centuries behind us in all articles of hardware. Their pokers are skewers, their tongs pincers, and their shovels spoons; a coal-skuttle is a curiosity, a grate a rarity, and a hearth-brush unknown. The temperature of their rooms is a constant battle between the result of one element and the violence of another—the warmth of smoke being constantly qualified by the rushing of the wind through windows, doors, and key-holes. You may sit by a red-hot stove, and roast your knees, while your extremities are frozen.

8th April.—Visited —, a countryman, who felt ashamed at the delusion of all his projected comforts. I remember, in England, his favourite theme was the charm of the French climate, the obliging disposition and quick perception of its people. He couldn't bear the atmosphere of his native country; he hated the dulness and incivility of its inhabitants; so he sought a refuge from these intolerable evils in the superior temperature, manners, and character of France and its population. He was ashamed to own his disappointment. He was drinking claret—as he called it—which sank like frozen lead within him. He would fain have mulled a bottle;

but his servant was gone, in spite of a raging storm, to a dance some leagues distant. He appealed, in miserable French, to the female of a fellow-lodger, who answered him with a broad stare, and a perpetual "*plait-il?*" He succeeded, at length, by pantomime and gibberish, in wringing a reluctant promise of some boiling water from this type of national acquiescence—this perceptive and obliging handmaid. In an hour it came, lukewarm, highly tintured with the savour of an unclean tub, in which it had been caught from the house-tops; tolerably suffused with grease, and—in a tea-cup. He could bear this no longer; and sincerity compelled him to say, "Was there ever such a d—d set of —?" Here he stopped; and I responded with a hem! He had ever been a warm encomiast of French furniture. I saw him wriggling to and fro upon his chair; being somewhat lusty, he found himself uneasy in his seat, over which his Britannic person was expanded like a toad-stool on its stem. "Let us drink Old England!" He assured me that the wine, at least, was excellent—and surely wholesome; but he swallowed every bumper with the air of one who takes a draught by gulps, to guard against its nausea. He seemed to labour through a bottle for the compensation of his toil, which was, in general, a kind of counterpoise against its healthful predecessor—a quart of brandy, with a fiery twang, diluted in a fashion of his own, with economical consideration for his water, which, in Calais, is both bad and scarce.

9th April.—I was arrested for three francs, by the malice of a Jezabel, who found that I had purchased articles, in which she dealt, at other shops. In this land of modern liberty I paid the sixty sous, and stood superior to their lenient and impartial laws.

Mem. Never to owe another sou in France, and invariably to have 'Acquit' on every bill, however large or small.

10th April.—The French have no idea of what we call "a home." Their pleasures are of a vagabond, external character: their sole and whole pursuit is money. I never followed any Frenchmen talking, but "money, money, money," was the topic of their conversation. Their grimaces, bows and phrases are a miserable compound of fallacious humbug. I see no friendships round me—every thing is artificial and deceptive. They have not our faults; but they have not our virtues. They are

satisfied with inconvenience, dirt and wretchedness, because they never knew the comfort, cleanliness and plenty of an Englishman. Their propensities are not propensities of principle. A Frenchman has no piety: his religion is a form—a mere expedient; not a feeling or a duty. He holds nothing to be reverend or sacred. In the saying of the impious wit, Voltaire, they were alternately tigers and monkeys. The breed is crossed, and now they smack of both. They lack the rational devotion of good subjects, and hardly one among them can regard authority with deferent affection. They doat on politics because they vary, and abominate all order from the fear of permanence. They talk of liberty and equal rights, while the spirit of their law protects the rognery of natives, and exposes foreigners to injury and persecution. Why was I subjected to the loss of freedom, and a possible expense of great enormity, because by accident I left unpaid a bill of sixty sous? Is this their rights of man, their generous impartiality, their philanthropic tenderness for liberty?

11th April.—I am sickened with exotic comforts; I am insensible to foreign elegance. I have a cupboard for a bedroom—a wilderness of sand to dine in—a towel for a table-cloth—and a cheese-plate, as a dish, to hold my leg of mutton. The forks and spoons are dim and dirty and a lie is stamped on every knife. Sheer-steel, indeed! sheer-tin, it should be. If they made their knives of what they make their buttons, we should carve an Indian-rubber-stew with ease! I have cut my finger to the bone in putting on my gaiters!

12th April.—Visited a café—a receptacle for English indolence and French frivolity, in which meanness and finery are fantastically contrasted—marble slabs, rush-bottomed chairs, gilded lamps, sanded floors, *pendules*, Cupids, bouquets, mirrors, pipes, bottled beer, dogs, cats, and parrots. A melange of company, and diversity of pursuit, are remarkable in these extraordinary haunts. The demon of play tortures some, who would stake their being, were it capable of transfer, on a game of *écarté* or *bouillotte*; while the table is surrounded by the lovers of the vice, whose purses are exhausted, but whose propensity is rather obstructed than subdued. I have seen them, penniless, lingering round the players, till the last card, when the exulting winner and the dejected loser depart, and leave the tribe of languid strollers to seek a

refuge from the world's hopelessness in the oblivion of their beds. Others are clamorously loquacious in clouds of smoke, the wrath of politics, and the inflation of bottled beer;—others, again, who fancy that the dislike of being alone is the love of society, frequent the cafe to put their hands into their breeches-pocket, and snore in company, till the *garçon* wakes them with the intimation, "*Monsieur, il est minuit, tout le monde est parti.*" I have seen many of my countrymen indulge this social habit of repose, and walk away at midnight with a stare, a yawn, and a "*bon soir, Monsieur!*" The cafe presents a specimen of French equality. All trades and all professions mingle: a shoemaker sits opposite a physician, a tailor with an officer, a haberdasher with a naval captain, a merchant with a courier—whose wants are supplied by a landlord decorated with the legionary honour.

13th April.—Strolled into the *Basse Ville*—the chosen residence of Nottingham refugees. Every other house exhibits "*fabriquant de tulle.*" My countrymen are easily discernible among the mixture of inhabitants. A haggard aspect and a red nose are the distinctive designations of an English workman, who can earn, by three days' toil, sufficient for existence and for four days' indolent debauchery. Black eyes and mutilated faces manifest the independent spirit of our pugnacious countrymen, who seldom separate without a desperate appeal to pugilistic skill.—The Nottingham enunciation, engrafted on the tortured French, surpasses all the riddles of the Spinx.

14th April.—We are ridiculed by our polite neighbours for our blasphemy. In point of frequency, they far surpass us in the use of impious exclamations. I have heard—and often too—from *female lips* in France, expressions which a well-bred libertine in England would be ashamed to use. I cannot pollute my paper by recording them. *Old Month.*

THE BLOOD HORSE. BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black and of a noble breed,
Full of fire and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within:
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light:
Look!—how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float,

Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
Richer, redder never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He—who hath no peer—was born
Here, upon a red March morn,
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;
And the last of that great line
Seemed as of a race divine:—
And yet—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With *Adam*, a roving Bedouin,
He lived,—(none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day).—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balch amidst the desert stands!

New Mon.

THE PLAGUE. For the Oilio.

THIS dreadful and devastating malady, which has ravaged at different times nearly every part of the habitable globe, has been considered, by one of our most eminent physicians, an African fever, bred in Ethiopia or Egypt, and the infection of it carried into other parts of the world by commerce. Pliny observes, that it always travels from the southern to the western parts. The plague which broke out in Constantinople, in the year 543, spread its infection over all the earth, and it is said to have lasted fifty-two years. The last plague in London, says Dr. Hodges, was brought to us from Holland, but carried there by cotton imported from Turkey. In the year 1346, it raged in Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Syria, and the East Indies. In 1347, some ships from the Levant carried it to Sicily, Pisa, Genoa, &c. In 1348, it got into Savoy, Province, Dauphiny, Catalonia, &c. In 1349, it raged in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Flanders; the next year, Germany, Hungary, and Denmark; making such heavy destruction, that it is said to have dispeopled the earth of more than half of its inhabitants. It is very remarkable, that the several countries of Europe have always suffered more or less in this way, according as they have had more or less commerce with Africa.

Goods from infected places extend the infection more than by any other means. The seeds of the plague may lie dormant for a whole winter, but break out again in the spring; and when the constitution of the air happens to favour infection, it rages with great violence. Contagious matter lodges

most in goods of a soft and loose texture, which, being packed up and carried into other countries, let out, when opened, the imprisoned seeds of infection.

In the plague at Florence, in 1348, two hogs, finding in the street rags which had been thrown out from a poor man who had died of the disease, after snuffing on them, and tearing them with their teeth, fell into convulsions, and died in less than an hour. In the plague at Verona, no less than twenty-five persons were successively killed by the infection of one fur garment; and Foerster mentions an instance of seven children who died by playing on clothes brought to Alkmaer, in North Holland, from an infected house in Zealand. Mr. Williams, chaplain to Sir Robert Suffon, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, relates that a Bashaw, having made an expedition to the Polish frontier, one of the Janissaries under his command died of the plague; his jacket being a very rich one, another Janissary bought it, and he died; the like misfortune befell five more who became possessed of it; and then the Bashaw, in spite of his tenets, ordered it to be burned.

Alexander Benedictus gives a very distinct account of a feather-bed that was laid aside for seven years, on suspicion of being infected, which produced mischievous effects at the end of that great length of time; and Sir Theodore Mayerne, in a paper of advice against the plague, laid before the king and council in 1651, says, that some pieces of cloth which had been used as bandages by some infected persons having been put away between the wainscot and wall of a house at Paris, gave the plague, several years after, to a workman who took them out, which presently spread through the city. The plague has been often known to cease at the approach of winter, and return again with redoubled violence in the spring, as in the great plague at Genoa; in the first summer, about 10,000 died; in the winter hardly any; but the summer after no less than 60,000: and the same with respect to the last plague in London, which appeared at the latter end of the year 1664, and which was stopped by the hard frost for three months, till the ensuing spring.

The Turks in their late contest with the Russians, invoked this dreadful scourge as an ally. A number of wretches were despatched by the Ottomans for the purpose of disseminating the virus among their enemies. This

may account for the appearance of the plague in principalities where its ravages were formerly unknown. At Bucharest, at Odessa, and elsewhere, it broke out at different times, but was eventually repressed by the vigilance and firmness of the Russian generals. The mode adopted by these pestiferous messengers was as follows:—"A portion of infectious matter was carefully extracted from the body of a diseased individual, and inclosed in a crystal receptacle, which was afterwards hermetically sealed. The breaking of this Pandora's box dispersed a host of evils sufficient for the desolation of an entire province.

In 1808, an industrious dealer in pestilence presented himself before Napoleon, and proposed, for a certain recompense, to cross *La Manche*, for the purpose of correcting the redundancy of British population. The emperor, struck with indignation, ordered the miscreant to be seized, and deprived of his treasure, which was instantly consumed in a red-hot furnace. R. J.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.

Continued from page 300.

For the *Olio*.

Oh! the vanities and vicissitudes of this ever varying and changing life—the fluctuations of hope and despair, with a hundred other passions, in the human breast, but too truly inform us of our frail nature; while they indeed would almost favour the casuist's opinion, that "circumstance and chance" alone were the revolving hinges upon which our fates of weal or woe depended. At least, so it almost seems to me, looking back upon the past connected with the present subject of my pen, as memory, that faithful mirror of the mind, brings back, unweakened by time, those scenes and circumstances that, though here under different names, will never be effaced from my painful recollection.

But to proceed without retrospection. Year after year passed away until they had numbered six; and, never having heard of or from Walton, I was but too inclined to believe that death had freed him from an unhappy existence. Ennesley, indeed, his former schoolfellow and acquaintance, I frequently beheld; fortune, and the world, consequently, seemed to smile propitiously upon him in all his undertakings. Shortly after Walton's departure, he had unexpectedly

come in for a handsome fortune, left by an old lady, a distant relative, into whose good graces he had ingratiated himself successfully. Established as one of the firm of a flourishing bank—for his desire of gain induced him to speculate his property—his once cringing manners had undergone a vast change, having grown proud, supercilious, and haughty, while his equipage, liveries, town and country houses, exhibited a style of first-rate city importance.

Great heaven! that a man, such as I know this to be, insincere and heartless, should roll in luxury and splendour—should prove fortunate in all he attempts, when the generous, confiding, and open-hearted Walton is made the sport of fortune—who, bowed down the victim of sorrows, probably sleeps in an unknown and unlamented grave, in a foreign land! Such was my frequent melancholy reflection, as Ennesley, with a cold nod of recognition, has driven by me in his elegant carriage. Alas! had the impenetrable wisdom of providence allowed me to look into the future, how different would my sentiments have been!

It was at that season of the year when the members of fashion, tired for awhile of the dissipation of the metropolis, seek the reinvigoration of their health and spirits in the umbrageous retreats of the country, or genial air of the sea-side, which bustle, racket, and late hours are calculated to depress,—that myself, most gentle reader, humbly following in the rear of that all-powerful and absolute thing, sought a temporary relaxation from the duties of my office, in a sojourn at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

There is something curiously singular in chance. It might be about a week after my arrival, I sauntered forth to take my usual walk in the cool of the summer evening. I had chosen a narrow path through the rich luxuriance of the verdant meadows skirting the high road to St. Omer. The sunlight of day was just giving place to the sober twilight preceding night, when I perceived a lady and gentleman approaching at a short distance. As my eye dwelt upon them, I could not help thinking that in figure and deportment they might serve as a model of perfection in the sexes. Both above the common stature, dressed apparently with more regard to neatness than costliness, they might both have been taken for foreigners, the lady decidedly so. There was something in their appearance that interested me. As they advanced at a

slow pace facing me, the lady appeared endeavouring to rouse her more gloomy companion from a fit of abstraction in which he seemed sunken, by that delicate show of interest and endearment, as she gazed in his face, and whose very appearance spoke more eloquent than words. There was something in the figure and firm elegant carriage of the gentleman, that struck me as having met with him before, but where I could not recollect. The next instant, in passing, as I gave up the foot-path, he happened to turn his head full upon me, displaying features, bold, prominent, dark, and sun-burnt almost to a degree of swarthiness, with an immense pair of whiskers and moustachios. I could scarcely be mistaken—the form and expression of that countenance, though changed by years, and a tropical climate, were not to be forgotten. The well-known name of Walton was just trembling on my lips, as, gazing intently, his full, dark eye encountered mine in recognition. Pronouncing my name in accents of surprise, he saluted me with that same frank and friendly cordiality that had ever marked his manners, expressing his pleasure at our meeting, and introducing the lady as his wife, whom I perceived could only speak a few words of broken English.

Such were the circumstances that again so unexpectedly led to the renewal of our friendship. Though frequently in his company during our mutual stay at Boulogne, I learnt little how he had spent the long interval since our previous parting. From all I could learn at different periods, he seemed to have led a wild, wandering, and uncertain existence, under an eastern sun. How he had employed himself, did not appear. He seldom or ever spoke of his past residence abroad, and I thought at times seemed uneasy when any one questioned or alluded to it.

The same strange mystery, from some reason or other, was attached to the lady he designated his wife, who, young and beautiful, seemed born and bred an Asiatic, her features possessing all the admired classical outline of the Grecian. Truly applicable were those exquisite lines of Byron—

"Her's was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where'er we turn'd the eye,
The morning-star of memory."

It was impossible not to observe the deep undying love that seemed to bind them. The very fibres of Walton's

heart seemed entwined in her existence, as he humoured her every wish with a fondness and devotion almost approaching idolatry; while she, no less fond of him, seemed never so happy as when dwelling with all of woman's love pictured in her large, dark, brilliantly-expressive eyes, upon him, for whose smile she seemed to look as for that of some superior being. Her feelings seemed but too expressive, perhaps, of that eloquent and admired couplet of Moore's, which I cannot refrain from quoting—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou
art!"

A short time sufficed to show me Walton had received that Asiatic change that so frequently may be observed in men whose prospects in life have been blighted through unforeseen occurrences. Whatever his real feelings were, in outward semblance he was no more the same free, reckless, and open-hearted being I had known him in earlier days. The suspicion and distrust engendered by a residence in the world, seemed to have shut up the free sluices of a heart naturally disposed to be candid and sincere, while his broad and expanded forehead had received the impressive lines of care and anxiety. There were times, too, when, perhaps, in the sudden burst of a high, fierce, and wounded spirit, he delivered sentiments of democracy, that in some ears would have sounded daring and lawless in the extreme.

At different periods, there were moments when Walton seemed immersed in fits of the deepest and saddest reflection, from which he was only roused by the silvery voice of his fairy-formed companion. In tones of plaintive sweetness as frequently she sung to her harp the songs of another clime, then would the firm compression of his brow relax, and the dark clouds of bitter reflection disperse, as he met the glance of those brilliant orbs trembling with the pearly tear of devoted tenderness. There was something beautiful and uncommon, in beholding the all-pervading feeling that enshrouded their mutual existence, enhanced, perhaps, by seeming clouds of mystery and romance that enveloped them.

As I have observed, he had never spoken or alluded to the family or the land of the birth of Inez, as he familiarly and fondly termed her, while there was a naivete and guileless simplicity in the beautiful foreigner, as she

sometimes, without reflection, endeavoured to express herself in the little English she knew relative to those past scenes Walton evidently desired should remain unknown.

The spot Walton had chosen for a residence was admirably well adapted for the summer sojourn; standing about a mile from the town, and within two or three hundred yards facing the sea. I had called one evening, and after taking tea in the favourite sitting-room, commanding a view of the out-stretched coast and ocean, we sat admiring the beauty of an uncommonly fine evening in August. All was so stilled and hushed in the air around, that scarce the breathing of a zephyr trembled the honeysuckle that wound itself luxuriantly clustering in at the bay-window, out of which we gazed on the broad and expanded bosom of the ocean, reflecting the rich light and beautifully bright colours of the declining sun, in whose fading beam the white sails of many a vessel were visible. There was that beauty in the scene, the stilly air, the slumbering sea, bright blue and crimson sky, calculated to raise and elevate the mind to pure and holy thought. At least, some such might have been our feelings, as, immersed in silence, we sat gazing on that sinking orb of day that was then gradually enlightening far lands and waters. Turning my head for a moment round, I perceived the brow of the lovely foreigner was paler than I had ever seen it before. A liquid pearl had gathered in her brilliant eye, impelled by some saddened feelings of remembrance. As though almost involuntarily, without being sensible of it, she struck the harp beside her, which emitted a melody wild and irregular, but tenderly expressive of emotion, giving a kind of momentary magic to the minute. Suddenly, as if overpowered by feelings of the past, the stronger from temporary suppression, she ceased, leant over the instrument, and wept.

"It tell me of dem I never see more, and the land so beautiful where I once live," she sobbing uttered, in her imperfect English, as she endeavoured to stop with her slender delicate fingers the spring remembrance had caused to flow.

Impelled by a tenderness he had ever displayed towards her, Walton raised in his arms her sylph-like form, that contrasted strikingly with the muscular breadth and height of his own. I could not but perceive that he seemed hurt as

he spoke to her in a language apparently eastern, in tones so low and gentle, that I could only guess their import by her answer, as she said, with energetic simplicity—

"Oh, yes, once more and again—me leave dem all—all my own—for your ship to run me away cross sea!"

"Come, love, put your cloak on; I think a walk on the sands will dispel these vapours," uttered Walton, in some embarrassment. Accordingly, we proceeded down to the sands, where, in a short time, I parted from them with those mingled feelings of surprise and curiosity I could not suppress.

To be continued.

LONDONIANA.

STATE OF THE CITY AND ITS VICINITY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—It is certain, that in the time of Henry VIII. the manner of living in London, among the generality of the people, was, according to modern notions, wretched in the extreme. Erasmus, in a letter to Dr. Francis, says, "The floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes; under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, excrements of dogs and cats, and every thing that is nasty." He attributes the frequent plagues which ravaged the city to the crowded manner of building, and the almost total exclusion of light and air from the houses. The suburbs of London were at this period nearly void of buildings. From the ancient map of Ralph Agges, dated about the year 1560, and which, perhaps, is the oldest map of London extant in print, it appears, that almost the whole of the metropolis was confined at that time within the city wall. There were a few straggling houses, leading up the Strand, and a few more round about Smithfield. The open fields came close up to the city wall throughout almost the whole northern and eastern circumference; and those houses which stood without them were for the most part detached, and accommodated with gardens. Charing Cross appears, in some degree, to have been connected with the city by an irregular train of houses. The village of St. Giles lay entirely isolated across the open country. A single street led up Holborn almost as far as the Bars; between that point and Somerset House the space was entirely occupied by fields and gardens.

There were also many gardens and

open spaces within the City, and more particularly in the immediate vicinity of the wall, within which a considerable space was kept clear round the whole circuit. The largest area occupied by gardens, was immediately behind Lothbury, where several acres seem to have been so laid out. In the eastern and south-eastern parts of the City, there were likewise a great many spots similarly appropriated. Within this very limited compass of inhabited ground was crowded a population of constant dwellers, amounting to not less than 130,000, being nearly three times the number of those who regularly dwell within the same area at the present day.*

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

AUTHORS AND READERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—The competition which has arisen between the authors of modern times, has had the further advantage of quickening all their movements. Compare the cumbrous periods and floundering verbiage of the very best writers of King James's day, with the snip-snap epigram style of newspaper penny-a-line men. It is the difference between a broad-wheel waggon and a railway steam-carriage. The great business of a modern author is to seize his opportunity. He knows that the world will neither await his leisure, nor suffer him to "bestow all his tediousness" upon his readers. The age of things is arrived, and we have no longer time to throw away upon words. Formerly, when books were scarce, and a well-locked glass case contained the whole floating capital of a nation's literary amusement, a voluminous proser was a public benefactor; for he helped to pass away the long winter's nights, that too frequently hung heavily on hand. Burton's folio on Melancholy was an inexhaustible mine of cheerfulness; and a ponderous romance that took a year in perusal prevented more suicide than the stomach-pump. But now, a man who is beforehand in his literature must be a hard reader; and a literary proser is as sedulously avoided, as a button-holding monopolist in conversation. He who does not condense his subject within the smallest possible space, has no more chance of the public ear, than a country *put*, amidst the epidemic coughing of the House of Commons.

The Metro.

* By a census taken in 1811, the regular inhabitants of the City were estimated at 57,760.

THE FIRST WHALERS.—It is probably true that the Norwegians occasionally captured the whale before any other European nation engaged in so perilous an enterprise. But the early efforts of the Norwegians were not conducted on any systematic plan, and should be regarded only in the same point of view as the fishing expeditions of the Esquimaux. The Biscayans were certainly the first people who prosecuted the Whale Fishery as a regular commercial pursuit. They carried it on with great vigour and success in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1261 a tithe was laid upon the tongues of whales imported into Bayonne, they being then a highly esteemed species of food. In 1338, Edward III. relinquished to Peter de Puyanne a duty of 6*l.* sterling a whale, laid on those brought into the port of Biarritz, to indemnify him for the extraordinary expenses he had incurred in fitting out a fleet for the service of his majesty. This fact proves beyond dispute that the fishery carried on from Biarritz at the period referred to must have been very considerable indeed; and it was also prosecuted to a great extent from Cibourre, Vieux Boucan, and subsequently from Rochelle and other places.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.—One part of the religious economy of the Hindoos, regarding their conduct towards the sick and dying, cannot be viewed without the most melancholy impressions. When a sick person's life is despaired of, he is carried by his relations to the bank of the river, and there, exposed to the storm, or the intense heat of the sun, he is permitted, or rather forced, to resign his breath. His mouth, nose, and ears, are closely stopped with the mud of the river; large vessels of water are kept pouring upon him; and thus, amidst the agonies of disease, and the convulsive struggles of suffocation, the miserable Hindoo bids adieu to his relations and to his present existence. This is called Gungah jatra; and when life is gone, the corpse is burnt, if the family can pay the expenses, and the ashes are thrown into the river. During the months of September and October, the most fatal season of the year to the natives of Bengal, you cannot pass along the river without being annoyed by such scenes of superstition, cruelty, and horror; if the person carried down to the bank die, according to expectation, or rather yield to those precautions taken to secure his death, the body, together with the cot upon which

it lies, is surrounded with dried wood, and thus consumed by the flames. The ashes are then scattered about the place, and lathed with water. This last ceremony performed, the attendants retire to their huts with an indifference that seems to approach to insensibility. J.

SAXON ARCHITECTURE.—In the Medico Laurentinian Library, at Florence, is a Syriac MS. of the Evangelists, written A.D. 586, full of pictures and miniatures, exhibited in 26 leaves. The second shows a Virgin Mary under a ciborium, supported by four pillars, which are dressed with chevrons, lozenges and eggs. The other plates give every characteristic ornament of the Saxon style of architecture, as nebules, lozenges, quatre-foils, chevrons, flowers, fruit, birds, and a rich variety of sculpture. So early an instance, as to date, and so authentic in point, has not, it is presumed, been produced; what has been observed of the church of Tours, and that of Hexham, being rather probable conjecture. Here we have a curious and incontestible fact full in view; the only difficulty is to account for so singular an appearance.

TURKISH CURER.—Webster, in his amusing Travels, says, that during his last voyage up the Nile, one of the crew was bitten in the foot by a serpent, and he ran howling to the boat, believing that he must die. The remedy applied was the following. They tied a Spanish dollar upon the wound, and one of the sailors stood over the patient for some time, repeating verses from the Koran. A cure somewhat similar was resorted to in the case of our reis, who one day complained of his head from exposure to the sun. One of the crew thrust his hand down the reis's back, and pulled and rubbed, as if he were drawing something up. Having done the same with the other hand, he kept a firm hold of the neck with both hands, seeming to have caught something. He then dragged one hand after the other cautiously round the head, till they met in the middle of the brow, and raising up the skin between them, he squeezed it, as if extracting a thorn. By this means the sun, which had mischievously entered the body, was turned out.

CATANIA, styled the Athens of Sicily, in historical renown is only inferior to Syracuse. The Sicoli and Phœnicians possessed it. It was subdued by Hiero of Syracuse, and by him called Etneo; liberated by Timoleon; subjected by Messala, a Roman three times consul; destroyed by irruption; and is now

considered as one of the best built cities in Europe. A more productive soil is not to be found in the island. The population, in 1798, was fifty-five thousand; in 1811, eighty thousand. There are nineteen convents for men, eleven for women—(of the convents, six are for nobles); forty-nine churches and chapels; the church and convent of the Benedictines are beautiful. The plain of Catania, the largest in the island, is fourteen miles long and ten broad.—Corn produces one hundred fold, sometimes one hundred and twenty. There are no trees. The celebrated amber of Catania is found on the coast.

STAMPS were introduced in order to increase the difficulty of forgery by Justinian, in 537. They were first resorted to as a mode of taxation by the Dutch, in 1624, and in this country in 1694.

Customs of Various Countries.

ANTIENT VENETIAN CUSTOMS.—The hatred of the Church of Aquileia against that of Grado, which it considered as an unauthorized intruder upon its rights, had been transmitted undiminished through a course of more than six centuries; and Ulric, Patriarch of Aquileia, inheriting this feeling in its uttermost bitterness, gladly seized an opportunity of plundering his defenceless rival. Heading his Canons, the Patriarch crossed over to Grado, and was conveying its booty to his vessels, when he found himself unexpectedly arrested by a Venetian fleet. He obtained his liberty; but it was at a price to which he would, probably, have preferred the most costly expenditure of treasure; for the ransom which he was compelled to pay conveyed his memory in ridicule almost to our own times, and materially contributed to perpetuate the popular Venetian contempt for the spiritual dignity of Aquileia. Every year, on the Carnival Thursday, the Patriarch was obliged to send to Venice a bull and twelve boar-pigs,—a deputation representing himself and his Chapter. The ambassadors were paraded through the principal streets, and then slaughtered with mock solemnity in the presence of the Doge, who distributed their carcasses among the people. The holiday on which this mummary was exhibited (*Giovedì grasso*) was celebrated with particular festivity. Besides attending the procession of the bull, the Doge had a yet more martial duty to perform on this festival. In the great

Hall of the Palace was arranged some pasteboard scenery representing the castles of such Lords of Friuli as had espoused the cause of the Patriarch. These fortresses were attacked by the Doge and his Council, and beaten down by them with clubs; and till the reign of Andrea Griiti, in 1524, each succeeding Prince submitted to enact the chief part in this buffoonery. After that time, nothing further was required but that he should be a spectator of the bull-bait (for such in latter days it became) from the balcony of the Red Columns.

Anerbottana.

LORD ERSKINE.—Absence of mind is frequently the heritage of men of talent. Lord Erskine was afflicted with this malady. He one morning called upon a friend, and was scarcely shewn into the parlour, when he exclaimed, "Curse those hackney coaches! I seldom set foot in one of them, that I do not lose something."—"What has your lordship lost?"—"My great coat, and very provoking it is, for it was quite a new one."—"Does your lordship usually wear *two* at a time?" enquired his friend, who perceived his lordship had forgotten he was bearing the lost garment on his back.

PETER PINDAR.—When the facetious Dr. Walcot first began to publish his satires, they went off, as the booksellers said, very slowly, but after two or three had made their way in the world, Kearsley, the bookseller, made him an offer for the manuscript he had prepared for the press. This the doctor thought proper to accept. "Give me anything," he exclaimed, "any thing you please; to think that my poor squibs should bring money is more than I can credit." The work thus published had a rapid circulation, and Kearsley made a higher offer for another. "No, no," replied Peter, "I am in the secret now as well as you are;" and he very shortly made terms which were as much in his own favour, as in that of the publisher.

A FEW NEW ONES FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Why is a young often like a careful housewife?—Because her *waist is as little* as she can make it.

Why is a maid like a person that superstitiously follows a death-watch?—Because she is very easily *tick-led*.

Why are ladies' sleeves like an angry toad?—Because, when disturbed, they are *puffed up to the shoulders*.

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, May 16.

St. Simon Stock, Conf. A.D. 1265.

High Water 54m aft 4 Morning—18m aft 5 After.
Chaucer, who delighted in painting this beautiful season of the year, with all the freshness of nature, describes in the following strain the pleasures he received from a May morning:

There is game none
That from my bookes maketh me to goen,
But be it seldom, on the holy-day;
Save certainly when that the month of May
Is comen, and I hear the fowls sing;
And that the floweris ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my book and my devotion.

Legend of Good Women.

Tuesday, May 17.

St. Catharine, Bish. and Conf.

Sun rises 12m after 4—sets 49m after 7.

May 17, 1536.—Behaved to-day George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, brother to the unfortunate Anne, second Queen of the brutal Henry VIII. This amiable victim to the tyranny of the most lustful and sanguinary monarch that ever sat upon the throne of England, suffered upon an infamous charge brought against him of having an incestuous connection with his own sister, merely to gratify the ostensible jealousy of the king, who had conceived a violent passion for a new object. The chief proof of the criminal familiarity adduced appears to have been that he was seen to whisper with her one morning while she was in bed. Lord Rochford possessed a highly cultivated mind, an elegant person, and the most refined manners. Wood says of him, that at the "Royal Court he was much adored, especially by the female sex, for his admirable discourse." From these irresistible allurements his enemies endeavoured to give a plausibility to their diabolical machinations against him.

Wednesday, May 18.

St. Penantius, Bish. and mart. A.D. 341.

Moon's 1st Quarter, 12m after 4 After.

About this period of the month, the weather is generally very dry, and the gardens, and particularly the plants in pots, require frequent watering. This is best done early in the morning, or late at night. The worst of it is, that at this time of year we water the weeds along with the better plants, so that the hoe and rake become as necessary as the arrosir. A vestal, walking along an abbey-garden, and seeing this effect produce, exclaimed,—"As these weeds do receive the water wherewith the dry earth is moistened, intended only to nourish the plants, and thereby increase faster than they do, and by degrees choke them; so, when the oil of flattery is poured into one thirsty soul, with the view only to strengthen our virtues, doth it also water the seeds of vanity which lie buried in the heart, and which anon spring up, and in time obscure the fruits of sanctity."

Thursday, May 19.

St. Prudentiana, Virg.

High Water 43m aft 7 Morning—22m aft 8 After.

May 19, 1536.—An incident connected with the Tower of London enables us to record the fate of one of the many illustrious personages confined within the walls of the Beauchamp Tower. We allude to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It was from this place she wrote her celebrated letter to her pitiless tyrant, dated from her doleful prison in the Tower. It is a composition that gives place to none in the true pathetic. From hence, on this day, she was led to the block, placed on the green nigh to the Tower Chapel, and received the fatal stroke with patience and resignation.

Friday, May 20.

St. Bernardin of Siena, Confessor, A.D. 1444.

Sun rises 8m after 4—sets 53m after 7.

This day has been said to be particularly lucky for lovers to meet in couples to marry; at least so an ancient ballad in "Brightelmstones Fancies" says.

Song to Harriet.

All hail the twentieth of May!
Haste, my Harriet, haste this way!
Roses and violets blu',
Sweet briars and fragrant egianthe,
I have plucked for you.

Of the three Summer months they say,
The most of luck is the twenty of May,

Our hearts and hands to join;
This bloom which fills the fragrant air,
Shall rest upon thy bosom faire,
And thou shalt rest on mine.

Saturday, May 21.

St. Coedre, Hermit.

High Water 24m aft 10 Morn—On after 11 After.

May 21, 1647.—Expired Pieter Cornelius Hooft, one of the most illustrious poets of Holland. The early productions of Hooft were not distinguished by any of that sweetness of versification and occasional force which afterwards lent such charms both to his prose works and poetry. He went to France and Italy, and gave the first promise of an improved style and more cultivated taste, in a poetical epistle, written at Florence, to the members of the "Amsterdamsche Kamer." He appears to have made the Greek, Latin, and Italian writers his peculiar study. By reading the latter, he was first taught to impart that melody to his own language of which it had not hitherto been deemed susceptible. To no man, indeed, is Dutch literature more indebted than to Hooft. He refined the versification of his age without diverting it of its vigour. His mind had drunk deeply at the founts of knowledge, and his productions are always harmonious, and often sublime.

Sunday, May 22.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

St. Conall, Irish Abbot.

*Lessons for the Day—16 chapter Deut. Morning.
11 chap. Isaiah Evening.*

In very early times we are told, on Whit-sunday, at the church of Notre Dame, that in order to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, and in the shape of fiery tongues, upon the apostles, pieces of flaming tow were thrown down from the openings in the vaulted ceiling of the church; and pigeons were let loose, which alighted upon the priests and congregation, during the celebration of high mass.

Monday, May 23.

St. Julia, Vir. Mar. A.D. 439.

Sun rises 4m aft 4—sets 57m aft 7.

May 23, 1706.—Anniversary of the famous victory gained over the French at Ramillies, by the Duke of Marlborough. In this memorable conflict, Ensign Gardiner, then in the nineteenth year of his age, received a musket-shot in his mouth, which, without beating out any of his teeth, or touching the fore-part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out about an inch and a half on the left side of the vertebra. He felt no pain, but dropped soon after, and lay all night on the spot where he had been wounded, among his dying companions; he however recovered in an almost miraculous manner; and became, from a most profligate youth, a character eminent for piety.

Tuesday, May 24.

St. Vincent.

High Water 0h 40m Morning—0h 58m Afternoon.

May 24, 1357.—To-day the victorious and gallant Edward, the Black Prince, landed at Southwark, with his royal captive John, King of France, whom he had taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers the preceding year. John made his entry into London, mounted on a stately white horse, richly caparisoned, the colour of the animal, says Stow, denoting the rider's sovereignty; while the prince, as if seeking to avoid observation, rode by his side, plainly habited, on a small black nag; and King Edward, with equal magnanimity, received the captive monarch not as a prisoner, but rather as a neighbouring prince come to visit England. John was received by Henry Picard, the Lord Mayor of London, with such splendour as to dress, tapestry, and pageants, as had never before been seen. The same munificent magistrate, not long after, entertained the Kings of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus, at his own house in the city, with great and hospitable pomp.

On the 1st of June will be ready Part 45; and No. 2 of the Illustrations for Scrap Books.

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXI.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, May 23, 1831.



See page 324

Illustrated Article.

THE BURNING HAND; OR, THE BROKEN OATH REVISITED.

For the Otto.

“ Art thou prepared
To render up account of all thy crimes.
Thou matchless sinner in the sight of God?
For soon this hand, hot with eternal fire,
Shall scorch thy heart, and dry its vital tide.
Nay, shrink not from me now—this glowing
palm,
How oft, in rapture, was it clasp'd by thee!”
The Spectre of Flawith.

ELIZA COOPER was one of those unfortunates to whom beauty is a curse—an ill-starred boon—being conferred without fortune. Her parents were a diligent but poor couple, who occupied a cottage at the village of Aldwark, fourteen miles from York, and Eliza was their only child. She grew up in stately beauty and believing innocence, unconscious that she had to act in a scene which would require her to exchange her candour and reliance for reserve and suspicion. She was admired by the

neighbouring gentry for her excellent manners and address; and her artlessness and loveliness were like that of the woodland fawn, ere time and maturity separate it from its paternal nourishers. Such accomplishments, so little consonant with the humility and indigence of a cottage, at length attracted the eye of Lady Frankland, of Aldwark Hall; and, after being introduced into the family, and passing through the gradations of more menial servitude, she was ultimately established as Lady Frankland's maid.

Lady Frankland was a woman of most amiable character, though unprepossessing in person. Her husband, Colonel Frankland, had married her solely for her fortune, which was immense. He had been an adventurer in the world—an accomplished villain—a Ferdinand Count Fathom—and had vanished over his cunning with the despicable experience acquired in the army, at the gaming table, and in the haunts of dissipation and infamy. He was possessed of some of the worst qualities

which can accompany station and address. A professed dueller, a stony-hearted seducer, and a finished hypocrite, he might be compared to some evil spirit obtruding itself on the society of wealth and virtue, and availing itself of such reputable connexion to commit its unhallowed crimes. Twice had he been separated from Lady Frankland, on account of forbidden attachments, and twice had she forgiven and received him. In fact, she devotedly loved him, and such love was hers that it half obscured his 'multitude of sins,' and hung a veil between her doating eyes and the acts of her unworthy husband. This affectionate short-sightedness led to the impolitic introduction of Eliza Cooper into Colonel Frankland's establishment; and it was within the reach of the claws and talons of such a devouring eagle that the fluttering dove was now placed.

Much admired had Eliza before been by her rustic compeers; but a short residence at Aldwark Hall, a trip with the family to France, and the kind attentions and instruction of her mistress, had added so much of refinement to her beauty, that she suddenly seemed lifted from the lowly sphere of a peasant to the rank of a lady, and was treated with respect according with the villagers' notions of high life. Lady Frankland had sedulously watched over her with the guardian care of a mother, rather than that of a mistress; and Colonel Frankland had hitherto obtained no further regard to his repeated professions than a reproving smile. Passionately smitten with her, and resolved upon achieving his unmanly triumph, he beset her at every turning with compliments and commendations, and sometimes proceeded so far as to clasp her waist and snatch a hasty kiss from the timid girl. These liberties and interruptions were unknown to Lady Frankland, for Eliza, deeming herself staunch in the cause of virtue, unadvisedly thought that her coldness and caution would have the effect of causing her master to cease preferring his abandoned suit. Alas! how often has similar confidence led to betrayal and ruin, where an early and candid disclosure of such conduct would have made the guilt of the seducer redound upon his own head, and have been the salvation of his victim!

Time, and the determined solicitations and appeals of the Colonel, worked incredible alteration in Eliza. The blandishments of the villain ignited in her

bosom that spark of pride which seldom fails to accompany the possession of beauty and accomplishments, however chastened by virtue and meekness. He ultimately won her consent to a secret walk—he swore enduring protection and attachment—he ensnared her respect by his cant about morality—quoted to her fascinating passages of poetry (a taste for which Eliza had to thank Lady Frankland)—and, in fine, told her that he could not relinquish his preference for her before his lady, even though perdition were the penalty.

During the process of the heartless plot laid for Eliza's ruin, her good and honest parents, though not unaware of the existence of that dangerous pit into which she was about to be precipitated, had, nevertheless, no definite assurance of the startling fact of Eliza's assailments from, and consequent yieldings to, Colonel Frankland. Suspicion, that meddling arbitress of human motives and designs, had perpetuated her electric thrill from Aldwark Hall to the cottage of the Goodman Cooper; and his unenviable misgivings were any thing but removed by the reflection that Eliza's parental visits had been for some time "few and far between." Acutely did the open-hearted and sensitive father feel her neglect; and, in the bitterness of his surmisings, he was led to curse that beauty which had once rendered his unpretending home a little Eden. In this feeling of doubt and sorrow did the mother share; she had felt proudly when gazing on her daughter,—the gem of surpassing value in her earthly treasure,—and listening to the spontaneous commendations bestowed upon her; but now her heart was heavy; and, recurring to Eliza's estrangement,—

"She sat her down to think
On all her winning ways,
And almost wish'd, with sudden shriek,
That she had less to praise."

The moonlight hour, proverbially auspicious to lovers, was, as it well might be, obnoxious to Colonel Frankland, but for the walk planned by him, and agreed to by Eliza, an hour had been fixed upon which was not so dark as the Colonel could have wished it to be. It was rather gloomy, notwithstanding—a night when May, forgetful of her accustomed genialness, assumes the breezy chillness and aspect of discomfort peculiar to March.

"The daisies droop'd upon the brooklet's
brink,
And the cold stars seem'd carelessly to wink;

As luck'd the moon behind the ancestral wood,
And swept the night-breeze o'er the sighing
food."

The Colonel and Eliza, cloaked and muffled up, proceeded to the banks of the Ure, and crossed the river in a boat, in order to avoid the bridge, on which a toll for foot passengers was taken, an interruption which would have rendered their recognition not unlikely. The Colonel led Eliza along a solitary glen, covered with whin-bushes; at the end of this was a lone wood, where, beneath a cluster of firs and birches, on a seat constructed for the convenience of forest loiterers, they sat down, the Colonel renewing some previous conversation.

"Is it not in my power, and is it not my inclination, Eliza, to make you the first lady in the Riding—to marry you privately, to maintain you splendidly, and to love you sincerely? Now say, my coy little angel, prefer you the slavish hind to me?—love you the hovel better than the hall—a beggarly cottage, with parish dependence, better than plenty of money and obedient servants? You will ride in a carriage, and rest ye on a sofa, girl!—have menials to wait upon you, instead of having to wait upon others. Think, I beseech you, ere you decide too rashly!"

"Why, sir," said Eliza, "you know I am but a poor girl, indebted for all I have learnt to the kindness of Lady Frankland. I know she loves you dearly; then how can I make her such an ungrateful return as to seek, and attempt to retain, her husband's affections?—Sir, for your own sake——"

"Eliza, hear me, for I must be heard. I doat upon you to madness; my fancy, in dwelling on your peerless image, loses sight of every other object. Now, in the face of midnight heaven, beaming with astral beauty,—in the stillness of this old wood, in the presence of your beauteous self, and by your snowy hand, I swear to love you to the last! If I violate this solemn vow, if I break this sacred oath, may this fairy hand of yours, Eliza, which I now press to my bosom, when next placed there, *burn it with consuming fire*, which shall annihilate my dishonourable existence!"

Eliza turned to look in her seducer's face; a cloud was over the receding moon, and she could only catch, in the intentness of her gazing, the vulture-like gleaming of the eyes, and the demon smile of the lips of Colonel Frank-

land. Had she but had the mental daring to rouse her from the dreamy intoxication which his words had administered, she would have beheld the confessed villain, and have saved her honour and her life; but, alas! for Eliza! fate had clutched her—his deceitful avowals had entrapped her reliance; virtue coldly resigned her share in the warfare: chastity compromised her steadfastness; the injunctions of friends were forgotten; the contempt of the world was defied, and the flattering subterfuge of hiding her blushing face and seared conscience in the bosom of Colonel Frankland, alone weighed with the lost and fated maiden. She pondered on his passionate avowment, and answered—

"To you, as my master and superior, Colonel Frankland, is due my reverence, obedience, and respect. I will go further, sir, and say—but no, I must not; be content with hearing me declare that I admire and——; is it proper for me to listen to, is it politic for me to place confidence in, your eloquent promises? Besides, I know that love and forgetfulness are mutual accompaniments."

The viper answered her only by a poisonous kiss. That night closed the calendar of Eliza's innocence; her ruin was accomplished, and day-break beheld her at Aldwark Hall; unrefreshed by sleep, the transparent hue of her carnation cheek changed to a sickly paleness, her beautiful tresses unravelled, and her dress ruffled and soiled. She had so manoeuvred that her absence was otherwise accounted for; but though falsehood availed her as to outward appearances, she found it impossible to allay the fierceness of the hell which was raging within. Conscience stung her into sighing inquietude; and she entered her mistress's sitting-room a lost and miserable thing. The refreshing breeze of the morning air entered at the thrown-up sashes, redolent of the progressing sweets of the garden, but its coolness availed not to moderate the fever of Eliza. She fixed her gaze on a picture in the room—a Holy Family, from Guido, but the guileless expression in the countenances of the sinless group, so well embodied by the painter, was but accusation and reproach to the unhappy girl; and she turned to look on another picture, a pencil drawing by Lady Frankland herself, representing the Vicar of Wakefield's meeting with his erring daughter. It had often been admired and moralized on by

Eliza; but now it hung before her a dark prototype of her own fate, and she was silently contemplating the pathetic composition, her eyes suffused in tears, when Lady Frankland entered the apartment. After the observance of the usual etiquette, her ladyship kindly inquired the cause of Eliza's emotion.

"Nothing particular, madam. I am—certainly—rather affected to see——"

A flood of tears prevented her further utterance; and urged the astonished Lady Frankland more eagerly to essay the discovery of the cause of her maid's perturbation.

"Well, Eliza, what cause for grieving can the picture give you? You left your parents well after spending the night with them: You have no broken-hearted father mourning a lost and ruined daughter; and the pathos of such a scene as I have, I perceive successfully, depicted, should rather excite your gratitude, my dear girl, than move your tears."

Eliza replied not; she made no admission of her falsehood, no confession of her guilt, but, with downcast look, appeared tacitly to implore the absence of the worthy Lady Frankland, who was little aware of the illicit assignment between Eliza and the Colonel, which in so brief a space of time had despoiled the spotless flower her incessant care had matured and beautified, and she left Eliza with soothing assurances that cheerfulness ought invariably to be the companion of rectitude.

Confidence soon supplanted contrition; and a few more meetings with her shameless master, and a few more listenings to his brilliant sophistries, confirmed Eliza Cooper in the sensual apathy which she gradually assumed. But his ardour was short-lived; the rose had been gathered and rifled of its odour, and now that it drooped blighted upon the bosom of its rifler, he felt inclined to cast it from him. Midsummer elapsed, and the Colonel became more cool towards, and less frequent in his assignments with, Eliza. He repeated his promises, and deceitfully accounted for the prolongation of their fulfilment: she at last announced to him that she was in that situation, the concealment of which, for the sake of her character, would admit of no procrastination. He planned a retreat for her during her confinement, at the house of a sordid tenant of his, named Esselby, who rented a farm called Black-wood, situate in the woody angle adjoining Aldwark Moor. He himself undertook

to disclose the matter to Lady Frankland, after Eliza should have taken her flight from the Hall. The night of her departure was fixed upon, at about a week from the time of the proposal; during which interim a circumstance took place which aggravated in no small degree the miserable situation of the unhappy girl.

During the course of these hapless events, Eliza had paid but one visit to her sorrowing parents, and that interview was spent in reproaches and tears. She saw them not again until the passing bell had proclaimed that her father was released from earthly turmoil and regrets. With tottering steps the frail penitent sought the cottage of her vanished felicity once more. Her mother spoke not, but the accusing look which she cast on her erring child, plainly intimated that she considered her chargeable with the death of her father. Eliza, by her sobs and expressions, acknowledged the charge to be just—she retired to the inner parlour, in which lay the corpse of the venerable old man. The little windows lighting the apartment were enshrouded in the stretching branches of an apricot tree, which shaded the coffin in the centre of the room: but the alabaster whiteness of the features of the corpse, garnished by flowers gathered in the cottage garden, rendered them strikingly conspicuous in the leafy shade. There was an expression of upbraiding grief on the countenance which Eliza could not bear to contemplate. Every thing, in short, conspired to her condemnation and remorse—the psalm sung before the body while it was borne to the churchyard at Alne—the lofty solemnity of the burial service—the devout and imposing ceremonies observed at the grave—all tended to multiply the pangs of contrition which were re-awakened in her bosom.

The week elapsed wearily, and brought the eve on which Eliza was to forsake the protection of her mistress—for ever! Esselby waited on the opposite bank of the river, with horses provided by the Colonel. The libertine and his victim crossed the Ure, and took horse—Esselby retiring by a by-path to Black-wood Farm, which was three miles distant. Often, as they rode along, did Eliza waveringly advert to her future destiny, and remind the Colonel of his impassioned and earnest vow. He talked little, and the few observations which he did make were trivial and evasive. They arrived at

the Farm, and were received by Dame Esselby, as mercenary and vile a being as her husband, and both of them fit tools for the murderer's purpose. A comfortable supper was served up, at which Colonel Frankland made himself agreeably officious, especially towards Eliza, handing her wine, and incessantly pressing it upon her. The scene was now rapidly drawing to a close; the Colonel pretended to take his leave; Eliza became indisposed, and, at last, violently sick; she was supported up a gloomy old stair to her apartment, and put to bed—paroxysms of vomiting succeeded—her features became black and distorted, and her body swollen—and, in about two hours from the time of the mortal draught being administered, Eliza Cooper painfully breathed her last—the words which death arrested on her lips being protestations against the perjury of Colonel Frankland!

The Colonel and Esselby had prepared her a grave in a corner of the wood, overhung by the branches of a few clustering larches, into which she was lifted by them; and, two days afterwards, in order to render "assurance doubly sure," of the concealment of her body, they procured a cart-road to be made over the spot, which was necessarily raised a considerable height above the circumadjacent earth, by which her grave was rendered many feet deeper: but though that tongue was thus prematurely stilled which could have impeached the betrayer, it required his most consummate artifice to tangibly account for the disappearance of Eliza—and swift-footed justice but waited on tiptoe the revisiting of the fearful oath made to Eliza, ere it called to account the sordid accessories in the foul and revolting murder.

To be concluded in our next.

Romances of the Rhine.

For the Ollio.

THE HAUNTED WELL.

A summer dawn began to throw
Its purple radiance o'er the sky,
And many a flower that bloom'd below
To ope its golden gleaming eye;
And tinkling on
Full brightly shone
The mazy rill through lonely dell,
Hurry'ing, hastening fast along,
To meet the waves of Chara's well.

I gazed upon that shining rill,
As in the raven font it fell;
And fancied female cadence shrill
Arose from out the silent well,

I know not how the truth may be,
But German peasants yet will tell,
That 'neath those waves a maiden lies
A prey to some foul demon's spell.

Thus runs the tale:—One autumn night,
When heaven had don'd its spangled blue,
When pour'd the morn her amber light,
And hill-tops shone with diamond dew,
Came o'er the Rhine's broad bosom clear
A damsel and a cavalier.
Her white hand on his shoulder leant,
Her eyes were on his features bent,
And, oh! so sweet the look she sent!
It moved the stern-brow'd cavalier;
That love-glance to his bosom went,
And dimm'd his dark eye with a tear.

"That smile," unto himself he said,
"That smile hath won my heart, sweet maid,
Yet cannot I thy life prolong.
To slay thee grieves my soul full sore,
Yet must I do the deed ere long,
Or Valadomir breathes no more."

Then landed from their boat the twain,
And to a dell anon they came;
It was in sooth the sweetest scene
That ere to mortal ken was given;
It seem'd the home of elán queens,
Surpassing all 'twixt earth and heaven.
Around it verdant hillocks spread,
With myriads wild-flowers carpeted,
And rills, o'erleaping moss and stone,
Came trickling down in flash and foam;
While every gale that floated round
Seem'd laden with some witching sound;
Like elf-song 'mid the moonlight straying,
Or harp in ether softly playing,
Commingling with each rushing rill,
That in the crystal fountain fell.

The cavalier's dark scowling brow
Gloom'd on the lovely maiden now;
His iron'd palm on hers he laid,
And forth his bright stiletto drew:
The moonbeams on the weapon play'd,
And show'd it stain'd with purple hue.
His meaning was at once reveal'd,
Yet in her breast no terrors woke;
She raised her hand—a feeble shield—
To screen it from the savage stroke.

One anguish'd scream—one stifled groan—
Responded faintly to the blow
And Chara's bleeding corse was thrown
Amid the sparkling waves below.

Ere since that fatal night, 'tis told,
Her sprite at midnight hour is seen
To braid her show'ring locks of gold,
While floating o'er the glossy stream.

Each vale and dell around she haunts,
And in sweet mournful cadence clear,
Some witching melody she chaunts
About her cruel cavalier.

T. F.

THE FISHERMAN.

For the Ollio.

FROM the early part of August to the end of October, every little creek on the coast of Cornwall pours forth its boats and men in pursuit of the Pilchard Fishery. The large boats, with nets of immense extent, called seans, lie close to the shore, watching the approach of the fish, while others of a different construction, with smaller nets, are engaged in what is termed the drift fishery

at a distance from the coast. The fishing-towns of Newlyn and Mousehole, in the Mount's Bay, are particularly active in this occupation. In the afternoons may be seen the little fleet getting under weigh, and one after another sailing out to the different fishing-stations; the drift is always in the evening, and continues throughout the night; with the first dawn of day, like a cloud nearer and nearer comes the little fleet, returning to their home, with the produce of the night's fishing. The beach then is a most animating scene, it is covered with women, old men, and children, helping ashore the nets, taking the fish to the cellars for salting, or to the next market-town for sale; even wee toddling things, hardly able to stagger under the burden, marching away triumphantly with the large boots used by the fishermen, wet jackets, &c. to be dried and got in order for the next trip.

To the most indifferent stranger, this is a scene to be viewed with pleasure; and to a Cornishman, whose pride is in the fishery, it is ever a subject of delight. Every age finds employment at this season, from tenderest childhood to extreme old age; the light laughing countenance of youth and beauty (for the fishermen's daughters of Newlyn and Mousehole bear off the prize from the whole country round) is contrasted with rough faces which have weathered the gales of more than half a century, and who now, exempt from the toils of the sea, remain on shore to secure and preserve the *munny* spoil.

Yet sometimes in all this, the sudden tempest destroys the labour of the fisherman; his nets and boats are lost; his means of subsistence are gone, and poverty usurps the place of plenty; occasionally even lives fall a sacrifice. It is then that the season of joy is changed into mourning, and what was looked forward to with pleasure, is for a long time remembered with grief.

The boats, in the month of September, 182—, had been on the drift with a fine breeze for two or three hours, with every prospect of success; the evening had been cloudy, but nothing serious was apprehended; suddenly the breeze increased in violence, and the nets were taken up by the major part of the fishermen, in order to make their way home. Some, in the hope that the wind would not continue boisterous, remained at their fishing; but the gale freshened up, and that which at first was an easy task, became dangerous in

the extreme. One solitary little boat, much to leeward of the rest, manned by a father and three sons, toiled to get all right, and made most desperate efforts to secure their property; but the heavy sea breaking around, obliged them to cast off and try to save their own lives. The wind was dead off the shore, and the distance at this time, from being obliged to beat up for the pier, was a subject not to be looked at with pleasure: it was attempted; but, instead of working to windward, they lost ground, and, in the end, were obliged to run before it.

Harder and harder blew the wind, and the hope which had animated the little crew became fainter every moment. The father looked on his sons, but dared not utter a word to the elder ones; he saw the agitation of their minds, and feared to ask a question, lest even the bare answering it would take off the attention absolutely required for their preservation; for the sea roared and broke incessantly around them, and the distraction of their thoughts but for an instant would, perhaps, have been fatal. In this distress the eye was strained to catch a glimpse of any object from which succour might be derived, and, at the same time, to watch the seas and trim their little boat.

The youngest child, the last blossom, apparently so soon to be blighted, sat at his father's feet; the awfulness of the scene, to which he was a stranger, had for some time stopped the enquiries he was used to make: he was looking attentively on what was doing, and his little speaking eye seemed to ask could he assist. The father, seeing the poor boy so unusually quiet, asked him if he was afraid?

"If you are not, father," said the little fellow.

"But should you not be afraid to die, Joe?"

"No, father, for mother says, God watches over the poor fisherman, and I am sure she prays for us now; and if we should die, I should not be afraid, father."

At that time the mother was praying for her family, and watching anxiously the tempest; her heart was full, even to bursting, but her distress broke not forth in loud complaints,—it was the silent yet impressive submission to the will of God, yet looking to him for assistance. The whole of that night passed; at break of day the fisherman's wife was on the cliff, looking with fearful anxiety for the return of her husband. The

other boats were arrived, but he came not. The day passed, the night came, and yet no tidings. The neighbours, who pitied and felt for her forlorn situation, tried to comfort her; they told of many who had escaped the storm in all its fury, and had returned to the bosom of their families; though her husband was not now among them, he might still be saved and live many years. They were thanked for their kindness, and she tried to believe what they said might be true; yet, at the same time, the heart failed to give comfort, for the idea of her loss would not allow her mind to cherish hopes, seemingly never to be realized.

When the storm was past, and fair weather returned to cheer the fishermen, they went out and came in as usual; though at first they mourned the loss of Norton and his sons, whom they considered dead, yet when six months were passed, the memory of them was fast fading away from all but the widow and her orphan daughter.

One afternoon in April, three men and a little lad were seen toiling along the road from P—; they had apparently walked far, and each carried his bundle slung over the shoulder. Some of the men lounging about uttered a cry of surprise, and a little girl darted away from them towards the advancing party—the only word she spoke was “Father!” and in an instant jumped into the arms of the eldest of the group.

It was indeed the fisherman and his sons; they had escaped the perils of the storm, they had traversed the great ocean, and now once more returned to throw light upon the dark hours, and cause sunshine and smiles again to illumine the cottage of her who thought herself desolate; she was no longer the widow mourning the death of her husband and family, but the happy wife and the mother of sons who had been her pride and support; nor was the enjoyment solitary; old faces dropped in to see their lost comrades restored to them, to wish them joy on their return, and offer assistance should they need it. They asked them by what miracle they had escaped, and why they had not before informed them of their safety? It was soon told;—they had passed that night and the next morning in great distress; the gale had not decreased; when at their last extremity, they were taken up by an outward bound vessel on her voyage to South America; they had no means of returning, or even sending home to their family, and were

obliged to wait on board until they could obtain a passage to England. The captain had allowed them handsomely for their assistance; they were grateful to him, and thanked heaven for the blessing of deliverance from death and giving them something to assist in recovering the loss they had sustained.

The next season the fisherman's family were engaged in their former occupation, with a fresh boat and nets, purchased by the money they had brought with them, and the kind assistance of their friends. They have since weathered many a gale, and been signally favoured by providence: but this was the principal feature of their lives—it formed a tale for many wintry nights, and the recital of the adventure always convinced them that God protects those who put their trust in him.

J. S. C.

Lays of the Wesp.

For the Ollo.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

THE ROVERS' GLEE.

Far from the lands of our fathers we roam,
Gold is our god and the ocean our home;
Like lions we wander—the free and the brave,
We skim the blue seas, as the wind on the wave;

Undaunted alike at the foe or the storm,
Danger we dread not, whatever its form:
Fear in the battle or gale cannot be
In the breast of a gay, wand'ring Rover at sea.

Who rides so proudly as we o'er the wave?
Who is more mighty, unshackl'd and brave?
Kings on the hillow and lords on the land,
Roam where we will, we are born to command;
Our ensign on high who must meet obey,
With thrice our own number when lost we the fray?

No flag is more dreaded o'er wave and o'er lea,
Than that of a gay, wand'ring Rover's at sea.

When round the bowl, and the watch has been set,

Each fearless soul of a Rover has met,
Then bid we defiance to sorrow and care,
Thought dies in the bowl, we laugh at despair;
Success to the “black joke,” we drink o'er
and o'er—

A toast to the lassies we love on the shore!
Health to the Rover the free of the free!
Success to the gay, gallant Rover at sea.

THE OMINOUS MASK AT JED-BURGH.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, Alexander the Third, King of Scotland, whose virtues have been extolled deservedly by most historians, yielded to the entreaty of his prelates and his nobility, so far as to dispatch his Chan-

* Formerly a celebrated pirate ship: the name is still extant in his majesty's navy.

cellor, Charteris, along with three knights—Sir Patrick Graham, Sir Wm. St. Clair, and Sir John De Soulis, on a matrimonial embassy to France. Their commission was to select, from one of the noblest families in that country, a second consort for their sovereign, who was only in his forty-seventh year; and they chose Ioleta, a daughter of the Count de Dreux, who was wedded to the king at Jedburgh, with great pomp and rejoicing, on the 5th of April, 1285. Her extreme beauty, the splendour of the suite of French nobility who accompanied her, and the generous wishes of the Scottish nobles to manifest their joy at the marriage of the king, and to efface all melancholy recollections from his mind, rendered these festivities unusually brilliant. Amid a numerous concourse of all that was lordly and beautiful in the land, Alexander and his queen presented gifts to the foreign barons, who came to grace the ceremony; and the feast, the dance, and the rude dramatic or pantomimic entertainments of these times, occupied many successive days. But the nuptial mirth was suddenly overclouded by a singular apparition. At night, when joy was at its height, when the floor was thronged with maskers, and the minstrels made the arched roof echo to their music, a spectre like Death suddenly glided in amongst the revellers, and approaching the beautiful Ioleta, invited her with a silent and fearful motion to join the dancers. All were horror-struck; a loud shriek from the queen announced the extremity of her terror, and falling into the arms of her husband, the music ceased, and the entertainment abruptly broke off, amid the sighs and tears of the queen's female attendants, and the indignant inquiries of the prince and his nobles. It was, indeed, soon discovered that the whole was only a well-acted piece of "mumming;" but a feeling of superstitious dread and dark presentiment had taken hold of the minds of the assembly, and the deathlike mask at Jedburgh seems to have been universally considered as ominous of some deep national calamity. Nor was this an unfounded foreboding, for the king did not survive his marriage for a single year, and his death was sudden and violent. Having gone to visit his queen, he returned on horseback with a small retinue of his nobles, and reached Inverkeithen in the evening. The night was dark, and as the road wound dangerously along some precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea,

his courtiers earnestly entreated him to delay his journey till the morning; but he insisted on pressing forward towards Kinghorn, and his horse, making a false step, stumbled over a cliff, and, falling with its rider, killed him in an instant. The place where the accident happened is still pointed out in the tradition of the neighbourhood, by the name of "the King's Wudend," and a cross of stone was erected on the spot, which still existed in the reign of James II.—In England, his death was considered, if we may believe Knighton, as a judgment from Heaven, for his having broken the holy season of Lent, by a visit to his queen. Such is the ridiculous blindness of superstition! In Scotland, however, the universal love and affection of his subjects repelled so injurious an imputation. "Let no one," says Fordun, reasoning upon the suddenness of his death, "presume to doubt as to the salvation of this king. He cannot die ill who hath lived well."

—LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.

Continued from page 317.
For the *Olio*.

Walton, as a short time sufficed to show me, ever improvident of the future and foolish in respect to pecuniary matters, from a number of little circumstances needless to mention, was but indifferently well off, living in a style far above any apparent income he had. In fact, I had heard him more than once jocularly remark, that fate had sent him there, and he trusted it would take him off. By that alluding to many heavy debts he had contracted, the payment of which was growing more urgent every week.

"Whom do you think I met and dined with yesterday, at the Hotel d'Angleterre?" uttered Walton, when I saw him one day.

"I cannot possibly tell," was my reply.

"Why none other, I assure you, than our old schoolfellow, 'Fox Ennesley,' whom you may recollect."

"Proud as Lucifer, I suppose," I remarked.

"Far from it as possible," continued Walton; "the fellow has vastly improved, seemingly in every respect, since last I saw him. He was exceedingly kind and friendly in his professions, and appeared only desirous how he might testify his old friendship for me."

A smile half ironical sat upon his features as he spoke, which I vainly endeavoured to read.

"And do you put faith in his professions, knowing his early character so well?"

"I may try them—no harm can result from that whatever. He may be of service in enabling me to raise some cash, which I am endeavouring to do. By this time, he is in England—having seen him aboard the packet this morning, when he gave me a most cordial invitation to take up my residence at his house in Portland-place on my return across the Channel, until I could suit myself with a mansion."

"I most sincerely trust," I rejoined, "that you may not have cause to regret the testimonies of that man's friendship. For myself, notwithstanding his advancement in the world, I never can associate him in my mind with any real kindness, without believing he has some end or other of his own to gain."

"Pooh! my dear fellow, never fear for me—though I hardly think you do him justice. The boy should be forgotten in the man."

"'Tis a degrading reflection,—but manhood is spent too frequently in maturing the designs of our boyhood."

Without intending it, my observation seemed momentarily to affect the spirits of Walton, who changed the conversation to some indifferent subject.

Two days after this, Walton received a letter, informing him of the dangerous illness of his father, who was not long expected to survive. Urged by those feelings of filial affection, which neither sorrows nor years of absence had been able to weaken, his perplexity and anxiety were great, how he was to be enabled to quit Boulogne; his debts being to that large amount as to preclude entirely the possibility of present payment, without which there was no prospect of leaving.

"I have it!" he said, suddenly, as we conferred together, "desperate circumstances require desperate remedies!"

On the following morning, calling by appointment, I was surprised to learn that his wife had embarked that morning for Dover, with his two English servants; at the same time he informed me of his intention, which was to endeavour to make his escape in an open boat that night; when he doubted not, if the wind continued favourable, to make the English coast in the morning.

Though the plan was rash and full of peril, I knew the folly of attempting to dissuade him from that which he seemed fully bent upon. So, after making a tender of my services, which he told me in the present case could not avail him, we parted, under the mutual understanding that I was to hear from him immediately if he succeeded.

That same night, at a late hour, the wind rose in gusty squalls, while the rain in big drops patted against my chamber windows, intimating the approach of a storm, as I walked to and fro, sincerely hoping that he could never have been mad enough to have run into almost certain destruction in putting to sea in an open boat in such weather. Luckily, however, the anticipated storm died away in its infancy, for the next morning a fishing-boat being missing, and inquiries made, it was soon known, and generally bruited about, that an English officer had gone off without his passport, and left his creditors in the lurch.

My only fear now was, that he had not succeeded in crossing in safety: from this, however, I was freed in a week, by the receipt of a packet from him, informing me of his safe arrival, after some dangers, having made Romney, on the English coast, whence he had proceeded and joined his wife at Dover. Starting directly to London, he had arrived just in time to close his parent's eyes. Enclosed were five Napoleons he desired me to give the fisher whose boat he had cut out; likewise the address where he would find it at Romney; while there were also several letters for his creditors, containing assurances that the different amounts of their bills should be remitted soon.

After executing his various commissions, in three weeks afterwards, the expiration of my leave of absence having expired, I returned to London and the duties of my office. Two days after my arrival, I called upon Walton, who was strangely altered since last I had seen him: a dark brooding care sat upon his haggard countenance, which he endeavoured to account for by the recent death of his father. In my own mind I attributed it to some far different cause, as remote as his careworn look was to the kind of grief felt for the death of a relative, whose advanced age must previously have fitted the mind for that event.

That same day Ennesley made his appearance at the dinner-table, and I could not but observe that his late su-

perdicious manners to me were changed to great affability, as circulating the bottle freely after Walton's lovely companion had retired, he rallied him upon his low spirits, with what in my eyes then seemed a boisterous and affected mirth, more calculated to depress than raise the mind.

I perceived with wonder the close intimacy that seemed suddenly to have taken place between Walton and Ennesley, the latter of whom was almost constantly at Walton's apartments, which were sumptuous and elegant in the extreme, so much so as to excite my surprise, considering the very small resources I had reason to believe he possessed. I remarked, too, that the sly, half-smirking expression of Ennesley's sharp-set countenance, when he thought himself unnoticed, wore a look of restless anxiety, which he generally endeavoured to conceal under an artificial exterior.

It chanced, one evening, when at Walton's, as I handed a chair to the tea-table, perceiving a piece of paper under the table, resembling in size a cheque or bill stamp, I picked it up with some remark on carelessness.—The moment Ennesley's ferret eyes glanced on the paper, he snatched it from me with a sudden exclamation of fear and horror, while looks of mutual alarm and doubt were exchanged between him and Walton. Some trivial excuses and apologies immediately followed, but from that minute a vague and undefined suspicion arose in my mind that all was not right. Ennesley's well known wealth and credit at the time alone dissipating a black and tangible idea that at first was rising in my mind. Besides, there were other reasons for unpleasant supposition; Walton's style of living, sumptuous at first, had grown extravagantly so, without any apparent means; his father, who had but a life annuity, having left no property. His lodgings were now exchanged for an elegant house, a short way out of town, that was furnished in excellent style, with a carriage, servants, and every other requisite for a man of large fortune. At times Walton could not but perceive my surprise, as some new and extensive purchase came to my knowledge, at which times he seldom failed to put on a cheerful look, and hint at some very successful mercantile speculations he was engaged in, in conjunction with Ennesley.

Thus things went on until the winter, and I thought that, but for an occa-

sional absence of mind, Walton had recovered the greater portion of his wonted cheerfulness,—exchanging visits among many of his former acquaintance, and becoming once more the delight of the society he moved in. About a week previous, Walton had issued cards of invitation to a few particular friends for Christmas day, during which period, as I saw him once or twice, I perceived a return of his former anxiety, which at the period I naturally enough attributed to a tender care respecting his wife, who was within a month of her confinement.

On the day of invitation, being among the number of invited guests, I was introduced to a select party of ladies and gentlemen, assembled to dine; after which meal, the ladies, as usual, retired, leaving the gentlemen over the bottle, to crack their nuts and jokes. Perhaps in my life I had never seen Walton in more exuberant spirits, or to better advantage, as he sat presiding at the festive board, the very soul and essence of conviviality, joking, laughing and singing by turns.

Ennesley seemed infected with some of Walton's high-flown spirits, as his loud, chuckling laugh and noisy merriment—drinking deep to the toasts that passed round—contrasted strongly with his usual apparent staid and, latterly, melancholy demeanour. I had at different times remarked, with respect to this man, that the immense quantity of wine he was in the habit of drinking never produced signs of intoxication in him. There was a slight circumstance occurred, which, but for the sequel of that day, I should never have recollected, and which served to illustrate the truth of a superstition I have known very many sensible and even learned people place faith in. It was remarked by one of the company, an elderly gentleman, that there were thirteen at table, with the half-jocose and half-serious observation, that he trusted we should all be alive to enjoy the next Christmas. The observation was followed by a laugh or jest from all, except two, whom I observed affected—those two were Walton and Ennesley: in the former it seemed to cause the gloomy reflection of a single minute, while, the laugh the latter was uttering at the time died faulteringly off his lips, followed by a visible diminution of animal spirits.

Supper time arrived, and everything went on jovial and pleasant, promising a separation with regret. But who can look into the dark pages of fate, to per-

ceive the rising tempest about to burst over our devoted heads when least expected. Walton was at the head of the supper table, laid out in the drawing-room, carving, and facing his beautiful partner, whose pale and delicate countenance, as she assisted in the duties of the table, seemed overspread with what I often afterwards thought a sadness and melancholy prophetic of the future, which not the tender attentions of Walton, or the hilarity of the convivial party could in any way dispel,—it hung like a dark speck upon the serene and brilliant firmament, the sign and forerunner of a storm. As I have said, Walton was at the head of the festive board, carving, with Ennesley on his right hand, who had regained his mirth, and was joining vociferously in the merriment produced by Walton's sallies of wit, when all were suddenly startled by the reverberating sounds of feet and high altercation of voices below in the hall, in which the fatal word "warrants" was very audibly pronounced, while a voice, loud and coarse, shouted, "Secure the front and back entrances, and see no one passes."—All present had started up in dire dismay and alarm, except Ennesley, whose terror and conscience-stricken countenance was deadly pale, as with convulsive quivering hands he pulled several slips of paper from a pocket-book, and thrust them in the fire, exclaiming, in a husky whisper, to Walton by his side,—(heavens! how his voice was changed at that moment.)—"It's all up—the game's over, and we are dead men."—At the same time sinking back on his chair, striking off the drops of perspiration from his cold and clammy forehead.

"Never!—fate has not sealed while there is breath—head to plan and hand to execute," replied Walton, the flush of desperation mantling his countenance and firing his eye, as turning from the pallid and horror-stricken Ennesley, he snatched a pair of pistols from a recess in the wall, sprung across the room to his lovely and unfortunate partner, upon whose blanched lips he impressed a hasty kiss, on which his soul seemed to linger a moment in trembling ecstasy, and whispered a few words in her native tongue—the last she was ever destined to hear. As the hurried and irregular noise of feet sounded on the rich carpeted staircase, he leaped to a door that opened into a dressing-room, communicating with a bed-room, overlooking a large and spacious garden. Scarcely had he passed

the door, turning the lock and bolt, which, from the first moment of alarm, scarcely occupied a minute and a half, when two officers rushed in at the other. One of them locked the door and stood sentinel with a drawn cutlass, whilst the other advanced, and scanning the company with an eagle eye, immediately made the trembling Ennesley prisoner on a charge—(oh! what a light burst on me as he named)—"FORGERY."

"But how is this?" exclaimed the officer, with a sudden imprecation before the astounded spectators, upon whom the occurrences of the last five minutes seemed more like a dream than reality,—*"The other bird flown,—mizzled by G—d!—we'll nab him yet though."*—(*To be continued.*)

THE DANCING GIRLS OF EGYPT.

AT Damanour reside numbers of the Alme, or dancing ladies; they live in their tents, and assemble every evening in the coffee-house, to exhibit before the passengers of the various boats; the crews of which club their ten or twelve paras to have their first of all enjoyments, music and dancing. The Alme are called Zingane in Constantinople, and Ghasie in Cairo. Niebuhr calls them gipsies. It is little known that the dancing girls of Egypt are of the same race as our gipsies, who were first called Egyptians from their native country, Egypt. About 1512, Selim the First, having conquered Egypt, drove his opponents into the Desert, where one party of them, headed by a swarthy slave, called Zinganeus, became formidable to the towns adjoining the Desert, by their frequent depredations; they were at length dispersed by the Turks and Bedouins, and straggled about various countries as magicians, fortune-tellers and dancers; preserving always a distinct character wherever they went, and remarkable no less for their swarthy features than for their dissolute habits and knavish practices.

Some of them boast of their common origin from a Grand Vizier of one of the Caliphs, and talk of their yet being restored to the possession of Egypt, and with as much certainty as the Jews speak of regaining Jerusalem. This tribe of the Zinganees take the name of Alme, in lower Egypt, and are the only professors and performers of dancing. Notwithstanding the dissoluteness of their conduct, they are brought by the most respectable Turks into their harems,

to teach the young ladies the voluptuous mazes of the dance, and to initiate them in the most befitting postures for reclining on the divan, or presenting a chibouque; and to instruct them in the art of feigning raptures which they do not feel.

These dancing girls intermarry with people of their own tribe, blacksmiths and farriers; and these gentlemen deem it no disgrace to see their wives in the arms of their paramours after the dance, but just think as little of it as a man of fashion does in London, to see his wife waltzing with a stranger, whose hands are as familiar with her waist as the fondest husband could wish his own. The Alme are dressed for the dance in a flame-coloured silk gown, fitted close to their shapes, and confined over the hips by a large shawl; an immense pair of chintz drawers completes the costume: their hair is plaited in ringlets, and in Lower Egypt is smeared with suet,—in the upper country, with castor oil: their chins and lips are tattooed with blue spots, their eyelids are painted black, their hands and feet yellow, and she who desires to surpass the others in beauty, has her nose bored, and a tremendous ring hanging over her mouth. The music is a rude sort of lute, called *seminge*, and a tambourine, or kettle-drum, made of an earthen pot covered with parchment. Five or six ladies generally commence dancing at the same time, singing at the commencement “a merry dump,” which becomes more thrilling as the vibrations of their joints increase, and at length becomes so languid, that “the dying fall” of the music is lost in languishing sighs, corresponding with the soft passion their dance is meant to illustrate.

BENEFITS CONFERRED BY THE CLERGY IN THE DARK AGES.

PERHAPS there is no class of men, notwithstanding the censure that many writers have chosen to cast upon them, more entitled to the gratitude of the country than the clergy of the dark ages, for they undoubtedly were its greatest improvers in all the useful arts. They were the greatest farmers; they brought the land into cultivation, cleared it of its brushwood and marshes, enclosed it with hedges, turned part into orchards, part into gardens, erected mills and farm granges, and encouraged their serfs and cottagers to settle in little villages and communities, which they protected and

fostered. They were the greatest architects and builders; and their beautiful cathedrals, and princely convents and monasteries, rose under their hands, with a splendour of ornament, and an imposing grandeur of effect, which may challenge a comparison with the finest remains of Greece or Rome. The construction of these immense edifices demanded, and of course encouraged, the particular and respective arts of numerous other workmen and craftsmen. Their iron work required the labour of the smith; their timbers, and joists, and scaffolding, that of the carpenter; their exquisite carved screens, and painted windows—their silver shrines and ornamented vestments and banners, encouraged the painters, glass-stainers, carvers, jewellers and embroiderers; and by affording them constant employment, increased their skill and ingenuity in their profession. The domestic arts, too, which minister to the comfort or luxury of life, such as wine-making, cooking, baking, brewing; the preservation of fruits in their liquid juices, or of dried and candied sweetmeats; the management of the dairy; the rearing of domestic animals; the erection of dovecots; the enclosure and preservation of rabbit warrens, and numerous other branches of domestic economy, and “outfield” wealth, undoubtedly owed to the clergy of those remote times their highest improvement, and sometimes their original invention. They were, besides, the greatest mercantile adventurers in the country, employing ships which were their own property, and freighting them with their wool and hides, their fish and skins, to Flanders, and other parts of the continent. For these they received in return the richest manufactures and productions of the Flemish or Italian looms, with the silks, rarities, and spices of the East, which, it is well known, were constantly to be found in the marts of the great mercantile cities of Italy and Flanders. The pages of the cartularies, or charter books, of the various religious houses, which, in the destruction of their monastery or convent, have been preserved to our own times, contain the most decided proofs of the truth of this picture of ecclesiastical industry and improvement; and in concluding it, we must not forget, that within the walls of the same religious houses, was preserved that small portion of knowledge and of literature, which was then to be found in the kingdom; and that in the cell of the monk,

however dark its spiritual or intellectual gloom, the feeble and wavering spark of science was at least preserved from utter extinction.

Lives of Scottish Worthies.

Illustrations of History.

THE SHEPHERD LORD CLIFFORD.—Some incidents in the lives of individuals open a more clear view into the state of England during the calamitous civil wars of York and Lancaster, than public documents or general history can supply: among these may be numbered the romantic tale of the shepherd lord Clifford. The Cliffords, a martial and potent race of the northern borders, afterwards earls of Cumberland, had embraced the Lancastrian cause with all the rancour of hereditary feud. John lord Clifford was killed at the battle of St. Alban's, by Richard, duke of York. At the battle of Wakefield, another John, lord Clifford, avenged the death of his father by the destruction of the young earl of Rutland, that duke's eldest son; to say nothing of the slaughter which procured for him in that action the name of "the butcher." At the battle of Towton this interchange of barbarous revenge was closed by the death of lord Clifford and the disappearance of his children. Henry, his eldest son, was then only seven years of age. But lady Clifford, the mother, eluded the rigorous enquiry which was made for the children. She then resided at Lonesborough in Yorkshire, where she placed her eldest son under the care of a shepherd who had married his nurse. The boy was trained in a shepherd's clothing and habits. Some time after, however, on a rumour prevailing that he was still alive, the court renewed the jealous search, and his mother removed the faithful shepherd with his family to Cumberland, where he dwelt sometimes on the debateable ground, at other times at Threlkield, near the seat of her second husband. At that place she privately visited her beloved child. On the accession of Henry VII., at the age of thirty-one, he was restored to the honours and estates of his family. Every part of his life was so well fitted to his outward station, that he was not taught to read, and only learnt to write his name. He built the tower of Barden, which he made his residence by reason of its neighbourhood to the priory of Bolton; that he might converse with some of the canons, of that house who were skilled in astronomy, for which his life as a

lonely shepherd had inspired him with a singular affection. Amidst the beautiful scenery of Bolton, or in his tower of Barden, he is said to have passed the remainder of his days. His death occurred when he had reached his seventy-second year, after a life the greater part of which was spent in the calm occupations of science and piety. He distinguished himself as a commander on the field of Flodden; and he was allied by marriage to the royal blood. It is hard to conceive any struggle more interesting than that of a jealous tyrant searching for infants whom, had he made them captives, he would have won the power of destroying, against the perseverance and ingenuity of a mother's affection employed in guarding her progeny from the culture.

Mackintosh's Engl. Vol. 2.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M.W. of Windsor.

ORIGIN OF BLEEDING.—The hippopotamus, according to Pliny, first taught man the use of bleeding. He states that the animal, being overcharged with blood, rubs itself against a pointed bulrush: a vein is opened, and, when a sufficient quantity of blood has been discharged, he rolls himself in the mire to stop the bleeding. This art is, however, very ancient, and appears to have been resorted to among the Egyptians, Assyrians, Scythians, &c. at a time when anatomy had never been cultivated. The Greeks boast that Podalicus, the son of Esculapius, soon after the siege of Troy, was the first who inculcated the expediency of bleeding.

NAPOLÉON'S MARCH OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.—On the 6th of May, in the year 1800, Napoleon, then First Consul of France, set off from Paris to assume the command of the army of Italy. On the 13th, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the Lake of Geneva, and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal (not more resembling that warrior in military talent than in perfidy), passed through Burg, and St. Brenchier; and, after great toil, difficulty, and danger, arrived with his whole army at the top of the Great St. Bernard. The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes which it presents

are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulphs, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not a soldier but was alternately petrified with horror, or captivated with delight—at one time feeling himself a coward—at another animated with the inspirations of a hero! Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating nothing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending from these regions of perpetual snow, on suddenly turning a road, they beheld tables, covered as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment. The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted, returned tumultuous thanks to the monks, and passed on. A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy.

DANEGUILT.—This was a well-known tax, originating in the demands of a national contribution for the purpose of expelling and resisting the continual invasions of the Danes. It continued long after the occasion for which it was created had ceased, and became a kind of regular revenue, so common as to pass by the general name of Geld; nor was it, in fact, abolished until the reign of Henry II. It was levied from lands and tenements, being fixed at a proportion of so much per hide.*

VARIETY OF CLIMATES.—Mount Etna, as an elegant traveller has informed us, is divided into three distinct regions—the fertile region, the woody region, and the barren region. These are as distinct in climate as the three zones of the earth, and might with propriety have been styled the torrid, the temperate, and frigid regions. But the greatest variety of climate upon one range of mountains, may be found among the Cordilleras; for, in the space of a few hours may be experienced the greatest intensity of heat and the greatest severity of cold: while, in the ascent, every intermediate variety is quickly observed, and sensibly felt.

HOLIDAYS.—Cessations from labour or study, were very much encouraged by the clergy, with the view of adding to their wealth by new oblations. Among the Anglo-Saxons, the Saturday afternoon being the Sunday eve, was devoted to prayer, and people were assembled by tolling a bell—hence ori-

ginated the half-holiday at schools on this day.

TITLES AND DIGNITIES.—"Habits, titles, and dignities," says Dr. Jortin, "are visible signs of invisible merits;" and, in the first bloom of their enjoyment, whisper even to those who wear them, the truth of that passage in Epicætetus, wherein he compares fortune to a woman of quality who prostitutes her person to the grasp of menials. Those who richly merit these titles and dignities, starve for their fame, and a meagre statue is their only reward. But, as a recompense for their fate, posterity hangs over their memories with a pleasure equal to that calm and languid delight with which we contemplate the images of rich and poetical minds.

STENOGRAPHY.—The Roman poet Ermius is reported to have invented a method of short-hand writing, by which the notarii were enabled to transcribe the identical speeches of the most rapid orator.

DOWER.—This provision for the widow was first ordained by Sweyn, King of Denmark, father of our Cnut, or Canute the Great, out of gratitude to the Danish ladies, who sold their jewels to ransom him when taken prisoner by the Vandals. The practice was brought into this country by the Danes.

Customs of Various Countries.

LA FETE DES ARMURINS.

A Swiss Festival.

This annual festival, which is observed by the citizens of Neuchatel with considerable display, is of no ordinary character; it commonly takes place towards the conclusion of the great November fair, and the following circumstances are given as the cause of its institution.

During the course of one of the Burgundian wars, anterior to that with Charles the Bold, the Burghers of Neuchatel were instrumental in detecting a stratagem of the Burgundians to surprise and take possession of the castle. The discovery was effected in the following manner: though the Neuchatelois had great objection to giving the troops of Burgundy entrance into their town or castle; their enmity did not go so far as to exclude the wines of that country, and on one occasion a number of large puncheons were brought upon the frontier, and conveyed into the town and into the castle yard. It happened that there was a day school at that time within the walls of the for-

* A hide of land, according to Spelman's Glossary, contained, 'tis thought, 100 acres.

treas, for the education of the children of the burghers, and in the course of the day, some of the children playing in the open area of the castle, were attracted to the hogsheds, by hearing what seemed to be whispering; the report spread—the attention of the garrison was aroused—the puncheons opened, and each found to contain a couple of Burgundian soldiers, who were to have acted during the following night in concert with a concealed body of the enemy from without, and opened the castle to them. It need scarce be mentioned than the plan miscarried; and the Counts of Neuchatel, in acknowledgment of the service rendered by the children of the burghers, instituted this festival, during the course of which, the latter were permitted to enter the castle in full armour, to receive the thanks of the Castellan. The season of the year at which the *Fete* takes place, is the most calculated to give effect to the pageant. After various signs of preparation during the course of the day, the inhabitants begin to collect gradually a few hours after sunset, at all points from whence the procession may be commanded, principally in the square before the Hotel de Ville, and the castle-hill, the elevated area upon which, in front of the church, overlooks the last stage of the ascent, to the great entrance of the castle.

Between eight and nine in the evening, the great doors of the Hotel de Ville are thrown open, and the procession defiles into the open square before it. After a small body of gens d'armes follow a long line of burghers, two and two abreast, each preceded by a boy with cap and feather, as torch-bearer. They are all clad in suits of armour, of the ponderous construction of the times of chivalry, and armed either with gigantic halberds, or the great two-handed sword of the middle ages. They pass through the various streets in the lower part of the town, and then commence the steep ascent of the narrow Rue-du-Chateau. By degrees, after long winding right and left, the light from the numerous torches begin to glimmer upon the leafless branches of the old trees before the church, and upon the facade and tower of the building, and grows broader and redder, as the pageant passes the fountain at the corner of the Rue-du-Chateau, and proceeds onwards directly under the high walls facing the church area.

Setting aside the peculiarity of the spectacle, which cannot fail to bring to

the remembrance many a delightful page of romance and history, there is another consideration which makes this display and imitation of the pageants of old uncommonly interesting. Most of the armour, and the weapons in the hands of the burghers, have either been borne by the ancestors of the men who wear them in the cause of their country, or been won from the enemy in the day of battle. The victory over Charles the Bold, at Grandson, yielded a large proportion of the suits still in use on this occasion; and many a bruise and dent, in both the offensive and defensive weapons, bear witness of their having seen hard service.

When the armed burghers and their retinue have entered the archway, and formed in the quadrangle of the castle, the governor comes forward, and a palaver ensues. A short complimentary address is made by the spokesman among the former, expressive of their loyalty to the reigning family; and the usual response made on the part of the governor giving assurance of the good will of the prince, &c. They then give three cheers, and send about the goblet; the procession is once more put in motion, and returns in the same order to the Hotel-de-Ville, where the burghers disarm, banquet, and then return to their respective homes.

Anecdotes.

NAPOLEON.—It does not appear satisfactory whether it was humility or pride that caused Napoleon to refuse the request of the Corsicans, to repair and beautify the humble cottage at Ajaccio in which he was born. When the request was made, he replied, "No,—let it remain as it is." The house is a mere cottage, and the chamber in which he first saw the light is miserably small. When the Marquis of C— was at Ajaccio in 1828, it remained in the same humble state as it was at the time the Buonaparte family left it to take possession of palaces. It is, of course, a shew-house to travellers; and the cradle, in which the modern Cæsar was rocked to sleep, has had nearly as many travelling pilgrims to visit it, as the chapel of Loretto has had penitents kneeling at the shrine.

NICHOLAS, of Palermo, after reading a passage in some book, in which poverty was held up as a benefit, cried out, with more than common energy—"From such benefits as these deliver me, *O mon Dieu!*" F.E.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE AT ONCE.—Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them.

AN OPINION OF THE SEAT OF FAITH.—Some one telling the famous Jerome Bignon that Rome was the seat of faith; "That is true," said he; "but their

faith is like some people, who are never to be found at home."

ARIOSTO AND TASSO.—Menzini, in his Poetics, gives the truest idea of the rival pieces of Ariosto and Tasso, of any of our writers. The poem of the former (says he) is like a vast palace, very richly furnished—but built without the rules of architecture; whereas that of Tasso is like a neat palace; very regular and beautiful.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, May 25.

St. Urban, Mar. A.D. 223.

High Water 12m aft 1 Morn—35m after 1 Afterm.
Our saint succeeded St. Calixtus in the year 223, and sat seven years. He is styled a martyr in the sacramentary of St. Gregory, in the Martyrology of St. Jerome, and in the Greek church.

May 25, 1660.—On this day Charles II. arrived at Dover from his exile. He was met there by General Monk.

Thursday, May 26.

St. Odulphe, Abbot and Conf.

Full Moon, 4h Om After.

In many places, about this time of the year, great havoc is made among sparrows and other small birds, by the farmer, and rewards are sometimes offered for their destruction. How ignorant are the generality of mankind for their own good! This order of birds, the sparrows, includes no fewer than forty different kinds of birds which do not eat a single grain of corn, but which, in the course of the Spring and Summer, devour millions of insects that would otherwise prove infinitely more injurious to the farmer than all the sparrows that haunt his fields, were they ten times more numerous than they are; and even with respect to house-sparrows, which are certainly in some measure injurious to the crops, were the farmer seriously to reflect that nature has not formed any race of beings whatever without giving them an important destination, he would not probably be so anxious for their destruction. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, that a single pair of common sparrows, while their young ones are in the nest, destroy upon an average above three thousand caterpillars every week! At this rate, if all the species of small birds were to be extirpated, what would then become of the crops?

Friday, May 27.

St. Bede.

Sun rises 59m aft 3—sets 2m aft 8.

May 27, 1564.—Died to-day, John Calvin, the persecuting un-Christian, and, as Bishop Nithers styles him, the blasphemous reformer at Geneva.

Saturday, May 28.

St. Germain.

High Water 54m aft 2 Morning—10m aft 3 After.

Our saint, who was Bishop of Paris, was born near Antrim, in 469, and died 576. His life is written by St. Gregory of Tours, by Mabillon, and others. St. Germain was forewarned of his episcopal dignities at Paris, in a dream, wherein he had a vision of the keys of that city being presented to him.

Perhaps it would be impossible for us to find lines more appropriate to the time of year than the subjoined, translated from

Lucratius on Spring and the Seasons, by Gode.
Spring comes, and Venus with fell tool advanced;
Then light-winged Zephyr, harbinger beloved;
Maternal Flora, striding ere she treads,
For every footstep flowers of choicest hue.
And the glad ether loading with perfumes:
Then Heat succeeds, the parched Etesian breeze,
And dust-discoloured Ceres; Autumn then
Follows, and tipsy Bacchus, arm in arm,

And storms and tempests; Eurus roars again,
And the red South brews thunders; All, at length,
Cold shuts the scene, and Winter's train prevails,
Snows, hoary sleet, and frost, with chattering
teeth.

Sunday, May 29.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day.—1 chap, Genesis Morning.
18 chap, Genesis Evening.

Trinity Sunday is a festival of the church in alloration of the union of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was first commemorated about the year 920, but was not formally admitted into the Roman church till the fourteenth century. It is still a custom of ancient usage for the judges and great law-officers of the crown, together with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-council, to attend divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and hear a sermon which is preached there on this day by the Lord Mayor's chaplain.

Monday, May 30.

St. Walstan, Confessor, A.D. 1076.

Sun rises 56m aft 3—sets 5m aft 8.

May 30, 1778.—Anniversary of the death of the renowned Voltaire, aged 85. Notwithstanding the many false accounts of the miserable and penitent death of Voltaire, it is well known that he died, as he had lived, a determined unbeliever; and though we may lament that he was not in the bosom of the Catholic church, yet he had the merit of consistency throughout his whole life—a thing possessed but by few philosophers.

Tuesday, May 31.

St. Petronilla, Virg. 1st Cent.

High Water 36m aft 3 Morning—53m aft 4 Afterm.

May 31, 1580.—On this day Henry VIII. embarked at Dover, to meet Francis I. of France, at Ardres, a small town near Calais, in France. The nobility of both kingdoms here displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense, as procured to the place of the interview (an open plain) the name of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*. Many of the kings' attendants involved themselves by their unbounded extravagance on this occasion, and were not able, by the penury of their whole lives, to repair the vain splendour of a few days! A painting of the embarkation, and another of the interview, are in Windsor Castle. The meeting of the two kings at Ardres was not relished by the ungrateful Wolsey, although Francis had allotted him the task of regulating the pompous interview; and it is recorded, that the romantic Francis, sick of the suspicious precautions dictated by Wolsey, went almost unattended to the tent of Henry. "I am your prisoner," said he to the astonished yeoman of the guard, "deliver me instantly to your master." The not ungenerous heart of Henry was touched by this frank proceeding. "It is I," he cried, with sensibility, "it is I who am prisoner from this moment, to your courtesy. Receive from your captive this token of submission," throwing at the same time around the neck of Francis a collar of pearls, (which he took from his own), valued at more than 5000*l.* sterling. The present was returned by a bracelet of double value.

On the 1st of June will be published Part 45; also No. 2, of the Illustrations for Scrap Books.



See page 339

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Romances of the Rhine.

For the Otto.

ARGAND'S ARROW.

A magnificent sunset was closing in a fine autumnal day, as a gallant feat of archery commenced between Artolph Fromdemir and his numerous companions. The trial took place on the border of a noble wood, which partly surrounded Count Artolph's abode ; and their task was to sever the thread which fastened a bird to a pole from a considerable distance. All, with the exception of the Count, had exercised their skill, and all had missed. Artolph was considered the first bowman of his day, and to release the bird at double the distance had been to him, ere now, an easy achievement. Notwithstanding, however, on this occasion, he also failed.

The whole of this performance had been steadfastly contemplated by a tall, swarthy figure, who, leaning against

the trunk of a tree, rested his folded arms on his bow ; his visage wore a slight expression of contempt seemingly of the scene he beheld. He had hitherto remained silent, but so soon as Artolph had taken aim, he broke forth into a loud " Ha ! ha ! ha ! "

" You deem our task a light one,—could you, Sir bowman, shoot with better skill ? " said one of the company, addressing him.

" Ay," quoth he, " or I were scarce worthy o' the name. "

" Come forward, then, and give us proof o'nt," said Artolph, in a somewhat taunting tone, which seemed greatly to irritate the stranger ; his eyes flashed, and, stepping immediately forth, he selected an arrow from his well-stored quiver, which he applied to his bow, and drew to the head : one moment he regarded the mark, and firmly fixing his eye thereon, the shaft whistled through the air, and the sharp barb severing the almost imperceptible thread, released the captive, which immediately soared aloof. A burst of admiration ensued among the beholders, which, however,

was cut short by the bowman exclaiming—

"And call ye that a feat to wonder at!—Paha, a child might ha' won a harder game. Look, see ye that tiny speck moving along the sky!"

"Ay—a vulture, doubtless," answered several.

"Is there not one among ye could bring him down?" asked the bowman.

Artolph and his companions laughed outright; the speck was already scarcely visible, and was becoming every moment still less and less defined; the bowman, however, took another arrow from his quiver, and pointing it directly over him, whither the bird was now moving, he sent it twanging through the air, and presently the huge vulture, transfixed with the arrow, fell down heavily among them. Their wonderment was now past describing; many were fain to regard him as one of another world—nay, even the majority fancied him a follower, at least, of the black bowman, of whose feats they had heard so much. The stranger, meanwhile, moved into the wood, whither Artolph followed, and coming up with him thus spake.

"I would fain have a lesson or two of thee, Sir Stranger, in archery; that was a gallant hit thou madest e'en now."

"Paha! nothing, Count,—a mere trifle to what I have done, and can perform."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, by Saint Hans! nay, an ye doubt it, come with me to my dwelling, and I will show ye manly sport."

"'Tis impossible now; on the morrow I will; only tell me where ye may be found."

The bowman drew round his quiver, and taking a shaft therefrom, presented it to Artolph.

"Take this," said he, "speed it whithersoever thou wilt—east, west, south, or north, and be assured 'twill guide thee in a moment to my presence. Farewell."

The following day was one of extreme sultriness, and saw Count Artolph seated alone in an apartment of his castle. Opposite to him was a large painted window, the casements of which were thrown open to admit the occasional breeze upon his cheek; his eyes wandered out upon the broad lands and woods which surrounded his castle,—now roaming down some ferny glade, now striving to penetrate the green gloom of some foliaged recess, and now following the mazes of a brawling

stream. While he was thus engaged, a noble stag came to the torrent to drink; this reminded Artolph of the arrow he had given him on the preceding day, which taking from his quiver, he now found to be composed of pure gold; he applied it presently to his bow, and drawing the shaft to the head, away it went, gleaming through the sunshine like a streak of flame, and struck the antlered monarch full on his broad chest. Artolph's energies were now fully aroused, he hurried forth from the castle; but no sooner had he reached the torrent, than the stag evanishing, gave place to a being more beautiful than even a poet's wild imagining could have created. It wore the human shape, and its exquisitely moulded form was sheathed in a panoply of tiny gold scales, which glancing against the sun threw a dazzling and almost insufferable lustre around; on its head was a coronet composed of the same costly metal, intermingled with a variety of flaming gems, as also was his baldrick, bow, and quiver. Notwithstanding, however, this vast alteration of attire, Artolph was at no loss to recognize, in the beautiful object before him, the swarthy visage of the mysterious Bowman.

"So, Sir Count," cried the latter,—
"are ye now fain to visit the Argand's dominions? But ye are not free to choose. Come."

The bowman, as we shall still term him, grasped Artolph's hand; the solid earth seemed to gape wide before them, and down they both sank together, fathoms deep, with the swiftness of thought. So rapid was their descent, that Artolph was well nigh deprived of his senses. So soon, however, as he returned to consciousness, he found himself in a place whose stupendous magnificence filled him with amazement and awe. It seemed as if he had dived to the very centre of the globe, whose inexhaustible treasures were at once opened to his view. He looked on one hand, and he beheld legions of gnomes working amid torrents of lava, and sitting to and fro in their huge volcanic fires. On another, he saw chains of gigantic mountains, rearing high above him their ruby sparkling forms; rocks of pure alabaster, marble and mountain crystal, intersected with mineral streams, alkaline waters and torrents of molten gold gleamed on his bewildered eyes. But what most amazed him, was a vast and magnificent palace, whose giant architecture was of the most singular and exquisite kind. It was built ap-

parently of alabaster, frosted with gold and innumerable gems, that sparkled with the radiancy of stars; a vast multitude of spires, glittering as if sprinkled with gold dust, arose from the ample roof; and behind it, and on either side, gardens, waving their shrubs and flowers of perpetual bloom, stretched themselves farther than the eye could reach. To this costly fabric he was led by his glittering companion; they approached it over a marble bridge, which spanned a cascade of the most wild and terrific grandeur. Here it would seem that fancy had at once exhausted her store of imagery; the waters had the appearance of molten silver, and hurrying down amid rocks of blazing sapphire, sardine and crystal, settled themselves in a basin of pure alabaster, and again silently and majestically floated from thence over a number of broad marble steps, till they branched out at last into a deep expansive pool, wherein was reflected the surrounding piles of gems, their own forms, and the beautiful fairy bridge over which they were moving.

As they drew nearer to the magnificent palace, Artolph beheld its massive entrance, composed entirely of rugged gold, beautifully intermingled with sparks of diamond, opal and other precious stones. The Count was allowed a few moments to gaze on the wonders by which he was surrounded; they then both entered, and passing through a succession of chambers, whose vast splendour only served to increase his wonderment, came at length to a spacious Kugelplaz, or howling-green, whose close cropped velvet sward was thronged with the most grotesque objects that human eyes ever gazed upon. Some were bowling up the green, others were engaged in feats of archery; on the appearance of Artolph and his companion, however, they all desisted from their sports, and arranged themselves respectively on either side the Kugelplaz. At the top of the lane which their movement thus formed, was a superb silver throne, starred with gems, which glanced and gleamed with a varied splendour in the clear steady flame, arising from a myriad crystal lamps of naphtha, with which the Kugelplaz was lighted. Fronting the throne, but at a considerable distance down, a white dove fluttered its silver wings: to this the bowman pointed, and intimated to Artolph that his release from a terrible doom could only be obtained by his transfixing it as it arose. A bow and

shaft, meanwhile, was put into his hand for the purpose.

Artolph shuddered,—he turned towards his companion, who now occupied the throne; another alteration had taken place in his person, and the dreaded Metal King stood confessed before him. A smile of irony mantled on his cheek, which, as Artolph attempted to remonstrate, gave place to a grim scowl.

"Be silent," he said, "and take the chance that is given ye."

Artolph turned from the frowning monarch in dismay, and fixed his eye upon the now ascending bird; he pointed the shaft towards it and shot. By some strange fatality, it instantly lodged in his own bosom. A wild hubbub of voices rung in his ears—the phantoms crowded around him; Artolph, however, fled from their presence, and pursued by the hellish crew, threaded with lightning swiftness the labyrinthine rooms, and gained the marble bridge; but no sooner had he set foot upon it than it began to sink; the molten waters flashed around him, and seared his frame; Artolph uttered a shrill shriek of anguish, and—awoke.

He found himself writhing on the floor of his apartment,—the hot sunbeams playing upon him the while in their meridian vigour. T.F.

A SPRING DITTY.

Farewell to the blaze of wax candles—
Adieu to the lustre of gas!
And then, your half dances—half stand-stills—
They're but as a mem'ry that was!

Good-bye to your glasses of jelly—
To sandwiches thin as my frill—
An acre would not fill one's belly!
Adieu to the waltz and quadrille!

The look of an orchestra's frightful—
A true concert song I abhor!
All that winter, indeed, made delightful,
After May-day can charm me no more!

The sun now gets up in the morning
At the hour I was wont to lie down—
And its roseate tints are adorning
Even the smoke-wrinkled face of the town.

The breeze is abroad like a rover,
And gently kissing the flowers,—
The winter—the winter is over,
The spring and the summer are ours.

O! for plumes of the ostrich, wave o'er me,
Ye green leaves and blossoms of June!
Paganini himself would but bore me,
When the laverock's voice is in tune.

I'm off to the glen and the mountain,
I'm off to the far-sounding sea;
Or, at least, I'm each weary day counting
Till in their glad presence I be.

Edin. Lit. Jour.

LOVE AND NOVELISM.

Love-making. — Cheapside.—I met her at the Easter Ball; the "fair, the inexpressive she." Our eyes met—it was the electric fire, the penetrating spirit of passion, the language of soul to soul. She was dressed a la Ackerman's last magazine, and reminded me of the picture of Venus rising from the sea. Our flame was mutual, we sighed together, drank lemonade together, and waltzed together. We parted with a confession of unalterable faith on both sides. Next day I sent her the following verses:—

TO ISABINDE.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
And look upon the river;
For Cupid's sure to meet us there,
And bring his bow and quiver:
And there we'll gaze upon the main,
And revel in the storm;
And Passion's rosy cup we'll drain,
Delicious, wild, and warm.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
And hear the billows roar;
And we will rove in Fancy's bower,
And think of earth no more:
With breezes breathing round our heads,
And at our feet the waves,
We'll tread where true love only treads,
And laugh at Custom's slaves.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
With but the heavens above—
With but the crystal stream below,
To witness to our love:
We'll think the hours too swiftly fly,
Or dream those hours away;
Then shun the world's too-envious eye
From dawn to setting day.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
Romantic, silent, still;
Or, if my love prefer a walk,
We'll walk on Fish-street-hill;
Or, if sweet Cheapside please thee best,
I'll build thee there a cell—
A hermitage—a turtle's nest—
My Isabinde, farewell!

Love-making. — Charing Cross.—The day was as soltry as the inner ring of a fight at Moulsey. I was in full travelling order; tights, double togery; weather-board twice the size of my Lord Worcester's; cigar fresh lighted; in short, quite an irresistible.

At half-past twelve, infallible as the pope, drove up Tom Turnout, with his four greys, tooling the Blue Devil Cheltenham stage, a first-rate set-out in all points, over old women, police, beggars, and aldermen, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I mounted the box beside my friend Tom, and off we flew. The first quarter of an hour was, of course, a regular ploughing-match through the Macadamized streets—which, if they would apply them to rearing potatoes and cabbages, might answer the purpose: but, as for driving, a gallop along the low-water mark of the Thames at ebb-tide would be

much preferable. However, when we at last got out of the streets, I glanced round to examine the live cargo on the roof. Among the twenty packed there, and struggling for life among the luggage, nineteen were farmers, tinkers, merchants, parsons, and similar *canaille*; but the twentieth was, by Jupiter, an angel. She would have stopped me in the best hit I ever made in club-room, billiard-room, race-ground, shooting-gallery, or Jackson's. I fell instantly into a fit of poetry and the tender passion. But her eyes, her eyes—gas-light, St. Giles's clock, the Lord Mayor's Show, or Lord Harborough's four in-hand baggage-waggon were not to be looked at after them. I bewitched her with the following extempore

SONG.

Oh! what upon earth is like woman's bright eye,
If that eye is but turned upon me?
What's a lamp in the streets, or a star in the sky,
To that glance which with rapture I see?
Though the coach-wheels may rattle, the horses
make battle,
The reins fly like feathers on air;
Yet when woman's but by, with that light in her
eye,
Life's as smooth as a one-horse chair.

Though the rabble around us may wish to con-
found us,
While I gaze on your twinklers, my dear,
All Epsom might go to the regions below,
To meet with all Doncaster there;
Lord Humpback might wive his whole family
hive,

The Meltons at ditches look shy;
The world run agog, and the king play leap-frog,
And the Thames and the Bank both run dry.
Now the birds are all bliss, and Sol gives his last
kiss.

As much as to tell us, my dove,
That evening's a moment which no one should
miss,

Who thinks to make music or love:
So come to my side—two such bosoms as ours
Were made to be linked in one chain:
I've a cloak for the sun, an umbrella for showers,
And a cab for old London again.

Monthly Mes.

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE.

There is a singular Hottentot at Graham's Town, who goes about giving advice to his fellow-citizens, but too often, as the *Cape Advertiser* says, without being regarded—“Go,” exclaims Piet, “go to church. I don't care what church you go to—the great church, or the white church, or the yellow church. I give you perfect liberty, for I am free myself, and white by the ordinance, without the aid of pipe-clay. And mind what is said to you—don't steal; that is not fit for gentlemen. You lose by it. You stole the governor's waggon-chain, and he has got four oxen for it. Jew Smets and Mr. Ward are the hind oxen. The two serjeants are the leaders. Mind what I speak. One

wife is enough. If you have two or three wives, one says, 'bring in the cups for breakfast;' another, 'no, bring the platters first;' another, 'where is the butter-dish, you lazy Hottentot!' I give good advice. Don't go to the canteens, my brothers; brandy is not good for burghers. All the pipe-clay in the world won't make you white if you get drunk. Rice-water is better. If you go to the magistrate's great house, where he receives company, he will give it to you. It will not make you drunk, nor break windows, nor fall down in the street. Mind your business. Work if you have any thing to do; if not, go to service. Don't sit idle. Don't walk about doing nothing. There is another thing. When you get farms in the country, stop there. If you run away, your sheep will do the same. Then you will say, 'Oh! that cursed Hottentot! he has swallowed three thousand sheep and bullocks, and the horns have not stuck in his throat. Open your mouth, villain. All down, by Jacob! I cannot see their tails.' That is not the way. Go home and teach your children A,B,C. I will take care of Graham's Town myself. Many people walk about in great haste, looking sharp as if they had lost something. But they never go any where, nor find anything, except faults. Of these their pockets are full, because they have nothing else to fill them with. They say the ministers don't speak loud enough, and that is the reason they can't repent. They say that they must look after the magistrates and great people all the day, otherwise they might find time to put their own affairs into order. The public servants must have the whole population gathered round their offices, to serve as a check, so that servants in private establishments may do as they please. No matter. It is all one to Piet Abram."

Lit. Gaz.

POOR BOBBY;

A YARN FROM THE MID-WATCH.

By H. J. Meller.

[We extract this interesting nautical sketch from the amusing pages of the *Englishman's Magazine* of this month; and have great pleasure in stating it to emanate from the pen of our talented young correspondent—Mr. Meller. Ed.]

WHEN I was a bit o' a younker, messmates, I sarved aboard of the Washington, a reg'lar Virginee built, and as lively a thing for a trader, as a seaman would wish to have seen on the rûn, in a brisk breeze, with her rags

out. The Capt'n, or master as our Lieutenant says, when he overhauls,—was a good sort of a man enough, though I could'nt say as much for the first mate,—and so the vessel's course was kept, and duty done, he would run out his chaffing tackle for'ard among us, the same as one-eyed Tom the topman there might, on board of his blessed Majesty's Sloop F—y here, if he but knowed how. We were bound d'ye see there-a-way to Van Dieman's land, and with a closely stowed cargo, we had among our live lumber a lot of passengers—lubbers that could'nt tell the fore-yard-arm from the main-to'-gall'nt mast. Well, blue water was a reg'lar sight for 'em, and then they used to swab it about the quarter in yer marine fash'n, like sartain people in this here ship, that shall be nameless as though commanding under his Majesty's broad pennant. Ye see they were mostly sodger off'sirs, and saving one or two on'em, the mos' ignorantest chaps aboard. From one watch to another they did nothing but marines' duty, smoking, drinking, and strutting about; it was all they were good for! and for'ard, we had a constant quiz at these swabs aft. Lord love ye! it was sitch a sight to see 'em in their dandy rig 'alongside the petticoats with their queer lingo of '*peermeet me*,' '*du me the fever*,' '*most bootifool suight*,' I never hard or seed sitch a set afore, and as soon as there sprung up a bit o' a wind, as sure we had a squall aboard of us presently. Among the passengers we carried was 'Poor Bobby,' he was nigh the only favorite among the lads; it was all the same to him, the quarter as the fore-castle—messing with the Capt'n or men, all was one to Bob, the honest cretur.—Poor Bobby, you must know, my mates, was a four-footed passenger—a New'-fun'-land dog, as fine a thing o' the sort, as ye ever seed, and belonged to a young off'sir—a likely youngster he would been in blue, 'stead o' red:—he was indeed for matter o' that an open hearted young genelman enough, and in a hard watch could send aloft a can of grog, with right good will; there was none o' yer 'skipping' and 'make fast' bout him.

Now this might be, dye see, bekase, all on us for'ard loved the dog, as though he were our own, nor was there a soul from the swab o' a stew'rd to the Capt'n aboard, but would have shared his ration with Bob. There was something, so brave and noble

about the cretur, and then he gave such fun to all on us with his rum sky-larking, jumping overboard in a calm, diving and fetching, and all that sort of thing; the cre'tur swum like a Otaltee. Then at other times may be we'd cast a bit o' a rag in the rattlins, when Bobby would try to go aloft and fetch it—that ere he could niver do, and it quite distressed the poor thing, when he seed you take up a piece o' cloth and call him—for Bob knowed, as well as I might, you were going to give him a teazer. Now there was a wee bit of a piccanniny—a half and half—aboard along with his mother—the lad was but a little hop o' my thumb, but a merry little soul, and was very fond o' Bob, as Bob was on him, and they used to kick up a rare 'filliluh' in their rum rigs of play, rolling sometimes over and over each other, like a couple of young porpoises; and though young smutty would be a little rough now and then, heaving away, at his figure head or starn, yet the gentle cretur was always like a lamb to him. Well, all had gone fair enough, 'till within three days' sail o' the Cape. It was just getting duskish, and the second watch had just turned out, the wind had set in N.N.W., and might be whispering a capful in our top-s'ls, and the ship taking an easy run of about four knots the hour. I was on deck, I well remember, and there, in the waist, was the wee half neger lad, and the dog playing, and skylarking about as usual. While we were laughing at the two tugging and hauling away, all o' a sudden, afore you could say 'done Sir,' the lad, running back'ards, fell through a port overboard. There was a sing out of 'a hand over,' from those who seed the sarcumstance, and two or three ran aft' in a twinkling, heaving lines, and a stray coop that was lying nigh the capst'n, while the off'sir' of the watch sang out to bring the ship too. The word was scarcely given for taking all in, and putting the helm hard down, when Bobby, now for the first time, missing the child, and seeming to know what had happened, gave a loud bark, and cleared the taffrail like a shot, and Capt'n and passengers, who had all come aloft at the sudden cry, seed him swimming from astarn like a mad cretur: all at once they seed him make a snatch at some'at in the water, but it was too dusky to tell 'xactly, and the next minute left him out o' sight altogether. Had the ship been put a man-o'-war's-man, her yards had been man-

ned, and the ship brought snugly too, in the twinkling o' a handspike; but ye see them ere marchantmen are scarce o' hands, so that it took a matter of ten minutes in hauling in and manning and lowering the jolly boat. Well, though we pulled long and strong astarn, and kept as sharp luck out a-head as we could well do in the dusk, we'd just gave them up for clean gone, when the bow-oar's-man said he seed some'at splashing at our larboard; a pull, with a turn o' the tiller, brought us a-long-side,—my eyes, it was Bobby with little smut in his mouth. Poor cretur, he was just spent as we hauled him in, for down he sunk in the starn sheets quite groggy, like the piccanniny, with swallowing too much o' Davy Jones's flip. Well, I sha'n't spin ye a twist of the cheer we had from the ship on our return, or the joy of the nigh distracted mother, and all a-board, when the doctor brought the piccanniny too; and as for Bobby, they couldn't no more move him from the child's side than one-eyed Tom from blue ruin, when the rag's struck and ship paid. There he stood licking one o' his little hands 'till he came about. Arter that there sarcumstance there wasn't a man but loved that dog, as a father might his child, he'd so 'deared himself as 'twere to all aboard. Well, 'all's well as ends well,' as the player man said a port. We had to land our sodger marines at the Cape, and 'mong the rest the young off'sir wet owned poor Bob, so that, though he was only a dumby, all were sad enough at thoughts o' parting. On the morning the ship stood in for the bay, and anchored within a good stone's cast o' the shore. I well remember, d'ye see, messmates, it was a fine morning in June, with the sun hotly out, and all hands were about in getting the boats out, and the windlass in trim, while the leave's taking was going on aft among the passengers; some on'em were going on to Hobart's Town, you must know; and there was the poor dog, too, skipping about the deck, and frisking with little smutty. And those that kindly patted the poor cretur that morning, little thought where he was to take up his birth for the night, I guess. The boat had got the passengers' cargoes, and all were aboard but the dog; we had all took a leave, as it might be, of him, and he'd got from the hands who were patting him for the last time, and was about to leap into the gig to his master, when the young man stood up in the starn,

and told us to hold him taut by the collar, till they'd got just in shore. 'When I hold this handkerchief aloft, then let him go,' says he. Ay! ay! sir, said we, and a brace o' hands presently seized Bobby. How the poor cretur did hant and tug to be sure, to get to the boats when they put off, all the while kicking up a d——l of a squall, while they in the boat did nothing but snigger at Bob's yells, as he tried to jump over and follow.

Now for it, my lads, lend your ears this way! Ne'd watched the boats, and they were but just a few strokes o' the shore, when up went the signal. Yeo! ho! Slap went Bob over, bawling like an Indee, as he splashed into the water and swam away for the shore. It was for the last time we looked upon him, as we stood together, some five or s'x on us, talking o' the cretur, and fancying his quick swim. At the same time all on'em were eyeing him from the boats, and he had just reached, as it might be, mid-way between, when the cretur, all at once, set up a loud shrill howl, and threw himself half out o' the water, that made us think at first he'd got the cramp. But the flash o' white, that glanced like lightning close again him the next minute, told the truth, and 'A shirk! a shirk!' sounded from ship to shore, and from shore to ship, and all stood trembling with their eyes fixed on poor Bob, as he kept swimming away, larboard and starboard, and diving in a turn or so, as though he knewed his danger; while every now and then he gave a short fierce look, and showed his grinders; niver giving the h——ll o' a shirk time for a turn—for, as you know, its the natur o' the thing, that it must turn on its belly to bite. Well, as the poor dog swam so fast, and every now and then gave the shirk a double, while one o' the boats, in shore, was pulling hard off to him, for there were some began to think that he would 'scape the chase, whose black back and fins we seed ev'ry minute 'bove water-work, slewing about to grip the dog, as he swam away, like a mad cretur, for the boat coming to'ards him. Howsomever, his time was come, it was no use, the boat and he were within a matter of ten paws of each other, and a lad, with a boat-spike, stood in the fore sheets, ready to grapple him, and have him aboard. He was, I say, within ten strokes o' the boat, when giving a loud, fierce yell, down he went—the d——d shirk had got him at last. The after minute, d'ye

see, his head and shoulders rose in the red of the waters around, and then again were dashed under in the maw of the shirk. Poor cretur! his wanderings were done; the curse o' the waters had got him.

VENUS, CUPID, AND NATURE.

Venus, one day, in a frolicsome mood,
Left her boy on the edge of a rugged stone;
The goddess, I guess, was after no good,
When she left that *mischievous imp* alone.

"I'm naked and cold," cried Beauty's child,
But no one would listen to *idle Love*;
And he look'd so plump, so rosy, so wild,
That the gods, in sport, were laughing above.

Kind Nature, who pitted the urchin's case—
No doubt she'd excellent reasons for this—
Took the pouting boy to her warm embrace,
And dried his tears with a balmy kiss.

Venus return'd, and Cupid she found,
Happy with Nature, as Love can be;
"Go, mother," he said, "and roam the world
round,
But, trust me, you ne'er will attract without
me." *La Belle Assem.*

ANECDOTE OF NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

In the year 1817, when Paganini was at Verona, Valdabrinì, a very skilful violinist, and leader of the orchestra at the great theatre of that town, jealous of the applause which Paganini obtained upon every night of his performance, reviled him as a charlatan, and said, that however he might excel in some pieces of his own particular *repertorium*, yet there was a certain concerto of his (Valdabrinì's) composition which he would be incapable of executing. Paganini, upon hearing this, informs Valdabrinì immediately of his resolution to perform his composition. This trial of skill, which was a powerful attraction held out to the public, he wished to reserve for his last concert. The day of rehearsal is appointed, Paganini fails not to attend, not so much to prepare himself, as to comply with the established custom: the music which he executes upon the occasion is not that which he proposes to perform; but, according to his custom, he improvisates on the orchestral movements, and intersperses, by way of filling up, a multitude of delicious passages which his imagination produces with an almost incredible impulse.

The rehearsal resembles more a preparatory concert, which leaves on the minds of all present an unexpected foretaste of the wonders of the representation to come. With Paganini one must almost always expect a surprise

of this sort; the musicians called to accompany him are so disconcerted, that their instruments escape from them in their astonishment; they sit amazed, forgetting, in their admiration, the task prescribed to them.

Valdabrin's disappointment on hearing any thing but his own music, may easily be conceived; and when Paganini had ceased playing, he approached him and said, "*Mon ami*, that is not my concerto that you have been executing; I absolutely found no one thing of what I wrote."—"Do not be uneasy, *mon cher*," replied Paganini, "at the concert you will recognise your work perfectly; I only require of you then a little indulgence." The next day the concert took place. Paganini began by playing several pieces of his own choice, reserving that of Valdabrin to terminate the evening with. Every body was in the expectation of something extraordinary; some thought he intended changing the orchestral means and effects; others supposed he would give the theme of Valdabrin's music, in making to it, in his own way, the most brilliant additions; none were in the secret. Paganini appears at length, holding in his hand a bamboo cane; every body inquires what he can intend to do with it. Suddenly, he seizes his violin, and using his cane like a bow, he plays the concerto from one end to the other, which the author thought impossible to execute without long and unremitting study. Not only did he give the most difficult passages, but he introduced among them the most charming variations, without ceasing for one moment to exhibit that grace, that intensity of feeling and vigour, which characterise his talent.

La Belle Assem.

THE BURNING HAND; OR, THE BROKEN OATH REVISITED.

(Concluded from p. 335.)

For the Olio.

It was but a fortnight after the murder of Eliza Cooper, that Colonel Frankland was on a visit at York, in which city he found some acquaintances not unworthy of such a detestable associate. But the fascinations of cards and dice, the midnight revel, and the drunken brawl, were insufficient to charm away the agonising reflections of the murderer; and, after expending the last shilling of his resources for the occasion, he mounted his horse, and set

out for Aldwark Hall. The evening set in with all the solemn lustre of an autumnal sun-set. The old cathedral of York, towering over the gray churches of the city, the Roman walls and mouldering towers promiscuously scattered around the hill-seated Ebor, received the parting rays of the descending orb, which revealed the minute architecture of the triple-towered fane in all its Gothic glory. The blending tints of the many-hued forest cast a fading beauty on the leafy scenery, agreeing with the melancholy associations created by viewing the favourite, but almost forgotten, seat of Roman rule,—and sympathetic with the emotions awakened by gazing on the spot which gave birth to Constantine, and burial to Severus. But nature and antiquity had no charms for the burdened wretch, Colonel Frankland, who slowly took his departure from the venerable city, and, by way of Shipton, proceeded to the scene of his damning crime, his conscience writhing under the remorse of a second Cain.

Twilight was succeeded by darkness, and anon the friendly moon rose with subdued lustre, lighting up the brown and yellow woods, and throwing a mild halo around the drooping honours

"Of spreading oak and spiry pine."

A weary ride, unrelieved by bait or refreshment, brought Colonel Frankland to the confines of Aldwark Moor. Checking his horse, he made a cowardly stop before entering on the plashy expanse before him—recapitulating to himself a few startling particulars. It was in the immediate vicinity of the Moor that the body of Eliza Cooper had been disposed of; he could see, from where he halted, Black-wood, which shaded the site of her unconsecrated grave; and there was something unaccountably fearful in the idea of his having to cross the Moor alone. The night-gust whistled through the contiguous plantations with portentous plainings, and the surly Ure murmured hoarsely on its heathy way.

Colonel Frankland ventured onwards, his terror increasing as he advanced. Several times he paused, stood up in the saddle, and looked behind him, in order to ascertain that he had no supernatural follower; he looked forwards to the sable denseness of Black-wood, and shook terribly at the barrowing suggestions which its view occasioned. Half of the Moor he had already passed, and was ascending from a boggy slack, when his fear was augmented at seeing his horse, noted for courage, prick up

his ears, while he made, at the same time, a most unusual stumble. The Colonel's teeth chattered: he perceived, from its shadow, something intervene between him and the light of the moon—he turned to assure himself of the fact, and beheld a female on horse-back,—the very semblance of Eliza! The cloak with which she was enveloped was the same worn by her on the night of her removal to Black-wood Farm, and the palfrey was one which the Colonel well knew, for he had provided it for her on the occasion alluded to. Her face was veiled, as it had been on that fatal night, and she rode in precisely the same attitude; her course was noiseless, and the tread of her palfrey's feet were as silent as though they had been treble shod with the thickest woollen. The unnatural destroyer of life and beauty, with rivetted eyes, distended mouth, and convulsed nostrils, with unaccountable impulse, twisted himself in the saddle, and rode sideways, with his face presented to his dread companion, who displayed not the least signs of cognizance of any object, animate or inanimate.

The spectre steed and its mute rider accompanied Colonel Frankland to the borders of Black-wood, when, striking spurs into his horse, and starting off at full gallop, with the wildest exclamations of terror, he slackened not his speed until his fainting horse was driven back, bruised and lacerated, by the impetuosity with which he was ridden against the garden-gate of Black-wood Farm, where, terrified and exhausted, Colonel Frankland sought shelter for the night.

Black-wood Farm, after the murder of Eliza Cooper, had passed into the occupancy of a son of Esselby's, the father retiring to another at some miles' distance, which, in addition to money, had been bestowed on him by Col. Frankland. Young Esselby received his shuddering guest with studied attention, showing him the greatest kindness. He was ignorant of the awful implication which his father had had with the Colonel in the despatching of Eliza, who, he conceived, had been removed to some further retreat by her master. In vain did he attempt to account to himself for the ghostly terror depicted in the face of Colonel Frankland; his ludicrous suppositions but the more involved him in wondering perplexity. A good fire was made, the supper-table was spread, and, after a restorative glass, prepared him by the warm-hearted young farmer,

the Colonel felt himself more at ease: he began to repent of his resolution to stay all night at the Farm, (lest the room might be appropriated to him in which Eliza had expired), and expressed his wish to reach Aldwark Hall without further delay, against which young Esselby entered his superstitious protest.

"Nae, nae; you sall gan nane te-neet, Colonel: some dowlee seets ha' been seen i't aude wood, I can assear ye. My Aunt Rachel Rooklass can remember of a wench that haunted it being conjured down by 't papish priest, for a year an' a day, and at t' end o' that taame she com agayne. She's berried nut far frae here; ane o' my men show'd me her graeve t' other day."

The former part of this premonition, which alluded to a tradition current in Aldwark and its outskirts, and which had no reference to the crime of Col. Frankland, was unheard by him; but his ears caught the last expression concerning the discovery of the grave, and he hurriedly inquired, his countenance reassuming the deadly pallor which it had so recently relinquished,—

"Grave! what grave—where!—out with it, Esselby! out with it!"

"Saeve us!—why you're flouter'd, sir—you look as tho' you'd just been ta'en oot o' yer shrood! It was naebody you knew—it was a lass that com by her deeth wi' nae fair play. But, Lord! what need ha' we to care about it, that ha' nowt on our consciences!"

"You are right, Esselby," said the Colonel, rallying: "but I like not the ride through that dismal old wood. You say you have a spare bed,—in which room of your house is it?"

"I't back-parlour, sir. There's nowt to molest ye: there's a room ower't, which my fayther took a whim to furnish wi' fine things; but naebody sleeps in it."

This was cheering news to Colonel Frankland, and he consoled himself with the prospect of passing the night undisturbed by the qualms of guilt consequent on sleeping in the bed-chamber of Eliza. He sat conversing till a late hour, and conveniently appeared unconscious of its unseasonableness, until admonished by the hearty yawns of the junior Esselby. The candles burnt down, and the homely host called not for their replacement by others. At length, his patience worn out, Esselby reminded the Colonel of the time, and informed him that his agricultural avocations demanded early rising. His wish

was complied with; and he called a servant, who showed their untimely guest to his apartment, and bade him good night.

The room, as before observed, was immediately beneath the one from which they carried out the corpse of the poisoned girl. To that apartment led a narrow oaken stair, closed in by paneling, and approachable by a door, which was generally closed. The furniture of the room was ancient—high-backed, clumsy chairs, a heavy and elaborately contrived dressing-table, an early-fashioned wardrobe, and a few decayed pictures, were the articles of prominence which gave a sombre air to the sleeping-room assigned the Colonel. The wainscoting was of oak, ornamented by the most florid carvery, which added to the solemn hue of the apartment. The windows, bordering on the Elizabethan style, were lofty, commencing at a great height from the floor, so that chairs were placed against, and pictures hung on, the vacant space below them. On opposite sides of the room were suspended two massively-framed mirrors, in which Col. Frankland beheld, at each wandering glance, the changeful emotions of his features. He durst not reflect, lest the mere creations of his imagination might drive him to insanity. The paralyzing apparition of Eliza on horseback haunted his brain, and he dropped into a chair, stupified with fear. He listened for some domestic sound, some homely and welcome voice, to break the agonising charm; but all was tranquil. Around him the atmosphere waxed stiflingly hot, and anon his body glowed as if immersed in liquid fire. With a courageous effort, he threw open one of the windows, and, undressing himself with precipitation, leaped into bed.

Fatigue overcame fear in the troubled wretch, and he ultimately slumbered: but his dreams were appalling; he breathed with difficulty, and in short and laboured gasps. The moon was dropping behind the willowed heights of Nun-Monkton, and in part withdrew her light from the scenery of Black-wood Farm. The parlour in which Colonel Frankland slept, although with one of the windows up, still retained its over-coming heat: huge drops of perspiration stood on his cheeks and brow: he felt oppressed and suffocated, as one buried alive. Dashing the bed-clothes from him, and struggling for breath, he attempted to rise, but fell in the effort,—he strove to speak, but his voice forsook

him. Anon a momentary calmness succeeded the supernatural strife,—his senses in a measure re'turned, and the following irregular melody, sung in the wildest and most plaining tones of an *Æolian* harp, struck on his ear:—

He knelt beneath yon tree—
He vow'd his heart to me;
And swore, by Heav'n, to be
A friend when all friends should fall:
But he made my unblest grave
Where the lonely larches wave,
And the forest wind sweeps with its fitful wail.

At home my mother weeps—
In his tomb my father sleeps,
And my spirit its vigil keeps
In that dell by the dismal heath.
For the village-maids that die
In the church hang garlands high;
But no garland tells of me with its snowy
wreath.*

But his doom, his doom is near!
When the moon yon mount shall clear,
This hand his heart shall sear!

The incoherency of the conclusion of this ditty, and the affright of Colonel Frankland, prevented its being heard by him. The orb of night emerged from behind the heights of Nun-Monkton, and again threw its radiancy around his bed. He lay motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the door of the dreaded staircase, from the room at the termination of which had issued the unearthly strain; suddenly he heard footsteps on the stair, and the tread of some one slowly descending shook the walls and floor of the room, with leaden reverberation. The beams of the moon shone full upon the door; it opened, and—horror and despair!—the figure of Eliza Cooper stood forth before the gaze of Frankland! Her features were swollen and black as ebony, and presented the awful appearance of one destroyed by poison: the insufferable heat around was increased threefold, threatening suffocation. The spectre glided towards the bed, and took its stand within arm's

* This alludes to "burial-garlands," which it was formerly the practice to hang up in our churches on the death of a *maid*, as token of our ancestors' reverence of virginity. The practice is discontinued; and the literary record of such observance is to be found only in the venerable pages of *Sylvanus Urban*. The burial-garland was arbitrarily constructed, its hue and ornaments being dependent upon the taste of its fashioner. The general construction appears to have been that of two hoops, the one inserted cross-wise within the other, and both covered with silk, crimped paper, or other ornamental material: suspended in the centre was a pair of gloves, cut in paper; sometimes an hour-glass was substituted.—These "trivial, fond records" have been removed from many churches, by order of the churchwardens. *Topcliffe Church*, in *Yorkshire*, still retains them, though the ceremony of depositing them has ceased to exist.

reach of the slayer, looking steadfastly upon him. Leaping up in bed, he cried out, with the vociferation of a madman,

"Eliza, Eliza! in the name of God why have you forsook your grave?—Leave me, leave me!—your body shall be removed to the churchyard, and have Christian burial,—only torment me no longer!—Oh, have mercy! I feel the fire of hell—"

"Frankland!" interrupted the apparition, "I come to revisit thy violated oath—to revenge it upon the spot where it was broken!"

When, lifting up its right-hand, which gloved as if it were a mass of liquid fire, and illumined its sable countenance and apparel, the spectre advanced and placed it upon the bosom of Colonel Frankland—the seared flesh hissed and smoked,—he made a momentary essay at resistance, but he grappled with air,—and, uttering an appalling shriek, he sank backwards upon his pillow, the shadow disappearing through the same door at which it had entered.

Young Esselby and his servants, aroused from their slumbers by the alarming cry of the Colonel, hastened to his apartment, to ascertain its cause. On opening the door, they were obliged to give back for a few moments. The room was filled with smoke as effectually as though it had been on fire. They at last ventured towards the bed, where, shrivelled and scorched, they beheld the body of Colonel Frankland, the mark of the burning hand on his bosom being distinctly visible.

The day dawned, and intelligence of his death was conveyed to the Hall; after which, unshrouded and ungarnished, the black and shapeless cinder of humanity was placed in the coffin, which was screwed down with the greatest secrecy and expedition, and in the evening interred in the ancestral vault of the denizens of Aldwark Hall.

The body of Eliza was discovered, by the accident of a portion of her dress being found near the scene of her burial. Old Esselby and his wife were accused of being concerned in the murder, confessed their participation, and forfeited their lives to the outraged laws of their country, upon the walls of York Castle. Lady Frankland spent the remainder of her days in meditative seclusion; and the mother of Eliza was maintained for the rest of her life at the expense of the kind-hearted lady.—Black-wood Farm became deserted, and degenerated into a barn.—The thistle shakes there its lonely stem; the moss

whistles to the wind; the fox looks out.—the rank grass of the wall waves round his head;*—and the trembling peasants, in passing the spot after sunset, rehearse to each other the destiny of Eliza Cooper, and the death of her destroyer by THE BURNING HAND.

G. Y. H.—N.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

BY H. J. M.

Concluded from page 331.

For the Olio.

TRANSFERRING Ennesley to the custody of his companions, the officer proceeded to break open the door, which the ill-fated Walton had escaped through into the garden below, from whence he had proceeded to the stable by a back way, and in a minute had saddled and mounted one of the fleetest horses in his possession. Moving quietly at first, he had just cleared the paddock gate, when he was challenged and fired at ineffectually, by a man at the front door. The next minute, Walton, having put the animal to his full speed, near half a mile was placed between them.

Walton's wretched wife, whose small knowledge of England and its customs seemed just sufficient to be fully sensible of the scene and her husband's danger, with a heart-rending shriek had fainted away, the pale image of wretchedness and despair, at the report of the fire-arms. In that moment of terror and confusion, calling to one or two of the servants that had congregated in amazement on the stairs, I saw the wretched wife borne to her chamber, more dead than alive; while I desired one to run for a doctor, it being but too probable that the shock, considering her situation, might be too much for her tender frame to bear.

I shall pass over all further description of a scene my recollection still sickens at—the confusion and breaking up of the visitors—the search of the officers—and the weak and pitiable exclamations of the pale and abject wretched Ennesley, as rendered wild and delirious by his awful situation, he offered immense sums for his liberation—by turns calling upon and conjuring the by-standers, in the most piteous manner, to save him from an ignominious death, as the officers bore him off to the carriage in waiting.

On the ensuing day, the papers were teeming with the occurrence, while it produced no small sensations of sur-

* Ossian.

prise and alarm in the city, at the lengthened detail of a scheme of forgery, almost surpassing credibility, which, for the last ten years, Ennesley had enacted with perfect success, to the ruin of many hundreds of individuals, whose property had thus become the prey of his extensive villainy. It is now almost scarce necessary to say, that Walton—who, notwithstanding the strictest search, and a proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension, had not been heard of—had latterly, tempted by poverty, and seduced by the plausibility of the scheme, become a coadjutor, which but too well accounted for his ill-gotten wealth.

Nor was the measure of human misery yet full. The alarming and unexpected events of the Christmas night had taken such a sudden and fatal effect upon the mind and nerves of Mrs. Walton, that she was seized with premature labour—calling upon him fondly in the quivering pangs of agony she endured, as she died in giving birth to a being destined not to survive its unhappy mother. When this news reached me, my thoughts involuntarily dwelt upon what the tormented and self-stricken feelings of Walton must be, when this finish of his blasted hopes reached him in the death of a being he so fondly idolized, in whom his soul almost seemed to have a second particle of existence.

Six months afterwards, the trial of Ennesley came on, who was found guilty and condemned. The wretched man fainted on hearing the last impressive sentence of the judge, that he should suffer the extremity of the law, and was carried senseless out of the dock. Since his committal, indeed, to Newgate, he had shewn an abject and pusillanimous spirit in the extreme, vainly endeavouring to obtain mercy from the fountain-head of those laws he had so dreadfully outraged, and for which he was justly condemned to suffer unpitied and unlamented.

On the fatal day of his execution, fear had taken such possession of his faculties, as to produce a listless kind of insensibility, from which he trembling passed into that dreaded and unknown eternity—"from whose bourne no traveller returns;"—leaving an awful lesson behind on the minds of men, that crime, though it may be suffered by an all-wise providence to flourish for a while, never fails, sooner or later, to meet a fitting punishment.

Time—upon whose crowded tablets

we record our joys and sorrows, swept on in his swift career, and many years had rolled away, leaving the past upon the public mind like "the baseless fabric of a vision," buried in partial oblivion, the temporary interest and bustle of which had been succeeded by that of a thousand other occurrences. It was alone occasionally recalled to my mind by the continued disappearance of Walton since the night of Ennesley's arrest, of whom no news had ever been heard, though it was believed by many that he had succeeded in making the shores of America. The generality of the public, indeed, credited that he had met a violent death, from the circumstances of a body being found in the Thames, some time after, in a complete state of decomposition, which, from appearances connected with it, there was some reason to have believed was his—the remnant of a suicide! But certain it was, that never, since that fatal night, had anything certain been heard of the wretched and conscience-stricken Walton; and, whether he had really found a miserable refuge in a foreign land, or an obscure grave in his own, is, perhaps, for ever buried in oblivion!

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

A Distinction without a Difference.

—The parsimonious habits of a late distinguished admiral have frequently afforded subject for merriment afloat. The story of "Poor Piggy must die," is well known in the navy, and may here serve to identify the name of the departed chief. In "taking care of Number one," Sir John was *unique*; and, in the practice of domestic economy, Lady Eldon herself might not have despised the veteran's tuition. Wherever he was employed as port admiral, a portion of the flag-ship's crew was daily despatched with the dawn to milk the cows, "start the pigs," and stuff the turkeys. The bravest on board were converted into cowherds; and there was hardly a boy on the "books" who had not undertaken the duty of dog; or who had not, at some period of the day, "looked sheepish" in watching the admiral's flock. Sentinels selected from the after-guard and waist had to keep the cows in clover, and a "bright look out" that bipeds did not trample on the grass, or in any way permit the cattle to be "disturbed at their meals." It once happened that an Irish waister had been personally directed by the

admiral to enforce his commands "that no person whatever should walk upon the grass, and that *nothing* but cows should be seen upon the lawn." A lady, in full feather approached the sentinel on the sward—

"Keep aff, there," cried Pat, "keep aff."

"Pray, sir," exclaimed the mortified dame, "do you know who I am?"

"Saurrah—know," rejoined Pat.

"Not know *me*, sir?"

"The devil a-know."

"Not the admiral's *wife*, sir?"

"Not I—all I know is, you're not one of the admiral's *cows*!"

Good Pilotage.—Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naivete* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves. A captain of a man-of-war newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in "beating out" of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship.

"You are perfectly sure, pilot," said the captain, "you are well acquainted with the coast?"

"Do I know my own name, sir?"

"Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near to the shore"

"Now, make yourself *asy*, sir; in troth you may go to bed if you please."

"Then, shall we stand on?"

"Why,—what else would we do?"

"Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about."

"Dangers!—I like to see the dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick.—Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast;" (*here the ship strikes*) "and that's one of 'em!" *Metro. Mag.*

The Naturalist.

THE RAVEN.

A knowledge of this celebrated bird has been handed down to us from the earliest ages; and its history is almost coeval with that of man. In the best and most ancient of all books, we learn, that at the end of forty days, after the great flood had covered the earth, Noah, wishing to ascertain whether or no the waters had abated, sent forth a raven, which did not return into the ark. This is the first notice that is taken of this species. Though the raven was declared unclean by the law of Moses, yet we are informed,

that, when the prophet Elijah provoked the enmity of Ahab, by prophesying against him, and hid himself by the brook Cherith, the ravens were appointed by Heaven to bring him his daily food. The colour of the raven has given rise to a similitude, in one of the most beautiful of eclogues, which has been perpetuated in all subsequent ages, and which is not less pleasing for being trite or proverbial. The favourite of the royal lover of Jerusalem, in the enthusiasm of affection, thus describes the object of her adoration, in reply to the following question:—

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,

O thou fairest among women?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among

Ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold,

His locks are bushy, and black as a raven!

The above-mentioned circumstances taken into consideration, one would suppose that the lot of the subject of this chapter would have been of a different complexion from what history and tradition inform us is the fact. But in every country we are told the raven is considered an ominous bird, whose croakings foretell approaching evil; and many a crooked beldam has given interpretation to these oracles, of a nature to infuse terror into a whole community. Hence this ill-fated bird, from time immemorial, has been the innocent subject of vulgar obloquy and detestation.

Augury, or the art of foretelling future events by the flight, cries, or motions of birds, descended from the Chaldeans to the Greeks, thence to the Etrurians, and from them it was transmitted to the Romans.[†] The crafty legislators of these celebrated nations, from a deep knowledge of human nature, made superstition a principal feature of their religious ceremonies, well knowing that it required a more than ordinary

[†] That the science of augury is very ancient, we learn from the Hebrew lawgiver, who prohibits it, as well as every other kind of divination. Deut. chap. xviii. The Romans derived their knowledge of augury chiefly from the Tuscans or Etrurians, who practised it in the earliest times. This art was known in Italy before the time of Romulus, since that prince did not commence the building of Rome till he had taken the auguries. The successors of Romulus, from a conviction of the usefulness of the science, and at the same time not to render it contemptible by becoming too familiar, employed the most skillful augurs from Etruria to introduce the practice of it into their religious ceremonies. And, by a decree of the senate, some of the youth of the best families in Rome were annually sent into Tuscany to be instructed in this art.

policy to govern a multitude, ever liable to the fatal influences of passion; and who, without some timely restraints, would burst forth like a torrent, whose course is marked by wide-spreading desolation. Hence to the purposes of polity the raven was made subservient; and the Romans having consecrated it to Apollo, as to the god of divination, its flight was observed with the greatest solemnity; and its tones and inflections of voice were noted with a precision which intimated a belief in its infallible prescience.

But the ancients have not been the only people infected with this species of superstition; the moderns, even though favoured with the light of Christianity, have exhibited as much folly, through the impious curiosity of prying into futurity, as the Romans themselves. It is true that modern nations have not instituted their sacred colleges or sacerdotal orders, for the purposes of divination; but, in all countries, there have been self-constituted augurs, whose interpretations of omens have been received with religious respect by the credulous multitude. Even at this moment, in some parts of the world, if a raven alight on a village church, the whole fraternity is in an uproar; and Heaven is importuned, in all the ardour of devotion, to avert the impending calamity.

The poets have taken advantage of this weakness of human nature; and, in their hands, the raven is a fit instrument of terror. Shakspeare puts the following malediction into the mouth of his Caliban:—

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd,
With raven's feather, from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!

The ferocious wife of Macbeth, on being advised of the approach of Duncan, whose death she had conspired, thus exclaims:—

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements!

The Moor of Venice says,—

It comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding of all.

The last quotation alludes to the supposed habit of this bird's flying over those houses which contain the sick, whose dissolution is at hand, and thereby announced. Thus Marlowe, in the *Jew of Malta*, as cited by Malone:—

The sail presaging raven tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak;
And, in the shadow of the silent night,
Doth shake contagion from her sable wing.

But it is the province of philosophy to dispel these illusions which bewilder the mind, by pointing out the simple truths which nature has been at no pains to conceal, but which the folly of mankind has shrouded in all the obscurity of mystery.

The raven is a general inhabitant of the United States, but is more common in the interior. On the lakes, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the Falls of the Niagara river, they are numerous; and it is a remarkable fact, that where they so abound, the common crow (*c. corone*) seldom makes its appearance; being intimidated, it is conjectured, by the superior size and strength of the former, or by an antipathy which the two species manifest towards each other.

The raven is also found almost all over the habitable globe. We trace it in the north from Norway to Greenland, and hear of it in Kamtschatka. It is common every where in Russia and Siberia, except within the Arctic circle; and all through Europe. Kolben enumerates the raven among the birds of the Cape of Good Hope; De Grandpre represents it as numerous in Bengal, where they are said to be protected for their usefulness; and the unfortunate La Perouse saw them at Baie de Castries, on the east coast of Tartary; likewise at Port des Frangois, 58° 27' north latitude, and 139° 50' west longitude; and at Monterey Bay, North California. The English circumnavigators met with them at Nootka Sound; and at the Sandwich Islands, two being seen in the village of Kakooa; also at Owhyhee, and supposed to be adored there, as they were called Eatooas. Our intrepid American travellers, under the command of Lewis and Clark, shortly after they embarked on the Columbia river, saw abundance of ravens, which were attracted thither by the immense quantity of dead salmon which lined the shores. They are found at all seasons at Hudson's Bay; are frequent in Mexico; and it is more than probable that they inhabit the whole continent of America.

This bird is said to attain to a great age; and its plumage to be subject to change from the influence of years and of climate. It is found in Iceland and Greenland entirely white.

The raven was the constant attendant of Lewis and Clark's party in their long and toilsome journey. During the winter, at Fort Mandan, they were observed in immense numbers,

notwithstanding the cold was so excessive that on the 17th of December, 1804, the thermometer stood at 45° below 0. *Wilson's Ornithology.*

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M.W. of Windsor.

DERIVATION OF CARNIVAL.—The name *Carne-vale* is originally Latin—*farewell to flesh*—meaning, probably, that these are the last days for eating meat, as the following Lent forbids, either totally or in part, the use of that kind of food. Some pretend that the Carnival is a remnant of the Roman Saturnalia, which were accompanied with similar scenes of dissipation and folly, only indulged to a much greater extent, and which the Christian rulers, who succeeded the Roman emperors in Italy, thought it wise to retain, under some restrictions, for the satisfaction of the populace, addicted in every age to noisy and giddy diversions.

ACTRESSES—Female performers were unknown to the ancients, though Phrynichus, the pupil of Thespis, introduced women's parts on the stage; but these parts were always performed by men—hence one reason for the use of masks among them. Actresses, it is said, were not known on the English stage till after the restoration of Charles II., who has been charged with contributing to the corruption of manners by importing this usage from abroad; but this can be only partly true; the queen of James the First performed a part in a pastoral; and Prynne, in his "*Histriomatrix*," speaks of actresses, in his time, as women of a loose character, which was one reason of the severe persecution brought against him for that book.

CORONETS.—These marks of distinction were first assigned to earls by Henry the Third; but John of Eltham, second son of Edward II. was the first person who wore a coronet. Selden says that Andomer d'Valence, Earl of Pembroke, had a coronet,—16 Edw. II. The marquis's coronet was granted by Richard II.; and the viscount's in the time of James I.: the barons had only a crimson cap, turned up with fur, till the coronet was allowed them by Charles the Second.

THE SCEPTRE—This ensign of royalty is of greater antiquity than the crown; ornamented golden sceptres are mentioned by Homer. Tarquin the elder was the first among the Romans who assumed the sceptre, which custom was continued by the consuls and emperors.

Phocas, A.D. 600, added a left cross to it. Both the sceptre, and verge for the left hand were used by the Anglo Saxon kings.

STEAM ENGINES.—It has been ascertained with some degree of certainty, that there are now in this country not less than 15,000 steam engines at work, some of almost incredible power; in Cornwall there is one of 1000 horse power. Taking it for granted that on an average these engines are each of 25 horse power, this would be equal to 375,000 horses. According to Mr. Watt's calculation, $5\frac{1}{2}$ men are equal to the power of a horse; we have thus, therefore, a power, through the medium of steam engines, equal to near two millions of men. Each horse for his keep per year requires the produce of two acres of land, and thus 750,000 acres are at the disposal of the inhabitants of Great Britain, more than if the same work, which is now done by steam, had to be performed by horses.

Anerbottiana.

VOLTAIRE.—This great man was not much indebted to nature, as we all know, for that inestimable of all her blessings—a good temper. In a moment of spleen he is said to have passed a somewhat harsh judgment upon the genius of La Fontaine; insisting, that not one of his fables, if honestly and calmly considered, would stand the test of criticism. This was a hard saying, and not very easy to maintain against the prince of fabulists. Nevertheless, the gage was thrown down, and the pledge of defiance accepted by another very remarkable character,—no less a personage than the great King of Prussia. The trial and proof of the assertion stood over to a distant period—no time fixed. Not long afterwards, Voltaire being in the closet of his majesty, Frederick put into his hands a splendid copy of La Fontaine's Works. The cynic turned over the leaves of the book, then read a fable, afterwards a second, and a third—at length, shutting the volume abruptly—"Diable!" cried he, "*quel homme!*"—(The king and himself, at this time, it should be remembered, were on the most familiar footing).—Then, after a pause—"Mordieu!" exclaimed he,—"*the whole is a mass of chefs d'œuvre!*" And as the sore tribute of praise hardly got vent from his lips, he dashed the book down on the table.—*O humanitas! humanitas!* F.E.

A DISSATISFIED NATION.—The author of *Gil Blas* says, the English "are the most unhappy people on the earth

—with liberty, and property, and three meals a day."

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, June 1.

St. Pamphilus, A.D. 309.

High Water 13m aft 5 Morning—33m aft 5 After.

"JUNE 1."—"The general character of June," says Howitt, "in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their odours. It is true, that many have vanished from our path, but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have scarcely been sensible of their departure. Every thing is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and give their parents a busy life of it, till they can pick for themselves. Rooks have deserted the rookery, and are feeding their vociferous young in every pasture, and under every green tree. The swallow and swift are careering in the clear skies, and

Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Fitting on glancing wings, that yield a summer sound. *Wifen.*

The flower-garden is in the height of its splendour. Roses of almost innumerable species—I have counted no less than fourteen in a cottage-garden—lilies, jasmims, speedwells, rockets, stocks, lupines, geraniums, pinks, poppies, valerians, red and blue, mignonette, etc., and the glowing rhododendron abound. It is the very carnival of nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries."

How Roses came Red.

Roses at first were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white sh'd be.

But, being vanquish'd quite,
A blush their cheeks bespied;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

R. Herrick, 1618.

Thursday, June 2.

St. Potinus &c., B. and M. of Lyons, A.D. 177.

Sun rises 53m aft 3—sets 8m aft 8.

JUNE 2, 1711.—We have met with a curious epitaph, we presume on an eccentric being who fell for a long time the office of post-master to the town of Salzwedel, under Frederick, King of Prussia; and here it is—"Traveller! hurry not as if you were going post-haste—in the most rapid journey you must stop at the post-house. Here repose the bones of M. Mathias Schulzen, the most humble and most faithful Post-master of his Majesty the King of Prussia, at Salzwedel, during the space of twenty-five years. He arrived 1655; by holy baptism he was marked on the post-map for the celestial land of Canaan. He afterwards travelled with distinction in life's pilgrimage, by making courses in the schools and universities. He carefully performed his duties as a Christian, in his employment, and the purposes annexed to it. When the post of misfortune was come, he behaved according to the letter of divine consolation. In the end, his body being enfeebled, he kept himself ready to attend the signal given by the arrival of the post of death. His soul set off on her journey on the 2nd of June, 1711, for Paradise, and his body was afterwards committed to this tomb. Reader! in thy pilgrimage, always be mindful of the prophetic *Post of Death!*"

Friday, June 3.

St. Cosmoen of Ireland, A.D. 1618.

Moon's last Quar, 20m after 3 After.

JUNE 3, 1792.—To-day enables us to record the death of two persons who suffered a long and cruel imprisonment for debt, under the old laws, which afforded no relief to the sufferer. Expired in the King's Bench Prison, Robert Mitchell, by trade a baker, aged 58. His debt was but 30s. for which he had been confined since the year 1784. And yesterday, the 2d, in the same prison, at the great age of 84 years, Mrs. Maria Wynne Smith, of a broken heart. She was a widow-lady, of exemplary character; her husband was formerly a lieutenant in the 27th Inniskillen regiment of foot; she had been a prisoner for upwards of eleven years, and her debt being somewhat more than 200*l.*, she was not entitled to her goods, as was supported at the expense of the marshal.

Saturday, June 4.

St. Petroc, Abb. 6th Cent.

High Water 51m aft 7 Morning—24m aft 8 After.

At this season every thing wears a solstitial appearance; there is no perfectly dark night, but only a long twilight, and the Midsummer flowers begin to take place of the vernal. The flowering of the alder is also a remarkable indication of the approaching solstice, as well as the corn poppies, and other solstitial plants beginning to ornament the fields. The blue corn-flower in many parts of France, is now in bloom, and is called *Blues*; it comes into season before the Cockicoo or anemone goes out, and both meet together in the Parisian bowpots.

Sunday, June 5.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—10 chapter Joshua Morning.

23 chap. Joshua Evening.

Birth day of the Duke of Cumberland (1711).

JUNE 5, 1795.—A dreadful fire happened at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, which consumed 1,363 houses, several churches, and many public buildings.

Monday, June 6.

St. Philip the Deacon, A.D. 58.

Sun rises 49m after 3—sets 11m after 8.

JUNE 6, 1780.—On the evening of this day, during the Gordon riots, the elegant dwelling of Lord Mansfield, in Bloomsbury Square, was forcibly entered by the enraged mob, and all his furniture, extensive library, and other property of great value, were consigned to the flames, his lordship and family escaping with difficulty through a back door. A party of guards arrived during the act of demolition, and fired upon the mob, when several were killed and wounded. When the sufferers by those dreadful riots which agitated the metropolis at this period were to be reimbursed, his lordship nobly refused any compensation whatever.

Tuesday, June 7.

St. Robert, Abbot, A.D. 1159.

High Water 51m aft 9 Morn—27m after 10 After.

Ovid thus illustrates to-day's calendar; for the original Latin we substitute a translation.—

"The third night from the Nones, the northern Bear

Will sit, and therefore nothing has to fear;
Then in the grassy Campus shall you see,
The games, O Tiber, acted there for thee;
By those who use the toilsome fishing trade
Upon thy stream, this festival is made.

When that the Carthaginians threatened war,
To Mens our fathers did a temple rear;
A consul and his valiant forces kill'd,
Their sinking minds with dreadful terror fill'd,
Fear drove out hope; their vows the senate made
To Mens, and quickly she afforded aid."

On the 1st of June was published with the Magazines, Part 45; also No. 2, of the Illustrations for Scrap Books.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, June 11, 1831.



See page 356

Illustrated Article.

THE PEARL OF BRABANT.

For the Olio.

THE great clock of Saint Peter's was chiming an hour past midnight, when a solitary boat was proceeding rapidly up the centre of the Tiber. It contained but two persons, the boatman and his passenger, a young man, who stood at the head. He was closely enveloped in a cloak, which, however, left to view a singularly handsome countenance,—round which flowed a profusion of dark hair, descending to his shoulders, according to the fashion of the period. Although his mantle concealed the greater part of his person, the three-piled Genoa velvet bonnet, surmounted by the jewelled plume, and the extravagant length of his embroidered shoes, plainly indicated the gallant of the fifteenth century. The night had been remarkably still, and the moon was sailing in all her glory through a clear and cloudless sky. The palaces of Rome

Vol. VII. Z

gleamed brightly in the distance, while far above all towered the giant dome of Saint Peter's, like a haughty monarch surrounded by his subject slaves. As the last reverberation of the bell died away, the boat neared the shore, and the cavalier, leaping from it, proceeded rapidly along the bank of the river. He had gone but a short distance, when his progress was impeded by three men, who sprang forward from behind a projecting angle of an adjacent building, where they had lain concealed. The cloak of the cavalier was thrown from his shoulder in an instant, and his rapier bared, to receive the attack of his assailants, whose mail jerkins and ponderous swords displayed the garb of the bravi of the period. Placing his back against a wall, he defended himself from the fierce onset of his adversaries, with a skill and valour that proved him to be a master of his weapon; but in the height of the combat, the faithless rapier broke short to the hilt, and he stood defenceless: the arm of the foremost ruffian was raised to give the fatal

blow, but, ere it descended, a fourth sword gleamed in the air, and the next instant the bravo was stretched at the feet of his new opponent. This terminated the conflict, for the companions of the fallen man, finding they had to do with an unexpected and powerful antagonist, after exchanging a few blows retreated, bearing with them the body of their wounded comrade, and were soon lost to view amid the gloom of the distance.

"By Saint Luke!" said the rescued cavalier, addressing himself to the person who had so opportunely delivered him, "but that thrust of thine came not a whit too early; and I would fain know to whom I am indebted for so vast a service."

The person thus addressed was a powerful young man, whose clear blue eye and fair yet ruddy complexion bespoke him to be no native of Italia's sunny clime. He was clad in a leathern jerkin, which fitted closely to his body, showing the muscular proportions of his person to great advantage; and as he leant on his bloody sword, his athletic frame appeared to vie with the finest models of antiquity.

"For my name," returned the stranger bluntly, "Quintin Matsys, the armourer, of Antwerp, is not ashamed; but for the debt ye speak of, I deserve no thanks; I saw three brands opposed to one, and so I was upon them, and had the villain at my feet ere I knew mine own weapon had left the scabbard. And now, having answered your query, I would be better acquainted with the cavalier, who must have handled his rapier right prettily to have kept these murderous dogs so long at bay?"

"Call me Urbino," replied the Italian, grasping the hand of the young Fleming cordially as he spoke. "But," he continued, "is there naught in which I could serve you? Thou art a stranger, as I guess, by thy tongue; and it may be"—

He paused as he glanced at the coarse doublet of Matsys. The brow of the other flushed deeply as he answered—

"The purse of the armourer of Antwerp may not be so weighty, signor, as when he forged harness for prince and peer in his native town; but, Saint Nicholas be praised! it is not so light that he should yet ask aid of any man of Rome."

"What brings you here, then, my friend?" said Urbino, smiling: "I should have thought your Brabant burghers needed coats of mail more than

our citizens, to whom Milan harness is as common as rusty iron; or is it a vow of love to some fair haired, blue-eyed beauty, for whom you have undertaken a pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine? You smile,—have I guessed aright, then?"

"By St. Hubert!" returned the Fleming, "but you have nearly struck the right nail; and, perhaps, I deserve a smile for my folly, in leaving friends and country for the sake of a fair cheek and a laughing eye. But ye shall judge for yourself, if ye have patience to listen to a short history."

"That will I right gladly,—a tale of love is always welcome to a true gentleman; nay, you may put up your weapon, your blade has made too ugly a mark in that rogue's shoulder to tempt either himself or his comrades to return."

"I will not trespass on your patience," replied Matsys, as he complied, "for I am not one of those who can prate by the hour, like a shaven monk. Thus, then, it is. There is in Antwerp a famous limner, by name Michael Flors; by good report ye may have heard of him?"

"His fame has reached Italy, he is indeed a worthy follower of the great art of painting."

"He," continued the Fleming, "has a daughter as famed for her beauty as her father is for his pencil. This maiden, signor, I have loved fondly, and I do not overrate myself when I say that my love has been returned, and, long ere this, but for the accursed obstinacy of her father, we should have been the happiest pair in Antwerp:—but pride or the devil put it into his head to look down with contempt on my goodly craft, and he has sworn by all the saints in the calendar that I shall ne'er call him father—except I equal him in his own mystery."

"By'r Lady, but it is a strange tale," said the Italian, "and puts we lovers of Italy to shame. Thou hast left, then, thy home—thy kindred—for the sake of a blue-eyed girl, with whom the moneybags of some old burgess will soon make a wondrous change; and—"

"The Flemish maidens, signor," interrupted the armourer rather angrily, "when their love-token is given, abide by their choice; if albeit, they may not be so lightly come by as from the belles of Rome."

He glanced, as he spoke, at the belt of the other, in which was entwined an embroidered glove, which, from its size, could but belong to one of the softer sex.

"Nay," said the Italian, again smiling, "thy readiness to defend them inclines me to think with thee; and yet, though our ladies' favours are easily won, they may not be won with impunity,"—shewing the fragment of his sword, which he still held.—"But a truce to this bantering," he continued in a more serious tone—"thy errand now would be shrewdly guessed, I warrant me, were I to say that thou hast journeyed thus far, for the purpose of studying the great art thyself."

"Right," responded the other, eagerly; "cannot you assist me in this task!—but now thy services were proffered,—serve me in this, and, if he be within call, the arm of Quintin Matsys shall be always ready to strike with thee in the fray, or, if absent, you shall have his prayers as regularly as he says his paternoster. I have heard that some of your Roman painters keep open school for the instruction of their art, I will toil from sunrise to sundown;—this hand——"

"Marry, thy hand," interrupted Urbino, half smiling, half mournfully—"is far fitter to hammer an hauberk, than to handle the tools of a limner."

"It is well, signor," returned the armourer, drawing himself up proudly, "Quintin Matsys is not wont to take gibe and jest upon his calling at any time, nor is he now in the humour to afford laughter to a stranger. I must seek for courtesy elsewhere."

So saying, Matsys turned upon his heel, and was preparing to leave the spot, but the hand of Urbino was laid on his shoulder, and arrested his further progress.

"Nay, nay," said the Italian, "this must not be,—I meant not to offend thee; besides, I owe you much for that timely thrust of thine, and though somewhat given to pleasantry, you shall not find me ungrateful.—But come," he continued, replacing his cloak around him—"if thou wilt trust thyself to my guidance, sir smith, there shall be naught on my part left undone to serve thee, as far as the efforts of an humble votary can effect it."

"Thou art then a painter thyself?" said Matsys.

"As I said, an indifferent follower of the pencil."

The Fleming hesitated, bit his lip, and then suddenly striking his hand into the extended palm of the other, with a force that made the surrounding walls ring with the sound, he followed the steps of his companion, who directed

his course towards the centre of the city.

Time, whose career is not to be arrested, had rolled on—sweeping away prince and beggar, and levelling alike the palace and the hovel in his resistless course. Four years had passed, and Antwerp still had to regret the absence of one of her bravest citizens. Quintin Matsys was still away from the place of his birth.

It was a glowing evening in the month of June, and the summer sun was sinking fast beneath the towers of the fairest town of Brabant. The carved pinnacles and gables of the houses were glittering in its mellow radiance, while the huge spire of the Cathedral rose from the midst of them like a tower of gold. The busy hum of many voices was dying away into silence, and the streets were nigh deserted, save by those patriotic burghesses who thought it their duty to watch over the weal of their beloved city. These worthies still perambulated the high-street, almost fainting beneath the huge partizans they bore, and the weight of the corslets which they had crammed themselves into.

At one of the casements which overlooked the scene, her fair brow and clustering tresses lighted up by the gleam of the sunset, sat Lestelle Flors, chronicled by the minnesingers as the "PEARL OF BRABANT!"—she whose name formed the war-cry of half the chivalry of Flanders; she whose hand even belted earl and gentle knight had sought for in vain, much to the regret of the suitors, the surprise of all the unmarried ladies within the walls of Antwerp, and the great discomfort of her father. A tear was trickling down the maiden's cheek, and the convulsive heaving of the richly worked bodice, told that it covered a bosom in which (young as it was) care had already found a hiding-place.

"I know not," she said, unconsciously speaking her thoughts—"I know not whether I am right to anger my father by refusing these goodly offers,—offers as far above my deserts as they are above my wishes, for the sake of one who, perhaps—but I will not think of it."

She turned from the window, and taking up a cittern, which lay on a cushion beside her, passed her hand once or twice over the strings of the instrument; but the lute responded but a mournful chord, as if echoing back the melancholy feeling of its mistress. Her heart

was too full, and suffering the cittern to fall from her hands, she threw herself back in her seat and wept bitterly.

"Oh! Quintin, Quintin," she murmured in the paroxysm of her grief—"I cannot—cannot think thee false—that noble form of thine cannot conceal a faithless heart; and yet—rumour—"

"Rumour," said a voice from behind, "is a foul-mouthed wench, whose assertions should ne'er be credited."

The maiden started from her seat, and a scream was rising to her lips, as she beheld a tall figure standing in the gloom of the apartment.

"Lestelle," said the same voice. She staggered forward, threw back her hair from her forehead,—gazed wildly on the stranger for an instant, and the next she was clasped in the embrace of her faithful Matsys.

"Lestelle, dearest, constant Lestelle!" exclaimed her lover, as he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her glowing lips—"look up, dear, faithful girl! You are mine—ay, mine too with your father's sanction."

"With my father's sanction!" exclaimed the blushing maiden, as she disengaged herself from the caresses of her lover.

"Nay, doubt not, girl, your father's sanction is freely given," said Michael Flors, who had introduced his portly form into the chamber unnoticed. "By the three holy kings! the lad speaks nought but the truth, and with the blessing of Saint Nicholas, to-morrow's sun shall see thee a wedded wife. But how now!—you look as scared as a startled heron; remember, although I refused thy hand to the smith Matsys, I said I would bestow it freely on Matsys the painter. What! not understand me yet? Then I must e'en leave ye to yourselves; perhaps, Quintin may be better able to solve the riddle."

So saying, the good burghess left the room; and we also, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of the reunited lovers, will follow the old gentleman's steps.

The conference, however, appeared to be satisfactory to all parties; for certain it is, on the following morning, as the chimes of the Cathedral clock proclaimed noon, "the Pearl of Brabant" became the bride of the long lost Matsys.* On that day the citizens of Ant-

* I am thus particular in mentioning the precise hour, having the authority of my very good friend the Herr Von Blomstadt, of the high-street at Antwerp, to whom also I must beg to refer those readers who may be inclined to be sceptical on any part of the story.

werp seemed to make it their sole occupation to discuss the causes of this unexpected event; and many a doublet was stitched awry, much to the dissatisfaction of the gallant, who wished to prank it in his bravest attire at the evening revel which was to celebrate the marriage; and many a tire woman was absent from her mistresses' bower when her service was most required. The villain knave of the needle forgot his jerkin, and the waiting damsel her lady's head-gear, in relating and listening to the wonderful tale which was in every man's mouth. How the bridegroom, while in Italy, had slain a score of ruffians in defence of a noble cavalier, which said cavalier turned out to be the far-famed Raphael himself;—how the great limner, out of gratitude, had instructed him in his art;—how he had toiled from matin bell to midnight chime;—how he had at last returned, and won his bride, by proving himself not only the equal, but far the superior of his father-in-law; thus fulfilling the conditions, and removing that which, in the eyes of men, appeared an insurmountable obstacle to his hopes.

Nearly four hundred years have now elapsed since that day, and the name of Matsys is still renowned throughout Europe,—revered alike for his constancy and devotion, as for his skilful pencil. His tomb is still to be seen by the traveller in the Cathedral, which also contains his famous altar piece. It bears this inscription—"Conjugal amor de Mulciber fecit Apellum." Signifying that the love of his wife changed him from a Vulcan to an Appelles.

S.R.A.

Romances of the Rhine.

WILFRED OF THE FALL.

For the Olio.

The sun was fast sinking his rays in the west,
And tinged the Rhine's billows with gold,
When a horseman appear'd in black panoply
drest,
Right gallant and gay to behold.

He spur'd on his courser so fleet and so fair
Till he came to a tower'd hold,
Around whose grey ruin of antique air
The foam-crested Rhine-billows roll'd.

Then lustily sounded the horseman his horn,
And straightway the warder display'd,
'Neath the arch of the castle his rubicund form
In silver and scarlet array'd.

From his horse leap'd the rider, no parley he
stay'd,
But straightway strode into the hall,
And thus to the fair Lady Blanche he said—
"Lo! Wilfred of Willumberg fall!"

"Ha! heed ye not, lady, the oath of thy sire,
That oath which accompanied thine—
When Willumberg freed ye from Rollindar's
ire,

Said ye not this same hand should be mine?"
The lady turn'd pale as the chieftain thus
spoke,

She thought on the words that had pass'd,
And grief and dismay in her bosom awoke
As his eyes on her sternly he cast.

"Yes!—yes! I remember, yet mercy," she
cried;

"My hand to another I gave."

"It boots not, fair lady, thou still shalt be
bride

Of Willfred of Willumberg's wave."

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he twined,
Unheeding her shrieks of dismay,
All bright from its scabbard his rapier shined,
And dauntless he bore her away.

'Twas night, and all nature was hush'd in re-
pose,

In silence slept Willumberg's hall;
Not a sound met the ear, save the sound which
arose

From the rushing of Willumberg fall.

Anon 'mid the roar of that torrent there came
A sound that told rescue was nigh,
It gladdened the heart of the desolate dame,
And joy beam'd again in her eye.

She arose, and her eyes all around her she cast,
When, lo, the bright gleam of a sword
Was reveal'd to her view,—a form approach'd
fast,

And she swoon'd in the arms of her lord.

Now sought he the woodbridge with stealthiest
tread,

That sprang across Willumberg fall,
When torch-gleams around him were suddenly
shed,

And thus heard he the chief loudly call:—

"Tara, Osric of Ottinvar, look on thy death,"
And swift on the passage he came,

When sudden he sunk in the torrent beneath—
Sir Osric had clove it in twain!

The salient crags caught him as headlong he
fell,

Whose blood-crimson'd ridges were all
That appear'd in the ray of the morning to
tell,

The doom of the lord of the fall. T.F.

HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF MADAME HORTENSE EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND. *For the Olio.*

I had been passing some days at the delightful chateau of Wolfsberg, on the borders of the lake Constance, at that time occupied by an old officer, who had formerly married a favourite maid of honour of Hortense. It was in the fine season and summer of 182—. Here we frequently indulged in the most delicious rambles, for which the neighbourhood is so remarkable, and oftentimes our walks extended even to the boundary and outskirts of the elegant but simple domain of the ex-queen of Holland.

The house was just discernible in the centre of a rising ground covered with

Jarches and pines, and other shrubs natural to this fine country; the sight of which never failed to lead back my hosts to their favourite theme of conversation, namely, the virtues and misfortunes of its present owner—of her who had been their patroness in times when fortune smiled complacently on all that she regarded or looked kindly on. It was their chief delight to paint her as she was in the days of her prosperity, and to contrast with many a bitter sigh the passing with the gone-by hour; and in these latter times, when exiled from her native soil, leading a peaceful and contented—almost a happy life, forgotten by the world, but free from its remarks and calumnies.

Such was the amiable portrait of their illustrious neighbour. These discourses naturally inspired me with a lively interest in her favour, as also an inclination, not easily overcome, to be presented. This was difficult—all that they could promise was, that my name as a friend and visitor at the chateau, should be introduced upon the very first occasion; the secret knowledge of how much pleasure they themselves derived from her acquaintance might effect the rest,—but the favour of my admission must come from herself without proposal or solicitation. Every day furnished some new particulars of her very interesting and eventful history. The fortune she had been enabled to save out of the wreck of her own affairs and of her family, was, for the most part, applied to acts of kindness, and in doing good to those who still remained attached, and on whom the good things of this life had been measured out more sparingly.—Her family consisted of two ladies, her companions, her last and now her only son, with a clergyman, the youth's preceptor. Her house was the rendezvous of men distinguished for their talents; amongst others, Monsieur Casimir de la Vigne and his brother, were particularly distinguished as her constant visitors.

In this tasteful, but for the most part secluded mode of life, a new project was set on foot, and a small theatre had very lately been erected, with a view to the performance of certain Ballad Operas, Vaudevilles, and other lesser pieces, in order that all her friends might choose a part congenial to their taste, or such as was best suited to their talents. One of the companions of our walks, an agreeable young person—a brunette, with dark lively eyes, had her part assigned her in the first per-

formance; and I confess the share and interest I took beforehand in these representations, were in no small degree increased on her account. It was my part, not unfrequently, to conduct her, through the paths of the vine grounds, Through glades and groves we took our jocund way,

to the rehearsals; and I had even indulged the hope that by approaching as close as possible towards the house, yet with discretion, I might at last be perceived and accordingly invited.—Meanwhile, the time passed on, and my anticipations seemed in no ways likely to be realised. Disappointed day by day; no resource seemed left but, like another Jaques, to throw myself weary and listless beneath some gnarled oak and moralize,—or, in despite of lassitude, to tempt some heedless tenants of the lake to their own destruction, under favour of a baited hook, until the moment I was called upon to take my young companion's arm within my own, and tend her back to Wolfsberg. At length, in spite of the good intentions of my friends in my behalf—notwithstanding my character as a man of letters, which they thought fit to amuse themselves by assigning to me, I was not a single foot advanced beyond the borders of the lake; and the ancient tree, below which I had first flung myself, remained the envious barrier to a promised land. Thus, in despair, at length, I resigned all hopes of being admitted.

One fine evening, however, as we were enjoying all its freshness, seated on the verdant turf, the rolling of carriages was heard distinctly in the distance; and shortly it was announced that Madame Hortense intended paying a visit to our hostess. So in fact it proved: for, presently afterwards, I perceived her approach, attended by a numerous suite. Three handsome equipages richly appointed, slowly descended from the rising ground; now lost a moment between the hills, and again suddenly opening into view, appeared advancing through the trees. Beauties in country, such as are here imagined, are but very rarely seen, unless wholly traced by the hand of nature—*here* she was pure and unadorned, as the most fastidious and tidgety descendant of *Smelfungus** could desire. I fancied from the first that it was not for her neighbours that Hortense desired to use so much parade and state, but that the guests assembled at the hall might place to their own

account the greater portion of this ostentation—nor was I in this particular mistaken.

At the first interview, she appeared to me full of grace and majesty, and a further acquaintance confirmed the high sentiments of admiration with which I was then inspired. Her figure animated and easy, courteous yet dignified, showed at a glance that rare compound of character in modern days—an engaging woman and a queen. She expressed to us in the most gracious terms, the regret she felt in not having earlier notice of our intention of passing some time in Switzerland. She imagined we had purposed staying a few days only on the borders of the lake, and would not, therefore, by a constrained politeness endanger our losing time at her house, we might so well employ in the vicinity. Since we had, however, fixed ourselves in the neighbourhood, she was desirous that we would condescend to be spectators of the *bagatelle* that was in preparation to amuse her friends; assuring us of the pleasure she would herself derive by our accepting of the invitation. So much kindness, so much affability, from one of such exalted rank, very sensibly affected us, and called forth a variety of reflections, no less diversified than pleasing.

At length the day of the first representation arrived—I crossed the threshold of the abode of Hortense; it was truly and indeed a jewel. The terraces, trellises, indigenous trees, exotic plants and shrubs, all were arranged and distributed to perfection. Beautiful views at every turn presented themselves, sometimes exhibited between the clumps of trees, now from a mountain's height, sometimes from a crag or the borders of a precipice. All was in harmony and rich in keeping; and, to say the truth, *taste*, which presided over all, was marvellously well favoured by the rude and natural abruptness of the country.

Upon my entrance I found three or four of the smaller apartments occupied by staying company. Hortense at this time was wholly engaged with the management of her theatre. The walls of the saloon were entirely decorated and hung round with pictures. Amongst other portraits, of which there were many, I noticed a whole length of Josephine, which engrossed all my attention. She was pale, and her countenance, more especially the brow, indicated much depth of thought, and a settled melancholy. She was reclining

* One of a notoriously dissatisfied temperament.—(See Sterne's Journey.)

upon the slope of a shaded hill. The air of sorrow cast over this composition gave me reason to suppose the painter had been employed in times when, sacrificed to a cruel policy, Josephine had learned in solitude and affliction to know the entire worthlessness of all human greatness. In a small apartment contiguous, and faintly lighted, I remarked a marble bust of Josephine. One might fancy, amidst the obscurity that surrounds it, neither outline nor colour being distinctly visible, that you beheld the apotheosis of this truly illustrious and unhappy woman. This new proof of filial regard on the part of a daughter for a parent's memory, affected me the more, as it afforded the easy means of comparing them together, and I was forcibly struck with the resemblance. Models such as this are inestimable for the artist, in like manner that the materials that such lives produce are profitable to the historian; in both cases they may be accounted "rivers of living water." It is not altogether easy to imagine a train of events more interesting to the feelings, than those which now engrossed me; and the course of a long existence offers but seldom such memorials as these. Such were my thoughts:—I looked back upon the days of power and magnificence, and the fall of her who was once an empress—and, while I dwelt upon the agonies that had accompanied her divorce, together with those that had followed her in retreat, I could not but feel surprise,—in absence of information,—to find nowhere here the portrait of Napoleon, nor of any individual of his family!

The taste and fondness for the arts every where manifested by Hortense,—the pleasure she evidently felt in assembling the portraits of all such as were dear to her, will not allow us to impute this circumstance purely to the effect of chance: but, if we shall ascribe it to the remembrance of the sad reverses to which her mother was reduced, we are then made to confess, that such an exclusion could find its motive only in a sentiment that was neither deficient in true greatness nor piety. F. E.

THE NITH.
For the Olio.

Though other streams be wide and fair,
And proudly flow unto the sea,
They are not like the winding Nith,
They are not like the Nith to me.
It is the king of all the streams
That flow towards the Solway sea;
Its banks are fair, its hills are green,
And they are ever dear to me,

Oh! when I think about the Nith,
A thousand lovely scenes arise—
I see the friends I love so dear,
I feel the charm that never dies!
I see bold Criffie tow'ring still
Above them all,—with stony crest
I see Colvend's wild rocky shore,
And sigh!—My blessing on the rest.

I see my bonny, bonny lass
Now wandering lonely on thy shore;
I see my youthful happy home—
Youthful, alas! to me no more—
These golden days are all gone by,
With me, a wanderer on this earth;
But still I wish that I may yield
Upon thy banks my latest breath.

Yes, I'll give up my soul to death,
If I but reach thy banks once more
With peace!—for then my bones will lay
Near that dear stream that I adore.
Now, Nith, adieu! my muse grows faint—
Adieu thou friends that I love best,—
My latest breath will marmur forth
A thousand blessings on the rest.

R. G. WALKER.

RUINED BY ECONOMY.

HAVING suffered severely by the extravagance of my first wife, I was determined on entering again into the married state, to profit by experience, and avoid the rock which had so nearly wrecked me. Name, blood, fortune,—I would none of them. I chose for my wife Mary Brown, the orphan daughter of a country curate. I need not say she was poor—I have noticed her parentage. She was well educated, though she had never drawn up a plan for reforming the Government of Great Britain, nor what (judging by its frequency amongst *well-educated*? or, *highly-talented*? young ladies) must be a work of still greater facility—she had never even conceived the idea of improving and ameliorating the condition of society all over the world; she was sufficiently accomplished, though she had not passed months in learning to sing *Di tanti palpiti* almost as well as a third-rate chorus-singer at the Opera; and she was very pretty, or, which, perhaps, was still better,—I thought so.

All this was sufficient to justify my choice. Yet one more good quality she possessed, and that it was that tended, more perhaps than any of the others, to confirm me in my resolution of making her my wife. I received from Mrs. Judith Brown, her paternal aunt, an assurance that Mary was a very Phoenix for ECONOMY.

I had had experience of how one may be ruined by an extravagant wife: I was now to learn in what manner a good fortune may be puddled away by Economies.

We inhabited a very commodious house, though a small one, in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. The situation was peculiarly desirable, inasmuch as we were in the immediate neighbourhood of our best friends and most intimate acquaintances. We were at no very great distance from the Opera, and other places of public amusement, of most of which we were passionately fond.

Mary's first notable discovery was that, merely by going to live a couple of miles out of town, we should accomplish a positive saving, in house-rent alone, of thirty pounds a-year! Well; the experiment must be tried; but as I had, just before, had the house fresh painted and repaired, and newly furnished from top to bottom, I consented to the change with no very good heart. The place she selected was Evergreen-Lodge, Vauxhall,—a house more than double the size of the one we occupied, and of which the back parlour was nearly as large as our front drawing room! yet these advantages were obtained not by any additional cost, but, on the contrary, to our benefit to the extent of the sum already specified.—On our journeys backwards and forwards between the two houses, I carried in my pocket a little instrument which was a source of great uneasiness and alarm to me: (it was a three-foot rule:) for by dint of applying it to the walls and floors, I discovered that scarcely a piece of furniture in the old house would suit the new one. "Leave the matter to me," said my wife, "and I'll manage it with all possible economy;" and I must do her the justice to say that whatever could be done—under the circumstances!—was done. At the end of a month I received her report. Without following up its numerous details, some idea of her economies may be derived from the principal items:

Imprimis: The window curtains, of course, were useless; in the first place, because they would not fit the new windows, and, in the second, because the materials adapted to a town house would be quite preposterous in the country. She had, however, managed this point admirably. Hawkins, our upholsterer, would take them off our hands at one third of the price he had, not long before, charged for them, which sum would be *almost* enough to purchase materials of an inferior quality—yet good enough for the country. As to the making up of them, *she* would superintend that point; and by having

a couple of work-women in the house, for five or six weeks, at thirty shillings each per week, we should save a full half of what Hawkins would charge. Palpable economy.

2dly, The carpets. Here our gains were manifest. Our large drawing-room carpet would cut down excellently well for the front parlour; and the strips, remaining after the operation, would serve as bed-carpets for the servants' rooms, and *not cost us a single shilling!* But since we could not expect the advantage *all* ways, there would be a trifling set-off on the carpets for the other rooms. However, here again we were fortunate in our upholsterer; for Hawkins had been so civil as to say that, rather than we should be inconvenienced, he would take all our *old* carpets off our hands, allowing us the *fullest value* for them, and furnish us with *new* ones at the very *lowest price!* Here was a disinterested upholsterer for you! Compared with him, Aladdin's friend, who gave new lamps in exchange for old ones, was no better than an usurer.

3rdly, The pier and chimney-glasses. These must in every case be new; but what then? we could lose nothing in this item, good looking-glasses being always worth their cost. As for our own, Hawkins, the fairest dealing creature in the world, had assured her that he would allow us as much for them—as any other tradesman in town would offer.

4thly, Wardrobes, tables, chairs, and articles of miscellaneous furniture. Of these many were found available; and with respect to those which were not, Hawkins, who was a sort of Providence to us, kindly stepped in, and took them, in exchange, at a fair valuation;—a valuation which, as it was his own, we should have been Hottento's, or worse, to have disputed. To have expected that in the transit from Mortimer Street to Vauxhall, every article of furniture would escape injury, would have proved me a blockhead; and as, in fact, much injury had occurred, I could not, in conscience, object to so reasonable a charge as £25 2s. for repairs. A saving of thirty pounds per annum, in the single item of house-rent, is not to be achieved without a *little* sacrifice.

"And pray, Mary, what have you done about my favourite drawing-room chairs, and settees? the blue damask and gold, I mean—you know the chairs alone cost 5l. 15s. each; and I hope—"

"Why, my love, they would have been *quite* out of character in the coun-

try, as Hawkins, who made them, himself admitted; they were *much* too handsome: so he has *spared* us a set in exchange—much neater, and more simple and appropriate. And, what do you think, dear? we are only to give him ten guineas on the bargain!”

“And how have you negotiated the exchange of your square piano-forte for a cabinet?”

“Not at all. *That* was an attempt at imposition I would *not* submit to. Really if we did not proceed with some regard to economy, we might be ruined in a day. They offered to make the exchange for thirty guineas; that is to say, charging sixty guineas for their own, and allowing us thirty for our’s—which cost forty only five months ago—thereby fixing upon us a loss of ten! That would have been absurd! Now I’ll tell you how I have contrived. I have bargained to take their’s outright, at fifty-five—a *saving*, you see, of five guineas—(here, I have done it on paper :) and as it would positively be throwing one’s money into the sea to sell for thirty guineas an instrument for which we have so lately paid forty, I have made it a present to cousin Charlotte. Oh, by-the-by, love, I have saved two shillings in the transport: to have sent it down to Cornwall by the carrier would have cost two pounds; now I have bargained for 1l. 18s. by the Steamer. It is but two shillings, I admit; but you remember the proverb:—‘Take care of the pence, and the pounds,’—you know the rest.”

Well; Christmas came, and, along with it came our friend Hawkins’s bill for alterations and exchanges, and substitutions, and additions. As every thing had been contrived with an eye to economy, it amounted to no more than 916l. 14s. 10d. I own I did not like even that; but as we were living at a reduced rent, it would have been barbarous to complain.

Our new house contained more rooms than we had any occasion for, and three of them (of no contemptible dimensions) remained literally empty. An empty room in one’s dwelling-house always begets in my mind a notion of discomfort—nay, something more oppressive still—an idea of desolation. I *hinted* a complaint of this, (for Mary was so good a creature, I could never prevail upon myself to utter a complaint in form, which I knew would distress her,) and was pleased to find that my dear economical wife—I do not intend a pun—had already contemplated a remedy

for the evil. “I’ll tell you,” said she, “how I intend to manage this: as we have no earthly use for these rooms, it would be a sin to throw one’s money away upon them; so I shall watch for opportunities at sales, and whenever I meet with a bargain I’ll buy it.” Rare, indeed, was her good fortune! for never did she attend a sale, but a bargain rewarded her prudence and industry; so that in less than two months the three empty rooms were furnished to suffocation. It is quite true that we had no need of a single one of her purchases; but, since she had bought each individual article for less than its prime cost, and, thereby, constituted me the fortunate possessor of three rooms’-full of incontestible bargains, I could not, with any show of reason, complain at the expenditure of 562l. 14s. 6d. in the process.

The designation of “the empty rooms,” remained by those three useless apartments long after my wife had, by the exercise of her economies, crowded them to excess; and considerably to my cost did they maintain their distinction. If ever I ventured to remonstrate against the purchase of some cheap inutility, on the ground of our having no place wherein to bestow it, my wife’s answer was always ready: “Oh, we can find a corner for it in one of the *empty rooms*.” And here I will relate an instance of her amiable *naïveté*,—her disregard of the figurative, or habit of taking words in their literal sense. “And where do you intend to put it?” said I on one occasion, when I was threatened with the introduction of some useless and cumbersome bargain; “Where do you intend to put it, my love! the least crowded of those rooms is already so full you can’t swing a cat in it!”—“My dear,” replied she, “I don’t want to swing a cat in it.”

On looking to the memorandums relative to our loss on the first year’s saving in house-rent, I find that, (adding to the outlays already noticed; the expense of carriage-hire in house hunting; charges for removal; the loss of three-quarters’ rent on our former house which I held on lease, and which remained, for that period, unoccupied; and numerous trifles, incidental and accidental) the gross sum expended in the purchase of thirty-pounds’-worth of saving was . . . £2017-15s. 9d.

From which deduct the

said saving . . . 30 0 0

There remains as *Lost*

by Economy . . . £1987 15 9

I think it was Caleb Whitefoord who, being reproached by a lady for his inhumanity, in having gone to Paris expressly to see a man's head cut off, replied: "Madam, I have made all the reparation in my power: I went the next day to see it sewed on again." Finding, after an experience of two years, that Vauxhall was too far from London for convenience, and too near it for economy, my wife "made all the reparation in her power," by prevailing upon me to return to our old quarters in Mortimer Street. I must do her the justice to say that she remembered the "tremendous expense of moving useless furniture," (I use her own words,) "and the accidents to which good furniture is liable;"—to avoid all which, the three rooms'-full of bargains were sold on the spot—(and alas! they were even greater bargains this time than the last!)—and the rest of the property was disposed of "at a very fair price—considering." *Mon. Mag.*

Lays of the Deep.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

POOR MANIAC SUE.*

The pale moonlight was beaming bright,
The zephyrs soft their vigils kept;
The surge did creep beneath the steep
Where poor mad Sue the maniac wept:
The placid flood high o'er she stood,
Where sicker'd the moony ray,
Her wild black eye, in agony,
Was cast o'er the ocean's spray.
One hand was flung her hair among,
Which stream'd down her cheek so pale;
Wild, wild she sung, each cavern rung
With the maniac's plaintive wail.

"Why comes not the bark through the main,
By love and affection that's hail'd?
Why comes not my bridegroom again,
'Tis long since the time that he sail'd?"

They all dress'd me out as a bride,
With gay flowers of carnation hue,
But he came not o'er billows so wide,
To wed, as he promised, his Sue.

Hush! hush! ha!—I listen'd—they said,
My bridegroom slept sound 'neath the wave.
I heard them—they whisper'd—he's dead!
And the wind whistles o'er his cold grave.

I could not believe them—oh! no,
For he promised me soon to return;
Then blow, gentle breezes, soft blow,
And you beacon† but steadily burn.

The shriek of the sea-bird no more,
Its eye now is sunken in slumber;
Low murmurs the wave on the shore—
No longer in storms rolls the thunder.

Each sail on the distance I mark,
My heart throbs—I think it is thee;
Hope whispers 'tis thy coming back,—
It nears, but it comes not to me.

* Founded on traditional fact.

† The moon.

Ha! has one more lovely than I
Of William's fond heart bereaved me?
Some fair one's far brilliant eye
Has caught my false one—he's deceived me!

E'en now where corals of ocean
Are spreading their caves in the deep,
May he feel love's soft emotion,
While Susan does nothing but weep!

Some fair blooming maid of the sea
Holds that false heart of my lover's;
False one, thy bride comes to meet thee—
Thou'rt mine!—only mine!—not another's."

With frantic eye, the maniac nigh
The edge of the cliff wild rush'd;
One dreadful leap, from that high steep,
She took—the wind seem'd hush'd!
Whence that shrill cry?—'tis from on high—
Hark!—a loud, heavy splash,—'tis gone,—
A bubbling moan—a dying groan—
And the wave dashes silently on.

The night breeze sighs, the mists arise,
Soft creep the night surges afar,
The silv'ry beam no more is seen,
Disappear'd from high have each star.
But who are they, at morning's grey,
Gather'd on the yellow sands?
Like fishers clad, they seem so sad,
What look they at with clasped hands?

On each rough face is pity's trace,
A tear streams down each furrow'd cheek.
See that pale one they gaze upon—
They've found her whom they've come to seek.

The maiden fair that's breathless there,
No more shall misery prompt the sigh—
Susan! 'tis she—but who is he,
Thrown on the beach to her lies nigh?

That sailor bold by her so cold,
Mark his dark brow and staring eye;
Whose hands' firm clasp have in their grasp
The ocean dank weeds there that lie:
The wave there threw her lover true—
No sorrows again shall he number.
Where you cross stands above the sands,
The lovers together now slumber.

When tempests rise, 'neath murky skies,
And waves hoarsely break on the shore,
'Tis said, a cry still comes from high,
By the caverns echoed o'er.
And when the night is calm and bright,
And sailors sing on the ocean,
When meets their eye that cross on high,
A tear drops for Sue's devotion.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

MR. ABERNETHY, although amiable and good-natured, with strong feelings, possessed an irritable temper, which made him very petulant and impatient at times with his patients and medical men who applied to him for his opinion and advice on cases. When one of the latter asked him once whether he did not think that some plan which he suggested would answer, the only reply he could obtain was, "Ay, ay, put a little salt on a bird's tail and you'll be sure to catch him." When consulted on a case by the ordinary medical attendant, he would frequently pace the room to and fro with his hands in his breeches'

pockets, and *whistle* all the time, and not say a word, but to tell the practitioner to go home and read his book. "*Read my book*" was a very frequent reply to his patients also, and he could seldom be prevailed upon to prescribe or give an opinion, if the case was one which appeared to depend upon improper dieting. A country farmer of immense weight came from a distance to consult him, and having given an account of his daily meals, which showed no small degree of addiction to animal food, Mr. Abernethy said, "Go away, sir, I won't attempt to prescribe for such a *hog*."

He was particular in not being disturbed during meals; and a gentleman having called after dinner, he went into the passage, put his hands upon the gentleman's shoulders, and turned him out of doors. He would never permit his patients to talk to him much, and often not at all; and he desired them to hold their tongues and listen to him, while he gave a sort of clinical lecture upon the subject of the consultation. A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her without resorting to the following expedient:—"Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied. "Now, keep it there till I have done talking." Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her, or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother and said—"Here, take the shilling back, and buy a *skipping-rope* for your daughter as you go along." He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients, and on doing so to a lady who stepped out of a coronetted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! what a *fool* you must be," was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling with his hands in his pockets, and the Duke said, "I suppose you know who I am." The uncourtly reply was, "Suppose I do—what of that?" His pithy advice was, "Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaigns, and the enemy will leave the citadel." When he was consulted for lameness following disease or accidents, he seldom either listened to the patient or made any inquiries, but would walk about the room imitating the gait peculiar to

different injuries, for the general instruction of the patient. A gentleman consulted him for an ulcerated throat, and, on asking him to look into it, he swore at him, and demanded how he dared to suppose that he would allow him to blow his stinking foul breath in his face! A gentleman who could not succeed in making Mr Abernethy listen to a narration of his case, and having had a violent altercation with him on the subject, called next day, and, as soon as he was admitted, he locked the door and put the key into his pocket, and took out a loaded pistol. The professor, alarmed, asked if he meant to rob or murder him. The patient, however, said he merely wished him to listen to his case, which he had better submit to, or he would keep him a prisoner till he chose to relent. The patient and the surgeon afterwards became most friendly towards each other, although a great many oaths passed before peace was established between them.

THE COMMENTS OF A READER. THE POETRY OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

For the Olio.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair
Falls down, like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.
A Modern Pythagorean.

My comments, as those who will take the trouble to cast their eyes over the running title that heads, have embraced a somewhat discursive and varied range; but, as in the world of literature, there is food adapted for all palates, be they ever so numerous, so also is there a book suited to all seasons. On a long December night, when the window curtains are closely drawn, and the family group snugly seated round the cheerful blaze, what can be more apropos than to revel in some spirit-stirring tale of times that are past, and indulge in the wondrous witchery of romance;—again, when evening clothes the western sky with oriental hues, what can be better than the delicious poem *Lalla Rook*, or some soft and soothing strain from the pen of Wilson. When the stars are floating through their azure canopy, let me commence with the wild and mystic muse of the Ettrick poet, or should nature be wrapped in sable guise, reach from my shelf that pensive of the human heart and of human frailties, *Crabbe*. But the strains of Montgomery are peculiarly acceptable

on the Sabbath evening of a summer's day. There is then a sacredness and solemnity which associate the feelings of the reader with those of the writer. At this period, when care and business are laid aside, and the recesses of the heart have been opened by communion with the Most High, the deep pathos and Christian piety, the religious aspirations and sentiments abounding in his works, clothed as they are in smooth versification and elegant phraseology, cannot fail to be highly delightful, and meet with a responsive chord in every heart. Gifted with a warm share of sensibility, he pours forth, in his varied compositions, a purity of thought and intensity of feeling, which few poets have equalled, and none excelled. His lyric pieces are very numerous, and display, perhaps, in a stronger light his peculiar temperament; but we must turn to the "World before the Flood," as being his longest poem, and grandest and noblest conception. It possesses faults common with our first epic productions: at times it is heavy, dull, and laboured, yet it contains passages which the most splenetic must laud, and which place Montgomery among the most gifted Prophets of the Nine. Aided only by faint and partial glimmerings from holy writ, he chose for a theme a world over which a deluge of waters had rolled,—no land marks—no outline—no traditions to assist him; and yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he has produced a poem of uncommon—of superior merit; "Javan and Zillah" are beauteous creations, and would enoble the poetic wreath of any writer of the day; the "Giant King" is a fine conception, carrying with it all the majesty and impressiveness of epic grandeur, and the descriptions also in many places are felicitous in the extreme. Of his minor pieces, the "Wanderer of Switzerland" is uniformly the best. The subject gives ample scope to the outpourings of his spirit in the cause of liberty and patriotism.

The writer who employs his talents for the promotion of morality and virtue, is entitled to the warmest praise; for, as Addison observes, "morality gives a greater perfection to human nature by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity." But what praise or reward can we assign to him who has strung his harp to sing of the heart-stirring and sublime truths of religion—the terrors

of death—the triumphs of eternity—to sing of them, too, free from the cant and whinings of the conventicle and the enthusiast, and wrap them in all the majesty, beauty, and purity, of the chastest poetry. Some have written merely to amuse; but Montgomery stands pre-eminent as the bard of religion, as the advocate of virtue, and his name will be remembered with praise,

Till time like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars which support the world,
In nature's mighty ruins lies entomb'd,
And midnight, universal midnight reigns.

YOUNG.

HENRY INCE.

St. Margaret's, near Dover.

Fine Arts.

THE PANORAMA OF BOMBAY.

PAINTED BY MR. BURFORD.

THIS representation of one of the Presidencies of the English East India Company, is of such magnitude that it would require more than our limits to do any thing like justice to its description. It embraces the city and harbour of Bombay, depicted from Mazagong Hill, an eminence not far distant from the Black Town, with the surrounding country, studded by singularly constructed villas, roofed with small red tiles, developed to the whole extent of the once island. The effect of this imposing scene is delightfully heightened by the introduction of a variety of well managed groups in the foreground: in one part may be seen a party of Europeans of distinction, enjoying some of the luxuries of the climate, sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun by a temporary canopy, whilst their native attendants are reclining hard by upon the palanquin they often groan beneath; and another shady spot is occupied by an Eastern story-teller labouring in his vocation, and delighting a tolerably numerous throng of listeners with a touch of the wild and wonderful, which appears to have had its proper effect upon them, as one of his auditory, a sable personage, appears convulsed with mirth, and who, but for his dingy hue, might be taken as an apt personification of "Laughter holding both his sides."—Such is a slight sketch of this very beautiful and highly interesting view, which, for correctness of drawing and chasteness of colouring, is deserving of every praise. In recurring to the clear and well written description of the view, we find the following particulars

regarding the history of Bombay, which we think will not prove unamusing :—

“ Bishop Heber supposes that the Island of Bombay (called by the natives *Maha Maha Deva Devy*, or ‘the Island of the Great Great God’) was originally and at no very distant period, ‘a cluster of small detached rocks, which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by the sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mound occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving cocoa.’” Until the year 1530 it formed part of the Mogul province of Arungabad, and was dependent on a native chief residing at Tannah, in Salsette, when it was ceded to, and settled by, the Portuguese. In 1661 it was presented to Charles II., on his espousals with the Infanta Catherine, as part of her portion, and James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, sent to take possession, the Viceroy evading the cession through an imperfection in the treaty : the Earl returned to England, leaving 500 men on the island, who, four years after, when possession was formally given, were wasted by disease to one hundred and nineteen ; at this time the inhabitants were about 10,000. It was soon discovered that the revenues of the Island were not equal to its expenses, and that a contraband trade, very injurious to the East India Company, was carried on ; these and other reasons induced Charles, in 1668, to grant it to the Company, in free and common socage, as the manor of East Greenwich, at a rent of ten pounds in gold per annum, payable at the Custom House, London, on the 20th of September. After the capture of Bantum by the Dutch, Bombay was constituted an independent English settlement, and soon became the centre of the trade, as well as the seat of the British power in the East.

“ Since this period the settlement has frequently been in a very precarious state at times, from the unhealthiness of the Island, two monsoons being proverbially said to be the age of man ; and at others, from the jealousies of the native powers, being liable to the incursions of the Arabs, Mahrattas, and Portuguese, and having been several times nearly depopulated by the plague ; yet, in spite of these difficulties, it has kept pace with the power of the Company, increasing in wealth and consequence, until it may now be accounted one of the most important and durable of the British possessions in India.

“ The Town or Fort occupies the South-Eastern extremity of the Island, being built on a narrow neck of land, washed on three of its sides by the sea, it is about a mile in length, from the Apollo Gate to the gate of the Bazaar, and a quarter of a mile at its greatest breadth, from the Custom-House to the Church ; towards the sea the fortifications are strong, numerous well-built ranges of batteries completely commanding the harbour ; towards the land, beyond the wall, is a wide ditch, which can be flooded at pleasure, both its ends terminating at the sea, so that the town may be said to stand on a small island. The streets are narrow, for the most part unpaved, and very dusty ; there is, besides the English church, a Scotch kirk, also several Portuguese and Armenian churches, synagogues, and numerous pagodas, gloomy temples of Hindoo idolatry, and mosques. The houses are very different from those of the other presidencies ; they are well built, of stone or wood, the better sort of three or four stories in height, with a small court before and behind, in which are the offices ; they have large porticos, and each story is surrounded by a wooden verandah supported on pillars, the whole curiously carved, and painted in various colours ; the roofs are heavy and sloping, but are well calculated to exclude the heat of summer and the heavy rains of the monsoons, and, being entirely without chimneys, have the appearance of extensive warehouses ; on the whole, they are very unlike the houses to be met with in India, and much more resemble the style of building common in Switzerland : still, although not so magnificent as those of Calcutta or Madras, they have the advantage of being comfortable, and well adapted to the climate : the interiors do not present so great a difference ; the windows are numerous, and open in every direction ; the floors are chunamed, and covered with India mats ; and the furniture as plain as possible, with the exception of glasses and chandeliers ; rent is in general very high, 2 or 3000 rupees per annum being frequently asked for a moderate-sized unfurnished house, in a small compound or enclosure.

“ Bombay is said to be more populous, and to contain a greater variety of inhabitants than is to be found in so small a space in any other part of the world ; Europeans, Parsees, Hindoos, Mahometans, Half-castes, Jews, Turks, Arabs, Chinese, &c. present an endless variety

of feature, and a pleasing and picturesque diversity of costume, from the wealthy Persian or Mahometan, labouring under the weight of the richest silks, to the humble and graceful white cotton or muslin garb of the more than half-naked Hindoo. About three-fourths of the population are Hindoos of various castes; the Europeans are far from numerous; the Parsees and Mahometans about equal; and the Jews above 4000. The style of living, number of servants, and allowance made by Government, being on a lower scale than at Calcutta or Madras, although much Oriental luxury prevails, it is not in the superlative degree, as at those presidencies."

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

THE ROSE.—This beautiful and delicate flower is thought to have given name to the Holy Land, where Solomon sang its praise, as Syria appears to be derived from a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has always been famous; and hence called Suristan (the Land of Roses),—

Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

VIRGIL.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses,
Softly the light of eve reposes.

Forster alludes to "the rose of Kashmire, which, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East." The Ghebers of Persia say, that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." According to the Indian mythology, Pagoda Siri, one of the wives of Vistnu, was found in a rose. The island of Rhodes owes its name to the prodigious quantity of roses with which it abounds.

OPERAS.—Musical dramas were first set on foot by a set of gentlemen who acted not for money, but their own diversion. There were about thirty of them. When they first came to be acted for money, there was one of the actresses who had 120 crowns for acting one season. This was then looked upon as such a vast reward for a singer, that she got the name of *La Cento vinto*, by it. What would the Pastas and Patons of our times say to such remuneration?

HENRI QUATRE.—The chief interest of Pau arises from its having been the birth-place of Henry the Fourth, and from the castle, which is still to be seen nearly in the condition in which he left

it. The castle of *Henri Quatre* is of more ancient date than the town. The princes of Bearn, in former times, had their residence at Morlass; but being obliged to make frequent head against the Saracens, who were then accustomed to make fierce inroads from Spain, they resolved upon building a chateau, that might serve at once for observation and pleasure; and to this the chateau of *Henri Quatre* owes its origin. Its name was originally *Pasu*, a Bernese word for *stake*, owing to stakes having been driven into the ground to mark the spot upon which the castle was to be erected; and this word gave the name of *Pau* to the city, which was founded in the neighbourhood about the middle of the tenth century. The scite of the castle is finely chosen. From the towers of the castle, and even from the windows a ravishing prospect is disclosed. At the chateau of the king every thing remains as of old. The ancient portraits are there—the old furniture—and even the cradle of the king is seen in the chamber where he was born. The monarch alone is wanting. His statue, which stands in the vestibule, is meant to supply his place. The cradle of the king is of tortoise-shell; and during the sanguinary revolution of 1790 it narrowly escaped destruction. It was resolved, at that time, by the infuriated madmen who imitated the example of the Parisians, to burn this relic at a public *fete*. But fortunately, an inhabitant of the town, M. de Beauregard, was in possession of a cradle of the same material, and not unlike that preserved in the castle. This gentleman communicated with the porter of the chateau; and having secretly introduced his own cradle into the castle, it was afterwards brought out as the true cradle, and burnt in the square by the infuriated populace; and thus the cradle of *Henri Quatre* was preserved.

Derwent Conway's Tour through France.

GAINSBOROUGH THE PAINTER.—The sharp reply this artist gave a member of the bar, when examined in the action brought by Disenfares against Vandergucht, possesses that peculiarity of genius and fancy for which he was so remarkable. Being questioned, whether he thought there was not something necessary beside the *eye* to regulate an artist's opinion respecting a picture. His reply was, "that he believed the veracity and integrity of a painter's *eye*, was at least equal to a pleader's *tongue*."

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—Light moves with a velocity of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a half. It moves through a space equal to the circumference of our globe in the eighth part of a second flight, which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than three weeks.

ST. PAUL'S.—The side oratories of the Cathedral were added to Sir Christopher Wren's original design by order of the Duke of York, who was willing to have them ready for the popish service when there should be occasion. It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher represented so strongly the prejudice they would be to it, that he actually shed some tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain. The Duke insisted absolutely on their being inserted, and so he was forced to insert them.

Customs of Various Countries.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.—"Marriages," say Tyerman and Bennet, in their highly pleasing *Missionary Travels*, "among the natives of some of the South Sea Islands, were often contracted in the following manner. A person who had a beautiful daughter, brought her, while yet a child, to a chief, saying, with the utmost frankness, 'Here is a wife for you!' If the great man liked the girl's appearance, he took her off her father's hands, and placed her with some trusty dependant, to be trained and fattened, like a calf for the slaughter, till she had attained a suitable age. When her master chose to take her for his wife, the betrothed and their friends met at the marae. The girl appeared there with a cord about her neck, supported by one of her nearest kin, and accompanied by a man holding some leaves of sweet-smelling fern in each of his hands, which he pressed on either side of his head, above the ears. When the procession reached the altar, these leaves were cast upon the ground. The priest, having muttered his prayers, took up one of the sprigs of fern, and, while each of the dead ancestors of the bride (so far back as they were remembered) was named, he doubled down or tore off one of the side leaflets. Then, while the names of her living relations were mentioned in due order, one of the remaining leaflets was successively pointed out as the

number of each. When that which represented the nearest in blood of those who were at hand occurred, that kinsman stepped forth, loosed the rope from the bride's neck, and delivered her to her husband. The friends on both sides then presented the couple with hogs, bundles of cloth, wooden dishes, &c. &c., according to their rank and ability. In less time than the honeymoon requires to fill and empty her horn, the chief probably grew weary of his spouse, and said to her, *Atira* (it is enough), *haere e jo* (go away). The woman was then abandoned, and what often became of her may be easily guessed. In this manner the great people took and put away as many wives as they pleased, or could get."

Anecdotes.

THE MARE'S DAUGHTERS.—A French officer, in the course of the last war, being a prisoner at Portsmouth, was permitted to walk about the town on his parole, and accordingly went one Sunday morning to church, where he saw the Mayor's daughters, two very handsome girls. "Begar!" said Monsieur, when he came home, "two vere fin young ladie vere at church dis morning."—"Who were they?" said the landlord. "Begar! me have forgot de names: but vat be dat ting dat do nibel—nibel de grass?"—"Oh!" said the landlord, "a cow?"—"No, no," eagerly interrupted the Frenchman. "A sheep, perhaps?" said he. "No."—"A bull?"—"No."—"Perhaps, then, you mean a horse?"—"No, no, not de horse; but, begar! what be de horse's wife's name?"—"A mare!" answered the landlord. "Oui! *de mare's two daughters* were at church dis morning—two vere pretty young ladie; begar! dey make de water in my mout!"

MAGLIABECCHI.—This celebrated man, in his manner of living, affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When any one went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs; at their entrance, he commonly called out to them, "Not to hurt his spiders."

TIME.—Every day is a year to a silk-woman, and has in it the four seasons: the morning is spring, the middle of the day is summer, the evening autumn, and night winter. To man, life is a year, and a year is a day.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—It has been said, and not untruly, of the three his-

torians of this unhappy Queen, that the narrative of Camden, whose annals were revised and corrected by James I. is almost wholly without truth; that Buchanan had told the whole truth, and more than the truth; and that Melvil has spoken the truth, but not the whole truth.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, June 8.

St. Cloa, Bish. and Conf. A. D. 696.

High Water 04 On Morning—04 14m After.

"One of the earliest rural employments in June," says the author of the Calendar of Nature, "is the shearing of sheep: a business of much importance in various parts of this kingdom, where wool being the basis of the principal manufactures, is one of the most valuable products that the country affords. England has been for many ages famous for its breeds of sheep, which yield wool of various qualities, suited to different branches of the manufactures. The Downs of Dorsetshire and other southern and western counties feed sheep, whose fine short fleeces are employed in making the best broad cloths. The coarser wool of Yorkshire and the northern counties is used in the narrow cloths. The large Leicestershire and Lincolnshire sheep are clothed with long thick flakes, proper for the hosier's use; and every other kind is applied to some valuable purpose.

"The season for sheep-shearing commences as soon as the winter weather is so far settled that the sheep may without danger lay aside great part of their clothing. The following tokens are laid down by Dyer in his 'Fleece,' to mark out the proper time,—

"If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers,—if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot and luxuriant grass,—
Sheep-shearing time approaches."

Thursday, June 9.

St. Pelagia, Vir. Mar. A. D. 311.

Sun rises 4m aft 3—sets 13m aft 8.

June 9, 1705.—Born at Richmond, Francis Flackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland, distinguished for his zeal, industry, and acuteness, in pleading the cause of ecclesiastical reform. Few works, it is generally said, display more ability and ingenuity than that to which he principally owes his celebrity,—*"The Confessional,"*—a performance which it is asserted, has never yet received a satisfactory answer. This venerable divine died in the summer of 1787, in the 83rd year of his age; contentedly closing the long scene of a studious, regular, and religious life, with the sentiment of the amiable Erasmus and the benevolent Jortin, "I have had enough of every thing in this world."

Friday, June 10.

St. Landry, Bish. and Conf. A. D. 650.

New Moon, 51m after 6 Morn.

June 10, 1783.—To day began an immense volcanic eruption in the island of Iceland, which continued till the middle of August. A new island was thrown up in the neighbouring sea, and again disappeared. Several months previous to this eruption, a heavy, dark, bluish sulphurous fog had been observed to rest over the island, when not dissipated by the wind; this fog, at times, was spread all over Europe. The year before this eruption, and a few months before the earthquakes in Catania, a contagious disease, called the Influenza, spread through Europe. This volcanic eruption in Iceland, is, perhaps, the most remarkable yet recorded in history. One stream of burning lava extended 40 miles in length, and 15 in breadth, and was in some places between four and five hundred feet deep.

To OUR READERS.—We have learnt that the article "Newstead Abbey," inserted at p. 309, is not from the pen of Horace Guilford, but an extract. We take the earliest opportunity of correcting our error.

In our next "The Shape," and the "Cottage in Harvest."

Saturday, June 11.

St. Barnabas, Apoc. 1st Cent.

High Water 21m aft 2 Morning—45m aft 2 After.
When St. Paul, about the year 50, visited the churches of Syria and Cilicia, St. Barnabas, with "John Mark," went to Cyprus, the place of his nativity, where he continued expounding the scriptures to his own countrymen, with the utmost zeal and assiduity, until about the year 73, when he was attacked while preaching in the Synagogue at Salamis, by some Jews who had recently arrived from Syria, and after being cruelly beaten with staves, was stoned to death. St. Barnabas is generally represented in a standing posture, leaning on a tablet, and reading a scroll, with a background showing a person expiring under repeated blows from stones and cudgels.

Sunday, June 12.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—4 chapter Judges Morning.

5 chap. Judges Evening.
June 12, 445.—To-day Maximian, the short-lived Emperor of Rome, was sacrificed to the fury of the increased soldiery, at the instance of his empress. Maximian ascended the throne after the assassination of Valentinian III., and, to strengthen his usurpation, he married the empress, to whom he had the weakness and imprudence to betray that he had sacrificed her husband to his love for her person. This declaration irritated her so much, that she had recourse to the barbarians to avenge Valentinian's death; and accordingly, the usurper fell beneath their weapons; his body was afterwards thrown into the Tiber.

Monday, June 13.

St. Anthony of Padua, Con. A. D. 1231.

Sun rises 45m after 3—sets 15m after 6.

On this day the ancient Romans used to celebrate a festival of short duration, called *Minuciae Quinquagesimae*, or the Piper's Feast. There was a society or college of these musicians, who used to attend on the grand religious ceremonies, as well as on private occasions, as weddings, burials, &c.

Tuesday, June 14.

St. Doemast, Conf. 6th Century.

High Water 45m aft 4 Morn—9m after 5 After.

Wild Flowers and their Ancient Names.—Amongst the most interesting wild flowers now in full bloom, are the dog-rose, the pimpernel, thyme, and white hollyhock. The last is one of our most elegant plants. Running up in the space of a month, over a great extent of hedge or thicket, and covering it with its long trunk flag stems, spiral tendrils, green, vine-like leaves, and graceful flowers, in a beautiful style of luxuriance; it is deserving more notice than it has yet received, and seems well calculated for clothing bowers and trellis-work. Many of our wild flowers derive much interest from the simple and poetical names given them by our rural ancestors; as the wind-flower, the snap dragon, the shepherd's purse, the bird's-eye, the fox-glove, the blue-bell, cuckoo-flower, adder's-tongue, and hart's-tongue, goldlocks, honesty, heart's-ease, true-love, way-bread, and way-faring-tree, &c. Many also bear the traces of their religious feeling, and still more remind us of the religious orders by whom they were made articles of the *materia medica*, or *materia sancta*, each flower being dedicated to that saint near whose day it happened to blow.

Hovitt.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIV.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, June 18, 1831.



See page 371

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Romances of the Rhine.

THE SHAPE.

For the Olio.

THE eleventh hour of the night had sounded on the ears of the Baron and Baroness Idenberg, and still their son, Usgard, was absent; he was their only male child, and the sole means of prolonging their noble line of ancestry.

Usgard, whose chief delight was to ramble about the wild and mountainous country that surrounded his father's dwelling, was returning from his usual pursuit one evening shortly after sunset, and threaded at a swift and silent pace the wild scenery of the Rhine. He had, however, so far involved himself amid the intricacies of wood and hill, that he found it a matter of extreme difficulty to proceed; to add to his perplexity, the shades of night were rapidly closing around, and it was not until the moon had risen, a lapse of full two hours, that he was able to advance a

step. The forest wherein he stood was now partly illumined, and Usgard again went forward. He had not made much progress, however, before he met with a second interruption, and one it was that excited his curiosity in a very extreme degree. It was a sound of footsteps which responded truly to his own, as though a person followed close at his heels; if he moved slowly, so did it; if he increased his pace, that did the same; he even heard the rustle of its garments, and ever and anon, as he turned quickly round, he fancied he could discern some strange shape that moved simultaneously with himself. Usgard marvelled much; he bethought himself once or twice of challenging it, yet some power—it was not fear, for that formed no part of him—chained his utterance, and he still went silently on.

Having threaded a long, briary lane, his course wound up a narrow ledge that jutted from the smooth face of a rock, whereon the moon poured her full effulgence, he was now no longer annoyed by the phantom whom he thought had hitherto haunted him, and he was

about to set the whole down as a freak of fancy, when lo! to his amazement, the spectre stood before him. It appeared on a spot where the path grew most precarious, where one false footing would have hurled him into the waters of the Rhine, which gleamed like a silver thread at an immeasurable distance beneath. Usgard, fortunately for his own safety, remained untrifled—and narrowly eyeing the Shape a few moments, he thus addressed it—

"Who are ye, that appearest thus before me!—for what purpose come ye?"

"To warn ye, Count of Idenberg," it replied, "of thy approaching fate; thou shalt behold me twice again. My presence comes fraught with horror and woe—and to thee, count, it brings both. Hear me—thy mother, the Baroness Idenberg, this moment expires!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Usgard, "mysterious being, what are ye?"

"The destruction-cloud that hovers o'er thy house," it again replied; "thy father's foe and thine!"

With these words the vision melted into the air, and was seen no more.

Usgard hastened home, and arriving there, he found to his dismay that the spectre's words were no delusion—the baroness had expired!

Usgard brooded on this mysterious circumstance long and deeply; the fearful Shape still lived in his imagination, nor could he by any means drive it from his remembrance. It had signified its purpose of appearing twice again, and it was with shuddering and apprehension that the young count awaited its coming, which according to its own report, would be fraught with so much fatality. It chanced some two or three years from this period, that Usgard, his sister Ella, and a beautiful girl to whom he was about to be united, went together one fine summer's evening, to view an ancient ruin which stood some three miles distant from Idenberg Castle, and to which some old tradition had given the name of the Haunted Hall. It had long been the residence of some rich recluse, of whose particular history, however, we are unable to give any account, further than by stating that he was the hero of many a legend of diablerie, which was at that time recounted by those who dwelt near the spot. Ever since the death of this individual, it had been untenanted, and, indeed, scarce visited,—so scared was every one that came near, by the tales that were told concerning it.

As Usgard and his companions ap-

proached the edifice, they found its crumbling walls thickly garmented with moss and lichen, and starred with a profusion of wild flowers of a thousand different hues; over the low arched door drooped festoons of honeysuckle and ivy, which they moved aside, and entered the building. Many a fair apartment they successively paced, each of which was distinguished only by their traces of dilapidation and decay, and the ruddy lustre of the setting sun streaming in, heightened instead of diminishing their melancholy aspect. Their attention was by no means particularly interested, until they came to a long narrow room with carved wainscoted walls, and vaulted roof; it was the apartment of the recluse, and had once possessed a well-stored library, with many other articles for pursuing divers studies; a pamphlet or two occupying the dusty and deserted shelves; a few carved oak chairs high crumbling into dust; two or three shattered portraits, and a broken globe, was nearly all that now remained.

Usgard and his betrothed contented themselves with a far slighter investigation of this chamber than Ella seemed disposed to yield it; she had rummaged every book shelf it contained, and having discovered many a worm-eaten scroll, she soon became deeply interested in their perusal. One of them excited her curiosity in a particular degree. It was a black letter rhyme, whose scarcely legible characters styled it—

DESMAR THE DANE.

It ran nearly thus:—

Dim was the moon upon Ottinvar's fane,
Where a horseman came rapidly riding;
"So, ho!" cried the rider, and drew up his rein,
And into the chapel went gliding.
Around him he gazed, with a keen, searching eye,
Then glanced on the pavement before him;
Around him he listened, no watchers were nigh,
So to work then he went at the flooring.
Long, long had he toil'd, yet nought could he find,
Save corpses all calmly reposing.
But soon to his view brazen fastenings shied,
Round a chest some vast treasure enclosing.
He gazed on the coffer with glittering eyes,
Broke the lid which its contents concealed,
But, ah! how dismay'd when he gazed on the prize
Which then to his view was revealed.
It treasured no rosary, relic, nor chain,
Nought else in the coffer was seen
But the terrific shape of fell Desmar the Dane,
That for ages entombed there had been.
All gloomily scowled the phantom so drear,
And forth from the chapel went gliding;
Far upwards he soar'd in the levin-lit air,
The cloud of the tempest bestriding.
Now oft in the still of the eve, when the moon
Pours down her broad mantle of glory,
Her lustre is crossed by the phantom of gloom—
Lo! reader, e'en now 'tis before ye!

Ella rested the scroll upon her knees, and her eyes wandered around the apartment. She found that her companions had deserted her, and she was left entirely alone. The clear moonlight was streaming in upon her through the tresses of honeysuckle and ivy which clothed the shattered casements, and, whether it was raised in her imagination by the wild tale she had been perusing, or what we are unable to say, but certain it is, that some terrific object appeared to her, and a loud shriek issuing at that moment from her lips, brought Usgard quickly to her presence.

"O God! my sister!" cried he, as bursting into the apartment, he beheld her in a swoon, and the appalling phantom beside her. It grinned upon him with horrible exultation, and clasped her in its livid arms. Usgard's carbine was in his hand; he pointed it at the phantom, and fired—the floor was in a moment deluged with blood, and a piercing scream told the poor maiden's doom.

Thus terrible were the consequences that attended the second coming of the Shape: once more it would appear, and its awful purpose would be accomplished. Usgard now felt himself doomed; he knew there was no possibility of avoiding the dreaded visitation; he therefore awaited it with gloomy and silent presage.

It chanced, shortly after this event, that a belated traveller came one night to Idenberg Castle, to seek shelter until morn. He was received joyously by the old baron, and his conversation was such as to entice Count Usgard from his gloomy mood. He had traversed every city in the known world, and from each he had gleaned some "legend wild,"—some old romantic lore, wherewith he now amused his kindly hosts. It was singular that one of those tales should treat of circumstances which closely resembled those we have already recorded; but so it was, and Usgard's whole soul, therefore, was buried in the recital. The stranger saw it, but he said nothing.

In due time the guest was ushered to his dormitory, while the baron and Count Usgard each betook themselves to their's. The latter, however, could obtain no sleep; his mind was agitated by the strange recital he had heard, and he felt a longing now to see and speak with the stranger. He was about to quit his apartment to communicate to him his wish, when he was called to

the opened casements by a strong blaze of light, which, streaming through them at that moment, irradiated the room. He looked out upon the wild country around, and saw it in places totally obscured by dense masses of cloud, while in others a brilliant and preternatural glow outlined hill and dale for miles around. Anon the levin blaze would spring up from the bosom of the sky, and playing momentarily in the murky air, shed its awful lustre over the entire scene. A clap of thunder presently made the building rock to its very foundation; Usgard reeled round, and his eyes fell upon the tall form of the stranger, who had stole into his room unheard.

"Count," said he, "mark me well. Thy doom, and the doom of those around thee, is at hand. Know'st thou who has created this turmoil in the heavens?"

Usgard looked enquiringly at the stranger, and faintly uttered "Whom?"

"The enemy of thy house—the phantom, whose career is marked with blood!"

"Can nothing save them?" cried Usgard; "my wife! my father!—I care not for myself—can nothing be done for them? Oh! stranger, speak!"

"Yes," he replied, "there is one chance left whereby ye may be saved—I have bethought me on't. Go, all of ye instantly quit this devoted pile; the fell demon shall perish in the storm himself hath raised!"

Usgard proceeded instantly to obey the stranger's command. He hurried from room to room, summoning every one to prepare for immediate departure—but what was his vexation and dismay, to find that all were chained in sleep so sound, that defied his efforts to wake them. As a last resource, he blew a blast on his bugle loud enough to startle the very dead. It was echoed immediately by a tremendous burst of thunder, that seemed to come directly over the building; the bolt descended on it, and rent it in twain—and turret and bastion, which had resisted the force of earth and heaven for centuries, came thundering down in one chaotic mass.

On a high battlemented wall, that seemed to heave and totter in the flames that were lacing it round, a diminutive groupe of persons were assembled; presently they were joined by two others—it was Usgard and the stranger; they had just emerged from among the ruins. Some brief consultation ensued between them; what its import was we are un-

able to say; it ended, however, in the latter taking the lead, while Usgard, clasping his wife in his one arm, and supporting his father with the other, followed him. Shortly they disappeared amid the flaming pile, and were anon seen to emerge again from a heap of smouldering ruins, descend the glacis, and, winding up a steep acclivity on the opposite side, they soon left the castle far behind.

They now found to their terror, that Usgard was not with them. In their haste to fly the impending danger, they had not regarded his absence, and now it was the belief of all that he must have perished amid the awful devastation. As they gazed towards the yet flaming ruin, however, they discerned on the lofty summit of an unfallen tower, a figure that resembled Count Usgard's, shown in red relief against the sky. It seemed as if striving to elude some object in pursuit, and that such was the case became shortly apparent. A dark shadowy form, of Herculean size, arose in view, and while seeming to grasp the recoiling fugitive, the turret rocked, heaved, and in a moment rolled from its eagle height with a thundering crash to the earth. The nearly subsided flames broke forth again with redoubled fury, and one brilliant red involved the whole ruin, striding through which was seen the dim retreating Shape!

The morning sun arose in troubled splendour, and its fitful beams showed to those who approached the scene of destruction, how awfully its prediction had been fulfilled. T. F.

THE COTTAGE IN HARVEST.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the *Olio*.

The matin sun and gale—exulting twins,
Like power and promise in an opening reign,
Awoke the deep ravine; then did each bell
Or bud, that all night long its treasured sweets
Lull'd in narcotic dew, shake to the breeze,
Unfold, and from its colour'd petals chime
With the soft music of Favonius. He
To the high dalliance of the royal sun
Glad minstrel, aid through the glancing veil,
The green and gilded tapestry of boughs,
Impervious otherwise, a passage rend,
Whereby the intruding monarch might salute
The cold turf,—weeping, for it knew how soon
The culminating day're would despoil
Its pearly carcanet,—how soon transmute
Its emerald pavement and its painted flowers
To drooping sallowness.

A bright red path
Up the green herbs uncoil'd itself, till tree
And turf were blent in distance, yet almost
I started (for the tranquil time and place
Had given me dreams of trackless solitude.)
When, dawning with their many-hued attire—
Waincoat of faded scarlet, short cheek gown,
And kerchief blue,—the rich and tranquil hue
Of this lone jungle,—a tall, ancient man,
With his brisk dame, slowly yet sturdily

Moved up the red, steep pathway. Implements
They bore that spoke them destined for the day
To pleasurable toil, where amber hay
Yields the fair sun from upland or champagne
His first-fruits in odorous ays. They seem'd
(Though 'tis a charter'd path) intruders here,
And their brief salutation died away
In cold sharp echoes, just as though the sound
Were strange to this green wilderness. And sunk
So dead the silence afterwards, as though
"I were ne'er to be repeated. Disappear'd
The quaint old couple, and away, away
My thoughts departed too, but not with them,—
Not to the basking field and sun-burnt train,
Their rural marvels, warning tale, or dream,
Or ballad long drawn out through echoing hills;
Or feasts beneath the fragrant rick, that make
Broad meadows into festal palaces.
— I pictured the OLD COR they'd left behind,
And for the time forgotten. Well I knew
Both them and it. Somewhat apart it stands
From Elmhurst's farms and orchards damascene,
Upon the green hill's brow, that leading up
Its turf and trees from this entangled dell,
Looks over vale and stream, till Weaver heights,
Sunless, or Charnwood's purple shield, shut up
The princely landscape. I hither led my thoughts.

Spectre of *unimportant* cares—
Stage of untired, though humble husbandry—
Thine hosts are gone; the old man and his dame
Blithe to the field in which thy flunets build,
Where thy domestic sparrows visit oft.
Yet were they bound o'er ocean wilds, to tread
The Cordilleras, or where Indostan
Round her parades and her palmy groves
Rolls the gigantic Ganges,—little cot,
Thou could'st not be more desolate.

They go—
No perils call them forth, no passions fire
Their simple bosoms—fame nor high emprise
Allure them to desert thy peaceful porch;
Yet the baronial tower, that with a shout
Bours h-r last warriors to the fight, is not,
Thou verdant cot, so desolate as thou
Left by thy lowly hosts till evening fall.

The witchelms—shadowy sisters that support
The mossy wicket—see no knitter placed
Upon their turfy roots. The umber'd well,
Which the sun hates, because its nymph disdains
To glass him in her virgin fount, returns
No ripple to the bucket's plunge. The bench,
Shadow'd beneath the broad projecting eaves,
And the gray twisted apple-trees that make
A dimness at noonday, no laughter knows.
Nor clouds of fragrant herb. The eastern lattice
No eye attracts to gaze o'er hill and dale,
Where diamond panes of green and dusty glass
Take the first coinage of th' archemic sun,
As brightly as the most magnificent
Of Gothic oriel, whose ancestral shields
Affront with rival flames the gorgeous east.

The wand'ring merchant, (he whose flaming
gauds
Dazzled the unpractised eye with rainbow tints—
The colour'd comb, the pin, the looking-glass
In glistening frame; pictures vermilion daubed;
Ribbons, gold tinged and purple; not unmix'd
With useful garniture, with needles ranged
In serried brilliance; scissors sharp as fates,
And the loved herb, whose fragrant leaves unfold
In far Cathay, and spices that embalm'd
The Lybian groves, and legendary lore
In song and silver'd ballads,) even he
Thy well known wicket passes wistfully,
Warn'd by the extinguish'd smoke.

The interchange
Of rural kindness, coifed dame, with jug
Borrow'd or lent—fair child with message lisp'd,
Or from the hall the welcome almonry
Of savory broth, or draught of potent ale,
Or slice from steaming joint, have ceased to-day.
Thou'rt shunn'd, sweet cot! as if a pestilence
Had trail'd his poison through thee.

And within—
The lonely lares nestle by the hearth;
The sun, pale struggling thro' the cob-web pane,
Prints the old tabby slumb'ring by the grate,
With chequer'd lozenge-work, upbraidingly
Gilds the forgetful hour-glass, whose contents,
That ought to marshall the majestic orb,
Swift as his course and useful as his beams,
Lie like a flbe! on the immortal march
Of Time—its precious sands inert and dead.
And lo! the huge old spinning-wheel, whose
voice

(Most gladsome voice!) sang in contented tones
Of hours well spent, and whirl'd the livelong day
In cheerfulness and profit, stands disused.

The chamber, too, whose echoes housewifery,
With all her diapason of mixt sounds,
Loved to awaken; there in silence now
The spider plies her rare but cruel task,
Weaving with octagon and square and line
Her most transparent sieve; or from behind
The massive dark carved chest, the embolden'd
mouse

Gleams the scant crumbs of poverty. The hearth
Hath lost its ruddy brilliance that o'erflash'd
The rustic furniture when the evening blaze
Roar'd up the chimney; o'er its ashy bars
The sun, in mockery, flings his silent glare—
A splendour bright but comfortless. How dread
The silence! deep the desolation!—Yet
Here are high habitats. The eternal sun
Is here with silent eloquence; the huge
Old trees are chequering the quarried floor,
And all the revolutions of the day—
Sunshine and shadow, wind and calm are there—
Angust society. In mystic tone
Time speaks and nature—colloquy sublime!
Discoursing of what has been and must be—
Present and past and future!

These are solemn themes
For the low fates of cottages and swains,
As for the empire and its dynasties,
In such communion solitude is not.

O'FLYNN'S HARP.

For the Olio.

THESE are invidious times!—envy,
malice, and slander are ever at work to
lower persons in the estimation of the
world, and take away characters which
the possessors have honourably borne
for a long series of years: that men
should act so with regard to each other,
is not surprising, when we consider
their different and conflicting interests;
but how his majesty of the lower re-
gions could be passed over in silence,
and his dominion given to others, puz-
zles my philosophy. They have set up
in opposition to his established claims,
the demons of the Harz Forest, the Wild
Huntsman, the Spectre of the Brocken,
the Bottle Imp, and many others, and
have even given them the attributes and
qualities of this injured being. What
can be worse than loss of character?—

“He who steals my purse, steals trash,
’Twas mine, ’tis yours, and may be slave to
thousands;
But he who robs me of my good name,
Steals from me that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed!”

My father, poor soul, (heaven reward
him!) ever taught me to be just to all
—and even to give the devil his due;
it is for this I strive to vindicate the re-
putation of the gentleman just named
from the foul aspersions these chroni-
clers have tacitly thrown upon it, and
to show he has still something to do
with the world, I will relate what I
know of his adventure with Phelim
O’Flynn.

We were gallantly sailing on the
lake of Killarney, with Erin’s green

flag floating in the breeze, when a
question arose about the harp embla-
zoned on it, and many were the opi-
nions from whence it originated, by
whom it was first used, and on what
occasion. Seeing one of the boatmen
listening with apparent interest, I asked
him what he knew about his country’s
flag?

“Sure, and doesn’t your honours
know, with all your book learning, and
you must ask old Derrick?—well, I’ll
tell ye, then. ’Tis a long time ago that
Phelim O’Flynn lived in a little cottage
on the banks of these beautiful lakes.
Oh! he was an Irishman all over, body
and soul; the prince of brave boys at a
fair or a wake, and the delight of the
lasses; there was such a setting of
caps for him—all tried to gain the
prize; but he had fixed his mind on a
little black-eyed damsel near his own
habitation (you should never look far
for a wife), and happy they were in
each other’s love, though they were
very poor, and hardly knew, if they
were united, how to provide for a fa-
mily, which they thought would come
as a matter of course, but they were de-
termined to be married.

“After many a scheme had been
tried and abandoned, one day, sitting on
the threshold of the door, just to have a
taste of the blessed sun, Phelim looked
up, and saw the harp of his grandfather
hanging to one of the cross-beams of
the house. The old man had been a
harper, and with the recollection of the
glorious days they had passed together
when he had carried the harp, came to
the determination to be a harper him-
self. As he had a good ear and voice,
he thought it would be an easy matter
to learn, but, somehow, he could never
get the harp in tune; a string would
break, or a screw get loose; nothing
was produced but an inharmonious
crash; there was not a concord in the
whole of his music, and with so much
discord, what wonder was it that he
should lose his temper? Still he strove
on, nothing downhearted with the task,
resolved, spite of all, to learn it; when
one day, in a fit of vexation, after try-
ing for some hours without getting a
note in tune, he exclaimed—

“By my soul, and I will learn it,
if the devil be my master!” and once
more he commenced operations.

“That night he was making his usual
visit to his mistress, when, just turning
a sharp jutting rock, which but barely
allowed a footpath by the side of the
lake, a very grave-looking gentleman

came full against him. Without any ceremony, not even saying 'I beg your pardon,' he began—

"'Phelim, my lad, I am come to be your master, (as you said to-day); and sure enough I'll teach you to play the harp.'

"'Holy Virgin!' said Phelim, (to himself,) 'tis the tempter come bodily to take me at my word; who would have thought he would have heard it!'—then, speaking aloud, he said—'And who may your worship be?'

"'Well, and if I must tell ye, then, plainly,—I am the devil!'

"If ever you've seen a man put a red-hot potatoe in his mouth without dipping it first in the butter-milk to cool it, with his eyes just starting out of his head with the pain, and his tongue blistered with the heat, puffing and blowing all the while to get his throat cool, you've seen the picture of Phelim O'Flynn; but he soon recovered himself, and began to think how he should chate the ould fellow.

"'Well, then,' said he, 'how am I to know if you can teach me, your honour!—and what are the terms?'

"'Why, as to teaching you, I'll soon show ye I can do that; and, as to the terms, it's all very reasonable. You'll only just be mine when you're dead—that's all, Phelim.'

"'But,' says O'Flynn, to himself, (cause he thought if he spoke aloud the ould fellow would hear him), 'I'll just try if I can learn first, and we'll agree about the terms after;'—so he speaks up,—'If your honour would just be giving me a specimen before hand, I'd thank ye.'

"In a minute the devil pulled out from under his cloak a most beautiful harp all with strings of gold; and he says, 'Now then, only listen, and not a soul that hears my harp, be him dead or alive, but I'll set him a-dancing in a twinkling.' So he struck up, and sure Phelim could not keep quiet for the soul of him, but whirled about just like a whipping-top. The ould gentleman didn't keep it up long, but quite satisfied with himself, said to his listener, 'And will that do, now?'

"'I am not sure I should be so 'cute a hand as yourself,' said Phelim, 'but if your honour will let me try first, I'll just give you an answer.'

"'All fair,' said he, 'and here is the harp to try.' Phelim had no sooner got fast hold of the harp, than he pulled the strings with all his might, and what was his astonishment, when he saw the

tempter caper about in the air like a first-rate dancer.

"'Ha!' said he, 'old boy, and I'll dance ye, sure enough; you shall have plenty and to spare before I let ye quiet—and without coming to your terms you shall come to mine.' Faster and faster pulled away O'Flynn, and higher and higher went the devil.

"'Phelim! Phelim!' says he, 'do leave off, man; I shall be into the lake in a minute, and you know I can't suffer the water.'

"'Devil a bit do I care,' said Phelim, very aisy.

"'You shall have my harp for nothing,' said the old gentleman.

"'But I won't have it for nothing,' said the other; 'I'll have it for my life, and you shall never think of me again, you ould villain, or I'll keep on till day-light, and then the whole country will see how you wanted to take me in, and they shall laugh at ye.'

"'But Phelim, my dear boy, now do let me quiet a minute, and I'll swear to whatever you like.'

"Just at that moment, who should come by but Father O'Rourke: oh, how he did stare when he saw them! He was just going to run off, when O'Flynn called out,—

"'Now's the time, father; take your book and make the sign, and he'll never trouble us any more.' Sure enough, and he never did after, but vanished away to the sound of the music over the hills; and as Phelim kept up playing till just morning, he fairly danced him out of Ireland.

"So, what would have been the ruin of many, made Phelim's fortune, and he took good care never to run his head into the lion's mouth again, but he got married, and lived on the little island called the Harper's Island after him. With this fine harp, and he could play upon it beautifully too, did he charm the hearts of the people; and there has not been such dancing since his time; for when he died, his harp was hung up in the great hall at Innisfail, and no one ever attempted to play it after him, he was such a great master; but the king and the people thought so much of it, that they took it as their banner; and now, though O'Flynn is nigh forgotten, his harp waves in the breeze whenever Ireland's flag is unfurled; and may it fly for years to come, as beautiful as the dear country it belongs to; and so, now, that's how we have the harp in the colours at the mast-head, your honours."

J. S. C.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON VISITING RIE-
VAUX ABBEY, AUGUST 6, 1826.
For the Olio.

"So fade the proud, the brave, the famed, the
strong—
All but eternal truth and sacred song."

This morn I took my joyous way
O'er barrow heath and beauteous vale,
As sang the birds their matin lay,
And freshly blew the mountain gale—
Where beather bills o'er vallies rise,
With rocks that emulate the skies—
And traversed Hambletonia's wild,
Lit by the summer morning's beam—
Where far beyond Elysium smiled
Bright as the memory of a dream;
Where monkish fane in ruin lay,
And mournd the glory of its day.
Oh, many an hour of ecstasy
I passed within its wasting towers,
When life, and love, and poetry
Hung on my harp their sweetest flowers;
And round the prelate's sacred tomb
Was rich romance of pillar'd gloom.
But now I see this lonely scene
With less of hope and nature's love,
And wreck of what has splendide been,
Has ceas'd my wildest thoughts to move—
Deep sorrow now my bosom sears,
For song is but the source of tears.

Yet who can weep when nature smiles
On mount and wood, on field and fell;
Embrooding e'en the abbey's aisles,
Its cloister'd walls and weedy well?—
When midst the passing pomp I see,
There dwells a mute philosophy,
To teach how vain is mortal might,
Deceptive power and spacious rule,
Which time effectually can blight,
And crush the calculating fool;
To lesson care, admonish grief,
That time can give the heart relief.
Proud abbey! by the pope's decree
Thy walls 'for ever' were to stand;*
And curses from the holy see
Fell on the wretch who robb'd thy land—
Where meanest peasants now intrude—
The village sport, the village feud.
And lightly trips the lowly maid,
With rosy cheek and sparkling eye,
O'er tombs where pallid monks have pray'd
Before the silver cross on high—
Roams through the church's ruined nave,
And plucks the flowers on L'Espece's grave.
Behold the nobly-window'd choir,
Its transepts wide, and gateway tall—
The meanlier kitchen, mark'd by fire,
The abbot's hazel-tufted hall—
Where ivy mocks each interstice,
And say, was ever spoil like this?
The nettle lifts its vulgar stem
On tombs of barons brought from far,
Who fought at famed Jerusalem,
Or fell in Cressy's fatal war;
Laid by the altar's massy form,
Exposed alike to sun and storm.
Adieu! thou glorious fane, adieu!
The world commands me to her strife;
Yet 'life's gay morn,' with vivid hue,
Shall call thy semblance into life;
And fancy's wing, which fate outflies,
Will bear me where thy turrets rise.

G. Y. H.—N.

* Alluding to a bull which emanated from the Papal See, coeval with the establishing of Rievaulx Abbey.

A VISIT GRATIS.
A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE
PHYSICIAN.

ON arriving home one evening, my mind saddened with the scenes I had left, I found my wife—Emily—sitting by the drawing-room fire, alone, and in tears. On enquiring the reason of it, she told me that a char-woman who had been that day engaged at our house, had been telling Jane—my wife's maid—who, of course, communicated it to her mistress, one of the most heart-rending tales of distress that she had ever listened to—that poverty and disease united could inflict on humanity. My sweet wife's voice, ever eloquent in the cause of benevolence, did not require much exertion to persuade me to resume my walking-trim, and go that very evening to the scene of wretchedness she described. The char-woman had gone half an hour ago, but left the name and address of the family she spoke of, and after learning them, I set off. The cold was so fearfully intense, that I was obliged to return and get a "comfortable" for my neck—and Emily took the opportunity to empty all the loose silver in her purse, into my hand, saying, "you know what to do with it, love!" Blessing her benevolent heart, I once more set out on my errand of mercy. With some difficulty I found out the neighbourhood, threading my doubtful way through a labyrinth of obscure back-streets, lanes, and alleys, till I came to "Peter's Place," where the objects of my visit resided. I began to be apprehensive for the safety of my person and property, when I discovered the sort of neighbourhood I had got into.

"Do you know where some people of the name of O'Hurdle live?" I enquired of the watchman, who was passing, bawling the hour.

"Yis, I knows two of that 'ere name hereabouts—which Hurdle is it, sir?" enquired the gruff guardian of the night.

"I really don't exactly know—the people I want are very, very, poor."

"Oh! oh! oh! I'm thinking they're all much of a muchness for the matter of that, about here,"—he replied, setting down his lantern, and slapping his hands against his sides to keep himself warm.

"But the people I want are very ill—I'm a doctor."

"Oh, oh! you must be meaning 'em 'oose son was transported yesterday? His name was Tim O'Hurdle, sir—though some called him Jimmy—and I

was the man that catch'd him, sir—I did! It was for a robbery in this here”——

“Ay, ay—I dare say they are the people I want. Where is their house?” I enquired hastily, somewhat disturbed at the latter portion of his intelligence—a new and forbidding feature of the case.

“I’ll shew ’ee the way, sir,” said the watchman, walking before me, and holding his lantern close to the ground to light my path. He led me to the last house of the Place, and through a miserable dilapidated door-way; then up two pair of narrow, dirty, broken stairs, till we found ourselves at the top of the house. He knocked at the door with the end of his stick, and called out, “Holloa, missus! Hey! Withint here! You’re wanted here!” adding suddenly, in a lower tone, touching his hat, “It is a bitter night, sir—a trifle, sir, to keep one’s self warm—drink your health, sir.” I gave him a trifle, motioned him away, and took his place at the door.

“Thank your honour! Mind your watch and pockets, sir—that’s all,” he muttered, and left me. I felt very nervous, as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away down stairs. I had half a mind to follow him.

“Who’s there?” enquired a female voice through the door, opened only an inch or two

“It’s I—a doctor. Is your name O’Hurdle? Is any one ill here? I’m come to see you. Betsy Jones, a charwoman, told me of you.”

“You’re right, sir,” replied the same voice, sorrowfully. “Walk in, sir,” and the door was opened wide enough for me to enter.

Now, reader, who, while glancing over this sketch, are perhaps reposing in the lap of luxury, believe me when I tell you, that the scene which I shall attempt to set before you, as I encountered it, I feel to beggar all my powers of description; and that what you may conceive to be exaggerations, are infinitely short of the frightful realities of that evening. Had I not seen and known for myself, I should scarce have believed that such misery existed.

“Wait a moment, sir, an’ I’ll fetch you a light,” said the woman, in a strong Irish accent; and I stood still outside the door till she returned with a rushlight, stuck in a blue bottle. I had time for no more than one glimpse at the haggard features and filthy ragged appearance of the bearer, with an infant at the breast, before a gust of wind,

blowing through an unstopped broken pane in the window, suddenly extinguished the candle, and we were left in a sort of darkness visible, the only object I could see being the faint glow of expiring embers on the hearth. “Would your honour be after standing still a while, or you’ll be thredding on the chilther?” said the woman; and, bending down, she endeavoured to relight the candle by the embers. The poor creature tried in vain, however; for it seemed there was but an inch or two of candle left, and the heat of the embers melted it away, and the wick fell out.

“Oh, murfher—there! What *will* we do?” exclaimed the woman, “that’s the last bit of candle we’ve in the house, an’ it’s not a farthing I have to buy another!”

“Come—send and buy another,” said I, giving her a shilling, though I was obliged to *feel* for her hand.

“Oh, thank your honour!” said she, “an’ we’ll soon be seeing one another. Here, Sal! Sal! Sally!—Here, ye cratur!”

“Well, and what d’ye want with *me*?” asked a sullen voice from another part of the room, while there was a rustling of straw.

“Fait, an’ ye must get up wid ye, and go to buy a candle. Here’s a shilling”——

“Heigh—and isn’t it a loaf of bread ye should rather be after buying, mother?” growled the same voice.

“Perhaps the Doctor won’t mind,” stammered the mother; “he won’t mind our getting a loaf too.”

“Oh, no, no! For God’s sake, go directly, and get what you like!” said I, touched by the woman’s tone and manner.

“Ho, Sal! Get up—ye may buy some bread too”——

“Bread! Bread! Bread!—Where’s the shilling?” said the same voice, in quick and eager tones; and the ember-light enabled me barely to distinguish the dim outline of a figure rising from the straw on which it had been stretched, and which nearly overturned me by stumbling against me, on its way towards where the mother stood. It was a grown-up girl, who, after receiving the shilling, promised to bring the candle lighted, lest their own fire should not be sufficient, and withdrew, slamming the door violently after her, and rattling down stairs with a rapidity which shewed the interest she felt in her errand.

"I'm sorry it's not a seat we have that's fit for you, sir," said the woman, approaching towards where I was standing; "but if I may make so bold as to take your honour's hand, I'll guide you to the only one we have—barring the floor—a box by the fire, and there ye'll sit perhaps till she comes with a light."

"Anywhere—anywhere, my good woman," said I; "but I hope your daughter will return soon, for I have not long to be here," and giving her my gloved hand, she led me to a deal-box, on which I sat down, and she on the floor beside me. I was beginning to ask her some questions, when the moaning of a little child interrupted me.

"Hush! hush!—ye little divel—hush!—ye'll be waking your poor daddy!—hush!—go to sleep wid ye!" said the woman, in an earnest undertone.

"Och—och—mammy!—mammy! an' isn't it so *could*?—I *can't* sleep, mammy," replied the tremulous voice of a very young child; and directing my eyes to the quarter from whence the sound came, I fancied I saw a poor shivering half-naked little creature, cowering under the window.

"Hish!—lie still wid ye, ye infortunat' little divel—an' ye'll presently get something to eat. We ha'n't none of us tasted a morsel sin' the morning, Doctor!" The child she spoke to ceased its moanings instantly; but I heard the sound of its little teeth chattering, and as of its hands rubbing and striking together. Well it might, poor wretch—for I protest the room was nearly as cold as the open air; for, besides the want of fire, the bleak wind blew in chilling gusts through the broken panes of the window.

"Why, how many of you are there in this place, my good woman?" said I.

"Och, murther! murther! murther! an' isn't there—barring Sal, that's gone for the candle, and Bobby, that's out begging, and Tim, that the ould divels at Newgate have sent away to *Bottomless** yesterday," she continued, bursting into tears;—"Och, an' won't that same be the death o' me, and the poor father o' the boy—an' it wasn't sich a sinitence he deserved—but hush! hush!" she continued, lowering her tones, "an' it's waking the father o' him, I'll be, that doesn't"—

"I understand your husband is ill?" said I.

"Fait, sir—as ill as the 'smatticks [asthmatics] can make him—the Lord

pity him! But he's had a blessed hour's sleep, the poor fellow! though the little brat he has in his arms has been making a noise—a little divel that it is—it's the youngest, barring this one I'm suckling—an' it's not a fortnight it is sin' it first looked on its mother?" she continued, sobbing, and kissing her baby's hand; "och, och! that the little cratur had niver been born!"

I heard footsteps slowly approaching the room; and presently a few rays of light flickered through the chinks and fissures of the door, which was in a moment or two pushed open, and "Sal" made her appearance, shading the lighted candle in her hand, and holding a quarter loaf under her arm. She had brought but a wretched rushlight, which she hastily stuck into the neck of the bottle, and placed it on a shelf over the fireplace; and then—what a scene was visible!

The room was a garret, and the sloping ceiling—if such it might be called—made it next to impossible to move any where in an upright position. The mockery of a window had not one entire pane of glass in it; but some of the holes were stopped with straw, rags, and brown paper, while one or two were not stopped at all! There was not an article of furniture in the place; no, not a bed, chair, or table of any kind; the last remains of it had been seized for arrears of rent—eighteenpence a-week—by the horrid harpy, their landlady, who lived on the ground-floor! The floor was littered with dirty straw, such as swine might scorn—but which formed the only couch of this devoted family! The rushlight eclipsed the dying glow of the few embers, so that there was not even the *appearance* of a fire! And *this* in a garret facing the north—on one of the bitterest and bleakest nights I ever knew! My heart sunk within me at witnessing such frightful misery and destitution! The woman with whom I had been conversing was a mere bundle of filthy rags—a squalid, shivering, starved creature, holding to her breast a half-naked infant,—her matted hair hanging long and loosely down her back, and over her shoulders; her daughter "Sal" was in like plight—a sullen, ill-favoured slut of about eighteen, who seemed ashamed of being seen, and hung her head like a guilty one. She had resumed her former station on some straw—her bed!—in the extreme corner of the room, where she was squatting, with a little creature cowering close beside

* Botany Bay.

her, both munching ravenously the bread which had been purchased. The miserable father of the family was seated on the floor, with his back propped against the opposite side of the fireplace to that which I occupied, and held a child clasped loosely in his arms, though he had plainly fallen asleep. O what a wretched object! a foul, shapeless, brown paper cap on his head, and a ragged fustian jacket on his back, which a beggar might have spurned with loathing!

The sum of what the woman communicated to me was, that her husband, a bricklayer by trade, had been long unable to work, on account of his asthma; and that their only means of subsistence were a paltry pittance from the parish, her own scanty earnings as a washer-woman, which had been interrupted by her recent confinement, and charities collected by "Sal," and "Bobby who was then out begging." Their oldest son, Tim, a lad of sixteen, had been transported for seven years, the day before, for a robbery, of which his mother vehemently declared him innocent; and this last circumstance had, more than all the rest, completely broken the hearts of both his father and mother, who had absolutely starved themselves and their children, in order to hoard up enough to fee an Old Bailey counsel to plead for their son! The husband had been for some time, I found, an out-patient of one of the Infirmaries; "and this poor little *darling*," said she, sobbing bitterly, and hugging her infant closer to her, "has got the measles, I'm fearing; and little Bobby, too, is catching them.—Och, murder—murder! Oh, Christ, pity us, poor sinners that we are!—Oh! what will we do;—what will we do!" and she almost choked herself with stifling her sobs, for fear of waking her husband.

"And what is the matter with the child that your husband is holding in his arms?" I enquired, pointing to it, as it sat in its father's arms, munching a little crust of bread, and ever and anon patting its father's face, exclaiming, "Da-a-a!—Ab-bab-ba!—Ab-bab-ba!"

"Och! what ails the cratur? Nothing, but that it's half-starved and naked—an' isn't that enough—an' isn't it *killt*? I wish we all were—every mother's son of us!" groaned the miserable woman, sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment a lamentable noise was heard on the stairs, as of a lad crying, accompanied by the pattering of naked

feet. "Och! murder!" exclaimed the woman, with an agitated air. "What's ailing with Bobby? Is it crying he is?" and starting to the door, she threw it open time enough to admit a ragged shivering urchin, about ten years old, without shoes or stockings, and having no cap, and rags pinned about him, which he was obliged to hold up with his right hand, while the other covered his left cheek. The little wretch, after a moment's pause, occasioned by seeing a strange gentleman in the room, proceeded to put three or four coppers into his mother's lap, telling her, with painful gestures, that a gentleman, whom he had followed a few steps in the street, importuning for charity, had turned round unexpectedly, and struck him a severe blow with a cane, over his face and shoulders.

"Let me look at your face, my poor little fellow," said I, drawing him to me; and on removing his hand, I saw a long weal all down the left cheek. I wish I could forget the look of tearless agony with which his mother put her arms round his neck, and drawing him to her breast, exclaimed, faintly,—"Bobby! My Bobby!" After a few moments she released the boy, pointing to the spot where his sisters sat still munching their bread. The instant he saw what they were doing, he sprang towards them, and plucked a large fragment from the loaf, fastening on it like a young wolf!

"Why they'll finish the loaf before you've tasted it, my good woman," said I.

"Och, the poor things!—Let them—let them!" she replied, wiping away a tear. "I can do without it longer than they—the craturs!"

"Well, my poor woman," said I, "I have not much time to spare, as it is growing late. I came here to see what I could do for you as a doctor. How many of you are ill?"

"Fait, an' isn't it ailing—we all of us are! Ah, your honour!—A Firmary, without physic or victuals!"

"Well, we must see what can be done for you. What is the matter with your husband, there?" said I, turning towards him. He was still asleep, in spite of the tickling and stroking of his child's hands, who, at the moment I looked, was trying to push the corner of its crust into its father's mouth, chuckling and crowing the while, as is the wont of children who find a passive subject for their drolleries.

"Och, och! the little villain—the thing," said she, impatiently seeing the

child's employment. "Isn't it waking him, it'll be i—st—st!"

"Let me see him nearer," said I; "I must wake him, and ask him a few questions."

I moved from my seat towards him. His head hung down drowsily. His wife took down the candle from the shelf, and held it a little above her husband's head, while I came in front of him, and stooped on one knee to interrogate him.

"Phelim! Love! Honey! Darlint!—Wake wid ye! And is'nt it the doctor that comes to see ye!" said she, nudging him with her knee. He did not stir, however. The child, regardless of us, was still playing with his passive features. A glimpse of the awful truth flashed across my mind.

"Let me have the candle a moment, my good woman," said I, rather seriously.

The man was dead.

He must have expired nearly an hour ago, for his face and hands were quite cold; but the position in which he sat, together with the scantiness of the light, concealed the event. It was fearful to see the ghastly pallor of the features, the fixed pupils, the glassy glare downwards, the fallen jaw! The living child in the arms of its dead father, unconsciously sporting with a corpse!

Black. Mag.

A DISSERTATION ON WIGS.

For the Olio.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHOLE ART OF DRESS."

For the better valuing of their visages, his highness and the marquise bought each a perwig, somewhat to overshadow their foreheads.

Wotton.

UNFORTUNATELY for the antiquary and the importance due to so elevated a subject as we have undertaken to discuss, the origin of wigs is, we fear, for ever lost in the mists of obscurity. That they were, however, known to the ancients, is very evident, as we have only to refer to Martial—

"Calvo turpius est nihil Comato."

Juvenal likewise speaks of them. An ancient author, too, states that Absalom's wig—start not, degenerate race of the present ENLIGHTENED era!—weighed two hundred shekels! But nothing, perhaps, can be more truly ridiculous than the description Lamprius furnishes us with of the Emperor Commodus's peruke. It was powdered with scrapings of gold, and oiled, or

rather plastered with glutinous perfumes for the powder to hang by.

With reference to *name*,—*wig*, in the sixteenth century, was written *PERWIGKE*, by T. Churchyard; and in the following century *perwiche* by Fuller; whereas but some fifty or sixty years ago, it was known but under the appellation of *peruke*. This term again was partially superseded by *perriwig*, revived from *periwig* of the last century, which latter in its turn got contracted to *wig*, though, in the present day, *peruke* is still used with the greatest propriety. How wonderfully taste varies with time! Yellow, it would seem, was a very favourite colour formerly in wigs. Shakspeare mentions it—

"Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect YELLOW,
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig."

Again, Cleaveland, 'I think it is, says—

"The sun's

Dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tresses
In lovers' sonnets.

Concerning the derivation of the word *peruke*, many suppositions have been started. The great and learned Dr. Johnson affirms it to come from the Greek; while Menage, with more show of authority, derives the word by a detour—certainly rather a long one—from the Latin of *pilus*, hair. The several stages of its transformation he marks thus—*pilus*,—*pelus*,—*pelutus*,—*peluticus*,—*pelutica*,—*perucus*,—*peruca*,—*peruge*. This last being the French, like many other words, has become Anglified—if we may use the term—to *peruke*, as it now stands in our modern dictionary.

The year 1629 may be safely recorded as the epocha of the long perukes, which first made their appearance at Paris in the reign of Louis XIV.,* although there is no reason to believe the fashion was adopted in England until after the restoration of Charles II., when they became general.

"Triumphant tories and desponding whigs
Forgot their feuds, and strive to save their
wigs."

When perukes first made their appearance in France, for "certain reasons" connected with the health, it was deemed derogatory to the dignity of Frenchmen to wear them; but, notwithstanding this scruple of the conscientious, as might be expected, it was over-ruled by the majority of the ton. There was,

* Vide Pogonologia, or a Philosophical and Historical Essay on Beards.

+ Dean Swift.

however, a greater struggle before the ecclesiastics were allowed to wear them. Some of the French clergy, indeed, wore them in 1660, although unauthorized; for the Cardinal Grimaldi in 1684, and the Bishop of Lavaur in 1688, prohibited the use of perukes to all priests without a necessity, or the very Catholic sale of a dispensation.

A M. Thiers, influenced, no doubt, by a strong zeal for the welfare of the church, distinguished himself in this most important struggle, as to the privilege of the priests, by writing a flaming declamation against the propriety of their wearing perukes. The *religieuse*, however, seemed determined not to waive so essential a point of their dignity, and at length were successful in the contest.

Reader, hast *thou* ever worn a wig?—nay, frown not,—we do not mean your stiff, gray, curled thing, adopted by the long-robed gentry to make up by outward gravity for any inward deficiency that may chance to be;—nor again your ancient, grandfather-like flaxen imitation of coarse nature, so called. No! but an elegant and fascinating covering, with its bright and glossy curls, for that head which probably nature may not have been over-bounteous to withal in its outward attribute. Should, then, thy hair—thy natural, we mean—answer the above, and, at the same time, thou shouldst—as is most probable—be solicitous about thy personal appearance, pr'ythee instantly get one. Anon we'll tell thee why. *En verite*, the wearing of a wig has very numerous advantages, not sufficiently known to be properly estimated, and which your mere superficial observer is not aware of. Some of these we shall proceed to instance, for the benefit of our "**FELLOW** creatures." In the first instance, from constantly cutting and keeping the hair short, its stamina is considerably benefited, as it both strengthens the old roots and generates new ones, giving an elasticity and consistency it previously did not possess; while, in cases of a natural weakness in the hair, resulting from ill-health, or other causes, shaving—that first sensitive introduction to a wig—becomes absolutely necessary, as the *only known preservative* to a premature baldness,—a thing disagreeably calculated to remind us of the bard's—

"Oh! what a falling off was there, my countrymen!"

By wearing a wig, thou art, it may be

said, a double gainer; not only dost thou gain renovated powers in thy previously decaying hair, but, if well selected and made, and there every thing depends, a comfort and ease consummated on such easy terms as will nigh go—and we write from experience—to make thee continue them for the rest of thy mortal existence.

Illustrations of History.

By the Author of "*Anster Fair*." †

ANCIENT LUXURY.—One of the most fanciful dishes made use of by the epicures of antiquity, was a *whole pig, one-half of which was boiled, the other half roasted*. Inglorious, and all-attempting as are our modern cooks and gastronomists, we know not if their ingenuity has reached a consummation so exquisite. The whole tedious process of preparation remains to us in Greek description, so that a modern refiner may instruct his cook from it, and elaborate out a similar tidbit. It seems to have been the most masterly feat, the *ne plus ultra* of pristine gastrology. Whole pigs boiled were very common, both at Greek and Roman tables. It was, perhaps, first of all a Macedonian dish. The pigs were stuffed with thrushes, fig-peckers, yolks of eggs, oysters, &c. A dish of this description was called by the Romans *The Wooden Horse*,—their imaginations, from the multifarious ingredients, assimilating it to the armour-crammed horse of Sinon at the siege of Troy. This was a favourite mess with the pontifices or priests, the most accomplished epicures of that capital of the world, who knew well, by experience, all the best meats and best wines to be found throughout the world. Peacocks were also a favourite dish among the Romans. It was the luxurious orator Hortensius that first presented a peacock at one of the augural suppers, and his example was rapidly followed, so that immense numbers of these birds were reared at Rome and its neighbourhood, to supply the tables of the rich. After they had become somewhat plentiful, they sold at about £1. 15s. each, and their eggs at nearly 3s. 4d. each.

ANCIENT BOOK COLLECTORS AND AUTHORS.—In the early ages of Grecian literature, the greatest book-collectors were, Polycrates of Samos, Pisistratus of Athens, (whose books were, along with the statues of Harmodius

† From the *Edin. Lit. Jour.*

and Aristogiton, taken away by Xerxes, and put up as a trophy in his palace of Susa,) Euclid of Athens, Nicocrates of Cyprus, the Kings of Pergamus, the poet Euripides, Aristotle the philosopher, and one Nelens, of whom nothing is known, but who had latterly in his possession most of the books of the above mentioned, and from whom Ptolemy of Egypt purchased them all, with many more collected from Rome and Athens, to stock his library at Alexandria, the most celebrated in the world. Strabo, who is an excellent authority, says that Aristotle was the first great book-collector, and that he taught the Kings of Egypt the systematic arrangement of books in an extensive library. From the labour of transcription, and paucity of transcribers, copies of books were in those times very rare and dear; hence they were frequently lent out by booksellers to be read, for a considerable price; and a newly-published and popular book was sometimes read publicly for a fee, by one who had procured a copy, to such as, though unwilling or unable to purchase the work, were desirous of knowing its contents; by this mode of oral publication, the philosophers Protagoras and Prodicus acquired great sums of money. Voluminous as are some of our modern authors, the writers of antiquity exceeded them in profusion of composition. The greatest book-makers were Epicurus, who, it is said by his biographers, surpassed all men in endless polygraphy; Chrysippus, who in this respect imitated him, and wrote above 705 volumes; Apollodorus, who wrote above 400 volumes; Demetrius Phalereus, who excelled all of his generation in the multitude of his books, no less written than collected, the number of his verses and his learning; Aristotle, who wrote about 400 volumes, containing above 445,270 lines, and who obtained no less than 800 talents (150,000*l.*) from Alexander, for his History of Animals; Clitomachus, of whom very little more is recorded saving that he wrote more than 400 volumes; Nicolaus wrote 144 volumes, and was named the *many-booked*,—but the most gigantic book-compiler was Didymus, the scholiast on Homer, who wrote no less a number than 3500, or, according to Seneca, 4000 volumes, and who was designated by the appropriate title of *the book-forgetter*, from his forgetting the number of his books.

The Note Book.

I will make a priet of it in my Note-book.
— M.W. of Windsor.

FRENCH CHARACTER.—How extraordinary a riddle is French character! Made up of contradiction, it defies the philosopher, and staggers the phrenologist, with all his skill in balances and neutralizations; though, I confess, I think these seeming contradictions may be explained more satisfactorily by the disciple of the school of many organs, than by the believer in the mind one and indivisible. An enthusiast in war, an enthusiast in science, an enthusiast in trifling, and yet no real enthusiast after all—for how can there be enthusiasm in a people destitute of poetry and sentiment? A Frenchman seems to be an inexplicable being. But all the apparent contradictions in his character have their origin in one passion—national vanity. It is not the love of fighting that leads a French army from Paris to Moscow, but *la gloire*. The *philosophes* who sits at his midnight lamp, cannot contemplate his triumph and discoveries, without mixing them up with *la gloire* of another kind—the scientific reputation of *la grande nation*. And when a Frenchman hurries to the *Theatre Francois* to witness the representation of a comedy of Moliere, or a tragedy of Racine or Voltaire, a view to his own gratification is not the sole impelling motive; he fancies—nay, he is sure—that *la comedie Francaise* is the most perfect in the world; that there never was but one Racine, or one Voltaire; and that it is a duty to uphold and patronize that which so nearly concerns the glory of his country. The national vanity of the French is boundless and incurable. It embraces the whole range of the arts and sciences—all that in which men contend for pre-eminence, or pride themselves in. It is this that carries a Frenchman to the *Academie de Musique*, to listen to the worst music in the world—this that crowds the gallery of the French school of painting, and leaves the Italian school neglected—this that produces a thousand copies of *David*, and not one of Raphael, or Titian, or Murillo—this that endured the despotism of Louis XIV., because he was the vainest of kings, and loved *la gloire*—this that tore down the Bastille, murdered a king, and abjured God, because such things were a spectacle for the world to gaze at—this that received the yoke of Napoleon, because the spectacle of revolution was no longer new, and because

his ambition and *la gloire Française* went hand in hand—this that encouraged industry, commerce, and manufactures, during fifteen years, because France could not be great without them—and, finally, this that now threatens to desolate Europe with the scourge of war, because *la grande nation* is beginning to be forgotten. Much good, and much evil has arisen from the predominance of a passion like this; but it is evidently impossible to calculate upon the actions of a people so governed.

Derwent Comday's Switzerland, France, &c

REMARKS ON SMOKING.—It may safely be affirmed, that the habit of smoking permanently injures the manners of the lower orders, and can never become general without lowering the national character; and there is a reason for this, of universal application. Women no where smoke, and the practice is every where revolting to their feelings. The prevalence of this custom, therefore, is a continual indulgence of selfish gratification, on the part of man, to the exclusion of the comfort of the other sex. In other words, a continual approach to the selfishness and brutality of savage life.

Black. Mag.

REFORM.—"It is very dangerous," says Francis Quarles, "to try experiments in a state, unless extreme necessity be urgent, or popular utility be palpable; it is better for a state to connive awhile, at an inconvenience, than too suddenly to rush upon a reformation."

QUACKS.—However lenient we are at present with respect to these notorious empirics, who now infest this nation, more care was formerly taken of the constitutions of the people,—their health was not suffered to be infected by wholesale poisoners. Fairfax was fined and imprisoned in King William's time for doing great damage to several persons by his *Aqua Celestis*. One Anthony, with his Aurum Polabile, Arthur Dee, for advertising medicines which he gave out would cure people of all diseases; Foster, for selling a powder for the green sickness; Aires, for selling purging sugar plumbs; Hunt was punished for putting up bills in the streets for the cure of diseases.—Phillips, a distiller, for selling his strong waters, inserting in the directions what they were good for, and how persons were to take them.

MARRIAGE.—The learned Selden has the following thoughts upon the connubial state: "Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern

other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people. Marriage is nothing but a civil contract; it is true, it is an ordinance of God; so is every other contract—God commands me to keep it when I have made it. Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in *Æsop* were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again. We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them; thus, when two are married and have undone one another, they cry, 'It was God's providence we should come together,'—when God's providence does equally concur to every thing."

GIPSIES.—In the reign of James II. of Scotland, a company of gipsies came from Ireland, and infested Galloway. James issued a proclamation that whoever would disperse them, and bring their captain, dead or alive, should have the barony of Bomby. In this attempt the laird of Bomby's son succeeded, and brought the head of the captain upon a spear to the king; wherefore he obtained the promised barony, and assumed the crest he afterwards bore, with the motto—"Think on!"

FANES.—Anciently, the nobility had the liberty given them of setting up fanes over their houses; some authors assert that none could attain to that honour who had not been foremost at scaling the walls in an assault on some city, or had first planted their banners or pendants on the ramparts. Fanes were at first painted with armorial bearings, and represented the banners or pendants of nobility. St. Palaye says, that none but those who were nobly descended had the privilege of expressing on their flags, or of blazoning the achievements of their houses.

POPULATION OF PARIS.—The only census of the population of Paris which has ever been taken, at least in recent times, was that of 1817. According to this enumeration, which is allowed to have been made with great care, the total amount of the resident inhabitants, in the beginning of the month of March of that year, was 657,172 souls, to which 57,424 soldiers, inmates of the hospitals, foreigners, and other strangers, being added, gave 714,596 souls for the entire actual population of the city. Of this number of persons, the largest of the twelve arrondissements (the tenth, comprehending the Faubourg St. Germain) contained 81,133; and the smallest (namely, the ninth, comprehending the

district around the Hotel de Ville and part of the two islands in the river) 42,932. In 1813, the number of births in Paris was 20,219, and that of the deaths 18,676; in 1829, the number of the former was 28,721, and that of the latter, 25,591. Of the children born in 1829, nearly 10,000 were illegitimate; and of these, 7,850 were abandoned by their parents.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.—Richard had been so eager to raise money when he went to the Crusades, that, on some one remonstrating what a large expense he had been at, Richard replied, "I would sell London itself, could I but find a purchaser."

TOURNAMENTS—were first introduced into Germany by the Emperor Henry, surnamed the Fowler, who died in 936. He was allowed to be the greatest prince, and ablest statesman of his time, in Europe. Amongst other ordinances relating to these sports, he forbade the admission of any person to joust, who could not prove his nobility for four descents. This prince was so solicitous to promote valour, and increase the military strength of his kingdom, that he published a general amnesty in favour of all thieves and banditti, provided they would enlist in his armies; those who took advantage of this he actually formed into a regular troop. The first tournament in Germany was appointed to be at Magdeburgh, in Lower Saxony. There was a great difference between the tilt and the tournament, which consisted in this:—a tournament was a prelude of war, and fought by many persons together, with blunted weapons; whereas jousts could only be fought by two. These last were often used for the purpose of duels, and military trials of offences.

Customs of Various Countries.

PRACTICE OF PLANTING FLOWERS ON GRAVES.—In the wilds of America, there is a tribe, whose women, after losing their infants for some time, go every day to their graves, and, with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief, press some milk from their bosoms upon the grass that covers their remains. The burying-places of the people of Morocco are generally situated in the fields; every one purchases a spot of ground, which he surrounds with a walk, and plants with flowers. In China, whence, it is not improbable, the custom originally

passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, the ceremony of planting flowers on graves prevails even at the present day, and the inhabitants of Java frequently erect tombs among trees, and decorate them with flowers. The mausoleums of the clans of the Crimea are generally shaded by shrubs and fruit-trees; and the Indians of Surat have a great veneration for the graves of their saints, and strew fresh flowers upon them every year. In Scotland this practice prevailed in the time of Drummond of Hawthornden; and in many parts of North Wales and South Wales, it is still the common practice of the country. The graves in those beautiful and romantic provinces are decorated, on Palm Sunday, with leaves of laurel, cypress, and all the flowers which are in blossom at that early season of the year; some, also, are planted on the graves, which are surrounded by small white washed stones. In these little enclosures bloom the polyanthus and the narcissus, thyme, balm, and rosemary. Shakspeare alludes to this ceremony in Hamlet, in the Winter's Tale, and in Cymbeline, where Arviragus, contemplating the body of Fidele, promises to sweeten his grave with the fairest flowers.

ANECDOTES.

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.—About ten years ago, as Mr. A. was walking up Holborn, he overtook one of his pupils, and, as was his custom when he had once noticed intrinsic talent, he entered into familiar conversation with him, observing that he had missed him for some time from the dissecting-room. The young man, with tears in his eyes, told him he was involved in debt, and that his parents, overtaken, like himself, by the shafts of adversity, could not grant him the necessary supplies. "To what amount are you in debt?"—"About 80l. sir," answered the poor bankrupt. "Well," said Mr. A. "call at Bedford-row to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and I will see what can be done for you." The young man was obedient to the wishes of his kind instructor, when a letter sealed up was put into his hand, on opening which he discovered a cheque for 90l. This young man was seen at the grave of his late benefactor completely grief-stricken.

SHERIDAN'S ADMIRATION OF DRYDEN.—Of all our poets, Dryden was Mr. Sheridan's favourite; many a

time and oft, says Kelly, when sitting over our wine, have I heard him quote at great length from him. It was truly a treat to hear him recite poetry; he had a powerful voice, and nothing, when animated, could surpass the brilliancy of his countenance, and the fire of his eye.

EPITAPH IN STIRLING CHURCH-YARD.

John Adamson is here within,
Adam's son with Adam's sin;
Adam sware the world began
The son of Adam the first man;
Adam's name he shall retain,
The son of Adam is his name:
Here he lies till set free
With Adam's large family.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, June 15.

St. Landelin, Abbot.

High Water 23m aft 5 Morn—35m after 5 Aftern.

June 15, 1653.—One of the first expedients employed by the crafty Richard of Gloster to undermine the general belief in the legitimacy of his nephews, was the employing of Shaw, a noted preacher, to deliver a sermon against the lawfulness of their birth, at Paul's Cross, a place of more than ordinary resort, in an age when preaching was chiefly confined to high festivals, or peculiarly solemn occasions. This extraordinary attack on the title of the reigning prince, whose coronation had been appolluted to be on that very day, is not preserved, and our accounts of its tenour do not perfectly agree. It appears, however, that the preacher's main argument was, that Edward IV. had contracted to wed, or had secretly wedded, Lady Elinor, before the marriage solemnized between that prince and Elizabeth Woodville; that the second marriage was void, and the issue of it illegitimate, on account of the alleged precontract, or previous wedding. Stillington, bishop of Bath, a profligate creature of the protector's, declared that he had officiated at the former nuptials. To this was added an odious and unjust imputation of infidelity against the duchess dowager of York, and of the bastardy of her children, unless the synchophant chose expressly to except Richard.

Thursday, June 16.

St. John Francis Regis, Conf.

Sun rises 44m aft 3—sets 16m aft 8.

June 16, 1653.—This day Bishop Ridley, one of the most zealous of the Protestant prelates, preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, in support of the title of Lady Jane Grey, with severe animadversions on the religion of Mary; almost the only perilous act of homage to the unfortunate Jane after she began her fleeting reign.

Friday, June 17.

St. Bartoloph, Abbot, A.D. 655.

Moon's First Quar. 59m after 3 Morn.

On looking closely into the fruit-garden, we shall find that the strawberry, which lately held out their blossoms into the open sunshine, that all the world might see them, now that their fruit is about to reach maturity, hide it carefully beneath their low-lying leaves, as conscious virgins do their maturing beauties.

To the Strawberry, by Miss Williams.

The Strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed;
Plant of my native soil! The Lime may fling
More potent fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
The milky Cocos richer juices shed.

The white Guava lovelier blossoms spread;
But not, like thee, to fond remembrance bring
The vanished hours of life's enchanting spring.
Short calendar of joys for ever fled!

Thou bid'st the scenes of childhood rise to view,
The wild wood-path which fancy loves to trace,
Where, veiled in leaves, thy fruit, of rosy hue,
Lurked on its plant stem with modest grace.
But, ah! when thought would later years renew,
Alas! successive sorrows crowd the space!

Saturday, June 18.

St. Arnaud, Bish. of Bordeaux.

High Water 14m aft 8 Morn—45m aft 8 Aftern.

Generally, if the season be favorable, this is the day on which Sweet William begins to blow, and continues, during the rest of the Summer, to contrast its varying purple, crimson, and white flowers, with the bright scarlet blossoms of the Scarlet Lychnis in the solstitial border. Spenser continu-

ally compares this flower with Pinks, by the name of Sops-in-Wine. Drayton also uses this name for them—

"Sweet Williams, Campions, Sops-in-Wine,
One by another neatly."

Sunday, June 19.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—12 chapter Samuel Morn. 13 chap. Samuel Evening.

June 19, 1653.—Born at Clermont, in Auvergne, Blaise Pascal, one of the sublimest geniuses in the world. He never had any master but his father, who was a very learned man, an able mathematician, and president of the court of Aids. What is told of the manner he learned the mathematics, (as Bayle says), seems to be miraculous; as well as the progress he made in that science in a very little time, but that which we are told of his piety, humility, and self-denial, is no less wonderful.

"After he had taken a great deal of pains in experiments of the New Philosophy, he forsook that study, and all other learning, to apply himself to what our Saviour calls the one thing needful. He was not yet twenty-four years old, when the reading of some pious book put him on this resolution. The patience that he showed in his illnesses, which were long and frequent, ought also to be matter of astonishment. He died in 1662."

The Provencal Letters of Pascal, have been, and are still esteemed a masterpiece. He is, in that book, an advocate for the Jansenists against the Molinists, a dispute in itself, perhaps, not very interesting, and now sinking into oblivion. But these letters are written with such elegance and propriety, such delicate humour, and force of argument, that they are still read on account of the style; which, as Voltaire justly observes, is wonderful for the early era in which it was composed.

Monday, June 20.

St. Idaberge, Vir.

Sun rises 43m after 3—sets 17m after 8.

June 20, 1756.—*Black Hole Prison.*—This was a horrid place of "durance vile," says Calcutta, in which one hundred and twenty-three captives, mostly English, perished in one night. A monument was erected by Mr. Hoiwell, one of the twenty-three survivors of that dismal scene. This gentleman shortly afterwards published an adorned, but most affecting narrative of the melancholy event, admirably calculated to prevent absolute despair under the most disastrous calamities of human life.

Tuesday, June 21.

St. Meen, Abbot, A.D. 617.

High Water 30m aft 11 Morn.—51m aft 11 Aftern.

"In warm, dry weather," says Forster, "the snake, the viper, and the gloworm, begin to be seen on dry banks and beside ponds. A strong, and rather absurd prejudice exists against all the serpent tribe, partly from the ancient story of the seduction of Eve, and partly from a natural disgust inherent in mankind to reptiles and creeping insects. Milton thus describes the serpent who tempted Eve—

"His head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle in his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold erect,
Amidst his circling spires that on the grass
Flowed redundant; pleasing was his shape,
And lovely _____ . Off he bowed
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she
trod."

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXV.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, June 25, 1831.



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Illustrated Article.

THE WANDERERS.

For the Otto.

It was on a very tempestuous night that the heroine of this little history, anxiously and alone in her poor and solitary cottage, awaited the return of her aged father, who she feared had lost himself among the intricate recesses of the adjacent forest, or been struck with lightning while ascending the rocky path which led to his isolated dwelling. Had a *Christian* been placed in similar circumstances, she would, probably, have been surrounded by condoling friends, but none came to solace Rachel, for she was a Jewess! and not one cared to peril his immortal soul by conversing with an excommunicated infidel. This *could* have been the only reason, for the maiden was young and beautiful, and her venerable parent was virtuous and charitable. They had not long resided in England; driven by persecution from their native land, they had fled hither for refuge a few months

before the night on which this narrative begins. Their dwelling was planted on the brow of a lofty cliff, which hung over a little hamlet, consisting of a few scattered hovels. Further off stood the venerable priory of a fraternity of Dominican friars. All else was one dense forest, while here and there a craggy rock reared its grey head above the green expanse beneath. Its loneliness and romantic beauty had induced the wanderers to select this almost inaccessible solitude, where they hoped to remain secure from the taunts and malice of their Christian brethren.

The fearful height of the little hovel exposed it in a full degree to the violence of every tempest, and on the night in question it had nearly shared the fate of a neighbouring fir, which had been shivered by the lightning into a thousand fragments. Rachel heard the crash, but her fortitude did not forsake her; she fell upon her knees, and with many tears addressed her simple orisons to her heavenly father; and he whom her nation crucified accepted her prayer. When she arose, she felt much com-

forted, and placing fresh billets upon the decaying embers, that the light might direct her parent, she hurried to the threshold, hoping to descry his form amid the thick gloom, which was broken only at intervals by the sulphureous flashes which shed a momentary and lurid glare on the surrounding scenery. A brief interval elapsed; and now sounds as of some person approaching awoke in the distance, and as they drew nearer she distinctly heard the clang of a horse's hoofs. Her fears increased. She knew that her father was no horseman, and that if he had been, he would scarcely have dared to ascend that rugged and precipitous path; and she thought that his must be a fearful errand, who would ride along so dangerous a track at such a time. She called to mind the hatred with which her people were every where regarded, and she shuddered, lest having slain her aged parent, the ruthless assassin was coming to crown his infamy by imbruing his hands in her innocent blood. Her alarm, however, greatly subsided when a sudden flash discovered a youth of commanding and prepossessing appearance, apparelled in a suit of Kendal green, richly embroidered, and partly enveloped in the folds of a large mantle of the same material; his steed was gaily caparisoned, and both horse and rider were thickly bespattered with clay and mud.

The stranger, when he reached the cottage, immediately dismounted,—"God be thanked!" was his first exclamation; when, seeing Rachel, he started back with surprise, then fell on one knee, and taking her delicate hand in his, he pressed it to his lips.

"Lady," he enquired, "why art thou here—where I expected to meet but the outlaw or peasant at best?"

The compassionate heart of woman never permits her to forget the woes of others, albeit herself distressed. The maiden beckoned the youth to rise, and pointed to the glowing embers.

"I crave pardon, mysterious fair one, for intruding myself upon your hospitality," resumed the stranger, in reply to these gestures; "losing myself while hunting, night overtook me, and had not this fire directed me, I might probably have perished in the wilderness."

"Hast thou seen an aged man on thy way hither?" enquired Rachel, her anxiety for her father's welfare overcoming her natural bashfulness.

"Thou art not alone, and in this

place!" exclaimed the huntsman, still standing without the entrance.

"I am alone, awaiting my parent," was the reply.

At this moment a thrilling shriek rang wildly through the air, the stranger grasped his sword and the damsel trembled.

"It is my father's voice!" she cried, "save him! save him!"

The youth sprung upon his steed, for he was already deeply interested in the fortunes of the maiden, and the laws of chivalry required him to succour the distressed virgin. The tempest raged with unabated fury. His horse foamed and shook with the violence of his exertions. All was dark, save the glimmering light of the cottage hearth, which faded away as he descended. Another piercing shriek mingled with the roar of contending elements; he dashed his spurs into his courser's flanks and loosened the rein;—onward, downward rushed the maddened steed over the thick brushwood and every obstacle, till missing his footing, he fell with his gallant rider.

Bruised and bleeding the young man quitted his dying hunter; and, undiscouraged by his late peril, hurried forward on foot, in the direction from whence the cries proceeded, and in another moment he stood at the gate of the Priory; the wicket yielded to his pressure, and he entered the court yard. Here all was confusion. The monks who were standing together beneath the cloisters, separated as the youth advanced, and he perceived the body of the aged Jew lying lacerated on the pavement and senseless. At a little distance, at the edge of a newly-made grave, stood one of the fraternity, holding a spade and pickaxe; and the huge torches which were held by several others, shed a ruddy light upon the whole company. The Prior was standing by his victim, and retreated not at the stranger's entrance; his countenance was ashy pale, and his eyes glowed furnace-like from beneath his lowering brows.

"Thy business here?" were his words of salutation.

"I am here to demand the cause of this man's death."

"He is not dead—he breathes," replied the Prior, kicking the body.

"Wretch!" shouted the stranger, seizing the friar with an herculean grasp, "tell me instantly the cause of this man's murder, or by——" The churchman shook him off disdainfully,

and recoiling a few paces, interrupted his wrathful assailant.

"Would ye have had this sanctuary destroyed by this knave's incantations? would ye have had us shelter an accursed Jew?"

The blood forsook the huntsman's cheek; he knew not till now whose cause he was defending; but his love for the fair girl who had so marvelously fascinated him, stifled every other feeling, and he sternly replied—

"If he had relied upon thy hospitality—"

"We thought not this," proudly returned the monk; and he dashed his torch into the face of the dying man.

The stranger's choler boiled within him; his sword flashed from its sheath, and he was about to punish the ecclesiastic, when a blow from the spade of the grave-digger felled him to the earth. When he recovered, he found himself incarcerated in a damp and dreary dungeon; the light was admitted by an iron grating, and through it he perceived that the storm had died away, and that the stars were shining beautifully in the calm blue sky. His mind was torn with anxiety, not for his own sake—but for hers, whom he had left alone in a state of terrible suspense on the mountain's brow. The sight which he had so lately witnessed, together with his ghastly wound, from which the blood still flowed, made him weak and faint, and he leaned against the wall of his cell in a state of indescribable alarm. Hours glided away—the sun rose and set—the stars peeped out, and the sun rose again—and the prisoner began to suspect that he had received the terrific doom of the *vade in pace*. He lamented his own rashness, and more the deserted state of the lovely orphan for whom he had already risked so much.

He was the youngest of three brothers, sons of a Scottish chief; but like many other junior branches of great families, he inherited but a slender portion at his father's decease. His eldest brother had been long absent studying at Salamanca; a report of his death had gone forth, and the next heir seized the property, and such was his selfish villany that he refused our hero even his little due. In those days *power was law*; and grieved and angered, he resolved to seek his eldest brother, to the report of whose death he gave but little credit, and trusted with his society to balm his wounded spirit.—With this intention, he repaired to

England, and there encountering Robin Hood and his gallant company, at that time the bravest and best part of the English nation; he was captivated by their noble demeanour and their leader's courtesy, and consented to join their band. It is in this relation that he is first introduced to our readers.

On the third morning of his captivity, he was roused from a feverish and broken slumber by the door of his cell grating harshly on its rusty hinges, and the clang of chains, and the next moment two savage looking miscreants entered the dungeon. The prisoner instinctively felt for his sword—but it was gone—and unable to support himself, he measured his length upon the damp floor. A malignant laugh proceeded from the friars; and, seizing the unconscious youth, they dragged him along through several devious passages into the open air. The breath of heaven presently restored him to consciousness, and he observed a rack and other instruments of torture standing near him; a moment had scarcely elapsed, when, to his horror and astonishment, he beheld Rachel proceed from another part of the building, attended by the Prior and a masked ruffian, who from time to time lacerated her bleeding bosom; her raven tresses flowed loosely upon her shoulders—her eyes were raised in prayer, and her mind seemed elevated above all earthly objects; but the instant she beheld the huntsman, her composure vanished, and stretching out her lily hands, she demanded in thrilling tones to see her father.

Mocking her entreaties, the callous hearted monks were preparing to stretch her upon the accursed wheel, when the youth, nerved with a desperate frenzy—forgetting his situation—his wounds—everything, rushed to the maiden's side, and seizing her hand, half running, half flying, he dragged her forward a few paces, and overcome by his exertions, fell upon the pavement. The friars anticipated the result, and shouted with savage exultation; but now the tramp of horse and the silver melody of bells were heard; the gates flew open, and, attended by a numerous retinue of priests and vassals, that active soldier and apostle of the Church militant, Archbishop Baldwin, entered the sacred precincts. His venerable countenance beamed with charity and benevolence; but when he saw the bloody spectacle which now presented itself, he recoiled with horror.

The Prior trembled with rage as he strode forward to receive his superior, and answered his harsh interrogations firmly and proudly. He asserted that his prisoners were damnable heretics, and was about to allege some other sophistries in defence of his cruelty, when, summoning all his energies for the effort, the youth interrupted him.

"Priest," he cried, "I am no heretic, and he lies most foully who says so. Hear me, father!—These sainted miscreants have murdered one man—venerable as thou art—who craved their shelter but for one night. They have dragged that old man's daughter from her secluded home, that every torture she endured might increase my mental agony; and now, forsooth, they plead their zeal for the God of love, and would persuade thee, father, that this was their only motive. If this be true—if it be proved that Christ's creed,—of which, doubtless, I wot but very little,—sanctions such barbarity, then would I heretically renounce my faith; but not *till* then!"

"Would'st thou risk all for the cause of God in Palestine?" eagerly demanded the prelate.

"Of a troth would I—but this lady—"

"What hath she done?" enquired the bishop sternly.

"She is a *Jewess*," groaned the monk bitterly.

"Cowards and cruel," returned Baldwin, "think ye that torture will avail aught in such a case!—Fiends and cruel, it is such as ye who bring contempt upon our holy Church, and *your* crimes form the burthen of every wild and idle theme. Would to God that I sat on the throne of Saint Peter, then would I wet his fearful sword, and having first locked the gates of heaven upon you, sweep ye, like a nest of hornets, from the earth!"

"Are we not of the family of Saint Dominic?" replied the Prior fiercely; "is zeal for holy Church thus to be repaid!—Scarcely did I think that the anger which thou bearest towards the Moslem would tempt thee to cherish Messiah's murderers!"

"Are not the infidels taken in actual sin—in open resistance to Christ's cross? Have they not trampled under foot the true believers, and defiled the sanctuary, and shall not the sword exterminate them?—But ye would destroy the helpless father with the guileless child,—would torture the innocent with the guilty. Get thee behind me, thou priestly assassin, and expiate thy crime

in Palestine; nor return again till thou hast visited Jerusalem, and knelt at thy Saviour's sepulchre. This shall be thy penance—I have said it."

The Prior's cheek was flushed with enthusiasm, he believed he was serving God.

"Father," he replied, "if a house be divided against itself, how shall that house stand?—If the infallible Church be corrupted with heresy, and if her rulers defend that heresy, well may we chant our *nunc demittes*, and weep salt tears of vain regret on the ruins."

"Upbraid not me!" interrupted the archbishop sternly.

"I will meet thee again, thou child of Sathanas," resumed the Prior, darting a furious glance at the young huntsman.

"And I will encounter thee again, thou demon!" replied the youth.—

"Take this gage," said he, dashing down a glove, "wear it with thy palmer's shell—by that shall I know thee."

"And take thou this pledge," retorted the monk, hurling a dagger in the direction of the breast of his foe, which, fortunately for him, missed its aim.

"Christians—fellow-men, stay your hands!" exclaimed Baldwin; "if my presence deters ye not, priest, remember thy vows. Boy, he is a servant of the Church—albeit unworthy—therefore I charge you *respect his office*.—Surely this cannot be fitting time for broil, and the spilling of blood before a feeble and defenceless female?"

(*To be continued.*)

CUPID LOST AND FOUND.

Certain wits and wags have indulged their risibility at the expense of the unpoetic names of the Dutch bards, quoted in Mr. Bowring's much admired translation of their works, published in 1836; amongst others, the Milton of the Netherlands is named *Joost van den Vondel*; others Hoogstraeten, Foenckenbroek, and Jacob Cats. "But what's in a name?—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." And, spite of his name, *Mynheer Cats* seems to have thought and written much in the spirit of the English bards of coeval date. The following poem is elegant, playful and pretty.

CUPID LOST AND CRIED.

Het weligh boeffje, Venus-kint.

The child of Venus, wanton, wild,
The sliest rogue that ever smiled,
Had lately stray'd where?—who shall guess?
His mother pined in sad distress;—
She calls the boy; she sighs, complains,
But still no news of Cupid gains:
For though her sorrow grew apace,
None knew the urchin's resting place:
She, therefore, vow'd the boy should be
Cried o'er the country speedily:—

"If there be any who can tell
Where little Cupid's wont to dwell,

A fit reward he shall enjoy
 If he track out the truant boy;
 His recompense a fragrant kiss
 From Venus' ruby mouth of bliss;
 But he who firmly holds the knave
 Shall yet a sweeter guerdon have.
 And lest ye should mistake the wight,
 List to his form described aright:—
 'Two pinions, like a swan, he carries,
 And never for an instant tarries,
 But now is here and now is there,
 And couples many a curious pair.
 His eyes like two bright stars are glowing,
 And ever sidelong glances throwing:
 He bears about a crafty bow,
 And wounds before the wounded know:
 His dart, though gilt to please the view,
 Is dippt'd in bitter venom too;
 His body, though 'tis bare to sight,
 Has overthrown full many a knight:
 His living torch, though mean and small,
 Oft makes the hardest warrior fall;
 The highest dames with care invade,
 And spares not even the tenderest maids.—
 Nay, what is worse than all the rest,
 He sometimes wounds his mother's breast!
 If such an urchin should be found,
 Proclaim the joyous news around;
 And should the boy attempt to fly,
 O seize him, seize him darily.
 But if you have the child at last,
 Be careful that you hold him fast,
 Or else the roving bird he'll play,
 And vanish in thine air away.
 And if he seem to pine and grieve,
 You must not heed him, nor believe—
 Nor trust his tears and feign'd distress,
 His winning glance and bland caress;
 But watch his cheek when dimples wreath it,
 And think that evil lurks beneath it;
 For under his pretended smile,
 Are veil'd the deepest craft and guile.
 If he a kiss should offer, shun
 The proffer'd gift, or be undone;
 His ruby lips thy heart would sentence,
 To brief delight, but long repentance;
 But if the cunning boy will give
 His dart to you—Oh! ne'er receive,
 If you would hope for blissful years,
 The fire sent, that so fair appears,
 It is no pledge of love—but shame,
 And danger and destroying flame.
 Then friends—to speak with brevity—
 This wholesome warning take from me:
 Let those who seize the wily ranger,
 Be on their guard 'gainst many a danger;
 For, if they venture too securely,
 Misfortunes will assail them surely;
 And, if they trust the boy in aught,
 The catchers will themselves be caught.

MY UNCLE.

For the Olio.

MANY people, in affairs concerning their family, carefully hide or forget every thing which they imagine low and ignoble; while they endeavour to shed around themselves a sort of consequence, by retailing the actions of any individual of notoriety, they can at all bring into their connexion. I might have been tempted to follow this example; but, fortunately, I have not a single being of sufficient importance to make me forget my poorer friends, and as to my uncle, he is too well known in our neighbourhood to

have my veracity doubted, when I relate any of his adventures. Without any other remarks by way of introducing my relative, I will at once give him as he really is, a rough old tar, called by his associates, Uncle Billy—not that he is related to one out of fifty of them, but so they have named him, and not an urchin able to lisped out the word, or to distinguish men from each other, but uses it as familiarly as if he really had a right of relationship. Whoever has been on the pier of P—in fine weather must have seen him, for there, with about half-a-dozen others, remnants of the old school of seamen, he may be found, making wise remarks upon the shipping, or for their mutual edification, telling long stories (as it is technically called spinning a yarn,) of what they have seen or heard in their voyages. Of this little group, my uncle was by far the most able story-teller, and when in my hours of relaxation from school exercises, I could contrive by any means to mingle with the auditors, there I stood with ears open to receive the wondrous tale.

As he, like many others, was fond of repeating the same adventure over and over, I learnt several of them by heart; some of them were interesting only to the individuals concerned; others were repeated merely to show the bravery of the narrator: the following, if I may guess by the number of times I heard it, was my uncle's favourite, and, as the transcribing it may keep the old tar in the memory of his acquaintances when he parts his cable and runs on the shore of death, I will try to give it in his own manner to the world.

We were cruising in the channel in the summer of 18—, when a fleet of homeward-bound West India-men hove in sight; being rather short-handed, the boats were ordered out to see if we could not pick up a few good men; our commander went in one of them, and out of a ship tolerably well-manned, he took the second mate (Harry Trevillian) and two seamen. There was nothing in the men to attract attention; but Trevillian, who was a fine fellow about thirty, appeared to suffer the loss of liberty most acutely. Poor Harry!—when he came on board, the agony of his mind was plainly to be seen in his countenance, and he seemed the very picture of despair. I tried what I could do to make him comfortable, but the thought of his home was perpetually rendering him uneasy; and the rough

manners of our captain did not in the least serve to allay his disquiet; he had a wife and two children living in a little village on the southern coast of Devon, and was returning home to them with his hard-earned property; fancy had painted to him the pleasure of meeting them, and now, when the port was almost in sight, and all the worst of the voyage past, to be snatched away from his promised enjoyments, to go he knew not where, quite unmanned him, and made his life unhappy.

For all this he did his duty bravely, and without a murmur, and had become a little more reconciled to his fortune, when, by stress of weather, we were driven into Torbay; this was very near his home, and he asked liberty to go on shore to see his family, promising to return to the ship on the next morning. The captain, without any regard for the feelings of a man and a husband, peremptorily refused, and ordered him to his post. There was nothing particular in the look of Trevillian when this was told him, but I could see by his actions the whole of the evening, something was in agitation.

In the morning he was missed; some one had noticed he never came below when the watch was relieved, and knowing him to be a determined character when his mind was bent on any particular purpose, it was immediately suggested to the mind of the captain he had slipped down the side and swam on shore; this was very possible, as he was an excellent swimmer, and knew every creek in the bay where he might safely land in.

A party was ordered on shore to retake and bring him on board; most of the men were inclined rather to favour his escape than otherwise, but among them were some of the captain's own men, and they were obliged to proceed. They found him at his house—his wife dangerously ill; and he was bending over the bed in sorrow at her situation and his own inability to help her. Without the least touch of pity they tore him away. Poor woman, her sorrows were soon over, she uttered a faint shriek when they entered, and fell back on the bed insensible—swoon succeeded swoon, and she died before he reached the ship. When the boat came alongside, the captain was pacing the deck like a fury, and ordered Harry in irons; there was not a man on board but pitied him, and yet none durst disobey.

The next morning at day-break all

hands were piped on deck, every man was ordered to his station, and the boatswain and boatswain's mates ready to inflict the punishment ordered by their commander. The prisoner was brought to the gangway; we expected all this was only a form and he would be pardoned, as he solemnly declared it was his intention to return on board after seeing his family; but the captain had resolved to punish those disobedient to orders, and neither the prayers nor entreaties of his officers could turn him from his purpose. The articles of war were read, and Trevillian was seized up; he uttered not a word, and, when the lash came on him, tearing away the skin, and inflicting a severe wound at every stroke, not a groan escaped his lips, but he looked with defiance on the author of his torment—I would not have had that look upon me for a thousand worlds, and our commander felt its influence to his dying day. The surgeon of the ship told Trevillian, in the kindest manner he could, of the death of his wife, and paid every attention to his comfort; the wounds were soon healed, but the mind had received an injury it could never recover.

Soon after this we were ordered to the coast of South America. Trevillian was now permitted to come on deck, and ordered, as soon as possible, to return to his duty: he did what he was ordered—but the spirit of the man was changed—the spring of his actions was gone—he moved about like an animated statue; he rarely spoke, yet his mind was working, and the thought could not be controuled; it tore down the strength of the man, and rendered him almost helpless as an infant. No one could have thought the poor weak frame now before him was Harry Trevillian, who, a few months since, was the pride of the ship. The change of climate from winter's cold to the excessive heat of the tropics, brought a fever among the crew; many were laid down by it, and among them was Trevillian; he was so weak that little carried him off, and he died the first man. It was a merciful disposition of providence, for then the conflict of contending passions was at rest, and though the wild waves of ocean battled over him, he sleeps as peaceful in death as if he had died in his own little cot, and had been buried in the church-yard of his native place with his forefathers.

After the death of Trevillian, peace of mind was a stranger to our captain; wherever he went, whatever he did,

there appeared to be a ruling power to thwart his purpose; it rendered him nerveless and unfit for command; the ship was completely under the guidance of his officers, and he stalked about, muttering to himself; at times it seemed as though he talked to some other being, invisible to all but himself. In the dark still nights, he would come on the deck, trembling and staring as if afraid to meet some direful foe, and he would utter the name of Trevillian so supplicating and piteously, that those who knew him in former days, when in the pride and flush of vigour, could not help feeling sorrow for his situation.

One evening, when cruising on the coast of Brazil, from a fine calm sunny afternoon, all at once the wind began to moan and whistle through the rigging aloft; the sea-birds screamed as they endeavoured to make the land, and flew about in wild clamour around the ship; the vessel reeled to and fro, staggering under the influence of the commotion in the air; the sails were beating against the masts, and every thing in confusion, for we were hove aback by the sudden change of wind; yet, at that time, the waters were smooth and tranquil as a pond, and gave no sign of the approaching hurricane. The officers of the watch gave order to take in sail and secure every thing with all possible dispatch, —but, before half was finished, it came on our devoted heads; the heaving and struggling of the waters was fearful to look at, and they seemed waiting for their prey, as our destruction appeared inevitable.

Seeing the situation of the ship, and the little probability of escape by any exertion they could make, the men became dispirited, and in some instances refused to obey orders; the officers looked for their commander to come on deck and share their perils,—to show some remains of that courage and self-collection, which the hurricane, tempest, and battle used to call into action; but he came not; he lay on the floor of his cabin in agony of spirit; his conscience would not suffer him to rest, and when they came to him to report what was doing, and ask his advice, he prayed them to let him alone, that he might die in peace, if peace could be found. They left him and came on deck; already the sky was become pitchy dark, and except when the lightning played around them; scarce a man could distinguish his fellow; the waves rose mountains high, and the ship at times would be darting aloft with the

rapidity of a whirlwind, and again be immersed in the foaming hollow. The officers, by force of entreaty, had secured good order and attention; every thing they could devise to secure the ship had been done, and we only waited the day to discover where we had been driven—when, all at once, with one tremendous crash, the masts went by the board, and the ship was grovelling among the breakers on a reef, we knew not where, and every one gave himself up for lost.

This did not last many minutes, for the huge seas lifted us completely over the reef, and we were in comparatively smooth water; the ship floated about twice her length, and then sunk: at this moment, though the rush of waters and the tempest were most tremendous, yet the cry of horror and despair as the ship went down was heard above the din and roar of the battling elements; the strong struggled with the waves, and many reached the shore; others, by clinging to the loose spars and floating wreck, escaped alive; but many—and among them the captain—perished; he was supposed to have been drowned in his cabin as the ship went down, for no one ever saw him on deck; only a few minutes before the ship struck, his groans and cries were heard by those who escaped alive, and for the world's wealth I would not have died the death of that man.

The next morning, any person walking on the beach would never have imagined the storm could so alter the scene as it had the night before; the little ripple was playing along the shore, bright shells were clustered in the crevices of the rocks, and the trees of the forest, close to the margin of the strand, were full of life and animation, for parrots and birds of all colours flew about them; the monkey chattered and played his antic tricks on the branches, and among the flowers at their feet; the humming-bird, searching for its insect food, darted to and fro, with its beautiful tinted plumage sparkling like gems in the sun's rays. The night before all had been terrible; the waves beat over the rocks with overwhelming fury, and the cries of the dying, struggling with the tempest, were heard in all directions. Now only the few scattered planks of the ship showed the desolation the storm had made. In the morning the natives came down to assist us; we were kindly taken care of, and a few days after left the place in a ship sent to convey us to Rio Janeiro.

Soon after this we were ordered to England; war was at an end, and peace reigned triumphant o'er the world; we were paid off, but, thanks to my country, I am provided for handsomely. Still, while I have a leg to stand on, and an arm to maintain my country's cause, they shall be at her service, and as to the king—God bless him!

J. S. C.

Songs of Passion.

For the Ollio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

No. I.

And does she think I can forget
The past, so bright, entrancing—
Those hours of joy when last we met,
With young hope wildly glancing:
Alas! she little knows the heart
She deems so weak,—forsaking,—
Condemn'd to pine—alone—apart,—
In silent anguish breaking.
And does she think, now sever'd wide,
The gay world smiling round me,
Though passion's voice be check'd by pride,
'Tis broke—the chain that bound me;
Oh, no!—the breast that truly bleeds,
Oft hides its lonely sadness,
Consuming, on love's poison feeds,
And life's a dreaming madness.

A FEW WORDS ON PLAY BILLS.

The use of bills, giving information of the time, place, and nature of the representation of plays, is of considerable antiquity.

The practice was common prior to the year 1563, for Strype, in his *Life of Grindall*, stating the objections of the Archbishop to dramatic amusements, mentions that he represented to the Queen's secretary, that the players 'did then daily, but especially on the holidays, set up their bills, inviting to plays.' At a subsequent date, John Northbrooke, in his *Treatise* against theatrical performances, printed about 1579, supplies similar evidence. He says,—'They use to set up their bills upon posts some certain days before, to admonish people to make resort to their theatres;' and eight years afterwards the Court of Assistants of the Stationers' Company gave to John Charlewood a licence for the sole printing of bills for players. At a later period, the right was assumed and exercised by the crown. It appears that James Roberts had also printed 'the bills for players,' and he mentions them among the publications from his press. Roberts began to print as early as 1573, and continued until after the

year 1600. He might, very possibly, succeed Charlewood, as the person licensed by the Stationers' Company.

Malone, in reference to this circumstance, expresses his surprise that 'even the right of printing play-bills was at one time made a subject of monopoly by the Stationers' Company;' but he was not aware that James I. actually granted a patent for the purpose.

In the Library of the Society of Antiquaries is preserved a broadside, dated 1620, and entitled 'An abstract of his Majestie's Letters Patents granted unto Roger Wood and Thomas Symcocke, for the sole printing of paper and parchment on the one side;' and among the articles enumerated, are 'all Billes for Playes, Pastimes, Showes, Challenges, Prizes, or Sportes whatsoever;' and at the close, people wishing for any such work to be done are called upon to repair 'to the Old Change, at the Golden Anchor, over against Carter Lane end, where they shall be reasonably dealt with for the same.' Wood and Symcocke assigned their right under this patent to Edward Alde, and the broadside was published by him in that capacity.

Malone states that the earlier play-bills 'did not contain a list of the characters, or of the names of the actors by whom they were represented;' and although we are without affirmative evidence on the point, he was, probably, right in his conclusion. It may be inferred from a portion of the dialogue in *Histriomastix*, 1610, that the name of the author was sometimes, if not usually, printed in the play-bill, together with the title of his production. In the same play we read the following stage-direction:—'Enter Belch,' (one of the players,) 'setting up bills,' which may show also the kind of employment to which the inferior actors, when in the country, condescended. They are afterwards called 'text-bills for plays.' In the induction to *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, Tragedy whips History and Comedy from the stage, exclaiming:—

'Tis you have kept the theatre so long
Painted in play-bills upon every post,
While I am scorned of the multitude.

A similar proof is to be found in Taylor's (the Water-poet) *Wit and Mirth*, to which Malone referred.—That it was usual with the title of the piece to state whether it was comedy, tragedy, &c. we gather from the prologue to Shirley's *Cardinal*, when he

apologizes for only calling it 'a play' in the bills:—

Think what you please, we call it but a 'play,'
Whether the comic muse, or lady's love,
Romance, or direful tragedy it prove,
The bill determines not:

and from what immediately follows, it may be thought that the names of tragedies, for greater distinction, were ordinarily printed in red ink:

And you would be
Persuaded I would have't a comedy,
For all the purple in the name.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLACE LOUIS XV.

On the conclusion of the general peace of Aix la-Chapelle in 1748, the city of Paris resolved to present a statue to the reigning King Louis XV. It was this circumstance which gave occasion to the formation of the magnificent square called the *Place Louis Quinze*. The ground on which it stands was at this time a shapeless and unoccupied waste—forming a singularly uncharacteristic place of passage between the splendid garden of the palace and the not less beautiful Champs Elysees beyond, and breaking the continuity of what was otherwise one of the most prolonged and harmonious vistas of richly ornamented landscape. But in 1763, when the statue was finished, it was determined to convert this spacious opening into a place for its reception, and operations were immediately commenced for levelling the ground and reducing it to a regular form. The statue—a representation in bronze of the king on horseback, supported by four virtues—was fixed in the centre of the new *Place* on the 19th of April that year, and uncovered to the public view on the 20th of June following. The buildings around the square were begun about the same time, but were not finished till 1772; and it was not till 1784 that the wooden fence which had been originally raised around the statue, was taken down, and replaced by a balustrade of white marble. This statue, when it was first erected, drew forth many smart sayings from the wits of the capital, in allusion both to the disposition and the execution of the figures, of which those forming the pedestal were very inferior to that of the king which they supported. Of these pasquinades the following is still remembered as one of the most stinging:—

O la belle statue! o le beau pedestal!
Les Vertus sont a pied, le Vice est a cheval!

Before the *Place Louis XV.* was quite finished, it was the scene of a catastrophe, memorable for the number of victims it involved, and for the remarkable occasion of national festivity and rejoicing, over which it threw so sudden and inauspicious a gloom. Never perhaps had any royal marriage been hailed with gladder expectations than that of the unfortunate Louis XVI., then Dauphin and heir of France, with the beautiful daughter of Maria Theresa, which was celebrated at Versailles on the 16th of May, 1770. Even on that day, however, the superstitious, it is recorded, were not unvisited by certain misgivings and fears when, during the performance of the nuptial ceremony, a violent storm burst upon Versailles, accompanied by so heavy a rain as almost to inundate the town. But at Paris, a few days afterwards, the earth was drenched, not with water, but with blood. On the 30th various festive spectacles were exhibited in the capital in honour of the recent nuptials; and the day was concluded by a magnificent display of fire-works in the *Place Louis XV.*, which attracted a multitude that filled to overflowing the whole of that capacious square. As soon as this show was over, the immense mass of spectators, separating into different bodies, sought to leave the ground by the various openings which led from it; but by far the largest portion endeavoured to effect their retreat through the broad street, the *Rue Royale*, leading directly to the northern Boulevards and the adjacent parts of the city. Here shortly commenced a terrible scene. The buildings on both sides of the street were still going on; and in some places merely the foundations had been dug for houses which were not yet begun. By the lamentable negligence of the authorities, these openings in the ground had been allowed to remain uncovered and unfenced, while elsewhere heaps of building materials lay about in all directions. When the foremost ranks of the crowd therefore, pressed upon by those behind, poured in upon the street in a voluminous wave, many of the miserable people, encountering these pitfalls and other obstacles, were instantly thrown down in the rush, and trodden into the earth, or buried beneath numbers of other bodies falling after them into the same trench. To augment the pressure and confusion, many persons, not aware that the show was over, or anxious perhaps to obtain the places of

those whom they saw leaving the square, some on foot and some in carriages, and thus, even where the way was otherwise clear, blocked it up with their opposing current. The tumult and consternation now became universal. The cries of young and old, and of both sexes, rent the air; and despair and madness took possession of the mighty multitude. Every individual strove for himself with frenzied and super-human energy; the strong, although even the strongest, could do but little to aid themselves in such a struggle, yet endeavoured recklessly to force their way forward over the bodies of their weaker companions; many drew their swords, and extending their arms by a wild effort over the shoulders of those around them, attempted to hack out for themselves a path of escape by repeated blows with their weapons on the dense mass of their fellow-sufferers. The destruction of life which took place on this occasion was never correctly ascertained. The number of those killed on the spot is allowed, by the lowest estimate, to have exceeded three hundred; of whom above one hundred and thirty still lay stretched on the ground, or were found crushed among the foundations of the buildings, when the police visited the scene next morning; but it has been calculated that at least twelve hundred persons died almost immediately of their wounds, while probably a much greater number, who for some time survived the catastrophe, were eventually brought to their graves by the injuries they then received.

It was in the Place Louis XV. that the Revolution of 1789 may be said to have first broken out. It was here, at least, that the first of the blood was shed that flowed in that terrible convulsion. On the morning of the 12th July a detachment of the Swiss guards, with four pieces of cannon, had been stationed in the Champs Elysees, to be in readiness to repress the popular disturbances which were apprehended from the state of the public mind. About noon the news of the dismissal of Necker reached Paris, and inflamed the indignation of the citizens to such a degree that it became very evident they would not long confine themselves to mere murmurs and menaces against the government. A crowd immediately collected; and, having taken the busts of the ex-minister and the Duke of Orleans from a wax-work on the northern boulevards, bore them in tumultuous triumph

through the principal streets. By this time the King's German regiment of cavalry, commanded by the Prince of Lambesc, had drawn up in the Place Louis XV., where the people were also assembled in considerable numbers. It is said that the soldiers bore the insults and outrages of the multitude for a long time with great patience, and did not even retaliate when stones were thrown and pistols fired at them. It is certain, however, that at last one of the cavalry, when riding past a soldier of the French guards (who were understood to be generally well affected to the popular cause), provoked probably by something that had suddenly occurred, drew forth his pistol and shot the man through the heart. This unexpected act of aggression was the signal for the immediate flight of the people into the garden of the Palace, followed by the troop with the Prince at their head, who, springing over the Pont Tournant, is asserted, as soon as he had got into the garden, to have begun cutting down indiscriminately all who came in his way.

But the Place Louis XV. derives its chief celebrity from still more terrible scenes than any we have yet related, of which it was subsequently the theatre. Here was the principal place of execution, we should rather say the shambles, of the Revolution, during its worst days, where for a long time the law itself committed its murders by wholesale, at a rate almost enough to stagger the belief even of those who are most familiar with the story of whatever atrocities of this nature have been perpetrated by former tyrannies in any other land.—The first victim who perished in this place of blood was the King himself.

Paris, and its Historical Scenes.

Illustrations of History.

ON THE ORIGIN OF PARLIAMENT.—Long before the introduction of the Norman language into England, all matters of importance were debated and settled in the great councils of the realm, a practice which seems to have been universal among the northern nations, particularly among the Germans, and carried by them into all the countries of Europe which they overran at the dissolution of the Roman Empire. With us in England, this general council has been held immemorially under the several names of *Michel Synoth*, or great council; *Michel Gemote*, or great meeting; and more frequently *Willems*

Gemote, or the meeting of wise men; and instances are recorded of its meeting so early as the reign of Ina, king of the West Saxons, or the commencement of the eighth century. After the union of the Heptarchy, Alfred ordained that this *Wittena Gemote* should meet twice or oftener in every year; and that our succeeding Saxon and Danish monarchs held frequent councils of a similar description, appears from their respective codes of laws, the titles of which usually declare them to have been enacted by the king, with the consent of his council.

William the Conqueror divided the greatest part of England among his followers, each of whom, under the title of Baron, held his lands of the king in capite, and it was part of his duty to give his advice and assistance at the public councils held at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, at which the king used also to appear in his royal robes; and we find that in Edward III.'s time, an Act of Parliament which had been passed in the reign of the Norman Conqueror, was pleaded in the case of the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, and judicially allowed by the court.

How these Parliaments were composed has been matter of great dispute among our learned antiquaries. Prynne, Sir Henry Spelman, and Camden, assert that the commons constituted a part of the Parliament in the time of the Saxons, but not by that name, or elected as consisting of knights, citizens, and burgesses. It is, however, generally agreed, that in the main, the constitution of Parliament, as it now stands, was marked out in the great charter granted by John, 1215, wherein he promised to summon all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons, personally; and all other tenants in chief under the crown, by the sheriffs and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with forty days notice, to assess aids and scutages when necessary; and this constitution has subsisted in fact at least from the year 1266, there being still extant writs of that date, to summon knights, citizens, and burgesses to Parliament.

The word *Parliament* was first applied to the general assemblies of the state under Louis VII. of France, about the middle of the 12th century. The first mention of it in our statute law is in the preamble to the statute of West. 3d Edw. I. A.D. 1272.

It is supposed that the commons of England began to sit in a separate

house, or at least gave their assents separately, soon after the privilege of electing members in lieu of the lesser barons had been granted to the people, as we find that Peter de Montford was the speaker for the commons in the year 1200.

It is a branch of the royal prerogative, that no Parliament can be convened, except it is summoned by authority from the king, which is performed by the issuing of a writ out of chancery at least forty days before it begins to sit. But to remedy the evil of discontinuing Parliaments, it was enacted by 16 Car. I., and again by 6 William and Mary, that a new Parliament should be called within three years after the determination of the former.

Parliaments were always opened by the king in person, or, if a minor, or beyond sea, by the guardian or protector of the realm. The first time of its being opened by commission when the sovereign might have attended, was in the 28th of Elizabeth, in which commission it was stated, that for urgent reasons, she could not be present in her royal person.

Before any member of the House of Commons can take his seat, he must take the oaths of supremacy, allegiance, &c. both before the lord steward of the king's household, and at the table of the house. Sir John Leach, who, in 1620, had inadvertently taken his seat previous to being sworn, was declared to be in the situation of one not duly elected.

Each house of Parliament has its own speaker: the speaker of the House of Lords is the Chancellor, or any person appointed by the king's commission, and if none be so appointed, the Lords may elect—an instance of which occurred in the Irish House of Lords; but, till the time of Peter de Montford, the commons had no regular speaker, and therefore, after consultation, their manner of proceeding was to agree upon some person of great abilities to deliver their resolutions. The speaker of the House of Commons, is, however, now regularly chosen by the house immediately after the members are sworn, and when elected, he is conducted to the chair by the two members who have moved and seconded his nomination. The mace is then placed on the table, and the house may be considered as constituted, subject only to the king's approval of the speaker, which has always been the case, except in the year 1673—a precedent not likely to be

followed. It is rather singular that speakers, like bishops, always affect reluctance to undertake the office, which cannot be easily accounted for, unless it be true that it was formerly the custom to buffet them when elected. Sir Richard Welgrew, 5 Rich. II. was the first speaker who made any formal apology for inability. Sir John Bushby, 17 Rich. II., was the first speaker presented to the king in full Parliament by the commons. The commons were first required by the king to choose a speaker in the second year of Henry IV. Richard Rich, 28 Henry VIII., was the first speaker who made request for access to the king; Thomas Moyle, 34 Henry VIII., for freedom of speech; and Sir Thomas Congreve, 1 Eliz., for privilege from arrests.

Attendance in Parliament was originally considered a great inconvenience and hardship, and therefore, according to Prynne, the expences of the members of the House of Commons were allowed to them so early as the 49th of Henry III., which expences were reduced to the sums of 2s. and 4s. per day in the 16th of Edward II., though there are some instances where a less sum was allowed. Andrew Marvell, member for Hull, in the Parliament after the Restoration, was, it is said, the last member who received these wages, which were considered so burthensome that many boroughs petitioned to be excused from sending members to Parliament on account of the expence; and from the 33d of Edw. III. uniformly through the five succeeding reigns, the sheriff of Lancashire returned that there were no cities or boroughs in his county that ought, or were used, or could, on account of their poverty, send any citizens or burgesses to Parliament.

The privilege of letters coming free of postage, to and from members of Parliament, was claimed by the House of Commons in 1660, soon after the post-office was established, but dropped on a private assurance that it would be allowed; and, accordingly, a warrant used to be issued to the Postmaster General to allow the same, till at length it was expressly confirmed by stat. 4 Geo. III.

The first instance in the English history of any of the opposition members being advanced on account of their influence in the house, was in the person of Sir John Saville, who, in the reign of James the First was made comptroller of the household, a privy counsellor, and soon afterwards a baron.

Parliamentary journals were first directed to be kept, at the motion of Sir Edward Sandys, in the year 1607.

With respect to the Clergy, their right or capacity of sitting in Parliament was for a long time contested, but at length, by 41 Geo. III., it was enacted, that no person, having been ordained to the office of priest or deacon, or being a minister of the Church of Scotland, should be capable of being elected to serve in Parliament as a Member of the House of Commons.

The Naturalist.

PORES OF THE SKIN.—Every part of the human skin is full of *excretory ducts* or *pores*, which emit superfluous humour, continually, from the mass of the circulating fluid. In order to view the pores, cut a small layer of the upper skin with a sharp razor as thin as possible; then immediately cut a second, from the same place, which apply to the microscope, and in a piece not larger than a grain of sand can cover, innumerable pores will be perceived, as plainly as little holes pricked by a fine needle may be discerned, if it be held up against the sun. The scales of the outer skin prevent any distinct view of the pores, unless they are scraped away with a penknife, or cut off in the above manner; but if a piece of the skin between the fingers, or in the palms of the hands, be so prepared and then examined, the light will be seen very plainly through the pores.

Mr. Leuwenhoeck endeavours to give some slight notion of the incredible number of pores in a human body.—He supposes there are one hundred and twenty such pores in a line one-tenth of an inch long; however, to keep within compass, he reckons only one hundred. An inch in length will then contain a thousand in a row, and a foot twelve thousand. According to this computation, a foot square must have in it a hundred and forty-four millions; and supposing the superficies of a middle-sized man to be fourteen feet square, there will be in his skin two thousand and sixteen millions of pores. To acquire some clearer idea still of this prodigious number of pores by our conception of time, let us reckon with Mersennus, that each hour consists of sixty minutes, and each minute of sixty seconds, or sixty pulsations of an artery; in one hour there will then be three thousand and six hundred

pulses; in twenty-four hours, eighty-six thousand and four hundred; and in a year, thirty-one millions five hundred and thirty-six thousand. But there are about sixty-four times as many pores in the surface of a man's skin; and therefore, he must live sixty-four years, ere he will have a pulsation for every pore in his skin. The pores through which we daily perspire, are more particularly remarkable in the hands and feet; for if the hands be well washed with soap, and examined with but an indifferent glass, in the palm, or upon the ends and first joints of the thumb and fingers, innumerable little ridges parallel to each other, of equal bigness and distance will be found; upon which ridges the pores may be perceived by a very good eye, lying in rows, even without a glass; but viewed through a glass, every pore seems like a little fountain, with the perspiration lying therein; and if wiped away, it will be found immediately to spring up again.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M.W. of Windsor.

GIPSY SUPERSTITIONS.—Almost all persons know that gipsies in every country claim acquaintance with the gift of fortune-telling; but, as is often the case, they are liable to the superstitions of which they avail themselves in others. A correspondent of Blackwood gives us some information on the subject of their credulity.

"I have ever understood," he says, speaking of the Jetholm gipsies, "that they are extremely superstitious,—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect; nor do they ever proceed on their summer peregrinations without some propitious omen of their fortunate return. They also burn the clothes of their dead, not so much from any apprehension of infection being communicated by them, as the conviction that the very circumstance of wearing them would shorten the days of their living. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment, and conceive that

'the deil tinkles at the lyke-wake' of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies and terrors of remorse."

These notions are peculiar to the gipsies; but having been once generally entertained among the Scottish common people, are now only found among those who are the most rude in their habits, and most devoid of instruction. The popular idea that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of the apartment shut, was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland. But neither was it to be thrown wide open. To leave the door ajar was the plan adopted by the old crones who understood the mysteries of death-beds and lyke-wakes. In that case, there was room for the imprisoned spirit to escape; and yet an obstacle, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which might otherwise intrude itself. The threshold of a habitation was in some sort a sacred limit, and the subject of much superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always lifted over it, a rule apparently derived from the Romans.

To the Editor of the Olio.

MR. EDITOR—Whilst visiting the capital of the sister kingdom more than twenty years since, I had the following curious shop-bill of a Dublin tradesman placed in my hand. To me, it appears worthy of reprinting, and should you be of the same opinion, perhaps I shall not be requiring too much if I ask to see it in your next sheet.

I am, Sir, &c.

B.

THE DUBLIN FANCY WAREHOUSE,
NO. 1, LOWER ORMOND QUAY.

*Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
Of water and of fire—of odours sweet—
Of fashion—fancy—trade, and gratitude,
Sing heavenly Muse!* MILTON.

Draw me! what mighty curious ways
Men take for money now-a-days!
The Muse, on Liffey's side, (they say)
Is heard upon a *minor Quay*,
A *trading Muse!* (but true with pun)
She sings the wares at Number One;
Such as in common terms were told
In cards or catalogues of old!
But now as manners change with times,
She soars from humble prose to rhymes.

* Horace or Virgil, or some one of those geniuses with whom trades people cannot possibly be acquainted, has, I am told, the following similar idea—"Quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames!"—Very cogent reasons emboldened me to assure the classical reader that this passage is not purloined.

Here choicest articles you'll find
To please the eye, amaze the mind;
Goods both for ornament and use,
Such as few other shops produce:—
As bottled fire, a precious treasure!
To light a candle at your pleasure;
And ink for lovers when they choose
To write their sweethearts *billets doux*;
(Tis used in various secret tricks,
But most in love or politics.)
Pencils of fire to write i' th' dark,
Permanent ink, your clothes to mark;
(Mark what you would with safety use,
Leave unmark'd what you wish to lose.)
Cases, empty purses, gloves and garters,
Fine lavender and honey waters,
Silk handkerchiefs, snuff boxes, scissors,
Fruit knives, pencils, tooth-picks, tweezers
Rich *eddy* polish for your shoes,
Boot-top restorer, all should use;
With pocket-books, each sort and size,
And skipping coris for exercise;
But *hempen ropes* I never sell,
I love my customers too well;
And though I've *gallowes* (for breeches),
I hate your doleful dying speeches.

Ladies! to you our high respects
We pay, as gallantry directs:
Wanton Zephyr's balmy wing,
For you Arabia's stores shall bring,
Wafting, in luxurious breeze,
Fragrance of ambrosial trees.
Lillies, and a thousand flowers,
Cull'd in rose and jasmine bowers;
These to Kertland's chemic art
All their od'rous powers impart,
Hence the choicest perfumes flow,
Hence soaps, pomades, and lip salves glow
(To guard Hibernia's daughters fair
From tanning sun-beams—frosty air.)
With rouge, carmine, and milk of roses,
Pungent salts to sting your noses,
With Grecian water fresh and fair,
To turn to black the greyest hair;
And water which to heart's delight
Will bleach the darkest linen white;
And salt of lemons, in a twink
To banish iron-mould or ink;
With lozenges to cure a cold,
And horehound, good for young and old.

Patience! my kind and gentle reader,
For fashion is a *special breeder*,
Of other goods I wish to tell—
Oh! 'tis an evil not to sell.
'Twould pose e'en P—s *pericrany*,
To sing of every miscellany.

Here's paraplule's and parasols,
Nice fancy papers, prints and drolls,
With combs of silver, gilt, or shell,
To suit the taste of *beau* or *belle*;
Dress ornaments and wedding rings!
Beads, bracelets, and a thousand things—
Laid in as fashion gives the hint,
Too tedious to appear in print.

And then, to gratify all palates,
We've vinegars and oils for sallads,
Green girkins, capers, macarons,
And rich anchovies from Gorgona,
Anchovy essence, capillaire,
True asquebaugh and French liquere.

If then for these you have occasion,
Accept this humble invitation,
"Drawn out in jingling *spitter spatter*,
Like acid flash of—soda water."
And though but little you select,
E'en trifles have their due effect;
My heart with gratitude shall flow
For every favour you bestow,
And in all instances expedient,
I'll ever prove—your most obedient—

W. KERTLAND.

Some poets write to gain applause,
Some poets have a better cause.

FANS.—The powers of the fan are nowhere seen displayed to such advantage as on the Prado. I believe I shall never be able to look at a fan in the hands of any other than a Spanish woman,—certainly no other woman understands the management of it. In her hands it is never one moment at rest,—she throws it open, fans herself, furls it to the right,—opens it again, again fans herself, and furls it to the left, and all with three fingers of one hand. This is absolutely marvellous to one who has been accustomed to see a fan opened with both hands, and furl'd only on one side. But that I may at once exhaust the subject of fans, let me add, that in the hands of its true mistress, the fan becomes a substitute for language, and an interpreter of etiquette. If a lady perceives that she is an object of attention to some inquisitive and admiring *caballero*, she has immediate recourse to her fan, that she may convey to him one most important piece of information. If she be married, she fans herself slowly; if still *senorita*, rapidly. The caballero, therefore, at once ascertains his chances and his risks. This fact I obtained from a Spanish lady of rank in Madrid, the wife of a gentleman in a high official situation. The motion of the fan too, marks distinctly, and with the utmost nicety, the degree of intimacy that subsists between one lady and another. The shake of the fan is the universal acknowledgment of acquaintance; and according as the fan is open or shut, the intimacy is great or small.—*Ingli's Spain* in 1830.

Customs of Various Countries.

OPIUM EATERS.—"The market of Theriaki Tchachissy, near the mosque of Solymania, (says that intelligent traveller Mr. Madden,) is the place where the opium eaters indulge in the use of this 'delicious poison.' The coffee-houses where the Theriakis, or opium eaters, assemble, are situate in a large square; and on a bench outside the door, they await the wished-for reveries, which present to their glowing imaginations the forms of the celestial *houris*, and the enjoyments of their own paradise in all its voluptuousness. I had heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and, accordingly took my seat in the coffee-house, with half-a-dozen

*Theriacis.** Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium, talked incoherently; their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm; I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five and twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain: in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making two grains in the course of two hours.—After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and

* In this place I ascertained that the Constantinople composition of the *madjoun*, which the Turks eat to produce excitement, is composed of the pistils of the flower of the hemp plant, ground to a powder, and mixed in honey, with powdered cloves, nutmeg and saffron. While the coffeehouse-keeper was telling me the secret, I was insulted by an old Turk, who called me a dog, and bid the man sell no *madjoun* to an infidel. I told him that infidels needed no *madjoun*, and that I inquired about it only for medical information. The moment he heard I was a *hakim*, he became quite courteous, assured me the *madjoun* there was not worth a paras, and entreated of me to write a prescription for a better sort. He almost stifled me with his importunities, yet his insolence was sticking in my throat. I wrote him a prescription for a *madjoun*, composed of six grains of calomel, four of scammony, and ten of jalap, mixed up in a little syrup of buckthorn.

shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited: the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter.† My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes, which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects, which were acted upon by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading, at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground, it seemed as if I slid along the street impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating."

Anecdotaliana.

Mrs. SIDDONS.—Garrick's opinion of Mrs. Siddons, "that she would never succeed," is said to have prevented the then Lord Camden from witnessing her performance for two years; but he was at length prevailed on to see her in *Mrs. Beverley*, and, on being asked how he had been amused, "Why," (said he,) "when I am in want of such an amusement again, I will go to Newgate, and witness the parting of a wife from her husband who is going to be hanged—hers is not acting: 'TIS NATURE."

PAGANINI.—We have heard an anecdote of this extraordinary man, which speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart. One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, he saw a poor boy playing upon his violin, and, on entering into conversation with him, he found that he maintained his mother and several little brothers and sisters

† In Sir Humphrey Davy's 'Remarks on the Effects of Nitrous Oxide,' he asserts, that after inhaling the gas, "a thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced." He felt "a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasing, in every joint;" and his "visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified."

by what he picked up as an itinerant musician. Paganini immediately gave him all the money he had about him, then taking the boy's violin, commen-

ced playing, and when he had collected a vast crowd, pulled off his hat, made a collection, and gave it to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, June 22.

St. Alban.

High Water, 11 a.m. 10 m. Morn.—10 19 m. Afternoon.

June 22, 1829.—Accidently drowned whilst bathing in the Thames, at Marlow, W. Rowlinson, a young and amiable man; possessed of much genius. Many pieces from his pen have given a lustre to our early volumes; and we lament that his untimely death has deprived us of a promising and talented contributor.

Thursday, June 23.

St. Etheldrida, Virg. Abbot. A. D. 679.

Sun rises 4 41 m after 3—sets 17 m after 8.

June 23, 1659.—An advertisement in the Public Advertiser, bearing this date, informs us that in "Bishopsgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called *Chocolate*, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

The introduction and use of this heartening beverage may be dated about the above period, as we find no earlier account of it.

Friday, June 24.

MIDSUMMER DAY.

Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

High Water 2 10 m aft 1 Morn.—4 10 m after 1 After. Brady tells us that "the reformed church holds a festival on this day, in commemoration of the wonderful Nativity of St. John the Baptist, the precursor of the Messiah; and in her service, celebrates also his death, by appropriate passages from the scriptures, recording the most remarkable facts connected with his life and sufferings. Formerly, our church held another festival on the 29th of August, in commemoration of his martyrdom, which is still noticed in our Almanac by the title of "The Beheading of John the Baptist," though no service is appointed for that day. The church of Rome, however, retains the 29th of August as a solemn Feast, by the title of *Festum Decollationis*, being a corruption, according to Durandus, of *Festum Collectionis S. Johannis Baptiste*," or the Feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's Relics, which are stated to have performed numerous miraculous cures in the fourth century. St. John the Baptist's Festival was first instituted A. D. 488.

Brande, in his "Popular Antiquities," thus speaks of some customs formerly observed on the eve of St. John the Baptist. He says "on Midsummer-even, it is usual in most of our country places, and also in towns and cities, for both old and young to meet together, and be merry over a large fire, which is made in the open street. Over this they frequently leap and play at various games, such as running, wrestling, dancing, &c. But this is generally the exercise of the younger sort, for the old ones, for the most part, sit by as spectators, and enjoy themselves and their bottle. And thus they spend the time till midnight, and sometimes till cockcrow."

Belithus tells us that it was a custom to carry lighted torches on Midsummer-even, as an emblem of St. John the Baptist, who was "a burning and shining light," and the preparer of the way of Christ. It used to be customary on the celebration of St. John's Festival to light fires about wells and fountains, and burn those things which occasioned the most noisome smell, in order to purify the waters from any infection that might have polluted them. Camden, the antiquary, mentions that Barnwell, a village near Cambridge, derived its name from the children playing about a well on St. John the Baptist's eve. The practice of kindling such fires was severely censured by the Church; and therefore, in the council of Trullus, this canon was made against it—"That if any clergyman or layman observed the rite of making fires on the new moon, he should be excommunicated."

Part 46 of the Oilio, and No. 3 of Illustrations for Scrap Books, will be ready on the 1st July Vol 1. to VI. are now reprinted, and may be had.

Saturday, June 25.

St. Aldebert, Conf. A. D. 740.—Full Moon, 7 h Om

Morning.
The rural occupations of this time of the year are thus pointed out by Howitt:

"Somer is comen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new."

So says the oldest English song, and so the husbandman finds it. In the midland counties, he weeds his green corn; dresses and manures his fallows, keeps down weeds, especially thistles in pastures, and smothering plants in young fences. Turnips are sown, and the midland counties Swedish turnips. Old pastures are pared and burnt; fruit trees require clearing of insects, and hops binding to the poles. The fields are full of grass, and the dairy maid full of employment; compost is mixed for land; sheep now require much attention, and daily, almost hourly, watching to defend them from the fly, or to preserve them from its effects.

Sunday, June 26.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—13 chapter Samuel Morn. 13 chap. Samuel Evening.

26th June, 1691.—Expired almost suddenly at Exeter, æt. 64, John Flavel, one of the ministers ejected by the act of uniformity. His works exhibit strong marks of unaffected and ardent piety. One of the most popular of his productions is his "Mystery of Providence," a small tract eminently calculated to encourage Christians in a firm reliance on Divine Providence.

Monday, June 27.

St. Lladulas, King and Conf. A. D. 1005.

High Water 11 m aft 3 Morning—2 10 m aft 3 After. 27th June, 1777.—Executed at Tyburn on this day, Dr. William Dodd, the ingenious author and popular preacher, for the crime of forgery. Pride, and a habit of sumptuous living, counterbalanced his useful and laudable qualities, and led him to the commission of that act which brought him to an ignominious end on a public scaffold.

Tuesday, June 28.

St. Plutarch and other Martyrs. A. D. 202.

Sun rises 4 46 m aft 3—sets 2 m aft 8.

About this time, according to Foster, marygolds are plentifully in blow, and their flowers should be gathered and put up in some dry place for broths. The seeds have been as favourite a flower with the poets as the violet or the rose; and they seem also to have noticed its property of closing at eventide—a property possessed in common with most syngenesious plants. Chatterton says,

"The marybuds that shutteth with the light."
And Browne in his Pastorals speaks of them thus—
"But, maiden, see the day is waxes old,
And 'gins to shut in with the marygold."
Shakspeare, in his Winter's Tale—
"The marygold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."
Gay also mentions this vegetable—
"Fair is the marygold, for pottage meat."

The common margold, or *calendula officinalis*, is a native of the south of Europe, and is said to have been cultivated in this country prior to 1573. Dodonæus, whose *Herbal* was written previous to this date, says the English call them *Margolds* and *Ruds*; he observes they grow in every garden where they have once been sown, as they yearly spring up from the fallen seed.

The Otio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVI—Vol. VII.

Saturday, July 2, 1831.



See page 402

Illustrated Article.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

A TALE OF BOLTON ABBEY.

For the Otio.

Ruthless lord !

Thou did'st not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,—
The helpless and the innocent :
Sit now and answer groan for groan—
The child before thee is *thine own* !
And she who wildly wanders there,—
The mother in her long despair,—
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
Of those who would not be consol'd
When red with blood the river roll'd !

ROGAS.

"HEAVENS, what a night ! it thunders as though hell were battling with earth," said the rough herdsman, Clinnington, as, shaking the rain from his doublet, he entered his cottage, which was sheltered by one of the principal hills in Craven.

"Wae's me, child !" exclaimed the withered old Alice Dinner, raising her palsied head in the chimney-corner, "it is not for nothing that ye hear the thunder roar and the wind howl through

the welkin : the heir of Embsay sleeps right cozily to-night, with his body stretched on feathers, and his head pillowed on down ; but his next bed will be the bottom of the Wharfe, with the water-rat I have dreamed, Clinnington, what I may not tell thee. My curse was on Fitz-Duncan—the Scottish fiend !—when he tilled his stolen fields with the flesh and blood of Craven's best and bravest !—when he slew my son, my bright-haired Alison, in that fight which left many a mother childless. God's wrath is on him for that deed, and life for life is demanded,—even that of his darling, the heir of Embsay, from whose destiny none can deliver him !"

"You rave, Alice," said Clinnington.

"Hold your peace," answered she, "poor, unbelieving, short-sighted mortal ! ye cannot track the ways of God, nor ken ye his voice in the thunder which is now rolling over us, and which declares that young Romille's hours are numbered !"

"When dies he, then ?"

"To-morrow, before noon."

"And where, and how ?"

"Ah! may be ye would frustrate the orderings of heaven, and prevent a death due to justice, by seeking the offspring of Fitz-Duncan. Seek to know no more than this, Clinnington. If I spell my vision rightly, those yellow locks of his will twine with the weeds in the black waters of the subtle Wharfe—those dainty feet, wont to be attired in silken shoon, will wade its unfathomed mud; and he at whose beck the stout yeoman bows, shall stretch his hands, and cry for succour to the mocking winds!—Monks shall wander, and masses be said, where rest the slain of Fitz-Duncan."

"Where shelter the flock to-night?" asked the wife of Clinnington.

"I drove them to the slack beneath Barden-knoll," said he; "pray God some of them be not swept away, for the floods rush heavily from the hills!"

"Fear not any such mishap," rejoined Alice; "thy flock is safe; not a lock of their wool will be harmed."

Clinnington doffed his saturated upper garments, and sat him down on the squab by the crackling fire on the hearth. The mysterious prophecy, delivered in menacing attitude, by Alice Dinmer, had awed him into thoughtful silence, for he was aware of her notoriety for the gift of soothsaying. She had lost her son in the hapless fight of Bolton, where the Scots, led on by Fitz-Duncan, (nephew of David, king of Scotland,) were stoutly opposed by the Craven men. The victor, Fitz-Duncan, usurped the patrimony he then possessed, married Adeliza de Romillé, and—a popular farce in those days—founded the priory of Embsay, as atonement for his savage and indiscriminate massacre of the undisciplined Yorkshiresmen on the banks of the Wharfe.—Clinnington, out of pure pity, had adopted the bereaved old Alice as one of his family. She was no less feared than famous, on account of having predicted some remarkable mishaps to the disturbers of the peace of her mountain home, which had been literally fulfilled; and, notwithstanding Fitz-Duncan's affected penitence in establishing the priory at Embsay, it was ordained by a trackless Providence, that Romille, his own child, should be the expiatory sacrifice for such lawless and sanguinary outrage.

The herdsman retired to rest both puzzled and perplexed. Independently of earning his subsistence under the haughty Fitz-Duncan, he had the most profound reverence for the character of

the Lady Adeliza, distinguished as it was by acts of benevolence and mercy; and he would have ventured any thing, even to the risking of his own life, to avert the augured fate of the Boy of Egremond. He arose with the sun, and hid him unto the brow of the highest hill in the vicinity of the Wharfe, expecting that young Romille might that day be following some sport in the woods lining its banks, and trusting to the power of his voice to warn him off the margin of the dreaded Wharfe, should he be fortunate enough to espy him.

The night had been a rough one; but the morning brought its benison of cheerful sunshine, developing the varied prospect of continuous lines of mountainous elevation; brown heaths, dense woods, and fertile dales, peculiar to the wild and romantic district of Craven. With hawk and hound, the blithe young Romille left his father's hall, and bore down to the woods of Barden, winding his way through many a verdant field-path, and rocky and romantic glen. He was a beautiful and fascinating child—

"The hamadryads' haunt—the Muses' bower,"

which imagination might plausibly have conceived to have been in the sylvan solemnity of the old woods of Barden, could not have presented or portrayed a more god-like being. His long flaxen ringlets disported them on his glossy brow, and his azure eyes shone out beneath them with a lustre equal to that of the pearly morn; while the frequent display of his milk-white teeth, and his merry laugh as he prattled to the hound, bespoke that envy-exciting rapture of infantine joy, which mocks alike the seriousness of youth, the sorrows of manhood, and the infirmities of age.

"Ah! Dian," said he to the hound, "I fear for our fortune to-day: we shall have but meagre sport—an ugly magpie flies over us—I would there had been three."

Shaping his course to the central wood skirting the Wharfe, young Romille's attention was attracted by the rising of a hern on the opposite bank of the river. Luckily, he chanced to be within a few paces of the Strid, a place where the Wharfe, suddenly contracted, rushes through the fissure in a rock there constituting the bed of the river, and which is so narrow as to admit of a person bestriding it—hence its name, the *Strid*. He hasten-

ed to the spot, dragging behind him the reluctant hound, which, aware of his approach to the water, showed great disinclination to proceed. The immense volume of the river, passing through so confined an outlet, roared and hissed with intimidating effect, throwing upon the overhanging herbage and bordering trees a continual spray, which imparted to them an inviting greenness, tempting to the foot of the youthful adventurer. Here and there amongst the long and luxuriant grass were tufts of the daisy and the primrose, nourished by the ever-descending shower thrown up from the foamy river. The hound hung back still more as they neared the point at which it was intended to cross; but not so his master, he had many a time overleaped that dangerous torrent, and he now moved forward to accomplish such feat with greater alacrity than ever.

"What startles ye, cur?" peevishly exclaimed he to the hound, "mayhap a cold bathe would benefit your cowardly carcass this fair morning."

He tugged at the leash which held the animal, casting his eyes now and then to the flying hern. He had taken his last stride, and, planting one foot on the edge of the cavernous bank, he made a fatal spring with the intent of alighting on the opposite mound—but the hound was immovable, and thrown off his balance by such detention, he was instantaneously drawn backwards into the dreadful abyss, which received in its oblivious embrace the hapless Boy of Egremont and his favourite merlin!

Clinnington, gazing from the summit of the hill, had beheld young Romille advancing to the Strid; he called to him, but the distance at which he stood from him, and the emotion which partly paralyzed his voice, rendered the attempt to deter him abortive. The shepherd bounded down the side of the eminence, struck through the woods, and ran along the margin of the Wharfe until he arrived at the Strid; where, rambling about amidst the fern and brushwood, he found the timid young animal which had been the cause of the disaster. Clinnington hopelessly wandered to the brink of the Strid; but all that he could discover of the fate of Romille, was the print of his feet in the clayey earth—he knew the rest. He attempted to catch the liberated hound, which eluded him, and with fleet footsteps made its way back to

Embsay, whither the herdsman despondingly followed it.

The Lady Adeliza was seated in an ante-room at Embsay, when the fawn-some hound which had set out from thence with Romille, rushed in. Overjoyed at having arrived at home, he leaped up and licked the hand of the lady, capered about the room, and tossed about the rushes with which it was strewn. She playfully bade him desist, and exclaimed as to his release from his young master, wondering how it had occurred. The herdsman entered at this moment out of breath; his countenance wet with perspiration, and his hose covered with dust. Vacantly gazing on the Lady Adeliza, who read the mournful story on his visage, he wildly exclaimed—

"The Mother of God support ye, lady! Solve me what is left us earthly sinners, when hope is taken from us!"

"Alas! herdsman," cried she, falling down and clasping his feet in the bitterest agony, "I can but answer thee, from the dismal tidings written on thy face—*continual tears!*"*

"Nay, comfort ye, lady, comfort ye; say ye know not the issue—your boy may have got into the thicket below the Great Mear. Holy Mary! she is dying—why do I trouble her!"

Thus spoke the affrighted herdsman, as the domestics of Embsay lifted up the fainting Lady Adeliza, over whom stood Fitz-Duncan, with his fixed, glassy eye bent on the shepherd. The wailings of the house of Embsay pitifully pealed around him, but he spoke not—his grief, doomed to last with life, could find no words, and tearing himself from the scene, he sought the wide woods, where to unburden him of that proud and haughty sorrow, which scorned all sympathy save that with the savage solitude of rock and glen. His slaughter of the unaggressive Craveners was avenged—in the shelving depths of that river which had been dyed with their blood, lay the body of the drowned Romille, his own and only child.

The priory of Embsay was removed to the woods of Barden, and re-endowed by Fitz-Duncan, in order to commemorate the tragic death of the heir of Embsay. The stately forestry of Bolton, encircling the crumbling arches of the sumptuous abbey,—the most attractive

* Say what remains when hope is fled ?—
She answer'd, Endless weeping:
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud was sleeping.

of all monastic ruins, as regards the natural adjuncts of scenery and situation,—the boisterous rush of the fatal Strid, and the sublime outline of heath-clad mountains surrounding that part of the district of Craven,—often recall to the tourist and antiquary the destiny of
THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

G. Y. H.—N.

Songs of Passion.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

No. II.

She's all my boyhood dream'd of love
 To fairy woman given;
 And pure as light from skies above,
 I bat kisses earth from heaven!
 Her image haunts my dream at night,—
 She's all my thought by day,—
 My beautiful! my heart's delight!
 Oh! why art thou away.

Time may roll on, yet ne'er subdues
 My bosom's anxious care;
 It is no merit to be true,
 For falsehood were despair.
 The flow'rs, and all she smil'd upon,
 Seem now no longer gay,—
 My beautiful!—my lovely one!
 O why art thou away.

THE LONGEST DAY.

For the Olio.

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed valiant-like. SHAKS.

THE longest day, like the oldest man, outlives his contemporaries. He is the tallest of the family of the Days, because he rises earlier than they; and as he rises earlier, so he descends later into the depths of oblivion. He reproves his youngest brother, St. Thomas, by keeping the shortest horizon of light, as if he were unconscious of quarter days, rent days, and the stated periods of joy and vexation to the inhabitants of time. He is an effulgent surveyor of the world, and, like Gabriel, comes into it as the angel of peace. He opens his eyes in the east—his light is felt abroad and he shakes his golden, silvery locks among the clouded battlements, aerial towers and vernal acclivities. Like a veritable patriarch, he moves by specific gravity, and casts a heavenly fervour over oceans, cities, geological varieties and villages. Proudly and giant-like he advances through the zeniths of his march, and the sun, his shield and armorial bearing, triumphs in his motions. The dews of morning, dropping from woodbines and lilies and roses, refresh his countenance; and the sweetness of crystal springs give his breath redolent flavour. The morning rejoices in the grateful unisons of created objects;

the noon succeeds in a calm and beamy beauty, as his features become manly in the growth of his career, and he descends the broad blue concave space in the prime of his manhood, unstained by the crime of war, and happy to depart as serene as a true Christian in the serenity of evening. The vestal, virgin star, that sheds her mild lamp at a respectful distance from the reclining moon, marks out the track beyond the seas of ether and beautiful repose, for his dissolution; and the orgies of night-ingles sweeten his requiem as he disappears in the western circle, and ceases to exist. J.R.P.

REMARKS ON THE UNJUST CONDUCT OF THE PUBLIC TOWARDS LORD BYRON.

In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows.—The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses—at another time she insulted his deformity.—He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimina-

tion. He was truly a spoiled child,—not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels, was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Every thing that could stimulate, and every thing that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women—all this world, and all the glory of it, were at once offered to a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuses to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the Prince Regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Every thing, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing is, nothing ever was positively known to the public, but this,—that he quarrelled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him. There have been hints in abundance, and shrugs and shakings of the head, and “Well, well, we know,” and “We could an if we would,” and “If we list to speak,” and “There be that might an they list.” But we are not

aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible, or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. The professional men whom Lady Byron consulted were undoubtedly of opinion that she ought not to live with her husband. But it is to be remembered that they formed that opinion without hearing both sides. We do not say, we do not mean to insinuate, that Lady Byron was in any respect to blame. We think that those who condemn her on the evidence which is now before the public, are as rash as those who condemn her husband. We will not pronounce any judgment; we cannot, even in our own minds, form any judgment on a transaction which is so imperfectly known to us. It would have been well if, at the time of the separation, all those who knew as little about the matter then as we know about it now, had shown that forbearance, which, under such circumstances, is but common justice.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels, pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines, that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England, with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heart-broken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness, ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be re-

pressed by penal legislation. It is therefore right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately,—not by sudden fits and starts. There should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and hasty to investigate facts, and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion, it is infinitely more irrational. It is good that a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions. But it is not good that the offenders merely have to stand the risks of a lottery of infamy; that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape; and that the hundredth, perhaps the most innocent of the hundred, should pay for all. We remember to have seen a mob assembled in Lincoln's Inn to hoot a gentleman, against whom the most oppressive proceeding known to the English law was then in progress. He was hooted because he had been an indifferent and unfaithful husband, as if some of the most popular men of the age—Lord Nelson, for example—had not been indifferent and unfaithful husbands. We remember a still stronger case. Will posterity believe, that in an age in which men, whose gallantries were universally known, and had been legally proved, filled some of the highest offices in the state, and in the army, presided at the meetings of religious and benevolent institutions—were the delight of every society, and the favourites of the multitude—a crowd of moralists went to the theatre, in order to pelt a poor actor for disturbing the conjugal felicity of an alderman?—What there was in the circumstances, either of the offender, or of the sufferer, to vindicate the zeal of the audience, we could never conceive. It has never been supposed that the situation of an actor is peculiarly favourable to the rigid virtues, or that an alderman enjoys any special immunity from injuries such as that which on this occasion roused the anger of the public. But such is the justice of mankind.

In these cases, the punishment was excessive; but the offence was known and proved. The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last

of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing any thing whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common sense, circulated at the same time.—What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew nor cared. For in fact these stories were not the causes, but the effects of the public indignation. They resembled those loathsome slanders which Goldsmith, and other abject libellers of the same class, were in the habit of publishing about Buonaparte,—how he poisoned a girl with arsenic when he was at the military school,—how he hired a grenadier to shoot Dessaix at Marengo,—how he filled St. Cloud with all the pollutions of Capree. There was a time when anecdotes like these obtained some credence from persons, who, hating the French emperor, without knowing why, were eager to believe any thing which might justify their hatred. Lord Byron fared in the same way. His countrymen were in a bad humour with him. His writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty. He had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely; he had been overpraised; he had excited too warm an interest; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure, was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of nobler natures, hastened to their repeat; and they were right;—they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other, what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them.

SALICETTI.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.†

PASSING through the south of France in the autumn of 1828, I heard related the particulars of the following story. The events, which were then of recent occurrence, had excited deep and general commiseration, and they are, indeed, as tragical as any that have darkened the annals of domestic life.

About the close of the preceding spring, a lady arrived at Bayonne, accompanied by a youth of delicate and prepossessing appearance. He was her only son, on whom, since his father's death, her hopes more anxiously depended, but whose declining state of health at this time had rendered her fears predominant. Indications of constitutional weakness had of late given some grounds to dread the approach of consumption, and by the advice of her physician, and prompted by her own apprehensions, Madame Armand had journeyed with her son from their home in Normandy, to seek for him the more beneficial climate of the southern provinces, which, with the change of scene, it was hoped, would check the threatened advance of this ruthless malady. Madame Armand had some letters of introduction to Bayonne, in whose neighbourhood it was her intention to procure a residence for her son, and it was her desire to board him with some respectable family, where he would be secure of the attentions so grateful to the invalid, and might enjoy the cheerfulness of society, without being exposed to its irritations and fatigue. In answer to her enquiries on this subject, she was given to understand that the advantages she was in quest of were likely to be obtained, could a *pension* be procured in the family of Salicetti, a farmer-general, very favourably known, and who possessed a mansion pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Bayonne.

Having received the most agreeable impression from the beauty and air of repose which hung around the scenery of Chateau Valette, she sought an interview with Salicetti. She stated to him the object of her visit, and felt disappointed when he evinced some reluctance to meet with her proposal. There was much, however, to excite interest in the appearance of the young man himself, and the maternal solicitude expressed in the countenance of Madame Armand had the effect of awakening in

the wife of Salicetti a sympathy which passes quick between the breasts of mothers, and which, in the present instance, pleaded powerfully in behalf of the former lady, who, before her departure, had the gratification to find that Salicetti had acceded with cordiality to her wishes. In a few days, Henry Armand became an inmate of Chateau Valette, and his mother, with reanimated hopes, bade farewell to the family, returning to the north, from whence necessary affairs did not permit her to be longer absent.

The character of Salicetti was one which wins the good will of mankind, and not undeservedly. Its features were free from the guise of art, or the tricks of cold and artificial politeness. With a little deficiency of exterior softness, he was a man endowed with generous feeling, and with honourable principles, in the expression of which he was always prompt and sincere. He possessed, perhaps over highly, the glowing temperament of his Pyrenean clime, but its ebullitions, though liable to be misdirected, naturally tended to the side of liberality and justice. By the careful improvement of a slender patrimony, and by his frank and honest bearing, he had advanced his station in society, and had eventually become one of the most respected of that class in France denominated farmers-general. He had married a young and pretty provençale of good connexions, to whose beauty he was not insensible, but in whose gentle affections, and characteristic virtues as a wife, he had still greater reason of reconciliation to the domestic lot. And though some few years younger than himself, the inequality was not such as to be incompatible with the relationship they had mutually formed. One daughter had been the fruit of their union, little Madeline, a child now four years old, whose beauty and airy play diffused within their compass a summer gladness, and drew still closer around her parents the ties of home. Prizing thus the happiness which flowed within the circle of his dwelling, we may explain the doubtful acquiescence of Salicetti in the admission of a stranger to his fireside, where even trivial changes are sometimes apprehended, as sufficient to alter the current of accustomed and cherished enjoyment.

Among their dependants and the neighbouring villages, Salicetti, with his wife, enjoyed a merited popularity. He was the liberal patron of the village festival, where his presence was hailed

with pleasure, and in vintage time was happy to promote those rustic gaieties, so congenial to the spirit of that jocund season. His wife, while indulgent to this holiday gladness, had yet stronger claims on the hearts in many a cottage-house. She was a "friend in misery too," and to the sorrowing and the sick was ever a willing visitor—exercising the charities of a benevolent nature—and diffusing, by her gentle sympathy with human ills, more benefit and solace than the hand of science is often able to bestow. Need we then wonder that, in "huts where poor men live," so many tongues were ready to welcome and bless the wife of Salicetti?

Henry Armand soon became domesticated in Chateau Valette. Obliging and unaffected manners wore away all feeling of restraint, and his society communicated an agreeable interchange of thought and event to the little circle of Salicetti. He was a lover of nature, and had a taste for scenery, formed amid the landscapes of his native Normandy. To gratify this taste, and as promotive of health, he frequently accompanied Salicetti to various parts of the country, which, in the course of his avocations, the latter had occasion to visit, and it was not long ere he felt the restorative agency of exercise, and the cheerful impressions from new and smiling objects. When not engaged in these excursions, his time was pleasantly occupied with books, with music, and other tasteful pursuits, or in visiting with Madame Salicetti, for kindly purposes, the surrounding cottages, where he was received with a simple and hearty regard. Such were the circumstances at Chateau Valette, producing an amount of happiness, which they who try the more ambitious modes of life have seldom purchased, with all their "means and appliances to boot." But change is the doom of mortality, and there is little security for human joys. Of this, the sequel to the history of Salicetti affords a melancholy instance; and it needs not to dwell long on its painful recital.

There are some in the world so unenviably constituted, that to them the happiness of others is an offence, and a joy it is to see the fabric of that happiness destroyed. One of this class had already marked Salicetti for a victim, and commenced to execute the plan of his malignity. One night the following anonymous letter was handed to Salicetti:—"Salicetti, a friend bids you take heed—be not careless of your ho-

nour with the stranger and your wife." The suggestion had the effect, for a moment, of sickening the soul of Salicetti; but it quickly gave way to a sounder feeling, to the confidence, hitherto unshaken, in the virtue of his wife, and to a rush of burning indignation at the vile asperser of his house. Regard to the feelings of others prevented him from making any disclosure of the circumstance, and he had himself nearly succeeded in banishing the irritation from his own thoughts, when another secret and similar communication reached him. This was less laconic than the first, insidiously adducing each "thin airy circumstance" as confirmations of unfaithful conduct, and giving such a colour to particulars as was fitted to kindle and mislead the open and too vehement temper of Salicetti—finally, professing that nothing save a disinterested zeal for his honour could have induced the writer to inflict the laceration of a recital so unhappy.

The contending emotions which were now excited, Salicetti struggled vainly to allay. The poison had been absorbed, and spread, and rankled with a subtle power. At times, when the conviction that his fears were causeless had almost prevailed, and his breast felt relieved of a hideous oppression, would withering doubts return, and wrap his thoughts in darkness. But it is easy to conceive the progress of a passion so well known, in a mind whose character was more passionate far than reflective. It is sufficient to state, that the unhappy Salicetti soon suffered all the wretchedness of a "mind diseased." Difficult as was the task, he had hitherto been able to control his emotions before the individuals, unconsciously their cause, nor had he practised any unworthy artifice to confirm or impeach the innocence of the suspected parties. But this state of restraint and suspense was too intolerable to be long endured, and he resolved to end it. He accordingly intimated one morning that he had to set out on business for the little town of C—, which would detain him for a few days. His intention was to return unexpectedly at night, prepared with some fitting reason for having deferred his journey till the following day.

Night came, and Henry Armand had retired to rest, accompanied by little Madeline, whose childish fancy to sleep with him had occasionally been indulged. Her mother had completed the last domestic cares, and was also about to seek repose, when a person called to

solicit her presence for a little in a cottage hard by. A young girl lay there very ill, in whom she was much interested, and she proceeded straightway to the cottage. While she was forth on this benevolent errand, Salicetti entered the garden, which lay extended behind the chateau. It was a dewy eve—one of more than ordinary beauty, the moonlight sleeping sweetly on the banks, and the air full of lingering aromas, exhaled during the day from a thousand flowers. They, who with unquiet thoughts have been placed in scenes of such placid repose, can tell what an exquisite appreciation they have of their beauty, which yet they cannot enjoy for the care within. As Salicetti approached his dwelling, every object around him was fitted to fill the sense with pleasure, but these only made him now feel more acutely the loss of his internal peace. Judging from the stillness within, that the household was at rest, he advanced to the door which opened on the garden, and felt inly startled at finding it open; he entered softly, and proceeded to the chamber of his wife. To avoid alarm by too abrupt an entrance, he knocked gently on the door, but to this summons no reply, of course, could be returned. Pausing yet a moment, he entered the room—his eye quickly searched and found it vacant. The imagination may picture the effect of this discovery on the morbid mind of Salicetti. Driven by a crowd of distempered fancies, he hurried to the apartment of Henry Armand.

Through the latticed window the moon beams streamed into the little chamber. Salicetti beheld two reposing forms, and deemed that the proof of his dishonour was before him. In frenzied rashness he drew a poniard from his breast, plunging it into the bosom of her he believed his guilty wife. Scarcely was the fatal act committed, when his ear caught the sound of a light coming footstep. He turned—he called aloud—"Who goes there?" His wife appeared. She stood with looks of anxiety and surprise. Salicetti was smote as if an unearthly apparition had met his gaze. He stood, but for a while had no voice of utterance to her enquiries. At length, between the pauses of hot and hurried breathing, he put a few eager questions, which she answered with rapidly increasing alarm—explaining the cause of her absence from the house;—"And Madeline," cried he, "where is the child?" Reply was made to this question, when a sickly

spasm shook the frame of Salicetti as he ejaculated, "Eternal horror, I have murdered my child!" In another moment he had driven the dagger into his own heart. His hapless wife was spared this sight, for, overwhelmed with the electric rush of misfortune, she had sunk, cold and unconscious as the marble floor on which she fell. Well had it been for her had she never awoke from that icy trance.

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

At a period like the present, when the most serious apprehension reigns in the public mind, in consequence of the unchecked march of this dreadful scourge through the North of Europe, lest we should feel its baneful effects within our own homes, every particle of information obtainable on the subject must be of the greatest value; therefore, in order to give our readers some little insight into the nature and attendant symptoms of the malady, we have gleaned such facts from the various articles which have recently appeared in several journals, as seem to us to afford the best intelligence. The first extract that we shall make will be from a collection of papers concerning the Cholera given in the *Literary Gazette*.

The writer of them is a Dr. Riecke a continental practitioner who appears to have watched the disease very narrowly: he states "that in many cases the disorder commences suddenly, with its characteristic symptoms; but in others it is preceded for a short time by various prognostics, such as a sense of fulness of the stomach, nausea, debility, shivering, vertigo, and frequently an inexpressible anxiety. The disease itself mostly breaks out in the night or morning: the stomach discharges its contents by vomiting; the matters contained in the bowels are speedily expelled; and a sudden feeling of exhaustion ensues. These first evacuations are soon succeeded by others in both ways; but the discharged matter is of a totally different nature, mostly resembling turbid water; it is often greenish and yellowish, and in the more advanced stages of the disease occasionally contains gall, which in general is a favourable sign. The alvine discharges resemble those thrown up from the stomach; many slimy flakes are observed in them; and their quantity is in most cases very considerable: the former are generally preceded by pains, which frequently

become very acute, but in some cases do not occur at all. Tenesmus is often associated with these symptoms, but in general it is not severe. Greater inconvenience is sustained from a burning sensation and oppression in the region of the stomach, accompanied by such torturing thirst, that even medical men, well aware of the danger of cold drinks, have not been able to refrain from urgently soliciting the indulgence. The region of the stomach feels hot externally. At the same time excessive debility and exhaustion supervene, and frequently increase to fainting. Soon after the commencement of the copious evacuations, cramps ensue: they commonly begin in the extremities, and gradually pass from these to the muscles of the trunk. It is but rarely that these cramps are aggravated into general convulsions: in many cases they are absent altogether, but this is far from being a favourable sign. Convulsions of the muscles have frequently been observed even after death. The pulse is at first small, weak, and quick; but soon after the cramps take place it is not to be felt in any external parts. The skin loses its natural warmth, becomes as cold as marble, is mostly covered with a cold clammy perspiration, and assumes a livid hue; the lips and nails turn quite blue. In this state the skin is even proof against chemical agency, such as that of boiling water and the like, though the patient complains of heat in the superficial parts. The eyes sink in their orbits, the features of the face quickly collapse, and have a corpse-like appearance. Respiration, which is at first accelerated, becomes, with the increase of the disorder, difficult and slow: in one case only seven respirations occurred in a minute. The breath has little warmth. Blood taken during the disease exhibits scarcely any serum, and no crust, and rapidly congeals: as it runs out it is thick and black, even from the arteries. During the disease an extraordinary anxiety frequently supervenes: it proceeds, no doubt, in part from moral influences, but is always an unfavourable symptom. It was more frequent in Europeans than in the natives. The secretion of the saliva and urine is generally suspended, but not that of the gall, though gall is rarely discharged. On the dissection of bodies, the gall-bladder is commonly found full of a blackish gall. The functions of the brain seldom suffer any material derangement, though a kind of stupor frequently takes place; but the mental faculties are al-

ways somewhat impaired, and the senses weakened. The state of these functions, according to Cromwell, closely resembles that which succeeds intoxication. The disease is always attended with great apathy, and patients are very often quite indifferent as to the issue of their disorder. They mostly retain their consciousness to the last, and often feel themselves relieved at the approach of death, as the debilitating evacuations and cramps cease, and the warmth returns to individual parts, though the features of the face retain their characteristic ghastly or corpse-like expressions. In other cases, however, the most distressing symptoms continue till death. The recovery of the patient is indicated by the return of warmth over the whole surface of the skin, the elevation of the pulse, the cessation of the cramps, vomiting, and flux; the appearance of gall in the evacuations, the renewal of the urinary and salivary secretions, and a disposition to sleep. The reappearance of the feces is also a very favourable sign. In other respects the course of the disorder presented many deviations. It often happened that persons attacked by the disease fell to the ground, and in a short time expired, without the characteristic symptoms of the complaint being clearly developed, as had been previously observed in other epidemic diseases, for instance, in the plague, by Sydenham. In such cases the course is extremely rapid; they occur chiefly in the commencement of the epidemic. The fatal catastrophe usually happens from ten to twenty-four hours after the first appearance of the symptoms of the malady; the transition to recovery is often as rapid, though many convalescents suffer a long time from complaints in the stomach and abdomen. In many instances the cholera brings on a nervous fever, which not rarely proves fatal. Relapses frequently occur, and are more dangerous than the first attacks, on account of the prostration of strength induced by the latter."

That this epidemic disorder is not of very modern birth; as some writers have stated, will be seen by the following:

"The cholera is not a new phenomenon. It was long ago observed in India, and described before the middle of the seventeenth century by Bontius, in his work *De Medicina Indorum* (Leyden, 1642.) The disease is named in Sanscrit *vandie*, and *annerum vandio*; in Mahratta *morschi*; in Hin-

distance *morghi* (death,) out of which the Europeans made *mordeschie*, or *mort de chien*. In the Transactions of the Board of Health of Madras, so far back as 1787, there is a complete description of it as it prevailed in 1770 at Arcot, in 1783 in the valley of Ambore, and in 1771 at Ganjam. In 1775 it broke out in the Mauritius. It has since been frequently observed among the British troops in India, especially when encamped in certain districts, and more particularly in Travancore; but its ravages have rarely been extended over large tracts of country. According to Deguignes, it spread in the year 1031 as far as Syria; and according to an Arabian tradition, a similar malady penetrated about 500 years since from India to Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia. The last epidemic broke out, after considerable anomalies of weather, in the year 1817 in Bengal."

From a letter written by an army surgeon, published in the *Times* of the 23d inst., we take the subjoined portions. The former gives some interesting information as to the non-infectious nature of the pestilence; and the latter the mode of treatment, cause, &c.

"Presuming that the cholera morbus, which is making such dreadful ravages in the north of Europe, is the same as that epidemic cholera incident to India, I take upon me to assert, through your widely-circulating journal, in corroboration of the statement made by the Medical Board at Riga, that it is not infectious. I have witnessed the breaking out of this dangerous disease, and attended the patients affected by it in two European regiments stationed in India. I never had any orders from my senior officers to keep the cholera cases from the rest of the patients in the hospitals; and surely they would have given them, if they had not been convinced by long experience that it was not infectious, even by actual contact. The first time I saw this dangerous disease was up the country, during the cool months, at a station considered very salubrious. It then rapidly destroyed several very healthy-looking soldiers. The second time was at Bombay, in 1828, just before the Monsoon, when many of His Majesty's 6th Regiment, and also of the Hon. East India Company's 1st European Infantry, fell sacrifices to this scourge. The ship *Abercrombie Robinson* (Indiaman), soon after leaving Bombay, and when

sailing along the Malabar coast, about this time lost twenty-seven men in a very few days."

"I think I may state, generally, that it makes its appearance more frequently immediately before, and after the rainy season (that at any other time,) when the atmosphere is very sultry. I was much gratified to find that the medical gentlemen in Russia had adopted a similar plan of treatment in principle to the one I advised in India. I argued that if I could bring on re-action, determine the circulation to the skin, and cause that membrane to secrete naturally—that is, if I could make my patient perspire copiously, and feel hot—I had every chance of saving him. What I advised was to put the patient into a very hot bath, as hot as could be endured, and giving small doses of diffusible stimuli, such as brandy, ammonia, &c. I once gave an emetic after taking my patient out of the hot bath, and with a most beneficial effect, as it caused him to break out into hot perspiration. After you have quieted the derangement of the vascular and nervous systems, aperients ought to be given. Some constitutions are more susceptible of cholera than others. There are many predisposing causes—want of cleanliness, improper diet, and, I would say, a most formidable one is fear, or enervated spirits."

The statement published by the Committee of Health at Warsaw, directs that any patient suffering from Cholera "be entirely undressed, laid upon his back on a bed, and covered with a sheet. Hempseed, previously steeped in boiling water, should then be heaped upon him, outside the sheet, from the neck to the feet, as hot as he can bear it. When this cataplasm begins to cool, it should be renewed three or four times, until the patient breaks out into a profuse perspiration. To increase this perspiration he should drink a sudorific ptisan made of elder flowers. If he complain of nausea, a spoonful of magnesia, or of olive oil, should be administered to him. When he has remained for a considerable time in this state, he should be wiped and dried, and his bed-linen changed; great care being taken that he does not become cold. He is then out of danger; and all that remains is to re-establish his strength."

Historic Memoranda.

For the Olio.

PREDICTIONS — PROPHECIES.

Superstition is worthily fed with illusion; and
irreligion as worthily punished with cred-
ulity. SÆTONIUS.

THE same day that Alexander was born in Macedonia, Diana's Temple at Ephesus was burnt; at which time, divers magicians being present, they ran up and down, tearing their hair, and exclaiming, that on that day was born the great plague and pest of Asia.

The same day that Philip had the city of Potidea surrendered to him, three messengers, one after the other, brought him word, first, of a great victory that Parmenio, his general, had obtained over the Assyrians; secondly, of a victory, or prize, that his horse had won at the Olympic games; thirdly, of the birth of his son Alexander:—whereupon his soothsayers told him, that his son which was born at that time, in which he was thrice victorious, should prove unconquerable.

Domitius Ænobarbus, when his son Nero was born, his friends congratulating him on the birth of his son, said to them—"There can be nothing born to me and Agrippina, but that which is detestable, and that which is born for the public hurt.

Nero sending to the oracle at Delphos to know his final fortune, received this ambiguous answer, "*Beware of the seventy-third year!*" which he understood to be meant of his own age's date; but it proved Galba's, who dethroned him.

Gerard relates that a woman called Thoda, in Suevia, *anno Christi* 848, prophesied that that year the world should end, which she said was revealed to her by an angel.

Anno C. 1526, an anabaptist ran up and down the streets in the city of St. Gallus in Helvetia, crying with horrid gestures that "the day of the Lord was come; that it was present!"

In a similar prophesy, *anno Christi* 1530, another person so strongly prevailed with many others, that he persuaded them the last year of the world was come; hence they grew prodigal of their substance, fearing they should scarcely be able to spend it in so short a time as the world was to continue.

An unknown woman came to Tarquinus Superbus, in Rome, and professed him the nine books of the Sybil's prophecies at a very great rate, which

he refused to give her. She burnt three of them, and offered him the other six at the same rate; but he refused again: on which she burnt the other three, and asked him the same rate for the three remaining; which he then bought and laid them up in the Capitol, where they continued as oracles till both the Temple and books were burnt. JOIDA.

Illustrations of History.

HERMITS AND HERMITAGES.

For the Olio.

The devotees, who, in the first ages of Christianity, retired from the pleasures and employments of the world, less frequently united themselves in communities, than singly passed the remainder of their days in solitary contemplation; procuring an uncertain subsistence from the unassisted labour of their own hands, and the occasional contributions of the charitable who visited their retreats. At this distant period, we can scarcely enter into the motives and feelings of the primitive eremites, who thus courted and encountered the horrors of solitude; who renounced all their duties and comforts as social beings; who banished themselves from friends and country, and divested themselves of all human affections; who fancied they heard the voice of God more clearly amidst the howlings of the wilderness; who sought their habitations amidst the most inhabitable regions, in the gloom of forests or the burning sands of the desert; and who contended with the wild beasts of the mountains for their caves and dens.—The designs of such men, it has been justly observed, however mistaken, must have been meritorious; but they must not be judged by any common rule, nor ought we to substitute the ideas and maxims of our age for those which influenced the primitive eremites. Mistaken notions of duty, no doubt, first led the early devotees of the East into their cheerless retirements; and so much had the example of those pious recluses influenced the Christian converts, towards the close of the fourth century, that the deserts of Egypt alone were, it is said, peopled with 80,000 eremites.

As the Asiatic and Egyptian hermits afford the most ancient instances to which we can refer of voluntary seclusion, on account of religious notions, so were they, at the same time, attended with circumstances the most extraordinary. As early as the middle of the

fourth century it was customary, in the Asiatic and Eastern churches, for recluses to dwell upon and preach from pillars and towers; whence such persons obtained the appellation of *Stylitæ* or pillar hermits. The monastery founded by Gerasmus in the wilderness of Jordan, about A.D. 450, was surrounded by a *Laurea* or circle of seventy cells of these hermits. The limits of the present sketch will not admit of any detail respecting this singular custom. The author of the *Monumenta Antiqua* is of opinion that the pillar-towers of Ireland and Scotland, which have excited so much curiosity, were designed, among other uses, for the voluntary retirement of recluses; the Irish name by which this kind of tower has for ages been distinguished, *clock-ancoire*, meaning the stone of the anchorite. Instances are recorded of individuals having secluded themselves in these towers as early as the year 732. In some of these instances they preached from them, like the Egyptian hermits from the summits of their pillars; and it was not until the twelfth century that this custom of anchorites dwelling on towers and pillars was discontinued.

The English Hermitages, or Anchorages, were religious cells, erected by devout persons; sometimes in solitary places, such as forests, caverns, and church-yards; sometimes in the midst of populous towns, and frequently by the side of highroads, and on or near great bridges, as upon London, York, Beccles, Bungay, Brandon, Downham, and Ickburgh bridges. Sometimes they were endowed; and they were generally occupied by single individuals, called anchorites, anachorites, recluses or hermits; but they had occasionally more than one occupant. The hermitages of Saint Briavel was a chantry of two monks; and instances have been noticed of cells which contained seven persons. There were also anchoresses, who lived in seclusion like the hermits. Ethelrida, a Mercian princess, on the murder of her intended husband, Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, devoted herself to a religious life, as a recluse, at Croyland Abbey. Ela, niece of Bishop Suffield, anchoress at Massingham, and her companion, are mentioned in that bishop's will, A.D. 1256. Joan, widow of Sir John Shardelowe, Knight, appeared before Bishop Percy in 1369, and took the vows as a votary in the college of Thompson in Norfolk. Recluse women are mentioned at Bury, Norwich, and other places. Many of

the hermitages had chapels or oratories annexed to them, at which the hermits officiated daily.

Various were the situations which the anchorites selected for their retirements: sometimes they fixed their residence in a part of some church, as at Yarmouth; in a chamber over the church-porch, as at Sporle; in the church-yard, as at Sudbury; in the gates of fortified towns, as at Norwich; and often in some small cell attached to a monastery, as at Bury Abbey and Carrow Nunnery. Some recluses were monks who, with leave from their abbot, bound themselves with solemn vows never to quit their places of retirement. Speed and Stow relate that, on the burning of the city of Meux, in France, by William the Conqueror, there was an anchorite residing within the walls of the Church of our Lady, who preferred to suffer martyrdom rather than break his religious vow by forsaking his cell.

SOLITAIRES were frequently buried in their retirements; the ancient recluses imposed on themselves the task of digging their own graves in the rocks amidst which they passed their solitary lives.

Mr. Fosbrooke doubts whether the English anchorites were generally respected; and Dr. Turner quotes an author who affirms that the hermits, or cells not endowed, were considered as common beggars.

Hermits possessed, or were accounted to possess, considerable knowledge in medicine and the art of curing diseases; and one author tells us that their cells were occasionally the *emporium* of the village news.

R. J.

The Naturalist.

THE BISON OR AMERICAN BUFFALO. --The bison inhabits a great portion of the temperate parts of North America, and extends southwards probably as far as the 35th degree of N. lat. Its characteristic positions are the great prairies to the westward of the Mississippi, where they sometimes unite in prodigious troops, amounting in some instances to 10,000 individuals. They were observed in the Carolinas soon after the arrival of the earliest colonists, but they have been long since forced to retire before the 'pale-faced European,' and concentrate their forces on the plains of the Missouri. They have not been seen for a long period in Pennsylvania, but they were observed in Kentucky about the year 1766. The

altered and circumscribed localities of this animal afford a good example of the influence which the human race exerts over the natural boundaries of the brute creation. There seems to be no doubt that they formerly existed throughout the whole extent of the United States, with the exception perhaps of the territory to the east of Hudson's River and Lake Champlain, and of some narrow lines of coast along the Atlantic shores and the Gulf of Mexico. They were, however, seen near the Bay of St. Bernard by Alvar Nunez during the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and that locality may be regarded as the most southerly to which the species can be traced on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. Like several other animals, they extend much farther north among the central than the eastern territories, for we find that a bison was killed by Captain Franklin's party on the Salt River, in the sixtieth parallel; whereas they cannot be traced in any of those tracts which lie to the north of Lakes Ontario, Erie, &c. and to the eastward of Lake Superior. But westward of Lake Winnipeg they advance, according to Mr. Keating, as far as the 62nd degree of N. lat.; and Dr. Richardson states, on the testimony of the natives, that they have taken possession of the flat limestone district of Slave Point, on the north side of Great Slave Lake, and have even wandered to the vicinity of Great Martin Lake, in latitude 63° or 64°. The extension of the bison in a westerly direction, appears to have been formerly limited by the range of the Rocky Mountains; but it is said of late years to have discovered a passage across these mountains, near the sources of the Saskatchewan. Though not mentioned by Father Venegas among the quadrupeds of California, it is known to occur at present both in that country and in New Mexico.

Dr. Richardson relates the following incident, in illustration of its manners: "In the rutting season, the males fight against each other with great fury, and at that period it is very dangerous to approach them. The bison is, however, in general, a shy animal, and takes to flight instantly on winding an enemy, which the acuteness of its sense of smell enables it to do from a great distance. They are less wary when they are assembled together in numbers, and will then often blindly follow their leaders, regardless of, or trampling down, the hunters posted in their

way. It is dangerous for the hunter to show himself after having wounded one, for it will pursue him; and although its gait may appear heavy and awkward, it will have no difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. While I resided at Carlton House, an accident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan M'Donald, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening, having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which was galloping over a small eminence; and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him.—He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead, as it struck him on the side with its horn; and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained, and his arm was rendered powerless; he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows became senseless. Shortly afterwards he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places; and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack had he shown any signs of life. Mr. M'Donald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months afterwards."

Edin. Rev.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M.W. of Windsor.*

LUTHER'S VOW. — It was in 1504 that Luther made the sudden and remarkable vow, by which he relinquished the world and shut himself up in the cell of a monastery at Erfurth, a rigid Augustine monk. The circumstance which led to this sudden decision, and gave a new colour to all his after thoughts and pursuits, is thus recorded. Luther and a young friend, to whom he was much attached, named Alexius, having walked into the country for purposes of amusement and conversation, were suddenly overtaken by a thunder storm. While occupied in the contemplation of the sublime spectacle, a sudden flash of lightning struck his young companion, and the next instant he was a breathless blackening corpee at his feet. Such an awful occurrence must, at any period of life, have made a lasting impression; but, upon Luther,

who was young, sensitive, and with a mind peculiarly formed for receiving and retaining powerful impressions, it changed, in an instant, the whole tenor and prospects of his future life. He made a vow on the spot, that, should Heaven preserve him amid the imminent peril to which he was now exposed, he would testify his gratitude by devoting his life to its service. The vow was accepted—the storm ceased—and Luther, in a very short space, ceased to be a member of social life. The remonstrance of friends, the regrets of his companions, and even the injunctions of his parents, were alike combated or overcome. He looked upon the late catastrophe as a direct voice from Heaven, showing him, by visible and awful signs, the nothingness of life and its concerns, and commanding him to redeem the solid pledge he had given of consecrating his future days to its service. Shut up in his cell, and in solitary exclusion from all the external world, he became a rigid disciplinarian, and, in every pious study and observance, the admiration and pattern of his order.—It was little supposed that those celestial visitings and communings with scripture, which, in this very cell, he indulged, should one day ripen into such strength as to confound imperial senates, to shake and paralyse the very chair and successors of St. Peter.

ORIGIN OF BALANCES.—The use of scales is noticed among the earliest inventions; we find Abraham weighing out the money he had given for the purchase of a burial-place for his wife. The steel-yard, which was the ancient Roman balance, is still in common use. Scales with two basins have been found at Herculaneum. In the middle age, John de Jauna mentions a staff, with a thong leaded to weigh meat. The term "pair" of scales occurs as early as 1213. Ramsden the optician constructed a balance for the Royal Society of so great a nicety, as to ascertain a weight to a seven millionth part; it turns on steel edges upon planes of polished crystal.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—However melancholy she has been represented, is in fact a cheerful bird; like the Lachrymæ Christi of Italy, she is sorrowful only by name: she sings by day, as well as by night, and is, as Martial calls her, the most garrulous of all our singing birds. Of this bird it is curious to remark, that it is not once alluded to by Homer, or by Horace,—both of whom embrace such a multitude of objects, and draw so copiously from the

works of nature; and though the uninterrupted silence, which prevails amid the Scottish and Cambrian glens, would afford her all the serenity she could wish, she no where makes their rocks and valleys echo with her notes. J.

THE WEEK.—This division of time is as old as the creation, and has been adopted by all nations, even the most rude and barbarous, and continued to the present time, with perhaps the sole exception of the ancient Greeks, Persians and Mexicans; and it is a singular fact, that almost universally one day in the seven has been set apart for religious purposes. The Christians have their Sunday; the Jews their Saturday; the Turks their Friday; and the Africans of Guinea their Tuesday for their Sabbath. Josephus observes, that there is no city nor nation whither the custom of observing the seventh day has not travelled. Both Hesiod and Homer mention the seventh day as holy. Justin Martyr, who lived about A.D. 150, is probably the first writer who mentions the days of the week as called by the names of the planets; but it is most likely they were in use long before his time.

Anecdotalia.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a fictitious note of hand like a gunbarrel?—Because it is *forged*.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading Gardener's Treatise on Worms.

I've read thy *wormbook* and thy diet see,
But it will not a *bookworm* make of me. P.

A SAILOR'S DEFINITION OF A TENT MEETING.

Beneath the canvas are devotion's bands:

"What are they call'd?" said Joe, as by he went:

"Call'd?" answer'd Jack, while lifting up his hands,

"They're righteous people, call'd the *Good-in-tent*." J.A.P.

+ By considering the order of the planets, according to Ptolemy's system, it will appear clear why the particular names, Sunday, Monday, &c. were given to the days of the week. Thus, if we suppose the earth to be placed in the centre of the system, and the planets to be arranged in the order assigned them by Ptolemy, and commencing at Saturn, for the first hour, by counting on to the moon, and so over and over, it will be found that the twenty-fourth will fall on Mars; the first hour of the next day will be governed by the sun, whence dies *Solis*, or *Sunday*; and by counting on in the same way again, the first hour of the next day will fall on dies *Lunæ*, or the moon, whence *Monday*; the first hour of the following day, on Mars, dies *Martis*, *Tuesday*; and so on for the rest.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, June 29.

St. Peter.

High Water, 22m aft 4 Morn.—42m aft 4 Aftern.
St. Peter the Apostle was the first consecrated bishop of the Catholic church in the cathedral of Rome. From him, by a succession of ordinations, all the regular clergy have proceeded.

Among the most brilliant spectacles ever witnessed in modern times, may be placed the splendid illumination of St. Peter's church, and the magnificent Girandola or fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, annually exhibited on this day; the latter bears a resemblance to the squibs and crackers denominated fireworks in England, and throw at an immeasurable distance all our attempts at pyrotechny, as well as those of our neighbours at Rome have been well described by a modern writer, and as her interesting description would materially suffer by abridgment, we shall give the whole without mutilation. "At Ave Maria," she observes, "we drove to the piazza of St. Peter's. The lighting of the lanterns, or large paper lanterns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, had been going on for an hour, and by the time we arrived there, was nearly completed. As we passed the Ponte San Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness—the millions of lights reflected in the calm waters of the Tiber, and mingling with the last golden glow of evening, so as to make the whole building seem covered with burnished gold, had a most striking and magical effect."

Thursday, June 30.

Commemoration of St. Paul, (beheaded A.D. 66.)
Sun rises 45m aft 3—sets 15m after 8.

30th June, 1689.—To-day, Rosen, marshal general of King James's forces in Ireland, was guilty of an act of barbarity scarcely to be paralleled in history. To induce the brave defenders of Londonderry to give up that place, he collected together 4000, some say 7000, of the neighbouring protestants of all ages and conditions, stripped them entirely naked, deprived them of food, and in that forlorn condition caused the miserable objects to be driven under the walls of the city, where a considerable number of them perished through fatigue, grief, or the want of sustenance.

Friday, July 1.

St. Calais, abbot, A.D. 542.

High Water 40m aft 5 Morn.—2m after 6 Aftern.

July, the month of summer's prime,
Again resumes his busy time,
Scyth's tinkle in each grassy dell;
Where solitude was wont to dwell;
And meadows, they are mad with noise
Of laughing maids and shouting boys,
Making up the withering hay
With merry hearts as light as play. CLARE.

Speaking of this month, C. Lambé says, "At last summer is come among us, and her whole world of wealth is spread out before us in prodigal array. The woods and groves have darkened and thickened into one impervious mass of sober uniform green, and having for awhile ceased to exercise the more active functions of the spring, are resting from their labours in that state of 'wise passiveness,' which is, in virtue of our so infinitely greater wisdom, know so little how to enjoy."

In winter, the trees may be supposed to sleep in a state of insensible inactivity; and in spring to be labouring with the flood of new life that is pressing through their veins, and forcing them to perform the offices attached to their existence. But in summer, having reached the middle term of their annual life, they pause in their appointed course, and then, if ever, taste the nourishment they take in, and "enjoy the air they breathe." And he who sitting in summer time, beneath the shade of a spreading plane tree, can see its brave branches fan the soft breeze as it passes, and hear its polished leaves whisper and twitter to each other, like birds at love-making; and yet can feel any thing like an assurance that it does not enjoy

its existence, knows little of the tenure by which he holds his own, and still less of that by which he clings to the hope of a future.

Saturday, July 2.

St. Magnus, rec. A.D. 570.

Moon's last Quarter—40m after 11 Afternoon.

Old Tassier, in his "five hundred Points," gives the following advice to the husbandman in his precepts for July:

"Pay justly thy tithes, whatsoever thou be;
That God may in blessing send foilson to thee;
Though vicar be bad, or the parson as evil,
Go not for thy tithing thyself to the devil."

In the new edition by Mavor, the subjoined note illustrates our author's text. "That Tithes, or the tenth part of the produce of the earth and of cattle, are of great antiquity, cannot admit of a dispute; yet to this moment their value is little known, or perversely disguised; the moderate composition which is generally received in lieu of them, is paid with reluctance, and sometimes the whole is withheld by fraud. It should, however, be considered, that the ministers of religion have an indisputable title, both from human and divine sanctions, to what are called tithes." "And it seems," to adapt the words of Ulman, "to be naturally imprinted on the mind of man, that a part of the product of the earth ought to be dedicated to the Supreme Being, who, by his rain and sunshine produces it. As to the abuses, which have by man's depraved nature been made of such dedications, they do not in the least countenance the disuse or any further abuse of them." For with our author, "Though vicar," &c.

Sunday, July 3.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—15 chapter Samuel Morn.
17 chap. Samuel Evening.

(DOO DAYS BEGIN.)

Doo Days.—These were a certain number of days before and after the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the Dog Star, in the morning. The Doo Days in our modern almanacks occupy the time from July 3rd to August 11th; the name being applied now, as it was formerly, to the hottest time of the year.

Monday, July 4.

St. Ulric.

High Water 25m aft 8 Morn.—1m aft 9 Aftern.
In Barnabe Googe's translation of Naogeorgus, we find preserved in the following lines an account of some ceremonies of this day:

ST. ULDRIC OR HULDRYCHE.

Whersoever Huldryche hath his place, the people there brings in
Both carpes and pikes, and mullets fat, his favour here to win,
Amid the church there sitteth one, and to the altar nie,
That sellet fish, and so good cheep, that every man may buie;
Nor any thing he loseth here, bestowing thus his paine,
For when it hath been offered once, 'tis brought him all againe,
That twice or thrice he selles the same, ugodliness such gaine
Doth still bringin, and plentifully the kitchen doth maintaine.

Tuesday, July 5.

St. Peter of Luxemburg, A.D. 1387.

Sun rises 47m aft 3—sets 13m aft 8.

5th July, 1643.—Fought on this day, the Battle of Lansdown, near Bath, in the civil wars of Charles I., in which the king's forces were victorious, but lost the gallant Sir Beville Grenville. A column, in commemoration of the victory, was erected on the spot in 1720, by the Hon. George Grenville, Lord Lansdown.

With this number is published Part 46 of the Oilio, and No 3 of the SCRAP BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

Vol. 7 will be ready on Monday the 18th inst, embellished with 29 Fine Original Engravings. We have been compelled to defer the conclusion of the "Wanderers" until our next.

The Echo ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVII—Vol. VII.

Saturday, July 9, 1831.



See page 419

Illustrated Article.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

ABOUT a league from Stolberg, near Gresenich, there is a small sepulchral mound, in commemoration of that fidelity which no mortal bribe could corrupt, and of that unchanging bond of love which death alone could dissolve. A French soldier, recently married, served under Dumourier. Events thickened around. Each day brought its death-roll, and the warm hearts of *yesterday* swelled the mortal catalogue of *to-day*! His young bride, however, undaunted by the present, and unshrinking from the still greater dangers that seemed to await them, clung to her husband. Her affection kept pace with the destruction that threatened them, and even acquired fresh ardour at its approach. Her courage equalled her affection, and hope promised a speedy reward to both! The midnight march, the bivouac, the ambuscade, the attack, the retreat, had alternately inflicted upon her delicate frame the ravages of terror and fatigue.

But that heart, so tremblingly alive to the safety of *another*, forgot and neglected its own! In vain he pressed her to retire, and, in the bosom of her family, calmly wait the issue of the campaign. She shuddered, she shrunk with disdain from the selfish, the lonely security, which this seemed to promise. With a spirit that rose superior to every privation, she was ever at his side—a ministering angel that soothed him under all his toils, or shared where it could not soothe.

This spirit of the purest devotedness to her husband appeared to gather new force as her exertions multiplied. But the body, under the constant watchfulness to which it was exposed, and the unequal conflict it had to maintain, began to evince symptoms of exhaustion from which she attempted in vain to rally. Other circumstances, too, which brought with them a new succession of hopes and fears, called aloud for personal consideration, and some relaxation from the attendant rigours of a moving camp. Still her resolution remained unshaken; and now she had cause to summon

all her fortitude, for in three days a decisive battle was expected. The opposing troops had chosen their position, and answered the summons of Dumourier with a haughty defiance.

From this time a melancholy presentiment took possession of her mind. A weakness, which no eye had hitherto witnessed, and for which she herself could not account, betrayed her into frequent tears. When she strove to address her husband in those animating words which, on many a previous battle-morn, had inspired hope and fortitude, sighs choked her utterance, and she could only throw herself into his arms and weep.

Here the conflicting duties of husband and soldier, of loyalty and affection, struggled for ascendancy. His hand was the right of his country, but his heart was hers! She observed the struggle, and in a moment all her former energy returned.

"No, my husband," she exclaimed, "this becomes not a soldier's bride! A momentary weakness has betrayed me, but now it is gone, and I will make thee amends for these tears, so unseasonably shed. Thou shalt have smiles, and glory, and victory; and I shall only live to be worthy of thee!"

The young soldier pressed her with enthusiasm to his breast; he spoke not a word, but raised his eyes in silent supplication to heaven, invoking protection for her, and success to the arms of his country! The bugle sounded! In an instant the arms piled in the centre of the camp were in the hands of the troops. The enemy approached by a rapid and unexpected manœuvre. The Austrian eagle floated vauntingly above her dense columns, and the roar of artillery announced a fearful crisis. The combat thickened, and where were they? Like a fortress in the sudden storm, he hurried to his place in the van; a chivalrous spirit of adventure, and a patriotism which no circumstance could damp or subdue, stified for a time the yearnings of affection, and steeled his breast for the struggle. The fixed in purpose, the firm in principle, are never unprepared. While the irresolute and wavering may shrink at a shadow, the former exult amid substantial dangers, so they be found in the path of honour. Fear, indeed, may fling her chilling visions across the imagination, as they hear the startling note of preparation; but in the heat of the combat hope is ever predominant. *She*, with a proud but palpitating heart, took her

station on a small eminence to the right, which overlooked the combatants, and from which, in her excited imagination, she could distinctly follow the movement of her husband and his troop. His heroic stature was ever before her eyes, his voice thrilled on her ear like the shout of his victory, and the standard he bore floated proudly in the morning sun! She exulted in the belief that she met his eye, and that he acknowledged her well-known signal. This, indeed, might be fancy, but stript of this consoling idea, what were life to her!—A heartless, hopeless reality. She gazed with strained eye and breathless anxiety, as the contest became general, and the dense smoke rolled in sulphurous masses at her feet. They charged—they broke—they rallied—they returned to the charge, but the standard of Dumourier disappeared! She saw no more. A fatal persuasion that the day was lost, and the fate of her husband sealed, flashed across her brain, and with that impression she sunk powerless to the earth.

It was not long, however, till she opened her eyes in the arms of her husband, who now laid at her feet an Austrian standard. The bugles, too, responded to victory, while the remnant of the enemy's line was seen in precipitate retreat. It was a moment of speechless emotion. This was indeed a resurrection to her:—her husband not only safe, but crowned with hostile trophies! His comrades, too, as they passed in eager pursuit of the enemy, offered him their hasty, but hearty, congratulations on that day's exploits, and recognised him by the flattering epithet of "*Le Brave!*"

They now moved onward in quiet and security, selecting the easiest path to reach the place of encampment for the night, which was already in view. The pursued and the pursuer had disappeared beyond the wooded acclivity which overlooked the field of their late fierce contest. Here and there the combat seemed partially resumed; but it was only the stray shots which an occasional straggler fired at random, as he followed in the wake of the victorious troops. The ascent was steep, and covered with copsewood, through which a variety of serpentine footpaths conducted to the summit. To her, whose countenance expressed a fear, or a faintness, which her words would not avow, every thing that affection could suggest was eagerly employed to facilitate the ascent.

"Dearest Henri," she said, as they

proceeded, "when will these dreadful scenes give way to the peaceful hearth! When, under the shadow of our own vines shall I call thee husband, and pursue the calm tenour of our rural industry! Though I glory to share in the cares and hardships which our bleeding country exacts from thy hands, still I feel that my affection tends rather to encumber than advance;"—she here hesitated—"and there are other cares under a fonder name."

"Cheer thee!—cheer thee!—my beloved,—life, indeed, were but a small price for such devotedness as thine! To-day has decided the fate of the campaign. Another week, and thy soldier shall only fight under *thy* banner, and all his future ambition thy smile shall well repay! Our honey-moon was on the height of St. Orme. Woes and warfare have followed us ever since; but cheer thee! before the autumn leaf falls, we shall *press our own grape in the Valley of St. John!* Cheer thee! cheer thee! We shall sleep soundly to-night!—yes, thanks to our country's arms,—we shall sleep soundly to-night!"

Alas! the words were prophetic, and scarcely uttered, till, with a wild and piercing shriek, she sprung to his arms. A flash!—a shot!—and they fell transfixed by the same bullet! A rustling of the leaves on her own side of the footpath had roused her attention. In a moment her eye caught the musket of an Austrian *tirailleur* levelled at her husband's breast;—to see and to save him by the sacrifice of her own life was the act and impulse of a moment. Alas! how frail, but how devoted was the shield which her love had interposed between him and death! In vain her hand was raised in its helpless effort!—in vain she strove to shelter him by her breast! The treacherous shot conveyed its fatal summons;—they sank together, "and sleep soundly to-night!"

Journal of a Residence in Germany

GOOD BYE.

For the Olio.

I am not used to melt in tears,
Or heave for pleasures past a sigh,
And yet (though oft I use the words)
I'm very loathe to say—Good bye.

How many times I've seen my friends
Pass from my sight, and felt a sadness
Steal o'er my soul, and leave my mind
Torn and near allied to madness:

And as they went to other lands,
Or death dissolved their earthly tie,
The last, the hardest task of all,
Was when they said—Good bye! Good bye!

Though in these solemn parting words
I've felt a joy mix with my sorrow,
Which seem'd to whisper in my heart
Be of good cheer, you'll meet to-morrow.

This is but a sad transient scene,
And thoughts should range themselves on high,

Where no sad partings round the heart,
No more is said the words, Good bye!

J.S.C.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

For the Olio.

"One certes that promises no element."

A rainy day in the country exhibits neither the click of pattens, nor the rumble of coaches, nor the gliding of umbrellas—though each of these in some places might be seen and heard and felt and understood—but rare and few. The old nurse, hooded and cloaked, will click clack the causeway; the squire's phaeton will pass the road to his neighbour's, and a solitary clerical will support the oilskin canopy over his person, in his lawn treading visit to a sick applicant of his flock; and the village doctor ride helter skelter through mire and splash, well sprinkled with the drip of stately trees, and well spotted with light coloured road spirits.

But sounds there are which will intrude in spite of the sudden determination of a rainy day in the softness and floriferent exuberance of summer. Instead of the mowers swinging their rotatory pendulums in the meadows, they are seen at the grindstones, preparing their scythes. Instead of the haymakers being employed in shaking the flowery grass in the air, and their female companions raking the rolls into a drying state, they are repairing their hose, and putting their domestic duties into condition. Some of the wasteful portion of the peasantry are drinking "trust," and getting "scores" against them at the inns; and the juvenile varieties not employed in the stables, the farm-yards and out-houses, gather together in a dry hovel, and amuse themselves with pitch and toss. The thatcher is more intent on business, for his straw works the better for wetting, and he raises his piles of waves crossed over, against his time and season.

The farmer casts his weather-prognosticating glance, first at his barometer, then at his little man peeping out from the face of his clock, and then at the sky; but the clouds thicken, the wind whistles and the trees hiss and yield to the all-directing force, as the rain rattles against the lattices, and spars them with liquid, which runs down the glass in different

places like white worms, seeking a lower refuge. While a coolness pervades the scenery, a fall of fruit is discovered about the orchards and gardens, in which the snails, the slugs and worms are keeping carnival. The cows, like caterpillars, feed greedily on the tenderest blades; and horses collect into a shed, and sympathetically "rub the post," and knob each other's necks. While the poultry, in feathered muck and miserably looking plight, stand on one leg in the lair, as if they would never again be dry and cheerful; the rooks over them are clamorous, and the geese and ducks in their watery glory.

In every new disposition of a favourable change by the glimmering sunbeams and drying wind, the sparrows chirp in the ivy, and the martens seek new pleasures round their dirt-built habitations. But, as despair succeeds hope, so does the rain succeed the shine; and not till the rainy day sets in real earnest does the farmer settle in his domicile, with his family. He is, however, reconciled to a day's loss in his hay-gathering, for he knows the corn-fields are bettered, the pastures are refreshed, his crops will be heavier, fuller and sweeter. He, therefore, still calculates pleasantly, that, like bees, himself and his workfolks will be found at sunrise, blithe and busy, in the midst of his cultivations; and he relishes his ale with a husbandman's smile, and imparts a hospitable feeling to those of his neighbours who are on terms of intimacy with him.

P.

Songs of Passion.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

No. III.

Farweel, bonnie Scotland!
Lo'ed soil o' the brave;
A leal son now leaves thee
To cross the far wave:
There's a sigh frae his heart,
There's a drap frae his ee,
As he bids, bonnie Scotland,
A farweel to thee.
O Scotland!—blithe Scotland!
Here's a farweel to thee!

Though strangers may welcome
In far distant land,
And pleasure allure with
Her gay festive band,
My breast, like the eagle,
Shall pine for the free,
For my heart, bonnie Scotland,
Will still be with thee:
O Scotland!—blithe Scotland!
Here's a farweel to thee!

There are thoughts, cannie land,
O' the days that are fled,
When I chased the swift roe
O'er thy dark beather bed;

O' thy circle o' sons,—
Could a blither weel be,—
How my bosom's sair grieving
At ganging frae thee:
O Scotland!—blithe Scotland!
Here's a farweel to thee!

Farweel to thy hills and
The pibroch's shrill ca',
When the might o' thy sons
Had muster'd in war;
When the tartan and claymore
Were dear, dear to me.
They are gone!—What is left,
Gallant Scotland, for thee:
O Scotland!—blithe Scotland!
Here's a farweel to thee!

Farweel farweel, mountains,
Now fading away;
No more shall ye bloom in
Your warlike array;
But Ben Lomond shall fa',—
Cease to rin shall the Dee,
Ere I, bonny Scotland,
Can ere forget thee:
O Scotland!—blithe Scotland!
Here's a farweel to thee!

JACK THE GIANT.*

A DECK-YARN.

By the Author of "Tales of a Tur."

"Some mollification for your giant."
Twelfth Day.

(Scene—the Galley of a Frigate.)

"WHAT!—your Traffyggar tar!—
That breed's gone by, my bo—few
are now seen in the sarvis—Your present
race are another set o' men altogether—
as different, ay, as different as beer and
biggewater—They're all for *larning* now;
and yet there's not one in a thousand as
larns his trade—and, what's worse nor all,
they're all a larning from the sogers to
rig as lubberly as lobsters—Why, I was
aboard of a crack craft t'other day, a
stationer too, three years in commission, as
came to be paid-off at Portsmouth,—and
I'm bless'd if ev'ry fellow fore-and-aft at
divisions, ('twas Sunday, you know,
and the ship's company were rigged in
their best mustering togs,)—well, may
I never see light if ev'ry chap as toed
a line on her deck, from stem to stern,
had'n't his body braced up with a pair
o' *braces* crossing his shoulders for all
the world like a gallot on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows—and
knows what I speaks—for you see I
was a Traffyggar chap myself—Did you
ever hear of the *Le-Bellisle*?—Did you
ever of *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper!—
Did you ever hear of her losing her
sticks under an infernal fire, and
Billy-go-tight singing out like a soger—
'No, I won't strike—not I—no

* The Metropolitan.

never, not I!—and Billy being then brought-up with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—'There's no one a' *axing* you, Sir!—Well, I've seed that—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks, when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-royal Tom*;* yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over and over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with *braces*—or, more properly speaking, *toppin-lifts*, topping-up his trowsers—I'm blow'd if I would'nt rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat. Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs—In my time, when rousing-out his rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or guinea. Paying for a pint o' pearl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a travelling—a fellow stood just as good chance of gettin' the one as the t'other."

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors—"then, you see, men are beginning to get more spience, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much a 'Part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People*!" returned Thompson indignantly, "I like to see the fellow as dare call me a 'part o' the people'—I'd people him!—That's your shore-going gammon—your infernal larning as capsize your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'Part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a Bishop?—no, no, larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the *seat*, to curse a steamer, and puddin' an anchor,—and then, instead of calling yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well, but Bill, d'y'e mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as *good* men as before Trafflygar?"

"I does—I means to say they havn't the mind as they had—they doesn't think the same way—(*that is they thinks too much*),—and more—they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war—chaps now reefin' *taup-sails* crawl-out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studd'n'-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller and lighter-built."

"Smaller!—not a bit of it—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock—No, no, my bo, they were big enough—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the topmen you now see afloat."

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best—They're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast:—And yet, a double-fisted fellow tells well rousing aboard a tack or hauling aft a sheet—and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and ofner far better tempered nor chaps not half their height."

"Well; I dun know, Bill— I'm not a small man myself—" said one of the assembled group—"I'm not a small man, nor yet what you calls a large-un—for at the back o' the Pint, they says I'm just what ye calls the reg'lar size—but somehow or other, your under-sis'd fellows always do best in the world—for go where you will, you'll always find a little fellow making up to a laas double his length to give him a lift in life."

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack*†—not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a sky-sail-pole—he was, what they calls, a reg'lar-built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard. He was captain o' the mizen-top, and well they knew it, the boys abaft,—for he'd an infernal tyrannical temper. His wife was quite the reverse,—a better-hearted cretur never slept under a gun—See them at North-corner, or Mutton-cove on liberty together, and you see what care she'd take of her Tom—her 'Tom-tit,' as he was christened aboard. Tom liked his drop, but the fellow was so short 'twould get to his noddle a hour sooner nor a common-sized man—There he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud and mire, till his rib (long Kate as we called her) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, and take him aboard in a waterman's boat—and yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour."

* A well-known shark in Jamaica.

† *Andrew-Mack*—*Andromache* frigate.

"D-n your dwarfs," interrupted Thompson—"were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard—one o' the ship's company, you know—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books!—'cause, you see, I s'arved in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What! a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Ay,—a reg'lar-built giant—a fellow as stood six feet ten in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill!—Bill Murdock—for he kept his name from first to last—knowing 'twas never no use fixin' on a purser s,—for go where he would, his bulk wou'd *blow* him—Bill was a Scotchman—a Glasgow-man bred and born—and a better seaman or truer tar never commanded craft—for once Bill had the charge of one of his own—But Bill was something like myself, seldom backed by luck, and was more oftner down nor up in the world—We s'arved together in the F—— frigate—That was the craft for cap'ring kites—Let's see, we used to set ring-tails—water-sails—studden-sails without studden-sails—sky-scrapers—moon-rakers—star-gazers, and heaven-disturbers—Never ship could carry such a cloud of canvass—And, as for the skipper, 'twas hard to say on which he'd carry longest,—his sail or his sarmon—for as sure as Sunday came, there was strike-out for a sarmin *three* times a-day—and as sartin as Monday wou'd follow, there was crack-on the kites from day-light till dark—Yet, the skipper was a plucky chap, and a man as know'd well his work—and, I'll say that for him, he never was a man as spared himself—Report a strange sail in sight, and he was the *first* at the mast-head, glass in hand—and, what's more, blow high, blow low, there he'd stick, till he made her clearly and cleverly out—I've seen his glass fixed to his eye, resting on the cross-trees—for more, ay more nor six hours on a stretch—What d'ye think o' that!—a skipper of a frigate acting look-out-man aloft under a six hours' sun!—As sure as a hauline-line came down for the captain's grub—(for his dinner went reg'larly aloft in a hand-basket)—so sure you'd hear a hubbub below—The 'twix-decks had it in a crack—'A prize! my bosc,' you'd hear fore-and-aft—the skipper's grub's gone aloft:—but he wasn't a man as liked his lickor—six-water-grog was strong, to what we used to call his 'look-out-aloft swizzle.'—But take him, on one tack as well as the t'other, and he was a smart little man—

Bill and he, to be sure, had sometimes a bit of a breeze—though when we laid at Cork, and company comed to the skipper, Bill was the man as amused the ladies—Whenever Bill seed a boat full o' muslin pulling-off to the ship—and the whipt getting ready for the ladies—down he'd dive,—off with his muzzle-lashing, and on deck in a crack in his best mustering rig;—for as sure as dinner was done in the cabin, the skipper would send for Bill—and make some sham-abraham excuse about the water bein' bad—or the likes o' that, just for the purpose of givin' the ladies a treat in showing 'em a giant.

"But though Bill was a scholar, he wasn't a man as took to the trash of tracts as was sent aboard by some o' the skipper's *she*-methody-parsons—Nor could Bill always bring his bible to book whenever we went to divisions—for, you know, at three-bells† every forenoon, there was beat to divisions and muster prayer-books and bibles—As for myself, in the bible-bisness, I managed the matter very well—and moreover, with the skipper I was a bit of a fancy-man—for, you see my bible (as captain o' the mess) was always kivered in baize—nor never was opened, you know, nor pawed by tarry paw—There wasn't, nb, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out—The skipper reg'larly overhauled the books himself, and one morn, going round at divisions, I says to myself—'Come this is too bad, by Joe!—Here's my bible's been bag'd in baize for three years and upwards, and the skipper's never once *noticed* the keller she's in—so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself—'Here she is, Sir,' says I, pulling out the book from my green-baize bag just as he comes to my elbow—'here she is, Sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd comed bran-new out o' the mint'—'That's a *good* man,' says the skipper, givin' me a friendly tap on the shoulder—'that's a *good* man—come down to *my* cabin,' says he, 'as soon as divisions are over.'—Well, as soon as the drum beats retreat, you may well suppose I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop; but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen—There was the skipper alone at the table, fumbling a Newland's in his fist, and seemin' as shy o' me as I was of him—'Come here, my man,' says he—'come here Thompson—you're a very *good* man,' says he

† Chair-tackle for hoisting ladies on board.

‡ Half-past nine, A. M. § A Bank note.

—‘take this,’ says he, shoving a five-pound Newland into my fist—‘take this, and recollect,’ says he, ‘I give it for preserving so well the Word o’ God.’—Well, you may be sure after this, the bible sees less daylight nor ever;—and there wasn’t a fellow fore-and-aft—even Murdock himself,—as didn’t bag his book in baize.

“Howsomever—to try back to Bill—Poor Murdock!—I think I now sees him on his beam-ends trying to take a caulkt in the bay below—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarfs—Poor Bill!—I think I never seed his like—He did his duty as captain-o’-the-hold—for ’twould never ’ave done to’ve let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft—Moreover, he was a capital hand in the hold—Why, he’d take a butt o’ water on his knees, and sup out o’ the bung-hole easier, ay, by far, easier nor I could out of a breaker—But Poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape—it made him reg’larly mad whenever he drank—but keep him from lickor, and there wasn’t his fellow afloat—A nicer mannered man never Sally-port seed—and a prettier spoken chap never entered a tap—Though big and bulky as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afloat trod lighter the deck, big as he was—Keep him from drink, and he’d sing a stave as ’ould win, ay, the first lady in the land—Sober, the skipper himself wasn’t better behaved—he hadn’t the heart to hurt a fly—He’d take off his hat to the smallest reefer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they’d a-gone to h—ll for Bill—I’m blest if he didn’t live more in the midshipmen’s berth nor ever he did in his own—Bill could amuse both man and boy—he was as much a child as any child in the ship—and sartinly, more of a *man* nor any ten together—He could converse with the best aboard—but, though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself ‘*part-o’-the-people*’—But he was a scholar—he know’d figurs well—the rule-o’-three better—could hail a foreigner (and that too when the skipper couldn’t) in any tongue—no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax ’em ‘where they were from?’ and ‘where bound?’ and the likes o’ that—He could spin, too, a capital yarn—He was shipwrecked twice—once as

† *Caulkt a nap on the deck.*

mate, and once as master,—and *such* a chap at *chequers* I never seed in my day—In short, Bill was a man in a million—But with all that, Bill was the devil in drink—*one* glass more nor his allowance and stand clear fore-and-aft—’Twasn’t the *frigate*, nor yet any *three-deck’d* ship in the sarvis as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard—I’ve seen him, ay, I may say, more than twenty times clear the lower, main-deck, and folksel—There you’d see midshipmen, marines—every blue-jacket below tumbling up the hatchways, and flying from Bill, as if, for all the world, a thund’ring Senegal tiger had been reg’larly turned adrift on the deck—A topmaul had better fall on your pate than his fist;—and once catch a fellow in his flipper, and he’d fling him from side to side, or stem to stern, making no more of a middle-sized man nor a middle-sized *man* would make of a cat. The sing out of ‘*Murdock adrift!*’ was worse afloat nor the cry of ‘*Murder!*’ ashore. The sick, and lame, and chaps as couldn’t bend their backs with the bago, would fling themselves out o’ their hammocks; and fly upon deck, clear of his clutches—You’d sometimes see the bowsprit reg’larly lined with men and the riggin’ swarming wi’ fellows scuddin’ from Murdock’s grip—The officers never, *never* could quiet him—’Twas worth more nor the best o’ their commissions was worth to make the trial—for they know’d to a man they might as well try to capsize St. Paul’s as try to level Bill in his beer—in these here fits a frightfoller sight never was seed: He’d foam and froth at the mouth, tear his hair, and knash his teeth in a terrible way—and yet, poor Bill!—how *soon* I’ve seed him *calmed* by a *cap*—The sight of a petticoat would *tame* him in the turn of a quid—The weakest girl aboard had nothing to do but face him full in front—and down like lightning, on all fours, poor Bill would drop—clinging to the lass’s petticoats, and licking her feet for all the world like a lady’s lap-dog—though, I’m blest but he looked a precious sight more like a dancing elephant.”

“What! d’y’e mean to say,” interrogated the last interlocutor, “that a lass like Bet Bowles could manage a monster like Murdock?”

“Yes, I does—a child (providing she was a *she-child*) could manage him easier, ay, nor a party o’ marines under ball and bagnet. Once caught by the cap and all was calm in a crack—

the fire in his eye and froth of his mouth (as soon as the girl swabbed with her apron the foam from his bows) was lost in the sudden lull—and in less than a minute there wasn't, no—no, not as much as a *ripple* o' rage to be seen on his phiz.

"Well, after the lull o' the lickor, there wasn't to be seen a more down-i'-the-mouth man for a month—Why, the old *Royal Billy** herself—the *Billy* buffetin' about the Bay† in a breeze, wouldn't a-felt more shook and shattered—more pulled to pieces nor poor Bill 'oud be after comin' out of one of his heavy Nor-westers—Not a limb could he lift for a week—He'd shake like a leaf; and the sight of an officer would set him a tremblin' worse, ay worse nor a fellow in a-flushing' fit—D—n that infarnal agey—D—n the Dutch and their dirty dikes, I'll never be the man I was. But, mind ye, it wasn't the dread o' the cat as made Big Bill afeard of an officer, for I'm sartin and sure, the skipper would sooner a-seized-up himself, nor ever 'ave brought poor Bill to the gratin'—No, no, 'twasn't the thought o' the gratin' as gauled him, but 'twas the thought of offending mortal in lickor; you'd sometimes see him backin and filling and boxing about a bit of a boy—a reefer‡ not twelve years old, afore he'd go up to the child, to 'hope and hope he didn't offend him in his fit—I wouldn't,' he'd say, 'I wouldn't young gemman offend you, no, not for a butt o' beer, much more hurt a hair o' your head;' and then he'd take and tug the few locks as was left on his pate, and curse th' unfortnet crack on his sconce, as made him, he'd say, 'made him worse and wickeder nor a baited bull.' He'd write to the skipper,—to the first-leaftennant,—to the mate-o'-the-grog-tub, and to all the gemmen as had weight in the ship, to 'Mollify'—yes that was the word, to 'Mollify,' as he called it, 'the mischief his madness made.' He'd lay down the law as natral as life; argufy the matter in a manner as would soften the heart of a hangman; and mind ye, there was never nothing like snivelling,—no double allowance of *larning*—no sayin' a one thing as unsaid the t'other, and usin' words as went for nothing. For ten—let's see—was it ten?—no—for six—for six days he took his reg'lar bob on the book never to touch the taste of lickor, not as much

as the dew of a drop lit on his lip—yes, for six days he suffered that tortor. One time at Port-royal on a Patrick day, he goes reg'larly aft, and axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes: 'Please, Sir,' said he, turning as red as a soger's coat as he faces the first-leaftennant; 'Please, Sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon—I hope no offence—but if so be,' says Bill, 'its all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-and-twenty hours in irons.' 'In irons! what for?' says the first-leaftennant. 'What for?' says *Sprinkle and Swab*, for that was his name with Bobby below. 'What for?' says Bill, heaven! a bashful glance at the first-leaftennant—for, you see Bill was ashamed to say for *why*. 'Yes, what for?' again says *Sprinkle-and-Swab*. 'Well,' says Big Bill, 'if you must—*must*, Sir, know for *why*—to be moored out of mischief's way—for, you know Sir,' says Bill, 'I darn't—darn't trust the drop.' Well, seein' Bill was bent on the bilboes, in course, *Sprinkle-and-Swab* sends for the master-tarms, and orders poor Bill both legs in limbo.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WANDERERS.

(Concluded from p. 388.)

For the Olio.

SHIFT we the scene and time, and haste we to the camp of the allied armies before Acre.

For two years the ex-king of Jerusalem had besieged that city when the crusading forces arrived, and two months longer had their continued energies been vainly directed against the "Key of Palestine." Many of Richard's choicest warriors had perished in the struggle, and the jealousy of the king of France, and the enmity existing among several of the leaders, threatened to make the expedition both bloody and unsuccessful.

The young huntsman, now perfectly recovered, had not yet joined the camp; he formed one of the gallant band of Robert Earl of Leicester. These reinforcements were daily expected; but days and weeks passed on, and none arrived, and the troops, despairing of success, and overcome by heat and pestilence, were scarcely prevented from returning homewards. Apart from the other tents stood one decorated neither by blazoned banner nor silken pennon; it was skirted on one side by a gentle acclivity, and so situated that, during the dead of night, a party of the

* Royal William—said to be one hundred years old when broken up.

† Bay of Biscay. ‡ Reefer—Midshipman.

enemy might glide unseen to the out-pass, and pass from thence into the heart of the unsuspicious army. Its owner was a tall, dark man, who, discharging the twofold duties of a monk and warrior, was regarded with a superstitious awe by his military associates. His beard and coal-black hair nearly concealed his features; his well-worn gown was usually confined by a rusty corslet; his rosary and sword hung from the same belt; and, in his general appearance, he bore no unapt resemblance to Peter the Hermit.

That was a gloomy evening which immediately preceded the conquest of Ptolemais; dark clouds obscured the face of the moon, and the stars were likewise concealed by them. The camp was hushed in silence. The monk reclined within his tent, and by the light of a small lamp, which was suspended from the awning, attentively perused a manuscript, in which cabalistic figures were fairly depicted. A momentary pang of mental or bodily anguish distorted his countenance, and he closed the book, rose from his hard couch, and folding his arms upon his breast, hurriedly paced backward and forward.

"Oh this wonderful east country!" he mentally exclaimed, "little did I think when I journeyed hitherward that the MIGHTY SECRET—the prize for which I once dared and suffered so much—would be placed within my reach. Days and years of dark remorse and fearful penance have followed my early crimes. When the precious elixir eluded me then, although I had bartered my soul for it, and disease and death appalled my spirit, I did *well* to pray; but now one deadly sin will restore me to eternal youth, and I need *never fear the judgment*. Why, then, should I hesitate?"

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he extinguished the lamp, stole silently out of the camp, and glided rapidly along in the direction of the city, till the hill before mentioned concealed him from observation. A Moslem here expected him. He was a short, slight man, richly apparelled; his eyes were red and fiery, and the silken folds of an immense turban were purposely drawn down over the upper part of his face.

"Friar," he inquired, "hast thou yet decided?"

"I have," replied the monk—"give me but the precious elixir, and wert thou Satan's himself, my soul and body should be thine for ever!"

"And thou wilt keep my secret inviolate?"

"God is my witness!"

"Allah be thanked," returned the Moslem, with a look which belied his words, "that by rendering one other, like myself, immortal, I was fated to save my country.—Little did I think," he continued, "when I came a prisoner into thy presence that I should become a deliverer; but I *marked* thy visage, and read therein thy most secret wishes. Ye believed my promises, and burst my thralldom—by Allah! thou art well rewarded."

"I have drugged the sentinels, and wait to conduct thy company into the heart of the encampment."

The Moslem uttered a low but peculiar sound, and presently a small chosen band crept stealthily to his side, and thence to the friar's tent; another and another followed, till five hundred sarazins, completely armed, under the monk's guidance, had penetrated to the pavilion of Richard,—having, as they passed along, slain the sleeping Christians, and fired their tents. At this critical moment a faint sound, as of advancing forces, arrested the steps of the assassins,—the noise increased, till the neighing of horses and the clangor of military music were distinctly heard. A shout which roused the slumbering army rent the air, and the troop of cavalry so long expected spurred gallantly into the camp.

All was confusion,—each crusader sprung from his hard couch and seizing the weapon which came first to hand, attacked the perfidious assailants. A panic spread through the camp, for none knew the extent of their danger. The Turks, unable to retreat, and frenzied with despair, fought with hellish fury—man strove with man, neither expecting nor giving quarter. Richard, roused by the din of arms, flung himself on his Arabian charger, shouted "Saint George for merry England!" and did glorious deeds that night. Philip fought by his side. The huntsman (as we will still continue to call him, albeit he was cased in mail, and wore *gilded spurs*) charged the infidels with resistless fury, and now, for the first time, did he perceive his ancient enemy, and mowing down all opposition he hurried to meet him. The priest awaited him with the intrepidity of desperation,—the miscreant whom he once believed immortal had perished by his side,—hell stared him in the face, for he knew that his hour was come, and that no place

was left him for repentance; his cheek was ashy pale, a con'emptuous scowl sat on his gloomy brows, and his countenance was like a fiend's.

The huntsman dismounted, and felling two Paynims with one stroke of his weapon, he confronted his antagonist.

"Demon!" he cried, "was it for *this* that thou camest hither—prepare to die!"

"Spirit of evil—thou son of Belial, prepare *thou* to die!" replied the monk, and suiting his actions with his words, he aimed so fearful a blow at the skull of his enemy, that his helm was cleft in twain, and fell off, leaving his head defenceless.

"Thy hour is come!" replied the youth, returning the friar's stroke with a deadly thrust, and his steel broke against the shattered rib of his antagonist. Both fell,—the prior seized him with an iron gripe, and fearful was that struggle; but the huntsman's strength prevailed; he freed himself from the dying man, and planting his knee upon his breast, shouted with a triumphant smile,

"Rachel is well avenged! Priest, acknowledge the superior power of Henry Vyvian!"

"Henry Vyvian, thou art a—fratricide! Would I had known this on the night of our last meeting—I am *thine elder brother!*"

The monk said true. During his sojourn in foreign climes he had perpetrated the most atrocious crimes, (for why hath been already darkly hinted), and in a fit of remorse he made a solemn vow that he would renounce his dignities and never again revisit his ancestral halls. Stung with guilt, and fearing discovery, he fled to England, and entered a Dominican convent. There his commanding intellects, his severe penances, which passed for superior sanctity, advanced him to the highest place,—reader, you know the rest.

Henry was thunderstruck,—he spake not, moved not,—a mist came over his eyes, and he fell senseless to the earth. When he awoke from his lethargy, he shuddered, for he was covered with putrid carcases,—the sun was shining in its strength, and the whole forces of Christendom were contending with the Paynim armies. He seizes the weapons of the fallen—his arm is nerved with a desperate energy; he resolves to perish for Christ's cause, and in a manner not unworthy of his royal ancestry, and with a maniac's fury he rushed to the spot where the fight raged

fiercest. His head was bare, his auburn hair clotted with blood and dust. The spirits of his few remaining followers are nerved with his intrepidity; he leads them to the charge; the scaling ladder yields beneath the weight of ascending multitudes. He rises, alone preserved of all his followers; he mounts the embankment formed by their dying bodies; he stands on the ramparts, attacked on all sides by the infuriated Sarazins. A moment more, and the foremost of his assailants are hurled headlong into the city. The warrior was severely wounded, but he thought that among the Turkish leaders he beheld Caracos, the master of the garrison, and Saladin's own instructor in the art of war. He dares him to the combat; their weapons flash and are shivered, and, closing, the Mussulman wriths within the iron grasp of the Christian, and unable to support themselves, both fell into the gulph beneath. At the same moment a flag of truce was reared on the walls of Acre. J.F.R.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON WIGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHOLE ART OF DRESS."

For the *Olio*.

AFTER all, there is nothing like a wig. In the adoption of it, not the least edifying part is, to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the vast improvement, if well chosen, that occurs in thy countenance. "Tis passing strange." As that sage doctor of the hair, Rowland, saith in his treatise: "A fine head of hair is truly considered the most distinguished ornament of the human frame." This thou canst always have in a wig; and now mark its wonders:—If thou wert previously hideous, it will make thee bearable; if merely ugly, good-looking; and if previously good-looking, why it will make thee downright handsome,—"a consummation devoutly to be wished for." Then how many evils does not the possession of a wig banish? All the trouble and feverish anxiety one used to feel in the combing-out, brushing, curling, and oiling of the locks, which after all, perhaps, presenting but an indifferent aspect—is exchanged for a calm and tranquil quiet, arising from a certain confidence in the glossy ringlets of thy wig, which one shake of the head suffices to dress, and render imposing to the eye.

Then the many advantages that arise

from them, so jocular and facetious. During the summer months, for instance, bathing in the sea; while your *thick-headed* friends come out of the water, their hair resembling so many rats'-tails slung together, you emerge like one of its own fabled deities, shake and place on your peruke with a feeling of indescribable conscious superiority, equalled only perhaps by their envy.

Again, if a party be suddenly made up for an excursion, what a consternation does it not throw the younger members into. While they are lamenting having no time to bedeck their hair out to advantage, you have but to place on your best wig, and it may be "Richard's himself again," and "eager for the fray."

With regard to the selection of a wig, in the plenitude of our knowledge we will offer a suggestion or two for the benefit of our very numerous readers, trusting among so many that the same will be fully placed to account. The greatest criterion, generally speaking, should be the eyes; these far more than the complexion, should assimilate with the colour you choose. This axiom is particularly borne out by nature herself, for she seldom gives dark eyes without accompanying coloured hair. And *vice versa* the same. There are exceptions in every case, and blue eyes at times is one to this otherwise general rule, for we as often see blue eyes with light as dark hair. Now, when the blue eye chances to be large, bold, and sparkling, you may with the greatest propriety select hair of the darkest hue, as there will be no fear of that finest and most intellectual feature of the face being thrown into comparative obscurity by the depth of the hair, the great point to guard against. So, when the eye is small, and possessing no particular brilliancy, never choose dark hair, as it invariably, under those circumstances, renders the countenance dull and heavy. By this it will generally be perceived, that the false hair should be of the same shade as that of the natural. A great deal in the appearance of a wig depends upon the manner in which it is treated and kept. When you have a change or two, it then becomes a very pleasing luxury, particularly in the hot summer months, when you can wash or bathe without the trouble usually attendant upon your natural hair.

The Naturalist.

THE POLAR BEAR.—The Polar bear (*Ursus maritimus*) has been seen in higher latitudes than any other quadruped; that is, between the 82° and the 83° north. Its southern limit may be stated to be about the 55th parallel. It is well known at York Factory, on the south-western shore of Hudson's Bay, particularly during the autumn, having probably been drifted in the summer season, from the northward, on the ice. It is, indeed, a truly ice-loving and maritime species, and prevails along a great extent of the shores of the Northern Ocean, never entering into woody regions, except by accident, during the prevalence of great mists, nor showing itself at more than a hundred miles from the sea. Indeed, any near approach even to that distance from saline waters may be regarded as very rare. Some vague observers have no doubt described this animal as occurring occasionally in the more central parts of North America, but they have mistaken a light-coloured, or hoary variety of the grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*), for the Polar species. It abounds in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla, and was met with by Captain Parry among the North Georgian Islands, even during the depth of that prolonged and gloomy winter.* The species, however, decreases in numbers to the westward of Melville Island. Dr. Richardson met with none between the mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers; and the Esquimaux informed Captain Franklin that white bears very rarely visited the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie. They were, however, observed by Cook, during his third voyage, among the islands of Behring's Straits, although Pennant asserts the contrary; and according to the latter authority they do not occur on the Asiatic shores to the eastward of the Tchutskoiness. They were not seen by Captain Beechey during his recent voyage to the Icy Cape. It thus appears that the Polar bear prevails very generally along all the frozen shores within the Arctic circle, with the exception of about 35 degrees of longitude on either

* On the return of the ships through Barrow's Straits, a bear was met with, swimming in the water, about midway between the shores, which were about forty miles apart; no ice was in sight, except a small quantity near the land. On the approach of the ships, he appeared alarmed, and dived, but rose again speedily; a circumstance which may confirm the remark of Fabricius, that well as the Polar bear swims, he is unable to remain long under water.

side of Point Beechey, in which it is comparatively rare; and that in Hudson's Bay, and along the northern coast of Labrador, and the nearer portions of East and West Greenland, it occurs not unfrequently 6 or 8 degrees to the south of the Arctic circle.

Piano Music.

The Whistle; a Styrian Air. Arranged for the Piano by J. Moscheles. London, Willis.

This piece has afforded us much pleasure; it cannot be too highly recommended as an excellent practice, carefully fingered for a tyro.

The Stranger's Bride; written and composed by G. Linley. London, Duff.

An extremely tasteful and effective composition. We have no doubt but what this piece will become as great a favourite as the "Soldier's Tear," of which it strongly reminds us. The words are far above mediocrity.

The Merry Little Drummer: by A. Lee.

The lovers of music are much indebted to Mr. Lee for the production of this spirited and meritorious composition. In an age like the present, when scarcely any thing is "brought out," save copies or imitations, it is quite gratifying to have a little novelty. "The Merry Little Drummer" is wholly an original.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

As in retirement milder graces dwell,
Pictures in water colours, oils excel.

The inconvenience which arises from a small exhibition room is known to be a complaint injurious to the exhibitors, and is disrelished by the visitors: as this is more severely felt in hot weather, so it is the more to be deplored. Places appropriated to the advancement of the fine arts, are not attended as bargain seekers attend auction rooms, or as brokers attend 'Change, in the full tide and flood of merchandise. Once possessed of our catalogue, we venture our lightest footsteps amid the laborious productions of arts, who are studious of fame, and desirous of remuneration equal to their merits. As this Society is twenty-seven years of age, it is to be hoped that, in the sound spirit of man-

hood, means will be devised for the roomier display of its functions of muscular proportion; and that its features, neither likely to fade, or be wrinkled, will be able, like a poet's fine morning, "to look out openly." Mutual advantages these to amateurs, connoisseurs, and the parties pictorially interested. Of 427 subjects grouped within these walls, and screened in baise, the majority are gems. No. 1. Death of Pyrochles, F. O. Finch. The subject, taken from Spenser's Faery Queen, is cleverly executed. 2. St. Mark's Place, Venice, S. Prout. The tone of colouring is chaste and clear, and the costume and architecture correct. 3. Belinda. Miss E. Sharpe. A selection of Pope's Rape of the Lock, cantos 2 and 3. Belinda, in the centre, is full of imagination, sprightly and elegant. The Baron is adventurous, and Clarissa with tempting grace, combining to the purpose, and

'Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,—
A thousand wings by turns throw back the hair.'

9. English Pastoral. G. Barret. The foreground is not rich, but the mountainous scenery, vividly hued and vigorously represented. In 15, An Ancient Abreuvoir, at Mont Cochon, Jersey, R. Hills, the mossy verdure, the attentive children and passive cattle, are in exquisite unison: this is a sweet little picture. 17. Interior of a Highland Cottage. J. F. Lewis. Though not a large habitation, this is the Highlander's home, in which he is at peace: his dogs are at ease, like their master; and, in the absence of grandeur, content supplies his wants. 19. The High Street, Bologne. W. Scott. The people are busy, and the fine buildings in the street admirably represented. 22. London Bridge (1740), G. Pyne. An interesting delineature, given accurately in accordance with the period. What a contrast to the *new* Bridge, nearly completed! 27. Interior of a Church, S. Prout, and 28. Part of Zwinger Palace, Dresden, *idem*. Two successful efforts, deserving well of the mind and hand that wrought them. 41. Nant y bellan Wynnstay, Denbighshire. P. de Wint. The composition is fine, replete and praiseworthy. 58. Lincoln, by the same, is a decidedly charming picture. 42. Infant Bacchus. J. Stephanoff. Florid and fanciful. 48. A Fishing Boy. W. Hunt. A weather-beaten youth, stern and true, deserving a better pair of shoes. 49. The Captives. G. Cattermole. Countenances that express their situation—unsubdued in heart; well conceived and ably grouped. 59.

Llyn Idwal, North Wales—Twilight. G. F. Robson. An interesting picture, scenic and timely. 60. Asses. (*Idem.*) No danger that these long eared animals will be mistaken, like a picture not far distant, for cows. 72. The Huntsman's Boy. The dog and the boy excel the foliage. 86. Prayer. W. Hunt. The old man is absorbed in his devotion, with his hands pressed over his face; but they are too highly coloured. The picture is very good. 102. Hotel de Ville, Ulm. J. S. Cotman, and, 105, Abbatial House of the Abbey of Saint Ouen, Rouen. Two clever and singular productions. 110. Indianman Ashore. S. Prout. The drawing, situation, and colouring are true to nature. 117. A View of Vauxhall Bridge. J. Varley. Clear and descriptive. 131. The Page. J. Stephanoff. To which sex does this page belong? 133 and 134. Two of W. Hunt's choice bits. Heart-touching are the chucklings of the peasant boy, and the smuggler's phiz is a rare one. Pug, by the same, is a true puggish face in the yellow dumps of clime and bile. 149. The arrival of the New Governess. Miss L. Sharpe. Her interview does not appear a flattering one; perhaps her lovely countenance, unassuming demeanour, and simply neat attire, are not in unison with the splendid dress and tastes of those to whom she is introduced. A young gentleman behind them, eyes her through a quizzing glass, while they, curiously gazing, give her a haughty and stiff reception. The two misses, half seated near her, pry into her face to learn their future lot of austerity or suavity; and a black footboy leers ineffably as he is quitting the apartment with a waiter. More freedom might have given stronger effect to this picture; but as it is, the effort is admirably realised. 181. *Idem.* Jenny Deans, imploring Queen Caroline to save her sister's life. Jenny is kneeling and supplicating pardon. The Queen and her Lady are on one side—beautifully represented—and the Duke, the model of elegance, stands on the other, waiting the issue. The looping branches trained to a vista behind them, render the seclusion fit for so divine an errand. 279. *Idem.* Rebecca at her Evening Devotions in the Preceptory, Templestowe, is another beautiful effort of art. The figure is truly devotional and calm, the features are clear and lovely, and attest that innocence dwells in her bosom. 213. The Idle Boy. W. Hunt. The rogue sits hugging a chair—his pleasures mingled with impudent

raillery, defy work, and seem to indicate all absence of an idea of future want. 250. Scene at the entrance of Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight. Copley Fielding. A good picture, with great perspective in little space. 238. An English Farm Yard. R. Hills. Quite an English subject—full of objects to elucidate it. The cattle are natural, the action is in character, and the performance exceedingly creditable; the ducks, however, appear to us too slender.—More than thirty consecutive favourites are marked in our notes, and deserving particular mention, from which we are reluctantly precluded by exhaustion of space. But the four letters, S.O.L.D., like the S.P.Q.A. of the Romans, appended to the pictures, are a favourable insignia in behalf of the artists.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M.W. of Windsor.

PAGES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—About this time the ancient customs arising from the long prevalence of chivalry, began to be grossly varied from the original purposes of the institution. None was more remarkable than the change which took place in the breeding and occupation of *pages*. This peculiar species of menial originally consisted of youths of noble birth, who, that they might be trained to the exercise of arms, were early removed from their paternal homes, where too much indulgence might have been expected, to be placed in the family of some prince or man of rank and military renown, where they served, as it were, an apprenticeship to the duties of chivalry and courtesy. Their education was severely moral, and pursued with great strictness in respect to useful exercises, and what were deemed elegant accomplishments. From being pages, they were advanced to the next gradation of squires; from squires, these candidates for the honours of knighthood were frequently made knights. But in the sixteenth century the page had become, in many instances, a mere domestic, who sometimes, by the splendour of his address and appearance, was expected to make up in show for the absence of a whole band of retainers with swords and bucklers. We have Sir John's authority when he cashiers part of his train.

"Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted
page."

Jonson, in a high tone of moral in-

**SHERIDAN'S OPINION OF MRS. SID-
DONS.**—Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sheridan
were conversing on the actors. "Your
admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high,"
said Rogers, "that I wonder you never

made open love to her. "To her!"
said Sheridan; "to that magnificent
and appalling creature!—I should as
soon have thought of making love to the
Archbishop of Canterbury."

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, July 6.

St. Seaburgh, abbot, seventh age.
High Water, 41m aft 10 Morn.—14m aft 11 Aftern.
July 6, 1826.—Died near Durham, Mrs. Watts,
the accomplished author of "Rome in the Nine-
teenth Century." This elegant writer produced
also some very sensible "Letters on Holland,"
and a novel, entitled "Continental Adventures,"
which was published a few days previous to her
death.

Thursday, July 7.

St. Hedda, bish. and conf. A. D. 705.
Sun rises 49m after 3—sets 11m after 8.
Now is the general season of haymaking. Bands
of mowers, in their light dresses and broad straw
hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun
glances above the horizon, that they may toil in
the freshness of the morning, and stretch them-
selves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling wa-
ters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then,
with regular strokes, and a sweeping sound, the
sweet and flowery grass falls before them; re-
vealing, at almost every step, nests of young
birds—mice in their cozy domes,—and the mossy
cells of the humble bee streaming with liquid
honey—anon, troops of haymakers are abroad,
tossing the green swaths to the sun. It is one of
Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand plea-
sant memories and habits of the olden days, and
not a soul can resist it.

Friday, July 8.

St. Grimbald, abbot, A. D. 903.
High Water 04 18m Morn.—04 48m Aftern.
About this time the various kinds of cherries
redden in abundance on the trees, and have a
pleasing effect. The birds now begin to be very
active in committing their work of spoliation;
and in order to frighten them away, the noisy
cherry-clack is set up; the continual flapping of
which, in the light breezes of July by night, are
too well known to the student by the nightly
lamp.

THE CHERRY-CLACK.

The lamplight student wan and pale,
In his chamber sits at ease,
And tries to read without avail;
For every moment the light breeze
Springs up, and nestles in the trees.
And then he startles at the sound
Of the noisy cherry-clack,
That drives its flippant windsails round,
With dybs still puffing at his back,
Provoking endless click-a-tee-clack.
The scholar, tries and tries again
To read, but can't:—then damns the
cherries,—
And swears that every effort's vain
To answer all his master's queries,
For Greek and Latin quite a jeer is.
Where every chorus, every verse
Is interrupted,—for alack!
When he begins one to rehearse,
The thread is broke, himself thrown back,
By this perpetual click-a-tee-clack.

Anthologia.

Saturday, July 9.

St. Everildis, virg.
New Moon—47m after 1 Afternoon.
July 9, 1614.—On this day, Stratford-upon-
Avon, the town which gave birth to Shakspeare,
one of the greatest geniuses that ever added lus-

tre to any age or country, was in danger of being
totally destroyed by fire. According to an old
brief, granted in the 14th year of James I. we
find that "within the space of less than two hours
were consumed fifty-four dwelling houses, besides
out-buildings, with great store of corn, hay,
straw, and wood;" the damage done was estima-
ted at eight thousand pounds and upwards. The
document from which we quote further says, the
"force of the fire was so great (the wind setting
full upon the town) that it dispersed in so many
places thereof, whereby the whole town was in
danger of being entirely consumed."

Sunday, July 10.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Levons for the Day.—2nd book of Samuel, 12 ch.
Morn.—2nd book of Samuel, 19 ch. Evening.
July 10, 1559.—Expired Henry II. of France,
from the effects of a wound received below the
left eye, from the Count de Montgomery's lance
at a tournament, given at the Hotel de Tournelles.
The imprudence and vices of this prince proved
a source of multiplied disasters to France, and
opened a vast field to intestine wars, massacres
and calamities. Guided by de Lorraine and
some other cardinals, he persecuted the protest-
ants, and impeded the progress of light by the
suppression of books, and the punishment of
booksellers and printers. He likewise restored
the barbarous practice of trial by battle, which
his predecessors had found so difficult to abolish.

Monday, July 11.

St. Hadolphus, bish. A. D. 707.
High Water 1m aft 3 Morning—26m aft 3 Aftern.

The excessive heats of this period of the year
cause such an evaporation from the surface of
the earth and waters, that after some continuance
of dry weather, large heavy clouds are formed,
which, at length, let fall their collected liquor in
extremely copious showers, which frequently beat
down the full grown corn, and sometimes deluge
the country with sudden floods. Thunder and
lightning generally accompany these summer
storms. Lightning is a collection of electric fire
drawn from the heated air and earth, and accumu-
lated in the clouds, which, at length over-
charged, suddenly let go their contents in the
form of broad flashes or fiery darts. These are
attracted again by the earth, and often intercept-
ed by buildings, trees, and other elevated objects,
which are shattered by the shock. Thunder is
the noise occasioned by the explosion, and there-
fore always follows the lightning; the sound tra-
velling slower to our ears than the light to our
eyes. Just the same thing happens when a gun
is fired at a distance. When we hear the thunder,
therefore, all danger from that flash of lightning
is over; and thunder, though so awful and tre-
mendous to the ear, is, of itself, entirely harmless.

Aitia.

Tuesday, July 12.

St. John Gualbert, abbot, A. D. 1073.
Sun rises 53m aft 3—sets 7m aft 8.

[July 12, 1795.—To-day, Admiral Hotham, cap-
tured off Hieres Island, L'Alcide, of 74 guns,
part of a French squadron, which he chased, but
could not come up with; about half an hour after
she struck, she caught fire and blew up; by which
accident, between three and four hundred of her
crew perished—three hundred of them were saved
by the boats of the fleet.

*With our next will be published a Supplement, containing, besides the usual quantity of
matter, the Preface, Vignette, Title Page, and Index to complete Vol. VII. On the
same day will be ready, Vol VII, adorned with 29 Engravings, price 8s. extra boards.
Also will be ready, Vols I to VII, embellished with upwards of Two Hundred splendid
Engravings, price 2l. 1s. 6d. extra boards.—Any volume may be had separately.*

The Ohio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVIII.—Vol. VII.

Saturday, July 16, 1831.



See page 434

Illustrated Article.

ASSIGNATIONS.

A TALE OF VENICE.

For the Ohio.

Now rest thee here, my goodolier; hush, hush,
for up I go,

To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou
keep'st watch below.

Ah! did we take for heaven above but half
such pains as we

Take day and night for woman's love, what
angels we should be! MOORE.

Help, masters, help! My master is mad!

TAKING THE SHREW.

It was on a clear, cool, and balmy evening in the height of summer, that a splendid fete was given by the Count de Villadino, to celebrate the birth-day of his charming daughter the Signora Rosalia, who had completed her seventeenth year. The Count's gardens, which stretched from the illuminated chateau to the margin of the Adriatic, displayed a numerous assemblage of gay and gallant cavaliers, both young and old, and an equal proportion of the gentler sex. The spacious terraces were thronged,

the broad shelter of the citrons and promegranates, the groves, the thickets — all, all were filled: some with amorous couples, breathing their ardent protestations; some recalling their days of happiness gone by; while others, less lovingly and less lonely inclined, perambulated the open walks, and gazed upon the beautiful marble fountains, which threw up from the mouths, nostrils and fingers of satyrs, bacchanals and other fanciful forms, their diamond waters in the brilliant moonshine, or listened to the wild, sweet strains that floated ever and anon from the waters and the thick foliage of the gardens.

In the course of the evening, a party of some three or four, in cloaks and vizards, landed from a gondola, and passing rapidly through the gardens, disappeared again round an angle of the chateau. Their movement passed unnoticed to all, except Rosalia, who, leaning on the arm of the old Baron Torrada, her detested suitor, had caught the significant gesture of one of the masked party, and was all fears lest he should discover her agitation.

"Eternal health and never-ending felicity attend the noble Baron de Torrado, and the sweet Senora Rosalia de Villadino," pompously exclaimed a tall, slender, apish personage, approaching them with doffed bonnet, and congeeing to the very earth.

The lady curtsied gracefully; the baron received the homage as his due, elevated his person, deigned the sycophant a smile, and turned on his heel; the other seized the opportunity to place a billet in the lady's hand, who immediately disengaging herself, hastened into the chateau, and read as follows:

"Dearest Rosalia.—All is prepared—a boat awaits by the grotto at the end of the gardens. Seize the earliest moment for flight.

Thine eternally,
ALFIERO."

Rosalia, without a moment's hesitation, drew forth her pencil, and wrote beneath:

"To-night, dearest Alfiero, at eleven. I will not fail thee.

Your's, ROSALIA."

She then returned to the gardens; took the baron's arm—apologised for her sudden departure; and, seeing Alfiero's attendant watching her, she dropped the billet, which was speedily in her lover's possession.

Fortunately, for their escape, the moon had not yet illuminated the spot where the grotto was situated; all there was enfolded in perfect gloom. The eleventh hour arrived,—and Alfiero hastened to his post. As he drew near the cavern, however, he was greatly surprised to behold a female, whose form strongly resembled Rosalia's, already there, supported by the arm of a sturdy gallant, to whom she lovingly clung. On they went—and reaching the cavern where the gondola lay, the cavalier signed to the boatman, who instantly started up, and proceeded to assist them on board.

Alfiero had gazed thus far with feelings that may be easier conceived than described. To behold her he loved, thus borne from his arms without a struggle—without a word, was more than he could well endure. In a towering rage, therefore, he approached his rival.

"Turn back, Sir Villain," cried he, "you depart not thus—draw and defend yourself."

The lady shrieked—the gallant remonstrated—but all would not do; the sword of Alfiero was at his breast.

"Impetuous fool!" exclaimed the stranger, "take then thy desert;" and striking aside the weapon of his adversary, he speedily wrenched it from his grasp, and would have ran him through, had not Alfiero's attendant interposed himself between them.

"Hold!" cried he, "hold gentles, I beseech ye—here is some mistake, which with your patience I will speedily clear up."

Assuming a consequential and pompous demeanour, the merry wight turned towards the vanquished Alfiero, and thus began:

"Ahem,—ahem,—Monseigneur le Comte Desparado de Alfiero. I charge thee with the crime of inconstancy—inconstancy to thy first love, which crime thou hast aggravated by attempting the life of this noble, Don de Montevino, that thou may'st possess the charms of this most peerless lady, Bianca de Villadino, cousin of thy once beloved Rosalia."

"And my beloved Rosalia still," cried Alfiero, "why, how is this!—how have I been deceived! I see, I see—Ignorant of any assignation on this spot except our own, I took thy cousin Bianca, my beautiful Rosalia, for thee, and this noble gentleman, whose pardon I implore——"

"For thy rival, most patient Count," interrupted Montevino, "whom, but for thy blind fury, thou wouldst speedily have laid i' the dust; well, well, 'tis a foolish matter, so let's ha' done with it. And now that we understand each other, haste we along, and our marriage over, we'll laugh at our sapient guardian's schemes to mar our assignations."

T. F.

Songs of Passion.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

No. IV.

Oh! sing to me of days to be,
And not of those gone by;
They only now can remind me,
To breathe the sad mem'ry's sigh.

Of hopes that were, of joys that's fled,
Why strike the trembling string;
'Tis useless now to mourn the dead,
'Tis fixing mis'ry's sting.

'Tis like the sun, that brightly beams
O'er what the storm has left;
That with its splendour, mocking seems,
To mourn o'er beauty's rest.

Then let thy harp resound to mirth,
Pleasures own gayest strain;
To retrospection give not birth,
To fire my burning brain.

MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

THERE are two ways of looking at anything remarkable in this remarkable world: if you look at it with the left eye, it is one thing; with the right, it is another; with both, it is itself or more than itself. An artist, looking even at an old post by the highway side, will perceive in it something picturesque—a plain man will see nothing more in it than a piece of wood, misshapen and rotten. You may look at things serious, and turn them into humour; at things humorous, and they become grave: in fact, there are two sides of everything; but maximists generally have looked with their favourite eye only on the favourite side of things, an economy of their visual organs which I disdain to imitate; on the contrary, I shall use all the eyes I have by nature, and shall look as often at the reverse as the obverse of “things in general.”

DULL MEN. Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example. One of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks *at* you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say “Yes,” thrice; “No sure!” twice or so; “Indeed!” about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown, at least. From two till half-past two, he is himself somewhat silent; his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more, he looks at his watch, and remarks that “It is time to go,”—that is, he perceives that you are supersaturated with sleep: you persuade the other glass; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him “Good night.” He goes home, happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence: you stumble up to your chamber, with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that

pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be ‘taken’ as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

“Blessing goes with him wheresoe'er he goes,”—the blessing of sleep.

CHILDREN.—If you are a father, prevent, if possible, your daughters from squinting or lisping, and your sons from growing up with *carrel* knees—thus *Λ*—or legs like parentheses—thus *()*—for these defects, if allowed to “grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength,” are sure to infatuate them with the stage as a profession. I have assisted, as the French say, at some few private plays, and and never met with an amateur Romeo or Juliet but had one or other of these defects in high perfection, if not some one more impossible and provoking. As a general rule, keep your children's legs straight, and learn them to look right before them, and they may become useful members of society; reverse the rule, and you make them vagabonds.

WAITERS.—I always endeavour to be liberal with waiters, and “such small deer,” and I reckon that I save ten pounds a year by so doing; for if you will not pay them, they will pay themselves. I get the freshest chops, the best cigars, and a civil good night, with the use of an umbrella when it rains, by this simple expedient: whereas I observe that your niggardly rewarders are always “to seek” for some one or more of these comforts of life. It is the way of the world, from the peer to the postboy: we serve those persons with most pleasure from whom we derive most profit.

AUTHORS.—Young authors are a very sore race, if you touch one of their faults, though with ever so tender a finger; I know not wherefore. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice to himself, we should not wonder if, having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the standers by.

Young authors are in general very gluttons of praise, and ostriches in the digestion of it: nothing sits uneasily on their stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—“the total grain unsifted—husks and all.” But if you add

a morsel or so of dry advice, or hint an amendment, phew! the entire gunpowder of their genius is fired o' the instant, and beware of the explosion. Yet indiscriminate praise is certainly the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical, that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for your merits, and conceal your faults. This is like praising the cut of your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow.

SECRETS.—The easiest way of keeping a secret is, to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

SELF-PRAISE.—I never believe in the virtues of a man who makes an inventory of them, and boasts of the items, for three reasons: the first is, I can't.

TABLE PROFESSIONS.—I make it a rule not to do more than politely listen to second-bottle professions of friendship and proffers of service "to the last shilling." It is true, I render myself liable to the suspicion of doubting that the light of a Will o' the Wisp is not so safe to steer by as that of Eddystone, and that a shooting star is not so sure a guide as a fixed one: but no matter: we are all, every Smith of us, heterodox in some article or other: bottle-friendships and bottle-professions are those in which I have not faith so large as a grain of mustard-seed. I leave them both to the house-maid, to be carried away with the corks when she clears the table, and to be let out at the window when she ventilates the room next day.

BIBULOUS ACQUAINTANCES.—Never proffer your services to see a stranger home who is *Bacchi plenus*; for after pulling your shoulders from their sockets, in efforts to support him, or rolling you in the mud when he chooses to refresh therein himself, it is ten to one but he charges you with picking his pocket of something he never held in fee in his life, or else abuses you for refusing to see him to his door, though it is five miles further out of your way, and you have conveyed him six. Above all, if he *looks married*, never see him quite home. I need not explain why.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of re-

morse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

Our sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the best vinegar is made from the best wine. It were happier if men would hope less, that they might be less disappointed; but who shall set the mark, and who would keep within it if it were set!

CONVERSATION.—In conversation, eschew that poor penny-farthing pedantry of suggesting etymologies, and being curious about the origin of this or that expression. Words are the current coin of conversation; take them as they are told down to you, and pay them away as they are demanded. It would be as rational for a man to be curious to know through what hands every shilling in his purse had passed, as whence this word is derived, and whence the other.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In argument, you need not trouble yourself to contradict a positive man; let him alone, and he will very soon do it for himself.

Do not allow your friend, because he cannot convince you, and you have convinced him against his will, to compress your nostrils, or kick you out of his chambers, for if you once allow such liberties, there is no knowing what next he may offer at.

Monthly Mag.

GOBBELIN THRING, THE STAY-
MAKER.
For the Ollio.

Is't so? Why, then, say, an old man can do
Somewhat. SHARPE.

THRING was a staymaker. He lived on the Old Bridge at Bath. I well remember when one of the arches fell in, the poor old Frenchman's four-roomed house hung on the ruin over the Avon in jeopardy.

"For mercy's sake," said his well-wishers, "remove from this perilous spot; for your wife's sake, sleep not on the precipice; for your dear daughter's sake, risk not those lives which have passed the ordeal of the Revolution, and escaped the slicing guillotine."

"A tout peche misericorde! We must pardon our enemies," ejaculated Thring. "No harm; all vare safe. Von artiste tell me my maison be par-faitly good fondement. Il faut d'abord fonder la cuisine—we must first provide for the stomach."

This last sentence was usually uttered by the spare habited Frangois with a sympathising rise of the shoulders, chest and visage. Thring, at the period to which his allusions are made, had passed his grand climacteric. He was, in his person, remarkably thin; and though not a shuffler in his dealings, he never walked without shuffling. But his having made so many stays for others, himself was well staid. By his general contour, he might have been mistaken for the tormented fugitive "Monsieur Tonson," who had vainly retreated from the curious vigilance of the implacable Tom King and his confederates. His face bore the wrinkled grief of being worn gradually into sorrow. Yet a smile was recoverable when his thoughts were directed into the British Channel, to increase his business.

In his home occupations, his night-cap, not unlike the poor author's stocking, was "doubly used." A month's dangle in a stream would not have given it a white and red restorative quality. Many a busy flea played leapfrog over its smoke-hued surface, and lodged snugly in the crevices of its bobtailed and tapering cranny. Thring was a refugee. He was persecuted, however, in his domicile to exasperation, by the Bath wights in the dusky eve. Many and many an effort would he make at the door, the window, or waylay, to quell the laughing mischief of his persecutors; but his excitement only increased their active fervour. Poor Thring! other causes affected him. He was clever in tagging stays round the ribs of the fair sex, but his own pretty rib, the volatile Madame Thring, he could not stay. He was renowned for the pliability of his whalebone, but he carried bones of weales he could not transfer. In short, the Thrings were a discordant couple. Their ways were not ways of pleasantness, nor were their paths, *paths of peace*. The coquetry

of the wife and daughter, though not beyond the bounds of French usage, were continual eyesores to the popular staymaker. They promenaded the Spring Gardens, figured in the Pump-Room, frequented Mass. They were pretty—were admired. They were tracked to Lambridge; dodged in the Circus; recognised at Bathwicke. They were identified at the Theatre; and they danced at the Town Hall. Sometimes a chairman's electrifying knock almost shivered Thring's door and his heart, when dreaming in midnight soberness, and Madame, with her little fascinating Louise, were safely chaired home. Their love of laces and eyelet-holes kept him poor. He endured; but the phantom of jealousy haunted his "Haunted Tower." It was his misfortune to be contrasted by an obliquity of vision and purse. He was of the old regime and soup meagre regimen. He cultivated the wear of a fifty-times immersed pair of nankeens, in preference to sans culottes. His brilliants were transferred to his lady's fingers, and her belle-springing toes. The Bridge Committee took his crazy state into consideration: he took it to heart. He was ejected—the brick and mortar parted—the 'maison' crumbled asunder. This catastrophe was too romantic not to be improved—Meyler heralded it. Thring was pitted; his dire mishaps were carolled in the streets; he was secreted in Stall-street. Louise married; Madame compassionated her own dear husband; Thring rejoiced in her returning affections. But as the mischief of impending fate operated, just as a second happiness beamed, the house in which they lodged caught on fire:—Thring crept over the tiles of other houses in dishabille; Madame followed him; and the luckless pair receded from publicity ever after.

From this period men staymakers became less popular; their inappropriate art was superseded by dexterous female fitters, and fashion has, very properly, permitted them to continue it. J.P.R.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE NOSE

In modern times, what benefits owe we not to the nasal apparatus! It is indeed to the nose, that we are indebted for "the School for Scandal," "Candide," and numerous other immortal productions. Among the multifarious deserts for which Sheridan was conspicuous, his nose will decidedly claim a

distinguished place; the same may be said of **, **, **, and many others, whose names it would be superfluous to recount. Considering the importance and influence of the feature, it is not surprising that it should have been made the subject of much debate and speculation. A good deal has been written on this very interesting topic, on both sides of the question: praise and abuse have alternately fallen liberally on the nose, and it would be a curious task, no less than a real service to mankind, to collect the various pieces in prose and verse, that have been composed on the subject. The witty Spanish poet, Quevedo, was never perhaps more felicitous than in the first line of his sonnet on this theme:

Erase un hombre a una nariz pegado!

Which, literally translated, means

There was a man stuck to a nose!

So magnificent a beginning could not adequately be pursued, and accordingly the following lines of the sonnet fall considerably in the scale of merit, and that is precisely the reason why we forbear presenting the whole composition to our readers.

Among our curious researches, we find some verses which a friend of ours, who is deeply read in Oriental literature, has translated from the Sanscrit language. The composition relates to the serious inconvenience which befel a loving couple, arising from a superabundance of nose, in the swain.

Complaint,—

*Oh Selim, Selim, cease to swear
I am an angel sweet and fair;
Let him not speak of lovers bliss,
Who never yet bestowed a kiss.*

Now follows a reason.

*My charming Ourka do not blame
A want of ardour in my flame,
I have the will, but lack-a-day!
You see my nose is in the way.*

The poet then proceeds to describe sundry contrivances, to which these unfortunate lovers resorted, in order to enjoy the wished-for kiss; they succeeded at last in their endeavours, but the appearance which they made at the moment was somewhat singular:—

*Sideways he kissed his Ourka dear!
His nose went far beyond her ear,
And seemed, perchance, to the beholder,
A sausage garnishing a shoulder!*

There is a tradition in Andalusia, somewhat resembling the interesting account of Bardolph's nasal appendage; still it savours so strongly of the miraculous, that we are almost afraid to present it as deserving implicit faith. It

is related that there lived a man at Carmona possessing a tremendous fiery nose. This person got into a rage, one night at supper, with his better half, and giving a kick to the table, extinguished the light. The wife, amidst the obscurity which pervaded the room, observed a fiery globular spark buoyed in the air, and with great promptitude applied the candlestick to it. Lo! what was her astonishment when she discovered that she had lighted the candle at her irascible husband's nose!

Probably it was this same individual, of whom it has been said that his friends made it a common practice to use his olfactory organ to light their cigars. But, independent of these extraordinary uses, for which some noses have been available, we perceive in daily life the multifarious services they render to mankind. Now let us calmly ask how would snuff-takers indulge their taste without noses? Again, what would be the use of pocket-handkerchiefs?—Would John Farina, the immortal inventor of *eau-de-Cologne*, have realised a fortune? And what would become of the whole tribe of perfumers? nay, even the very existence of odoriferous flowers would be useless; the rose itself would lose half its merit, and then, of course, one half of the poetry on the rose would be lost to the world. With just reason does the Persian poet, Saadi, exclaim—

*"Oh! Queen of flowers! lovely rose!
What would'st thou be without the nose!"*

But if anything else were necessary to prove the genius and poetry of the nose, we have but to recur to the figurative expressions that we find even in familiar parlance. Now observe, "*He pokes his nose every where.*" Can any thing be more appropriate to designate a meddling intruder—a curious Paul Pry? again, "*I smell a rat*;" what strong meaning is there in that humble metaphorical phrase! But examples are endless.

The sarcasm and shrewdness clearly perceptible in the Lord Chancellor's nose, plainly foretold that some day or other the possessor of that enviable organ would arrive at an exalted station. The genius of the nose does not merely apply to the highest walks of intellect, but embraces a wide range in the dominion of talent. Thus the nose is equally advantageous to the mathematician and the poet—the philosopher and the warrior—the statesman and the artist. In our own days the benevolent Owen of Lanark has given a peculiar nosey turn to philanthropy; and every

one who sees our friend Pickersgill, will not feel surprised to find him an artist of first-rate talents, if they merely observe his nose. In fine, if any thing else were wanting to convince us of the dignity of the nose, we have but to survey ourselves in the glass, and every remaining doubt is dissipated at once.

Englishman's Mag.

THE DEAD INFANT. *For the Olio.*

Il est mort.

Death has been here, but has not left
His look of terror; for when his icy hand
Had stopped the life-blood streaming through
The veins,

'Twas laid so lightly on its victim,
It only looked as if it slept; and in that sleep
A dream seemed stealing o'er the slumberer,
Of joy and pleasure on the coming morrow:
Or, as if it dreamt its mother came
With some choice gift, to make her
Yet more dear. Perhaps, ere life had flown,
She had glanced by, and that dear form
Had lighted up those features with the smile
That death could not efface.
Whate'er the cause, that heavenly smile
Had play'd upon the lips when death appear'd,
And now was fixed immovable; while
The small hand and tiny fingers clasp'd,
Seem'd as if closed in prayer; though sin
Could scarce have found its way in one
So like the angels, who around the throne
Of God sing Hallelujah! to the Lamb.
There it lay shrouded with flowers,
Which o'er the room threw a soft fragrance,
While they took away the taint which death
Had brought into the world.
Could I but die with half the peace
This beautiful infant shews in that sweet
Smile,

O God! this moment would I wish my soul
Were in eternity!—and all the world,
Its vanity and life, were passed away.

J.S.C.

FATALISM.

THE Greeks were firm believers in the doctrines of fatalism. Man, it was held, struggled in vain to escape from the vortex of destiny; however repugnant to his wishes, or abhorrent to his principles, he was borne on to do or suffer that which was decreed by an irresistible force, against which even the immortal gods contended in vain. A very curious passage to this effect occurs in Herodotus. Croesus, after his defeat and captivity, sent messengers to reproach the Delphian oracle with misleading to ruin, by its false predictions, one who had merited the favour of the god by the magnificence of his offerings. The answer ran thus:—"It is impossible even for a god to escape from fate. Croesus but expiates the sin of his fifth ancestor,* who, being in the guard of

the descendants of Hercules, in subservience to a woman's treachery, slew his master, and seized upon a kingdom which belonged not to him. Fain would Apollo have deferred the fall of Sardis until the time of the sons of Croesus; but he could not turn aside the fates."† Here, coupled with the assertion of an immutable destiny, we find the not unnatural deduction that the crime of an ancestor entailed misfortune on his posterity; but this doctrine was extended much farther, and it was taught that deeds of extraordinary blackness introduced a malignant demon into the family of the offender, which poisoned its prosperity, and hurried generations yet unborn to inevitable guilt and ruin. The office of inflicting this retribution was assigned with some degree of confusion and uncertainty to the fates, "who follow up the transgressions of gods and men,"‡ to the Erinnyes, or Furies, or to Nemesis, the personification of divine displeasure. But when once these fearful visitants were established in a house, that house was marked out for misery and ruin. Such was the fate of the descendants of Pelops and Labdacus, the royal families of Argos and of Thebes, whose misfortunes have furnished a never-failing theme to the Greek tragedians, who abound in references to the fatal curse upon these races.§ It is from the presence of these dread ministers of wrath, visible to her inspired eyes, that Cassandra draws her fearful presages of evil in that scene, perhaps the grandest in Grecian tragedy.

For never shall that bard, whose yelling notes
In dismal accord pierce the affrighted ear,
Forsake this house, The genius of the feast,
Drank with the blood of man, and fired from
thence

To bolder daring, ranges through the rooms
Linked with his kindred furies: these possess
The mansion, and in horrid measures chaunt

* Herod. i. 91.

† Hesiod. Theog. 220.

§ Some modern historical instances of a similar superstitious feeling are well known. Its nature, however, cannot be better illustrated than by reference to the legend attaching to the family of Redgauntlet in the novel of that name. The downfall of the house of Ravenswood, in the admirable tale of the Bride of Lammermoor, though foretold and fated, is not sufficiently identified with the story of the Mermaid's Well, to be quoted on this occasion. If it were so, that work, from the severe grandeur of its serious parts, and the singularly impressive way in which all events, and all agency, human and supernatural, combine from the outset to bring about a catastrophe, foreseen and prophesied, but not the less inevitable, would offer to the English reader an excellent example of the spirit of the superstitions and tragedies here alluded to, though widely differing from them in form.

* Gyges. Candaules, whom he murdered, was one of the Heraclidæ, or descendants of Hercules. The story is told in Herodotus, i. 8.

The first base deed ; recording with abhorrence
The adalicious last which stain'd a brother's
bed.

So, after the catastrophe, the chorus
refers to the same cause the accumulated
horrors and crimes which weigh down
the house of Atreus.

O thou demon, who dost fall
On the high Tantalid hall,
Well I know thee, mighty fiend,
Who here dost ever wend,
Haunting down the double line
From father unto son !

Clytem. Ay, now thy words have sense and
grace,

Calling on that thrice great fiend,
The demon of this race,
For 'tis from him their bowels burn
With rage of lapping blood :
Ere the old grief has ceased to throb,
Young gore comes on amain.

With such ideas concerning an
avenging destiny, it is no wonder that
the Greeks shunned contact with the
inheritors of divine anger ; and national
prejudice might be more strongly raised
by the sacrilege of the Alcæonidæ,
because many of the sufferers were slain
at the very altars of the Eumenides, to
whom the punishment of such deeds
peculiarly belonged, and whose worship
had been introduced into Attica, in
amends for the judicial sentence which
delivered Orestes from their power. In
modern times an analogous persuasion
concerning the fortunes of particular
families has prevailed ; in illustration
of which we may cite the belief in the
ill-luck of the Stuarts, a belief almost
justified by the series of calamities and
bloody deaths which beset the princes
of that house : and, indeed, this faith in
the influence of misconduct to produce
hereditary misfortune has been general
in Ireland, and the Scottish Highlands,
and probably in other countries where
a vivid imagination is found in union
with no high degree of cultivation and
knowledge. In Ireland it is the popular
creed, that an estate gained by fraud
brings a curse along with it,* (to open

force they seem to be more indulgent) ;
that the possessor becomes a doomed
man, and neither he nor his descendants
prosper. In Scotland it was thought,
that a pious parent entailed a blessing
upon his offspring, while the punish-
ment of the wicked and oppressor, if
not immediately manifested upon him-
self, or his children, yet surely descend-
ed even on succeeding generations.
This feeling extended to all classes ;
and a striking instance of it is con-
nected with the massacre of Glencoe,
the blackest incident in Scottish history.
Colonel Campbell, of Glenlyon, grand-
son of Glenlyon, who commanded the
military upon that fatal day, being with
his regiment at Havannah, was ordered
to superintend the execution of a soldier
condemned to be shot. A reprieve was
sent, but with directions that no person
was to be told of it until the prisoner
was on his knees prepared to receive
the volley, not even the firing party,
who were informed that the signal
would be the waving of a white hand-
kerchief by the commanding officer.—
“ When all was prepared, and the pri-
soner in momentary expectation of his
fate, Colonel Campbell put his hand
into his pocket for the reprieve, and in
pulling out the packet, the white hand-
kerchief accompanied it, and catching

bury until the reign of Elizabeth, to whom it
was made over by the bishop, at the instigation
of Raleigh, who was blamed, and apparently
with justice, for having displayed on this oc-
casion a grasping, and even dishonourable
spirit. So strong were the religious prejudices
of the day, that even the discerning Sir John
Harrington attributed to a judgment from hea-
ven a trifling accident which occurred to Ra-
leigh while surveying the demesne which he
coveted. Casting his eyes upon it, according
to the notion of that writer, as Ahab did upon
Naboth's vineyard, and, in the course of a
journey from Plymouth to the coast, discussing
at the same time the advantages of the desired
possession, Sir Walter's horse fell, and the
face of the rider, then, as the relater observes,
“ thought to be a very good one,” was buried
in the ground. After Raleigh's fall the estate
was seized by James the First, who wished to
bestow it on his favourite, Car, Earl of Som-
erset ; but Prince Henry interfered, and obtain-
ed possession, intending to restore it to the
owner. The prince's death, however, frus-
trated his intentions, and left Sherborne still
in the favourite's hands. The premature death
of this promising youth was thought by the
vulgar again to corroborate the old prophecy.
To Carew, the youngest son, and the injured
survivor of Sir Walter, the subsequent at-
tainer of Car, and the forfeiture of his estates
upon his commitment to the Tower, appeared to
confirm the ill-fortune attendant upon the
owners of Sherborne ; and the misfortunes
which afterwards befel the house of Stuart
were also considered by him to corroborate the
old presage. On the confiscation of Car's
estates, Digby, Earl of Bristol, obtained Sher-
borne from the king, and in his family it now
remains.—*Life of Sir W. Raleigh.*

* A similar belief existed in England with
respect to the alienations of church property
at the Reformation, of which the following is
a remarkable instance.

Sir Walter Raleigh was gifted by Queen
Elizabeth with the lands of Sherborne in Dor-
setshire, which had been bequeathed by Os-
mund, a Norman knight, to the see of Canter-
bury, with a heavy denunciation against any
rash or profane person who should attempt to
wrest them from the church. This anathema
was, in the opinion of the vulgar, first accom-
plished in the person of the Protector Som-
erset, to whom, after sundry vicissitudes, the
property belonged. This nobleman was hunt-
ing in the woods of Sherborne when his pre-
sence was required by Edward the Sixth, and
he was shortly afterwards committed to the
Tower, and subsequently beheaded. The for-
feited estate then lapsed to the See of Salis-

the eyes of the party, they fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead. The paper dropped through Colonel Campbell's fingers, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God, and of Glencoe is here! I am an unfortunate, ruined man.' He soon after retired from the service, not from any reflection or reprimand on account of this melancholy affair, for it was known to be entirely accidental. The impression upon his mind, however, was never effaced. Nor is the massacre, and the judgment which the people believe has fallen on the descendants of the principal actors in this tragedy, effaced from their recollection. They carefully note, that while the family of the unfortunate gentleman who suffered is still entire, and his estate preserved in direct male succession to his posterity, this is not the case with the family, posterity, and estate of those who were the principals, promoters and actors in this black affair." †

Lb of Enter. Know.

THE COSSACKS.

This singular people were originally deserters from the armies maintained by the republic, near the banks of the Borythenes, to arrest the incursions of the Tartars. The almost inaccessible isles of that river, and the vast steppes of the Ukraine, served for secure places of retreat. As their numbers increased by propagation and desertion, —and they opened their arms to the people of every nation who arrived among them,—they made frequent predatory incursions into the Ottoman territories; they sometimes ventured as far as the suburbs of Constantinople, and in rude boats, consisting merely of trees hollowed out, they did not hesitate to trust themselves on the Black Sea, every shore of which they visited and ravaged. Their soil,—the richest in corn of any in Europe, required little cultivation, and they were consequently at liberty to pass most of their time in plunder, piracy, or open war.

As they were Christians in their origin, they preserved a sort of Christianity among themselves, but so mingled, in time, with idolatrous and Mahomedan notions, that its fair characters were almost lost. The Polish gentleman, whom infamy had branded or justice threatened; the Polish serf, who fled from the iron despotism of a haughty rapacious master; the Greek

† Stewart, Sketches of Highlanders.

schismatic, the persecuted Lutheran, either imperfectly remembered or but negligently practised the rites of their respective churches; hence a sort of mongrel worship prevailed, of which the leading features more resembled the eastern than the western church. But they did not much trouble themselves with either the doctrines or the duties of Christianity. Robbers by profession, and cruel by habit, they were the terror of surrounding countries. Strong, hardy, of indomitable courage, fond of war even more for the dangers which attended it than for the plunder it procured them, their alliance was eagerly sought by Lithuanians, Poles, Muscovites, Tartars, and Turks. To the former people, as the stock whence the majority were derived, they long bore sentiments of affection; indeed, they acknowledged themselves vassals of the republic, though their chief obedience was owing to their own grand hemd.

History of Poland.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL

For the Ollo.

There is a word I must not say,—
Another on my tongue must dwell;
I would, but cannot bid thee stay;
I must, but dare not bid farewell!

Oh! how I hoard the weeks—alas! not weeks
But days, and hours, and minutes, that remain
Ere thy young form forsakes me,—and thy place
Knows thee no more! Oh, my beloved boy,
My fair, my fond! how did thy liquid notes
Entrance the soul—how lead us to forget
The breathing beauty of thine eloquent face
In their sweet ravishment. But that is o'er,
And manhood, stealing on the steps of youth,
Imparting manly nerve and stately growth,
Took (ah, too greedily!) in return for these,
Thy matchless melody. My boy!—my boy!
I long has thy voice forgotten to awake,
With notes that nightingales would die to hear,
The dim lit aisles of old St. Mary's lane.
Yet while 'twas given my dotting eye to hang
In fond affection o'er thee—to invite
Thy converse by endearment, or to win
A sun-bright smile or rosy glow, where both
Shone at a word—a look—ineffable,
Mine ear forgave—almost forgot its loss.
But now! for years I must forego the most
Delicious pleasure of beholding thee;
And eye and ear, reft of their favorite food,
Must pine in solitude. Yet this is left,
To turn my whole thoughts to thy good, and weave
By night, by day—in field or sleepy couch—
Fresh plans and wishes for my friendless boy.
And as the girls in old Arabian lore
Were steep'd in charms of talismanic power,
My spells—to make my benefits, dear boy,
Of treble virtue, shall be tears and prayers.

HORACE GUILFORD.

JACK THE GIANT.

A DECK-YARN.

By the Author of "Tales of a Tar."

(Concluded from p. 424.)

"BUT Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats—one time we'd a cuttin' out job in the Bay—'Twas'nt in the F— frigate—for Bill and me, and the first twenty-five on her books were drafted

together into the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the lee *L*—she was the ship for the boat. Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig anchored off the Isle of Jew* (tho' I never afore heerd of a Jew had been found in France). Well, she was lying all a taunto, royal yards across, and moored head and stern close under a six-gun battery. As soon as the fun was fixed, and the word '*volunteer*' gets wind below, in course Big Bill must make his way aft to clap down his name for the fray. To see Bill comin' aft, scratching his pate, with a smile on his mug, as seemed to say 'here I am—more nor a barge's-crew in myself,'—was better, ay, better by half nor a reg'lar-built play. At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leastennant—one Smith was first-leastennant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill. He'd a shore-going sneering manner of callin' a man as Bill could never abide. 'Well, *Mister* Murdock!' says Smith, 'What do you want?' says Smith—Well, this *mistring* the man was near the capsizing of Bill—it fairly floored him—and no wonder—for where's the tar in togs as likes to be called '*Part o' the People*!' 'Well,' says Smith, in a mockin' manner, 'so you *Mister* Murdock, you must come aft to give in your name.' Well this *young* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin' him *Mister*. 'I hopes, Sir,' says Bill, 'I only comes aft like a man.' 'A *man*!' says the first leastennant, 'a precious sight more like a monster!—Besides, Mr. Murdock,' says Smith, 'you're *nothing*, you know, when sober; and drunk, your courage is *Dutch*!' Big as he was, a child would 'ave floored him—Poor Bill!—To touch his pluck was more nor the man could stand—his mouth as was playful and cheerful afore, fell taut and stiff, and his lips were glued together—his eyes seemed fairly to fill, but he disdained to drop a drop—he knew well he was a man, and knew well he was *more* nor a man—he looked like a fellow as felt 'twas better to feel within nor to show what he felt without—so Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list. 'I axes your pardon,' says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list, 'I hopes no offence, Sir,' says Bill, brightning up at the sight of the skipper, and a ring of good-humour again breakin' round his mouth, for you soon could see what Bill

was bent on, 'I axes your pardon,' says he to the skipper, 'I'm sorry to say, Sir—sorry to say, Mr. Smith won't let me go—he thinks me too *sober*, and says, I'm nothing unless I've my beer aboard.' 'Well, no more you *are*, Sir,' says Smith, snapping at Bill, 'no more you *are*—and you *know* it.' 'Very well, Sir,' says Bill, 'if that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, and I'm blow'd,' says Bill, thumping his fist on the capstan, 'if *another* soul in the ship need be sent!' 'No, no,' says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, 'no—no, my man,' (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, and *he* never, no never, *mistered* a man,) 'no—no,' says he, 'we want you for better work—your day's to come as well as my own. Go below, my man—go below,' says the skipper, trying to comfort Bill. Well, Bill goes below—but seed he was not, the whole day long—he kept out-sight in the hold—refused his dinner—refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt decks a-thought, took the thing too much to heart—entirely too much.

"Well, the time drew nigh. The *boa's* were manned and armed—each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo's crew—All was ready; the thing was managed in a manner of silence never afore seed or since. Hands were shook to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist, nor ever was said or *felt* by any of your palavring Parliament-chaps. Well, the word 'Shove off!' was given—The oars all muffled, and away slipt the boats out o' sight, like craft as were sliding in slush. The jolly was the last that left—for she was the hospital-boat, and the doctor's mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her. The doctor was ordered to keep out of fire, and to do no more nor dress the wounded and patch their pates. Well, when the jolly shoved off, there wasn't a breath to be heerd aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a churchyard at night was never so still—never so dumb and dark.

"'Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell did n't strike in course, but the glass was turned—Yet, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time—exactly one bell, when they hears a thund'ring of a row in the jolly. She'd hardly gone twice her own length, when they hears the bowman singing-

* Isle Dieu.

out like a fellow as was fairly mazed—
 ‘Holloa! holloa! what the hell have
 we *here*?—a thund’ring grampus by
 G—d!—my wig, the boat’s capsized!’
 ‘Silence, silence,’ says the skipper, not
 more in the dark nor they in the boat
 —‘Oh, for shame! for shame! Mr.
 Mullins,’ says the skipper, singing-out
 to the doctor’s mate—‘*for shame!* Sir,
 making such a shockin’ noise at a mo-
 ment like *this*!’—for Martin said often
 the skipper was in a terrible takin’—
 ‘Pull away! Sir, pull away! By hea-
 ven!’ says the skipper, for he never
 swore by never nothing but heaven—
 ‘if you’re in sight another second, I’ll
 try you by a court-martial for cowardly
 conduct!’ Jack Martin often and often
 repeated the skipper’s identical words.
 Well, you know this here court-martial
 threat was quite enough to put Pat
 Mullins on his mettle—not that he dis-
 liked a fray—for the fellow liked fun as
 well as the best. So the jolly was off
 from the ship in a crack.

“Well, no sooner we in the barge,
 pinnace, and cutter pulls up alongside
 the brig, nor we gets, one and all, a
 dose as sends us all staggering astarn.
 Empty bottles was heaved at our heads,
 cold shot thrown into the boats and
 the fire of musketry Crappo kept up
 was the most infernalist fire as ever
 was seed. We made three attempts—
 twice on the starboard side, and once
 on the larboard—each time the boats
 were beat back. Well, just as we in-
 tended to try a fourth, we hears Mr.
 Smith sing out, ‘What boat’s *that*?’—
 and the answer we hears was, ‘*Dutch*
 —Courage! my bo—I’ll show you the
 way.’—‘Big Bill! Big Bill, by the
 Lord!’ was the cry in the boats—
 ‘Hurrah! hurrah! Big Bill aboard
 and she’s ours!’ And soon Big Bill
 was aboard—and if he didn’t soon clear
 her decks there’s never no snakes in
 Virginny—‘Jabble, Jabble,’ you’d hear
 Crappo cry—‘Jabble,’ you know,
 means devil in English—and a-course
 the French thought the *devil* himself
 was adrift. She soon was ours, and no
 sooner she was, nor Bill comes aft to
 the first leaftennant, and says, ‘Mr.
 Smith,’ says he, ‘I think for a *sober*
 man I’ve not done amiss.’”

“Well, but Bill, how did he get in
 the boat?” interrupted one of Thomp-
 son’s auditors, impatient to come at the
 sequel.

“How did he get in the boat?—why
 you may depend he hadn’t side-ropes
 goin’ over the side nor he wasn’t
 whipped in by the lady’s-chair. No,

no—he did this tho—lowered himself
 over the bows of the ship, and swam
 quietly off to the jolly. It was then as
 they thought in the jolly they’d grap-
 pled a grampus. Come, spell oh!—
 the watch is out.”

SONNET TO FAIRWELL FOUNTAIN. *For the Oilio.*

Clear from thy lane, cool Fairwell, leaps the
 wave.
 Gray as metalline fruitage round the brim
 Of argent goblet, cluster’d bubbles swim
 About thy cross-crown’d orifice, whose cave,
 Wreathing ’mid orchard roof and turf grave,
 Guides under ground thy channel. Human
 tread
 Wakes not this summer solitude. The Hall,
 O’er the church gable, lifts his ancient head,
 Broad windows sparkling o’er its dusky red,
 Where the deep sycamores huge shadows fall.
 Hence to yon Mill thy pebbled waters stray,
 Where, swelling, sparkling in its breezy pool,
 Who that beholds thy burnish’d sheet would say,
 Here rolls the modest Fount so shady, calm and
 cool.
 HORACE GUILFORD.

Select Biography.

MRS. SIDDONS.

THIS truly great tragic actress was
 born in 1755. She was in her twenty-
 first year when she made her first at-
 tempt in London, (for it was but an
 attempt) in the character of Portia.
 She also appeared as Lady Anne in
 Richard III. and in comedy as Mrs.
 Strickland to Garrick’s Ranger. She
 was not successful: the public did not
 discover in her the future tragic muse;
 and for herself—“She felt that she was
 greater than she knew.” She returned
 to her provincial career; she spent
 seven years in patient study, in reflec-
 tion, in contemplation, and in mastering
 the practical part of her profession, and
 then she returned at the age of twenty-
 eight, and burst upon the world in the
 prime of her beauty and transcendent
 powers, with all the attributes of con-
 firmed and acknowledged excellence.

It appears that, in her first season,
 she did not play one of Shakspeare’s
 characters: she performed Isabella, Eu-
 phrasia, Jane Shore, Calista, and Zara.
 In a visit she paid to Dr. Johnson, at
 the conclusion of the season, she in-
 formed him that it was her intention,
 the following year, to bring out some of
 Shakspeare’s heroines, particularly Ka-
 therine of Arragon, to which she *then*
 gave the preference as a character. Dr.
 Johnson agreed with her, and added
 that, when she played Katherine, he
 would hobble to the theatre himself to
 see her; but he did not live to pay her
 this tribute of admiration. He, however,

paid her another not less valuable : describing his visitor after her departure, he said, "she left nothing behind her to be censured or despised ; neither praise nor money, the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seem to have depraved her."* In this interview she seems to have pleased the old critic and moralist, who was also a severe and acute judge of human nature, and not inclined to judge favourably of actresses, by the union of modesty with native dignity ;—a rare union ! and most delightful in those who are the objects of the public gaze, and when the popular enthusiasm is still in all its first intoxicating effervescence.

The first of Shakspeare's characters which Mrs. Siddons performed was Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, (1784,) and the next Constance. In the same year Sir Joshua painted her as the tragic muse.† With what a deep interest shall we now visit this her true apotheosis, now that it has received its last consecration ! The rest of Shakspeare's characters followed in this order :—Lady Macbeth in 1785, and, soon afterwards, as if by way of contrast, Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind. In 1786 she played Imogen ; in 1788 Katherine of Arragon ; and, in 1789, Volunmia ; and in the same season she played Juliet, being then in her thirty-fifth year,—too old for Juliet ; nor did this ever become one of her popular parts ; she left it to her niece to identify herself for ever with the poetry and sensibility, the youthful grace and fervid passion of Shakspeare's Juliet ; and we have as little chance of ever seeing such another Juliet as Fanny Kemble, as of ever seeing such another Lady Macbeth as her magnificent aunt.

A good critic, who was also a great admirer of Mrs. Siddons, asserts that there must be something in acting which levels all poetical distinctions, since people talked in the same breath of her Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Beverley as being equally "fine pieces of acting." I think he is mistaken : no one—none at least but the most vulgar part of her audience—ever equalized these two characters, even as pieces of acting ; or imagined for a moment that the same degree of talent which sufficed to represent Mrs. Beverley could have grasped the towering grandeur of such a character as Lady Macbeth ; dived into its profound and gloomy depths—seized and reflected its wonderful gradations—

displayed its magnificence—developed its beauties, and revealed its terrors : no such thing. She might have drawn more tears in Isabella than in Constance—thrown more young ladies into hysterics in Belvidera than in Katherine of Arragon ; but all with whom I have conversed on the subject of Mrs. Siddons, are agreed in this ; that her finest characters, as pieces of art, were those which afforded the fullest scope for her powers, and contained in themselves the largest materials in poetry, grandeur and passion : consequently, that her Constance, Katherine of Arragon, Volunmia, and Lady Macbeth stood pre-eminent. Lord Byron, I believe, preferred Constance ; but the general opinion stamps her Lady Macbeth as the grandest effort of her art ; and therefore, as she was the first in her art, as the *ne plus ultra* of acting. This at least was the opinion of one who admired her with all the fervour of a kindred genius, and could lavish on her praise of such "rich words composed as made the gift more rare." "Of her Lady Macbeth," he says, "nothing could have been imagined grander,—it was something above nature ; it seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut ; she was like a person bewildered ; her lips moved involuntarily ; all her gestures seemed mechanical—she glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life never to be forgotten."

By profound and incessant study she had brought her conception and representation of this character to such a pitch of perfection that the imagination could conceive of nothing more magnificent or more finished ; and yet she has been heard to say, after playing it for thirty years, that she never read over the part without discovering in it something new.

I am not old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons in her best days, but, judging from my own recollections, I should say that, to hear her read one of Shakspeare's plays, was a higher, a more complete gratification, and a more astonishing display of her powers than her performance of any single character. On the stage she was the perfect actress ; when she was reading Shakspeare her profound enthusiastic admiration of the

* In a letter to Mrs. Thrale.

† In the Grosvenor gallery. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Dalwich gallery.

poet, and deep insight into his most hidden beauties, made her almost a poetess, or at least like a priestess full of the god of her idolatry. Her whole soul looked out from her regal brow and effulgent eyes; and then her countenance!—the inconceivable flexibility and musical intonations of her voice! there was no got-up illusion here: no scenes—no trickery of the stage; there needed no sceptred pall—no sweeping train, nor any of the gorgeous accompaniments of tragedy:—*SHE* was tragedy! When in reading *Macbeth* she said, “give me the daggers!” they gleamed before our eyes. The witch scenes in the same play she rendered awfully terrific by the magic of looks and tones; she invested the weird sisters with all their own infernal fascinations; they were the serious, poetical, tragical personages which the poet intended them to be, and the wild grotesque horror of their enchantments made the blood curdle. When, in *King John*, she came to the passage beginning—

If the midnight bell,
Did with his iron tongue and brazen note, &c.

I remember I felt every drop of blood pause, and then run backwards through my veins with an overpowering awe and horror. No scenic representation I ever witnessed produced the hundredth part of the effect of her reading *Hamlet*. This tragedy was the triumph of her art. *Hamlet* and his mother, *Polonius*, *Ophelia*, were all there before us. Those who ever heard her give *Ophelia*’s reply to *Hamlet*,

Hamlet. I loved you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceived!
and the lines—

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck’d the honey of his music vows, &c.
will never forget their exquisite pathos. What a revelation of love and woe was there!—the very heart seemed to break upon the utterance.

She continued to exercise her power of reading and reciting to a late period, even till within a few weeks of her death, although her health had long been in a declining state. She died at length on the 8th of June last, after a few hours of acute suffering. She had lived nearly seventy-six years, of which forty-six were spent in the constant presence and service of the public. She was an honour to her profession, which was more honoured and honourable in her person and family than it ever was before, or will be hereafter, till the stage becomes something very different from what it now is.

And, since it has pleased the news-

papers to lament over the *misfortune* of this celebrated woman, in having survived all her children, &c. &c. it may be interesting to add that, a short time before her death, she was seated in a room in her own house, when about thirty of her young relatives, children, grand-children, nephews and nieces were assembled, and looked on while they were dancing, with great and evident pleasure: and that her surviving daughter, *Cecilia Siddons*, who has been, for many years, the inseparable friend and companion of her mother, attended upon her with truly filial devotion and reverence to the last moment of existence. Her admirers may, therefore, console themselves with the idea that in “love, obedience, troops of friends,” as well as affluence and fame, she had “all that should accompany old age.” She died full of years and honours; having enjoyed, in her long life, as much glory and prosperity as any mortal could expect: having imparted more intense and general pleasure than ever mortal did; and having paid the tribute of mortality in such suffering and sorrow as wait on the widowed wife and the bereaved mother.

New Mon. Mag.

Historic Memoranda.

INVENTIONS—ORIGINS — CUSTOMS, &c.

QUARANTINE.—The earliest account of a dangerous and epidemic disease, is the one stated by *Thucydides*, to have been brought from *Ethiopia* to *Athens* about 440 B. C. In the time of *Justinian*, another pestilential disorder occurred, which was also said to have come from *Ethiopia*; and from that time most of these malignant diseases have been introduced into *Europe* from *Egypt*, or other parts of the *Levant*. The early Christians considered the plague as a divine punishment, and therefore submitted with resignation to the course of its progress; nor was it till after the great plague in the fourteenth century, that any precautions were taken to guard against a similar calamity.

The *Venetians*, who, from their being the principal traders to the east, were most likely to be the principal sufferers from the disorder, established a *Board of Health*, about the year 1348, and soon afterwards directed that those who were afflicted should be removed from the city, and be allowed either to die or recover in the open air; but if they returned with the disorder upon them, they were to be put to death and

their property confiscated. About the close of this century also, the idea that the disease might be communicated by the clothing and other things used by the infected persons, seems to have originated, as they were then first ordered to be purified with great care.

In 1490, *Lazarettoes*, or pest houses, were established for the accommodation of the sick, or of those supposed to be infected, and whom it was deemed proper to prohibit, for a certain time, having any intercourse with the citizens; how long this seclusion lasted cannot be ascertained, but from this regulation originated the custom of performing quarantine, either in ships or houses, in other countries; the number of forty days having been probably chosen from some superstitious conceit of the physicians.

Bills of Health, according to Zegata, had their origin about the year 1520; but Brownrigge asserts, they were not granted by the consuls of the different commercial nations before the middle of the seventeenth century.

WIND.—The Greeks generally acknowledged eight different kinds of winds, which they inform us Æolus communicated to navigators; and we find that the four principal or cardinal winds are mentioned by Homer in his account of the storm raised by Neptune, to prevent the escape of Telemachus from the island of Calypso.

He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world;

At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms,
Down rush the night—east, west, together roar,

And south and north roll mountains to the shore.

The present names, by which the winds are generally known throughout Europe, are said to have originated in the time of Charlemagne, and the division of them into thirty-two points, soon after the invention of the compass.

SUNDAY.—The ancient Christians observed the Jewish sabbath as well as the Sunday or "Lord's Day," both to satisfy the law of Moses, and to imitate the Apostles. Constantine the Great was the first who made it a law, that Sunday should be peculiarly devoted to religious observances throughout the Roman Empire; but he allowed the country people to follow their usual occupations; and though the Council of Orleans, held in 538, prohibited this country labour, yet it declares that to hold it unlawful to travel with horses, cattle, and carriages, to prepare food,

or to do any thing necessary for comfort or cleanliness upon this day, favours more of Judaism than Christianity.

ABLUTION.—The antiquity of ablution, as a religious ceremony, is equal to any recorded. Moses enjoined them; the Heathens adopted them, and they have been continued by Mahomet and his followers. The Egyptian priests had their diurnal and nocturnal ablutions. The Indians purified themselves in the sacred stream of the Ganges.—The Grecians had their sprinklings, and the Romans their lustrations and lavations; the ancient Christians had their ablutions before communion, which custom is still retained in the Romish church; thus the practise of ablution has acquired a footing amongst most nations, and makes a considerable part of their established religions.

SNUFF-TAKING.—The custom of taking snuff was introduced into Europe about the same period as that of smoking, and appears to be first publicly noticed in a decree of excommunication, published by Urban VIII. in 1624, against all who should take snuff in church, which it seems the Spanish ecclesiastics were in the habit of doing during the celebration of mass; this edict was renewed by Innocent XII. in 1690, but revoked by Benedict XIV. in 1724, as his holiness himself had rather a partiality for this titillating commodity. In England, it was formerly the practice to take snuff in a small spoon, and not by the pinch. Two ancient snuff boxes are represented in the Archæologia, which resemble the modern smelling boxes, having a spoon, like the cayenne spoon, fastened to the stopper.

The Naturalist.

THE STORMY PETREL. There are few persons who have crossed the Atlantic, or traversed much of the ocean, who have not observed these solitary wanderers of the deep, skimming along the surface of the wild and wasteful ocean, flitting past the vessel like swallows, or following in her wake, gleaming their scanty pittance of food from the rough and whirling surges. Habited in mourning, and making their appearance generally in greater numbers previous to or during a storm, they have long been fearfully regarded by the ignorant and superstitious, not only as the foreboding messengers of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner, but as wicked agents, connected,

somehow or other, in creating them. "Nobody," say they, "can tell any thing of where they come from, or how they breed, though, as sailors sometimes say, it is supposed that they hatch their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water." This mysterious uncertainty of their origin, and the circumstances above recited, have doubtless given rise to the opinion so prevalent among this class of men, that they are in some way or other connected with that personage who has been styled the Prince of the Power of the Air. In every country where they are known, their names have borne some affinity to this belief. They have been called witches, stormy petrels, the devil's birds, Mother Carey's chickens,* probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name; and their unexpected and numerous appearance has frequently thrown a momentary damp over the mind of the hardiest seaman.

The stormy petrel, the least of the whole twenty-four species of its tribe enumerated by ornithologists, and the smallest of all palmated fowls, is found over the whole Atlantic Ocean, from Europe to North America, at all distances from land, and in all weathers; but is particularly numerous near vessels immediately preceding and during a gale, when flocks of them crowd in her wake, seeming more than usually active in picking up various matters from the surface of the water. This presentiment of a change of weather is not peculiar to the petrel alone, but is noted in many others, and common to all, even to those long domesticated. The woodpeckers, the snow-birds, the swallows, are all observed to be uncommonly busy before a storm, searching for food with great eagerness, as if anxious to provide for the privations of the coming tempest. The common ducks and the geese are infallibly noisy and tumultuous before falling weather; and though, with these, the attention of man renders any extra exertions for food at such times unnecessary, yet they wash, oil, dress, and arrange their plumage, with uncommon diligence and activity. The intelligent and observing farmer remarks this bustle, and wisely prepares for the issue; but he is not so ridiculously absurd as to suppose, that the storm which follows is produced by the agency of these feeble creatures, who are themselves equal sufferers by

its effects with man. He looks on them rather as useful monitors, who, from the delicacy of their organs, and a perception superior to his own, point out the change in the atmosphere before it has become sensible to his grosser feelings; and thus, in a certain degree, contribute to his security. And why should not those who navigate the ocean contemplate the appearance of this unoffending little bird in like manner, instead of eyeing it with hatred and execration? As well might they curse the midnight light-house, that, star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy, that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it.

The stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, breed in great numbers on the rocky shores of the Bahama and the Bermuda Islands, and in some places on the coast of East Florida and Cuba. They breed in communities like the bank swallows, making their nests in the holes and cavities of the rocks, above the sea, returning to feed their young only during the night, with the superabundant oily food from their stomachs. At these times they may be heard making a continued clattering sound like frogs during the whole night. In the day they are silent, and wander widely over the ocean. This easily accounts for the vast distance they are sometimes seen from land, even in the breeding season. The rapidity of their flight is at least equal to the fleetness of our swallows. Calculating this at the rate of one mile per minute, twelve hours would be sufficient to waft them a distance of seven hundred and twenty miles; but it is probable that the far greater part confine themselves much nearer land during that interesting period.

It is an interesting sight to observe these little birds in a gale, coursing over the waves, down the declivities, up the ascents of the foaming surf that threatens to burst over their heads, sweeping along the hollow troughs of the sea, as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, and just above its surface, occasionally dropping its feet, which, striking the water, throws it up again with additional force, sometimes leaping, with both legs parallel, on the surface of the roughest waves for several yards at a time. Meanwhile it continues coursing from side to side of the ship's wake,

* This name seems to have been originally given them by Captain Cateret's sailors, who met with these birds on the coast of Chili.

making excursions far and wide, to the right and to the left, now a great way ahead, and now shooting astern for several hundred yards, returning again to the ship as if she were all the while stationary, though perhaps running at the rate of ten knots an hour. But the most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing, and even running, on the surface of the water, which it performs with apparent facility. When any greasy matter is thrown overboard, these birds instantly collect around it, and, facing to windward, with their long wings expanded, and their webbed feet patting the water, the lightness of their bodies, and the action of the wind on their wings, enable them to do this with ease. In calm weather they perform the same manoeuvre, by keeping their wings just so much in action as to prevent their feet from sinking below the surface. According to Buffon, it is from this singular habit that the whole genus have obtained the name Petrel, from the apostle Peter, who, as Scripture informs us, also walked on the water.

As these birds often come up immediately under the stern, one can examine their form and plumage with nearly as much accuracy as if they were in the hand. They fly with the wings forming an almost straight horizontal line with the body, the legs extended behind, and the feet partly seen stretching beyond the tail. Their common note of *weet, weet*, is scarcely louder than that of a young duck of a week old, and much resembling it.

Upon closely examining several of these birds which I shot, I found the most perfect specimens as follow :

Length, six inches and three quarters, extent, thirteen inches and a half; bill, black; nostrils, united in a tubular projection, the upper mandible grooved from thence, and overhanging the lower like that of a bird of prey; head, back, and lower parts, brown sooty black; greater wing-coverts, pale brown, minutely tipped with white; sides of the vent and whole tail-coverts, pure white; wings and tail, deep black, the latter nearly even at the tip, or very slightly forked; in some specimens, two or three of the exterior tail-feathers were white for an inch or so at the root; legs and naked part of the thighs, black; feet, webbed, with the slight rudiments of a hind toe; the membrane of the foot is marked with a spot of straw yellow, and finely serrated along

the edges; eyes, black. Male and female differing nothing in colour.

These birds are sometimes driven by violent storms to a considerable distance inland. One was shot some years ago on the river Schuylkill, near Philadelphia; and Bewick mentions their being found in various quarters of the interior of England. From the nature of their food, their flesh is rank and disagreeable; though they sometimes become so fat, that, as Mr. Pennant, on the authority of Brunnich, asserts, "the inhabitants of the Feroe Isles make them serve the purposes of a candle, by drawing a wick through the mouth and rump, which being lighted, the flame is fed by the fat and oil of the body."

Wilson's Ornithology, Vol. 3.

THE BANTERER HUMBLED.

From the French of Freron.

We arrived at Carcassonne at an early hour, and were joined by a young man most elegantly dressed. He entered without saluting any person, measured with his eyes those who were already come, hummed a tune, then approaching a gentleman who sat reading, saluted him with a conceited air. "You are reading, sir?"—"Yes, sir."—"With much attention?"—"Yes, sir." At this answer he withdrew a few steps, executed a pirouette, and returned to the charge with an air of raillery. "Sir, may we know what book it is which deprives us of the pleasure of your conversation?"—"It is," replied the gentleman, "a book which I have taken to dissipate the ennui of the journey."—"You will not refuse," added the trifler, "to tell us at what chapter you are in this book, taken to dissipate the ennui of the journey?"—"At that of the Curious Impertinent," coldly replied the unknown. The young fop, enraged at being treated in this manner by a man in a plain blue coat, made a most tremendous uproar. The stranger remained quite unmoved amidst all his brawling, and, without raising his eyes from his book, he said at last, "It may well be permitted to the Baron de — colonel of the regiment de —, to read in a corner without being interrupted by Mr. William, the richness of whose dress, as misplaced as his airs, do not hinder me from recognising him as the son of my wine merchant." This dénouement surprised all the party, and the fop decamped without beat of drum.

Subject of the Wignette.

THE DEATH OF PERCY.

For the Olio.

Trastinge in noblemen that wer with hym there:
 Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere,
 He was envyyrond aboute on every syde
 With his enemyes that wer stark mad and wode;
 Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde.
 Alas, for route! what thouche his mynde wer
 good,

His courage manly; yet ther he shed his blood.
 All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne,
 For cruelly amonge them ther he was slaine.
 SKELTON, *Poet Laureate to Hen. 8.*

THE payment of the tax levied by Henry VII. for carrying on the war in Bretagne, was complied with by all the English counties save those of Durham and York, in which the faction of "the white rose" was not extinct. Henry Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, lord-lieutenant of the last-mentioned county, upon receiving the rebuffs of the Durhamites and Yorkists, in his attempt to collect this odious tax, (which was no less than a *tenth* of each man's property,) applied to the king for a diminution of the stipulated levy. The answer returned to the earl's application was, that the king would not remit a penny of the imposed tax.—Percy, upon this intimation, assembled the chief men of the county, at the Toll-booth of Topcliffe, the town contiguous to his manorial residence, and there declared to them the king's decision, and expressed his own intention of carrying his orders into full effect.

Many remonstrances were made by the landholders of the different wapentakes, but the earl was immovable in his resolution. It was to no purpose that the ferment in the two counties, the assembling of riotous multitudes, and the manifestation of their murderous designs, were adduced as grounds for desisting from any attempt to collect the decimating tax—the high-minded Percy turned contemptuously on his heel, leaving the worthy knights and burgesses of the shire without even a parting bow. Clearing the steps of Topcliffe Toll-booth, and elbowing his way through the execrating crowd, he took horse, and rode off to his patrimonial seat at the manor, half-a-mile distant from the town of Topcliffe.

He had reached the wicket opening into the broad meadow before his castle, when he found it guarded by knots of vociferous hinds, armed with cudgels, and even still more offensive weapons. The fiery Percy reddened with anger as he approached them, but he preserved a circumspect and haughty silence, keep-

ing his eye studiously bent on the welcome prospect of his castle-towers, in front of which he clearly recognised some anxiously expectant friends. The dense mob made way for him with seeming respect, but it was only to mock him; for, on bending him down over his horse's neck to open the wicket, he found it nailed immoveably to its posts. This was more than his proud taciturnity could brook; and he reined round his steed upon them, and with a contemptuous sneer, said—

"Betake ye to your wives, ye shallow, brawling knaves! Is this the way in which you think to drive me to take note of your whims and humours!—Now, our mother forefend!—ye are little advised as to the peril in which ye now stand; for I see that your aim is to shed blood."

"Right, Percy; we'll knock the breath out o' thee, and sell thy body to pay thy mayster's tax, an' it will fetch so much," answered a brawny cut-throat, who flourished an old hanger at his horse's head, whilst at the same time a bludgeon was thrown, which grazed the brow of the earl; so, pulling down his vizor, he put spurs to his horse, cleared the unyielding wicket, and quickly left his heavy-footed foes many a rood behind him.

Pouring in from all parts of the discontented district, were sanguinary mobs of rude peasantry, determined to wreak their vengeance on Northumberland, should he announce his determination to extort the tax. They congregated principally in the marketplace, from the cross of which they were harangued by Kit Gibson, one of their most loquacious leaders, as to the infamy of the imposed subsidy. The words of this untutored ruffian inspired the mob with boundless fury. Boisterous groups of them paraded the streets, with *white roses* in their hats, shouting, "A boon for the head of a *Pearcy*!" They broke the beautifully stained glass, bearing the Percy arms, in the windows of St. Cuthbert's, and dispersed the fragments. Even the market-cross, having been constructed at the expense of that family, was razed to the ground—and every intimation in word and deed was given by the ferocious horde, that Henry Percy should that night sleep with his fathers.

It was to no purpose that the fear-stricken friends of Northumberland attempted to persuade him to leave his mansion, which was now beset as by a swarm of hornets. He persevered

in his expressed resolution to remain, be the issue what it might. The Countess and her children were safe at Spofforth Castle, and it was partly by her desire that the noblemen alluded to were sent to prevail on him to abandon Maiden-Bower (the familiar designation of his seat at the manor).

"Why loiter ye, noble cousin," urged his kinsman Pembroke, "when axes and hammers are busy upon your gates! For our part, we must look to flight alone for safety."

"The command of my royal master is, that I shall not abate a penny of the Bretagne-tax; and I will enforce it at my peril: to fly would betray an abandonment of my duty and respect; so I stand it out."

"Then fare ye well!" said the faint-hearted Pembroke.

"Give me your hand for the last time," faltered out Rivers. "I now look upon our yesterday's exchange of rings as an omen of ill, good Percy."

"The saints guard ye, Harry!" said the rough-hewn Danvers, "for to-night you will sup with St. Peter!"

And the three made good speed down the stair leading to the exquisitely laid-out gardens in the rear of the house, where their horses were in waiting—mounting which they fled towards Dalton Brigg.

Forsaken by his friends, Northumberland set himself to barricade the door and windows of his apartment, perceiving that it would be madness to venture below, where the hot wrangling between his serving-men and the congregated hundreds around the principal entrance grew momentarily louder and more alarming. They had broken down the door within the porch-way, and were loudly demanding a conference with the earl, which the staunch domestics and yeomen of the household of Northumberland resolutely resisted. They then proceeded to still greater excesses, and began to demolish the furniture of the lower rooms.

At this juncture, Winthrop Sefwell, the faithful steward of the manor, hastened to the presence of his master, and declared his determination not to leave him until the crisis was past. He prevailed on the earl to seek shelter with him in the secret room, constituting the centre elevation of the western wing, and the ingress to which was by a wooden stair artfully concealed in the wall. Thither they repaired, each armed with a sword. The way into this secret chamber was known to the

earl's servants; but then it was calculated that they were all on his side to a man. By the nearer approach of their voices, the earl and his defender judged that the rioters were immediately beneath them. Their fears were too well founded: the enraged peasants had opened the spring-panel leading to the dark stair, and had half ascended, when Sefwell exclaimed to the earl—

"They be upon us, my lord!—and this sword, alack! is too slim to serve me, or I would meet them!"

"Take this, then," said his master, reaching a huge and rusty sword from the wall; "I can tell thee that it sustained me fealty enough at Bosworth fight."

Sefwell snatched the offered weapon, and, descending to the insurgents, made a mortal pass through the nape of the foremost's neck; suffocating with the effusion of blood, the wounded staggered upwards to the landing: the light flashed upon his countenance, and Sefwell beheld, convulsed in the agonies of death, the features of his own brother. Paralyzed by the piercing sight, the sword dropped from his hand, and he reeled to the wall. The next intruder stepped over the body of the slain man, and confronted Earl Percy, who immediately identified him as Peter Walbran, of Gristhwaite, a discharged menial. He made a furious rush on the earl, which was in part frustrated by Sefwell, who had rallied a little; but a third and fourth of the rioters appearing, the true-hearted servant fell covered with wounds. The earl made a plunge, and half buried his steel in the bosom of the treacherous Walbran, and he expired calling on his noble lord for forgiveness. But the contest had become unequal, and Northumberland's sword, opposed to such dissimilar and tremendous weapons, was but as a feather thrown against the wind. A ruffian advanced with a scythe fastened longitudinally at the end of a pole, with which he smote the earl on the head, and cleaved his skull in twain; a tragedy which was closed by the murder of many of his faithful domestics.

Thus fell Henry Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, by the plebeian hands of a riotous mob. They stripped him, and dragged his dishonoured body for miles across the excited country, desisting not until their savage fury was glutted to the full, by the entire annihilation of the features, and distortion of the form, of the unfortunate Percy.

G. Y. H.—N.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M. W. of Windsor.*

FIFTY OF HAROLD HARFAGER.—The first sovereign of Norway was accustomed to assist at the public offerings made by his people in honour of their gods; but as no better, or more pure religion was known in those days, he acted with prudence in not betraying either a contempt or disregard for the prevailing worship of the country, lest his subjects, stimulated by such example, might become indifferent, not only to their sacred, but their political duties. Yet, he rejected from his heart these profane ceremonies, and believed in the existence of a more powerful God, whom he secretly adored. "I swear," he once said when a boy, "never to make my offering to an idol, but to that God alone whose omnipotence has formed the world, and stamped man with his own image. It would be an act of folly in me to expect help from him, whose power and empire arises from the accidental hollow of a tree, or the peculiar form of a stone." It is not to a certainty known how Harold, amid all the superstitious prejudices which surrounded him, obtained such conviction. He, however, felt and confessed its influence; nay, had the times permitted it, he would not have remained a tame spectator of those customs which he deemed profane. But they were ancient, and supported by the privilege of long usage to which the people were blindly attached. Independent of which, his principles, though firm in themselves, were unassisted either by authority or document to have worked so considerable a change.

THE ROSE.—This charming plant is pre-eminently the flower of love and poetry—the very perfection of floral realities. Imagination may have flattered herself that her power could form a more perfect beauty; but it is said, she never yet discovered such to mortal eyes. This, however, she would persuade us to be a mere matter of delicacy, and that she had the authority of Apollo for her secret success.

— "No mortal eye can reach the flowers,
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows,
'Twould make the poet quarrel with the rose."

It is, however, determined, that until the claim of such veiled beauty or beauties shall rest upon better foundation, the rose shall still be considered as the unrivalled Queen of Flowers.

"I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk rose."

The rose, as well as the myrtle, is considered as sacred to the Goddess of Beauty. Berkeley, in his *Utopia*, describes lovers as declaring their passion by presenting to the fair beloved a rose, but just beginning to open; if the lady accepted and wore the bud, she was supposed to favour his pretensions. As time increased the lover's affection, he followed up the first present by that of a half blown rose, which was again succeeded by one full-blown; and if the lady wore this last, she was considered as engaged for life.

In our country, in some parts of Surrey in particular, it was the custom in the time of Evelyn to plant roses round the graves of lovers. The Greeks and Romans observed this practice so religiously, that it is often found annexed as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan, by which roses are ordered to be yearly strewed and planted upon the graves.

It is the universal practice in South Wales to strew roses and other flowers over the graves of departed friends.

Moretullus cites an epitaph, in which Publia Cornelia Anna declares that she had resolved not to survive her husband in desolate widowhood, but had voluntarily shut herself up in his sepulchre, still to remain with him whom she had lived twenty years in peace and happiness; and then orders her freed-men and freed-women to sacrifice there to Pluto and Proserpine, to adorn the sepulchre with roses, and to feast upon the remainder of the sacrifice.

HINTS ON PHYSICIANS.—Old Johnson has well observed, in his growling gloomy way, that a "physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiencies." And why is it so? Ask the "eminent" Saint John Long, and he will tell you? Talk of talent, indeed! What has that to do in assuaging the poignant sufferings of the idle and the hypochondriac,— "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair." Will talent—that is, talent by itself—put bloom on a decayed dowager's cheek, or infuse brilliancy into her languishing grand-daughter's eye? Will it enable my Lady Spadille to go to her dear darling Lady Rouge-et-Noir's card-party? Not it, indeed! We must have either the Saint to rub

these delicate creatures into activity and health, or some other mountebank to *flatter* them into it. And what matters it *how* the great achievement is effected; one mountebank is as good as another, and he is the most fortunate and successful who performs the most amusing and ingenious antics. If he have talent to do *this*, he may "throw physic to the dogs" as soon as he pleases. How poor honest sturdy John Abernethy used to abominate the whole fry of Fashionable Physicians! "They talk to me (he used to say) about the fine sensibilities of their noble patients. D—n their sensibilities. If they are ill, they want curing; if not, why the d—l do they tease *me* about their whimsies and vapours? Let Halford take them in hand, he is a fine gentleman, and can wheedle a duchess into a sickness, and as easily coax her out again. Don't let them bother me with their absurdities."

INTREPIDITY.—Charles the Twelfth, having in the year 1716, taken the town of Frederickshald, all the women and children fled to a retreat in the neighbourhood. Hans Colbiornsen, commander of the volunteers, accompanied by a fellow citizen, presented an address to his Swedish majesty on behalf of those unfortunates. On Mr. Colbiornsen's approach, Charles the Twelfth severely chid him for the active parts himself and brother, though not military men, had always taken against him, to his repeated and severe losses; concluding with expressing an intention to retaliate. The king's displeasure, however, produced no effect on Mr. Colbiornsen, who boldly replied—"It is the duty of every man to defend his country; nor will I ever relinquish my duties. I am so far from regretting my opposition to your majesty's views, that I truly lament my having done no more." As he spoke, a shell from the Fort Frederickssteen burst through the roof into the room, and the splinters wounded the king and Colbiornsen. "It is too hot here," said Charles, and instantly left the house, charging some officers to convey Colbiornsen to Torpomp, and confine him closely till further orders. They accordingly set off, but as they crossed the bridge a cannon ball from the fort whistled close by them, and struck terror into his guard. Colbiornsen, perceiving his advantage, plunged into the rivulet, and swam to his estate, Eskevig, where he remained in concealment for some time.

Customs of Various Countries.

WEDDING AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT TRIPOLI.—In many parts of the world it is customary to scatter flowers on the celebration of a wedding, a christening, or even of a funeral. The practice is more especially resorted to in Tripoli, where on the celebration of a wedding, the caskets of sweetmeats, &c. sent as wedding presents, are covered with flowers; and although it is well known that they frequently communicate the plague, the inhabitants will even prefer running the risk, when that dreadful disease is abroad, rather than lose the enjoyment they have in their love of flowers. When a woman in Tripoli dies, a large bouquet of fresh flowers, if they can be procured, or artificial, is fastened at the head of her coffin. Upon the death of a Moorish lady of quality, every place is filled with fresh flowers and burning perfumes: at the head of the body is placed a large bouquet, of part artificial, and part natural, and richly ornamented with silver, various additions are continually being made to it.

CURIOUS ENGLISH CUSTOM.—In several parts of the north of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral, ordinarily takes a sprig of box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

The basin of box-wood, just six months before,
Had stood on the table at Timothy's door;
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had
pass'd
One child did it bear, and that child was his
last.

WORDSWORTH.

Anecdotes.

BON MOTS OF TALLEYRAND.

On one occasion, Talleyrand was asked what he thought of a sitting of the Chamber of Paris, where a very animated discussion had taken place between Baron Pasquier and the Bishop of Hermopolis, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. "The Minister," said he, "was like the three per cents, always *below par*."

During the Consulate, it was insinuated to Buonaparte, that M. de Talleyrand availed himself of his place as Minister of Foreign Affairs, to speculate at the *Bourse*, and that he had thus gained immense sums. The First Consul had a mortal antipathy to stock-jobbing in general, and felt particularly

indignant that his principal minister should be so devoid of *principle* as to enrich *himself* by such undue means. The next day he transacted business with his great *factotum*, be sharply said, "I understand, Sir, that you are rich, very rich; and that you have gained your wealth at the *Bourse*; you have speculated, then, in the funds?" "Never but once," replied the wily statesman. "How is that?" "I bought in, Sir, the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold out the day after." Napoleon could not help smiling at this clever repartee, and the gathering storm on his brow was dissipated. The reader will remember that it was on the 18th Brumaire General Buonaparte so unceremoniously *cashiered* the Council of Five Hundred *a la Cromwell*.

One of Napoleon's weaknesses was to attach much importance to the opinion of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, the quarter where the emigrant nobility principally reside; he could not get the better of it. "*What says the Fauxbourg St. Germain?*" was his frequent question. After the victory of Austerlitz, addressing himself to M. de Narbonne, one of his aide-de-camps, whose mother's attachment to the Bourbons, and hatred to Buonaparte, were well known—"Well," said the Emperor, "does your mother love me this time?" Talleyrand, who saw the young officer's hesitation, replied for him—"Sire, Madame de Narbonne has not yet got farther than *admiration*."

The first individual who demanded of the Constituent assembly, the abolition of the titles of nobility, and who renounced his own armorial bearings, was Monsieur Mathieu de Montmorency. This ancient family descends from an apothecary called Bouchard. The evening of that memorable debate, M. de Talleyrand met M. Mathieu de Montmorency at a party, and, approaching him, addressed him in the following terms: "How does Monsieur Mathieu Bouchard?"—"Bouchard," replied the other, "you are mistaken, Sir, my name is Montmorency; I descend from the celebrated constable who fought so valiantly at Bovines, and also from that constable who fell upon the battle field of St. Denis."—"Yes," replied his witty persecutor, "and, to do you justice, you are the first of your family who ever laid down his arms."

DR. RADCLIFFE.—He was avaricious and mean to a disgraceful fault, suffering honest tradesmen to dun him perpetually for their just debts, and even

disputing them occasionally upon the strength of a long purse. He would never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; *nor even then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors.* A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work!"—"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."—"You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "you are a wit! You must be poor; come in," and paid him.

BETTER.—BETTER THAN BEST.—What is it that we all look to as a reward for the *best* spent life? The answer is, unquestionably—a *better*.

POINT AND NO POINT.—What is the greatest mortification that women and children are alike equally subject to? The answer is obvious:—a breach of *promise*.

A BLIND TRAGEDIAN.—In a Wolverhampton Chronicle of December 1792, the following paragraph appeared:—"One Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company, now in Staffordshire, though stone blind, plays all the heroes in his tragedies, and lovers in genteel comedies."

FAVOURS.—Socrates, when importuned, refused to go to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, for this reason, "he did not wish to receive favours which he could not return;" and Montaigne, discoursing upon the receiving of favours, says, "I think nothing so dear as what is given me, because my will lies at pawn under the title of ingratitude. I more willingly accept of offices to be sold; being of opinion, that for the last I give nothing but money, but for the first I give myself."

Impromptu on seeing the name of Mr. CASH in the Gazette.

By cash exchange the merchants thrive,
In want of it they get in debt;
But what will they for change contrive,
Now Cash is in this week's Gazette! P.

EPITAPH ON A MR. JOHN BERRY.

How! how! who's buried here?
John Berry. Is't the younger?
No, the elder-Berry.
An elder-Berry buried! surely must
Rather rise up, and live, than turn to dust:
So may our Berry, whom stern death has
slain,
Be only buried to rise up again.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, July 13.

St. Eugenius, bish. and conf. A.D. 505.
High Water 36m after 4 Morn.—56m aft 4 Afterm.
 July 13, 1750.—The excessive heat of this and some preceding days in the year stated, so affected the fish in the Thames, that they gathered in shoals to the bank-side, and buried themselves in the ooze and mud, and were easily taken in great quantities; loads of fish perished in the fens in Cambridgeshire, and one person lost 300*l.* by the death of jacks and pikes.

Thursday, July 14.

St. Bonaventura, Card. A. D. 1274.
Sun rises 55m after 5.—sets 5m after 8.
 July 14, 1223.—Expired Philip II., king of France, surnamed the *Auguste*. Under this prince the royal power began to assume a monarchical character, and was less exposed to the attacks of the feudal lords. Philip, by his conquests, extended the limits of his own states, and contracted those of his rivals. Letters and arts made some progress, and establishments of public utility were multiplied. Philip Augustus partook of the opinions and vices of the age, but he was distinguished by a decision and energy of character which constantly sustained his ambition. He made war against the nobility with greater success than his predecessors, and gave the first blow to the feudal system. By substituting the tyranny of one for that of many, he opened to future generations a career less calamitous. This monarch had a taste for building, and under his reign the pointed arch, improperly called the Gothic style of architecture, was introduced into Paris, and a great number of edifices were erected. He likewise rebuilt the walls of the capital, established two markets, and commanded that the streets should be paved.—During Philip's reign, the morals of the people presented little amelioration. The actions of the king were those of a conquering invader. The lives of the clergy were irregular and licentious. The lords continued to exercise their pillage, oppression, and cruelty; and the privileges bestowed upon the schools were the source of innumerable evils.

Friday, July 15.

St. Swithin, bish. of Winchester, A. D. 862.
High Water 57m aft 5 Morning—18m aft 6 After.
 In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1697, are the following lines, allusive to this day:

In this month is St. Swithin's Day;
 On which, if that it rain, they say,
 Full forty days after it will
 Or more or less, some rain distill.
 This Swithin was a saint, I trow,
 And Winchester's bishop also,
 Who in his time did many a feat,
 As Popish legends do repeat.
 A woman having broke her eggs,
 By stumbling at another's legs,
 For which she made a woeeful cry,
 St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
 Who made them all as sound, or more,
 Than ever that they were before.
 Better it is to rise by time,
 And to make hay when the sun do shine,
 Than to believe in tales and lies,
 Which idle monks and friars devise.

Saturday, July 16.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
Moon's First Quar. 3m after 6 Afterm.

July 16, 1607.—First Performance of *God Save the King*.—It is very remarkable that the composer of the national anthem "God save the King," should be a Dr. John Bull, sometime organist to Queen Elizabeth. It has been attributed to Harry Carey and others; but authentic documents, recently discovered, have shown that it emanated from the musician stated, who, after the decease of her majesty, was appointed chamber-musician to her successor. The production was originally performed at Merchant Tailors' Hall on this day, before King James and Prince Henry, who dined with the company to celebrate his majesty's escape from the Gunpowder Plot. It was upon this occasion, says Stowe, "that Dr. Bull, who was free of the Company, being in a citizen's gowne, cappe, and hood, played most excellent melody upon a small payre of organs, placed theyre for that purpose only," one of the pieces performed by the able master being our popular song. Hence, the "scattering" of his "enemies," and the imprecations on their "knavish tricks." Hence, perhaps, also, the emphatic repetition of the word "save," and the wish "God save us all." The composition received its present harmony, we believe, from Dr. Arne, and first became popular during the rebellion of forty-five, George being substituted for James.

Sunday, July 17.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—2nd book of Samuel, 22 ch.
Morn.—2nd book of Samuel, 24 ch. Evening.

At this period the shoals of that migratory fish, the pilchard, begin to appear off the coast of Cornwall. Brees begin to kill and expel drones; and flying ants quit their nests. Hens moult, or lose their feathers. The smaller birds do not moult so early, but all renew their plumage before winter, when they are in their finest and warmest clothing. Young partridges are found among the corn at this time. Flax and hemp are pulled this month.

Monday, July 18.

St. Bruno, bish of Segui, A. D. 1125.
High Water 15m after 8 Morn.—45m after 8 After.

The circumstance of violent thunder-storms taking place frequently at this time of the year induce us to give the following lines, addressed to a lady fearful of storms, by Dr. Russel:

Say whence this sudden chill, my fair,
 When thunder rattles through the air?
 Why quits your blood each distant part,
 And hastes to guard the labouring heart?

The flash that strikes the villain dead
 Is taught to spare the guiltless head;
 Or, should by this the virtuous die,
 'Twere but on lightning's wings to fly,
 And gain with greater speed the sky!

END OF VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

Shackell and Carfrac, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

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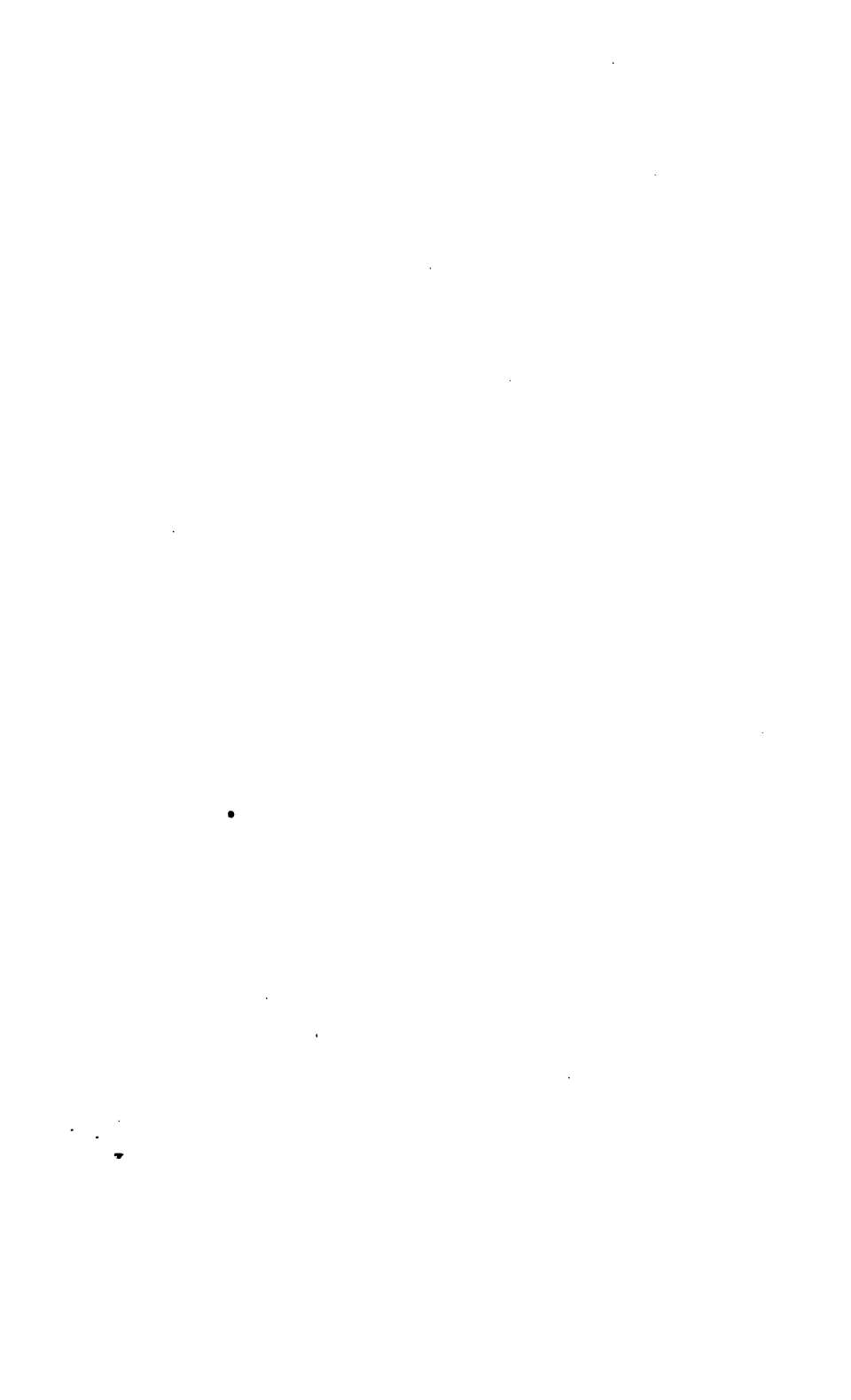
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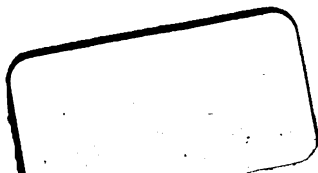




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